

FOUR MORE WEEKS

by
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Based on, ALIENS
By
James Cameron

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Writer's Note:

This is the 'Mystery or Theatrical Cut' version.

The difference between this version and the 'Director's Cut' is the fact there's no voice over and nothing is revealed in the first half of the story by extrapolation or self reflection. The visuals alone reveal what's going on, very slowly.

This is more of a shooting script with some camera directions, than it is a standard format screenplay.

Logline:

A lone soldier and a small group of scientists struggle against hostile geography and bloodthirsty alien creatures to be rescued after being written off and left for dead by the Military and the Corporation they serve.

"FOUR MORE WEEKS..."

FADE IN:

EXT. ROCKY WASTELAND - DAY

The camera fades in on a rocky windswept plain. The image is one of desolation. The only sound heard is the ceaseless howling of the winds. Waves of heat rise from the rocky terrain, obscuring the landscape in the distance.

Through the waves of heat, the camera slowly focuses on an indistinct image that grows as it moves closer and becomes... a humanoid FIGURE.

The FIGURE has the rough outline of a MALE, with none of the characteristic curves of a female. He is draped in a dirty poncho that appears to have been made from the remains of a bed sheet. It's tattered; dirty appearance resembles a primitive camouflage.

Faintly one can read the stylized corporate logo imprinted on the fabric:

WY
Weyland-Yutani Corporation
"Building Better Worlds"

A pair of GOGGLES with lenses that glow with a dull BLUE LIGHT obscures the MALE FIGURE's features. A coiled length of cable hangs from the temple. A swath of cloth covers the rest of the head and mouth like a turban, obscuring the rest of the figure's features. A layer of dust and dirt the same color as the terrain covers the figure like a shroud.

Some old, dirt encrusted bandages are wrapped around the FIGURE'S LEFT ARM and the back of the RIGHT HAND. Dangling from the FIGURE'S right hand is a battered XM42 SCOPE RIFLE.

CLOSE UP - RIFLE SIDE

A small metal plate is bolted to the side of the rifle with the designation:

"XM42 - Weyland-Yutani Military
Sciences Division."

Painted in crude hand lettered writing next to the plate is the word "RAID." Taped to the bottom of the rifle's fore grip with BLACK DUCT TAPE is a large flashlight.

EXT. ROCKY WASTELAND - DAY

OVER THE SHOULDER - MEDIUM SHOT

The MALE FIGURE approaches the crest of a rise and cautiously crouches down as he nears the edge.

CLOSE UP

The top of the FIGURE'S head and the BLUE GOGGLES slowly rise over the edge of the rocky outcropping and look into the rocky valley below. . .

LONG SHOT - WASTELAND VALLEY - DAY

In the distant bottom of the valley perhaps half a mile away, two BLACK FIGURES can be seen. From this distance you can't make out any features but they just don't move. . . correctly. The figures sometimes move on two legs, sometimes on all four.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT -

The figure slowly raises his rifle over the crest of the rise, taking care to not disturb the loose rocks that would reveal his position. He turns the rifle slightly and inserts a METAL PLUG that is at the end of the COILED CABLE attached to the side of his goggles, into a SOCKET on the METAL OPTIC PROCESSING BLOCK mounted to the top of the rifle where the scope would normally sit.

CUT TO: P.O.V.

A static-snow video display blinks to life, revealing A CROSSHAIR electronically superimposed on the center of the image. Distance, wind speed and other readouts are displayed on the bottom.

The view zooms in quickly and then slowly tilts down. The crosshairs line up on THE BLACK FIGURES. The figures are an insane biomechanical mixture of human, animal and machine, never before seen (except in other films in the series. ^_^).

The CROSSHAIRS of the scope line up the ALIENS HEADS. The creatures are standing behind each other so BOTH swaying heads are lined up with the crosshairs.

CLOSE UP - FIGURE & SCOPE RIFLE IN FRAME

CUT TO:

P.O.V. - HEADSET DISPLAY

On the screen centered by the riflescope crosshairs, The LEAD ALIEN TURNS QUICKLY, looking right at the camera.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - RIFLE TRIGGER

His finger squeezes the trigger.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - RIFLE MUZZLE

A soft flash of air escapes the muzzle of the weapon with a subdued explosion.

P.O.V. - HEADSET DISPLAY

On the screen centered by the riflescope crosshairs, BOTH ALIENS HEADS EXPLODE in a shower of gore, one slightly faster than the other as a single bullet appears to kill both.

MEDIUM SHOT - FIGURE ON RISE

The MALE FIGURE rises from his concealed position and lowers his rifle, surveying the destruction then crosses over the rise and down the long rocky slope into the valley.

He walks toward the remains of the ALIENS.

WIDE SHOT - WASTELAND VALLEY - DAY

Two ALIENS lay on the valley floor. One is completely dead from a large wound in the front of its head, but the other is writhing on the ground and hissing in obvious pain from the bullet wound in the side of its elongated head.

CUT TO:

ALIEN P.O.V LOOKING UP - MEDIUM SHOT - THE MALE FIGURE

raises his weapon, aims at the camera. . . and fires two more shots into the ALIEN. The creature screams an inhuman cry and falls silent.

WIDE SHOT

The CAMERA lowers and the boots of the MALE FIGURE are seen walking past. The camera view comes to rest on the DEAD ALIENS.

SLOW CROSSFADE
TO:

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

The shrouded MALE FIGURE trudges across the wasteland. He slides down another rocky slope and ends up on a crude service road.

He walks for a while and then passes a rocky outcropping. The FIGURE stops, and pushes the BLUE LENSED GOGGLES up onto his forehead, for the first time revealing his squinting eyes but the turban/mask still covers his nose and mouth, hiding his features.

The CAMERA PANS in the direction he's looking, revealing the monolithic form of an ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR in the distance.

The FIGURE continues down the road in the direction of the ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR that looms in the distance.

SLOW WIPE TO:

EXT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #5 - DAY

The exterior of the atmosphere processing station is weathered by the elements and appears well used. The MALE FIGURE approaches a painted metal door at ground level. The door has a sign attached that reads...

Atmosphere Processing Station #5
Ground Level Access.
Authorized Weyland-Yutani personnel
only!

He reaches for the knob/handle but the door will not open. Beside the door is a MAGNETIC SWIPE CARD PANEL.

He turns to the thick, WEATHER RESISTANT KEYPAD on the panel and inputs a SIX DIGIT number sequence. The panel gives a NEGATIVE TONE and the door remains closed. He tries inputting another code and receives the same NEGATIVE tone.

The FIGURE pauses for a moment, as though listening to the voice of the wind. . .

MEDIUM SHOT

The MALE FIGURE slings his rifle. He drops his hands to his waist and brushes aside the poncho and pulling forth an OD colored tool kit. He flips it open, revealing an assortment of wires, circuit boards and other equipment, and pulls two alligator clipped connection cables from the unit.

He pulls at the top of the panel and it opens on hinges mounted at the bottom. He attaches the ALLIGATOR CLIPS to two terminals on the circuit board and punches a code on the small keypad in his tool kit.

The PANEL gives a POSITIVE BEEP and the door unlocks with a groan of hydraulic pressure. The FIGURE disconnects the tool kit and replaces it on his belt. He readies his weapon and flips the panel back into place and opens the door which reveals a. . .

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSING STATION #5 - DARK STAIRWELL

The lighting in the interior is small, and inadequate, resulting in large shadowed areas between the small lights.

The FIGURE reaches up and pulls down the BLUE LENSED GOGGLES. The view is replaced by a NIGHTVISION view, which diminishes most of the darkness. Instead of green, the view is bathed in a pale blue haze. He walks to a MAP attached to the wall.

It's both a side view and top down view of the ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR. He traces a dirty finger from the "you are here" indicated near the bottom of the map, and scrolls his finger up until it comes to a level far above.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - MAP

His finger rests next to a point that reads "PLANT OPERATIONS MASTER CONTROL CENTER."

He then drags his finger from that point down the map to another point slightly above the "You are here" point that reads "ELEVATOR ACCESS."

WIDE SHOT

He turns. His weapon at the ready he begins climbing stairs.

CROSS FADE TO:

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #5 - HALLWAY

The interior hallways are cold industrial in texture and feel, devoid of any ornamentation other than the occasional industrial warning labels and signage. The halls are eerily quiet. The camera pans slowly, but nothing is revealed except the stillness of the dimly lit hallway.

CUT TO:

An ELEVATOR DOOR. Painted on the door are the words "LEVEL 20." A cheery chime is heard and with a HYDRAULIC WHINE the ELEVATOR DOOR opens revealing the MALE FIGURE, weapon at the ready.

He sweeps the hallway and then continues on, making left and right turns through the maze of hallways until he comes to a door. Beside the door a sign reads "Operations Master Control." He takes a deep breath, slowly lets it out, and in a flurry of motion swings into the room revealing...

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #5 - THE OPERATIONS CENTER

is a small, dark, claustrophobic collection of monitors and control panels. It is quite a contrast to the more spacious COLONY control room.

The FIGURE sweeps the control room with the muzzle of his weapon, and after a few tense seconds, when nothing jumps out from the darkness, he lowers the weapon and moves to a control station, and punches a few keys on the keyboard.

A monitor in front of the keyboard blinks to life. Text scrolls across the screen with a MECHANICAL SOUND reminiscent of a high tech version of a mechanical typewriter...

CLOSE UP - COMPUTER SCREEN

SISTER

Thank you for using the Weyland-Yutani Corporation Mainframe.

Support Intergration Systems
Terraforming Environment Resource
(MORE)

SISTER (CONT'D)

S.I.S.T.E.R. Online...

MEDIUM SHOT - FIGURE AT KEYBOARD

The MALE FIGURE types some commands into the system at the
COMMAND> prompt...

CLOSE UP - COMPUTER SCREEN

FIGURE
COMMAND> SISTER, Align processing
station communications array to 302
degrees zero axis and frequency
198.6 Terahertz.

The Computer system responds by spilling a query onto the
screen...

CLOSE UP - COMPUTER SCREEN

SISTER
S.I.S.T.E.R.> Vocal and manual
input Command Control System now
online.

Realignment of communications array
requires authorization of senior
maintenance technician or WY
authorized representative.

Please enter authorization at
command prompt...

MEDIUM SHOT - FIGURE AT KEYBOARD

The FIGURE pauses, and then begins typing...

CLOSE UP - COMPUTER SCREEN

FIGURE
COMMAND> ACCESS AUTHORIZATION>
Emergency Override USCM OMEGA
19860718

MEDIUM SHOT -

The FIGURE impatiently waits..

CLOSE UP - FIGURE'S HAND

His fingers tap on the desktop beside the keyboard
impatiently. . .

MS - FIGURE

He waits. . .

CLOSE UP - COMPUTER SCREEN

SISTER
S.I.S.T.E.R.> Override Phase One
Accepted. Please enter USCM
Identification number for
verification purposes.

The MALE FIGURE types in his Colonial Marine ID number...

CLOSE UP - COMPUTER SCREEN

FIGURE
COMMAND> A08\TQ1.0.41776E3

A moment passes and the display reads. . .

SISTER
S.I.S.T.E.R.> Authorization Phase
Two accepted. Please present eye
for retina scan.

The FIGURE leans forward, sliding up the GOGGLES and pulling
down his mask/turban revealing his full face for the first
time.

He's handsome in a rough sort of way. Close cropped hair,
roughly trimmed and features streaked with dirt. He's
obviously been through a lot, but rather than being a
panicked wreck, he moves with deliberate purpose.

A small "web cam" on top of the computer scans his retina.

MEDIUM SHOT - SECONDARY COMPUTER MONITOR

On the screen is an image of The FIGURE'S retina. A secondary image is overlaid on it and the two images shift until they overlap forming a single image.

SISTER (CONT'D)
S.I.S.T.E.R.> Retina comparison
99.7% identical. Authorization
Phase Three complete.
(pause)

SISTER (CONT'D)
S.I.S.T.E.R.> Commencing request
application for realignment of
Processing Station communications
array.

EXT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSING STATION #5 - ROOF ANTENNA ARRAY

A group of small satellite dish antennas on top of the station rotate their positions with a hydraulic whine and lock into a new position. The wind whistles around them.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MEDIUM SHOT

The FIGURE pulls his HACKING TOOL pouch from his belt and removes a coiled plug with a large AUDIO or USB style jack at the end. He plugs the jack into a socket in the side of the keyboard console.

CLOSE UP - COMPUTER SCREEN

FIGURE
COMMAND> SISTER, upload "Egress
one" packet signal from COM Port 1
and begin broadcasting.

A moment passes. . .

SISTER
S.I.S.T.E.R.> Upload commencing.

A moment passes. . .

SISTER (CONT'D)
S.I.S.T.E.R.> Upload complete.
Broadcast commencing.

MEDIUM SHOT

The FIGURE pulls the plug on his tool kit, re-stows it on his belt and sits back in his chair. . .

CLOSE UP - COMPUTER SCREEN

SISTER (CONT'D)
S.I.S.T.E.R.> Broadcast Duration?

The FIGURE types. . .

FIGURE
COMMAND> SISTER, Continue
broadcasting until you receive a
priority override from a senior
Colonial Marine or other ranking
officer.

SISTER
S.I.S.T.E.R.> Understood. How may I
be of further assistance
(pause)

EXTREME CLOSEUP - COMPUTER SCREEN

SISTER (CONT'D)
S.I.S.T.E.R.> Comm-Tech Private
Hudson?

HUDSON Types on the keyboard.

HUDSON
COMMAND> Display on site vehicle
locations.

SISTER
S.I.S.T.E.R.> Locations negative.
All unassigned transportation may
be located at the colony.

HUDSON Sighs and then speaks. His voice is a dry, harsh croak from not being used.

HUDSON
Shit. More humping across the
goddamn wasteland. . .

The computer responds to his spoken words with a printout on the screen. . .

SISTER
S.I.S.T.E.R.> Previous query not
understood.

HUDSON
Damn voice activated crap.
(beat)

Never mind SISTER, Show me the
location of dry storage on the
screen.

SLOW CROSS FADE
TO:

INT. UNDETERMINED SUB LEVEL CORRIDOR

A door slowly opens and HUDSON emerges, weapon at the ready,
night vision goggles over his eyes. He moves cautiously the
muzzle of his weapon swings slowly left and right.

He continues down the corridor until he comes to a set of
common metal wall lockers. Painted on the front of the
locker are the words

"USCM Garrison Dry Storage.
Unauthorized access punishable by
imprisonment or death."

HUDSON
Ooh, I'm scared now.

The front of each locker is secured with a keypad interface.
The nameplate on the door next to the keypad reads...

Col., J. Cameroon
A01\TQ1.0.08195416

He studies the interface for a second...

CLOSE UP - HUDSON

HUDSON (CONT'D)
Only one way past the M-1-9-1-1
digital encryption lock without the
right code. . .

MEDIUM SHOT -- HUDSON

He raises the butt of his weapon and smashes the lock in a shower of sparks! The shattered pieces fall off the face of the locker, and the locker pops open with a mechanical *thunk*.

He rummages through the locker, pulling clothes and other junk out, tossing most of it aside. He pulls out a metal ammo box and shakes it. Something inside the metal box thumps. He opens the box and rummages inside. . .

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Score!

CLOSE UP - METAL BOX

Inside the metal box is a small cardboard one. He tosses the metal box aside and opens the cardboard one. He reaches in and pulls out one of the contents.

In the box are fifty rounds of blocky caseless PULSE RIFLE ammunition. The ammunition has a GREY-BLACK BLOCK of propellant instead of a brass casing, with a metal bullet tip mounted in the top.

WIDE SHOT - CORRIDOR

HUDSON puts the ammunition in a hip pouch and searches a few more lockers, tossing aside a pin up magazine with a picture of a pretty woman holding a pulse rifle, some BDUs and other miscellaneous gear, when he turns up a SPRAY CAN.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - SPRAY CAN

On the side of the can, the LABEL reads. . .

LABEL

Weyland-Yutani Ceramic Spray
Corrosion Inhibitor. Keeps conduit
piping, walkways and other metal
surfaces free of rust and
corrosion.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - SPRAY CAN

(MORE)

LABEL (CONT'D)

Warning: Not for use on
electronics, hydraulic equipment or
firearms.

Do not puncture or incinerate can.
Dispose of properly.

INT. CORRIDOR - WIDE SHOT

HUDSON

Might be good for somethin'. . .

He turns to leave and notices something sticking out of the bottom of the locker. He kneels down and pulls it free, revealing. . . a double-edged BOOT KNIFE identical to the one missing from his chest harness.

He holds up the knife and grins. . .

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Welcome home baby!

HUDSON holds up the knife by the blade. With a flick of his fingers the blade spins in the palm of his hand, then with a flip of the wrist it ends up in his grip, ready for action. He pulls aside the poncho and sheaths the knife in the harness on the front of his armor.

He surveys the open lockers and turns, walking down the corridor with his weapon at the ready. . .

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #5

Hudson walks into the distance away from the processing station...

VERY SLOW

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. WASTELAND - MORNING

The sun is beginning to rise above the horizon. HUDSON walks across the wasteland. He stumbles a little and almost drops his rifle. It's obvious that the journey has taken a lot out of him.

He approaches a rise and when he reaches the top he doesn't even bother crouching down. He half stumbles over the edge and down the rocky slope toward. . .

EXTREME WIDE SHOT

EXT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #6

In the distance looms Atmosphere Processor number 6. It looks just like all the others, mass-produced by the Weyland-Yutani Corporation.

HUDSON

Last one. . . Mass produced piece
of shit. . .

He stumbles along, dragging his feet as he goes. He stumbles, dropping to one knee, but using the butt of his rifle like a crutch, he levers himself back to his feet with a grunt.

CLOSE UP - HUDSON'S FEET

He walks along, dragging his feet wearily and he steps over an impression in the surface.

MEDIUM SHOT - HUDSON

HUDSON (CONT'D)

I hump all over this godforsaken
rock for months. . .
(pause)

And now I'm almost done.

CLOSE UP - HUDSON'S FEET

As HUDSON steps past, the camera focuses on a footprint in the soil... but it's not a human footprint..

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY - WIDE SHOT

He continues on, until he crosses the edge of another maintenance road. This road has deep tracks in its surface.

He notices this for some reason and goes back on alert, his fatigue forgotten. He crouches down examining the tracks..

HUDSON

Vehicle tracks? Pretty fresh...
wind ain't worn 'em away none. . .

His eyes follow the path of the vehicle tracks and they lead toward the atmosphere processor in the distance.

He rises from his kneeling position, hefts his rifle and half walks, half jogs forward. . .

EXT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #6 - DAY

WIDE SHOT

HUDSON approaches the station. On his left rests one of the large Multi-Wheeled tractors. The roof of the tractor is clear of equipment and clutter and only marred by the location of a small dish antenna at one corner near the back. He slowly walks past the abandoned vehicle and cautiously approaches the facility with his weapon ready.

The exterior of the atmosphere processing station is weathered and appears well used. HUDSON approaches a painted metal door at ground level.

Windblown sand and rocks have been cleared away from the door and moved into a set of decent sized piles to either side of the door. A METAL SHOVEL and PICKAXE rest on the pile of rocky debris.

The door has a sign attached that reads...

Atmosphere Processing Station #6
Ground Level Access.
Authorized Weyland-Yutani personnel
only!

Underneath the sign, written right on the surface of the door, is a hand written notice that says:

This means YOU asshole!

A hand drawn SMILEY FACE with the tongue sticking out is beside the note.

HUDSON REACHES for the handle of the door with his left hand, his weapon in the right, and FREEZES, noticing. . .

EXTREME CLOSE UP - THE DOOR LOCK

. . .is already ajar. The DEADBOLT LATCH is sticking out, and holding the door open.

MEDIUM SHOT - HUDSON

notices something on the edge of the door as well...

EXTREME CLOSE UP - METAL DOOR EDGE

A residue of some sort of semi-dry SLIME in the shape of an ODDLY SHAPED HAND is on the edge of the door.

HUDSON

(calm)

Great. . .

He raises his weapon, grips the side of the door and flings it open. . .

CROSS FADE TO:

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSING STATION #6 - CORRIDOR

The hallway is dimly lit and eerily quiet. The camera pans slowly from left to right. Nothing is seen that is out of the ordinary. At the end of the hall is. . .

WIDE SHOT - ELEVATOR

A set of ELEVATOR DOORS slowly open, revealing. . . nothing inside but darkness!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT - ELEVATOR

CAMERA -- CAMERA IS NOW AT AN ANGLE TO THE DOORS, MOSTLY HIDING THE INTERIOR VIEW.

The doors start to close and as the doors are almost closed the muzzle of an XM42 SCOPE RIFLE enters the space between the doors, stopping their motion. The doors open wide revealing HUDSON, weapon at the ready, NIGHTVISION GOGGLES over his eyes.

He slowly creeps down the hallway, checking his corners and covering every possible angle of attack. He ACTIVATES THE FLASHLIGHT on his rifle.

HUDSON

(whispers)

Where are you. . . tall dark and
fugly?

It's quiet except for the subtle sounds he makes while moving...

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Real damn smart... walk alone through
the dark looking for an eight-foot
tall bug.

He rounds a few more corners... it's dark and creepy. Nothing is moving. The FLASHLIGHT under the barrel of his rifle is a poor substitute for overhead light fixtures.

He rounds another corner and the sign for OPERATIONS can be seen on the wall. Faint sounds can be heard inside the room. . . the creak of an office chair. . . a LARGE shadow is seen on the wall. . . a humped shape with spikes or tubes sticking out the back. . . moving...

HUDSON takes a breath, readies his weapon and with a kick at the door bursts into the room with a YELL finding. . .

A woman!

At HUDSON'S yell she spins from her position at a computer terminal, knocking a tool kit from the edge of the console with her elbow. The toolkit hits the floor with a LOUD CRASH spilling the contents everywhere.

Her name is SARAH LA FUENTE. She's in her late twenties, early to mid thirties; an average, some would say attractive, "girl next door" type dressed in a half zippered grey jumpsuit with a "WY" Weyland-Yutani patch on the chest, work boots and a light pastel blue colored t-shirt. Clipped to the collar of her jumpsuit is a LAMINATED WEYLAND-YUTANI ID CARD.

Her mouth is open in surprise; both of her hands are still at the sides of her head, partially through brushing back her hair. Her fingers are extended. . . which explains the shadow on the wall. She stares down the barrel of HUDSON'S rifle.

Both speak simultaneously. . .

BOTH

(Yelling)

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

They pause... neither speaks... seconds pass when footsteps are heard running down the hallway.

TUCKER

Sarah, are you allri. . .

HUDSON spins away from the door, weapon at the ready and comes face to face with TWO MEN in WY JUMPSUITS.

TUCKER JOHNSON is a middle aged black man of average, muscular build who looks like he'd be at home carrying either a set of tools or a bazooka.

Behind him is ALAN "SPECS" SPECKOWSKI, a thin company "yes man" with thick glasses and a nervous disposition but a carefully crafted prissy elegance.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
Hey, who the hell are you?

SPECS
Who gave you permission to be here?
Prospectors are not allowed in the
atmosphere processing stations!

HUDSON
Shut up asshole.

TUCKER (TO SPECS)
Looks like he knows you. You two
old friends or somethin'?

SARAH comes to the doorway. HUDSON takes a quick couple steps back so he can keep all three of them covered with his weapon at the same time.

HUDSON
Hey, I'm the one asking questions
here. Who are you people?

SARAH
I think I asked YOU, who the hell
you were, first.

HUDSON (SARCASTIC)
Ladies first.

SPECS
She's certainly NO lady.

SARAH
(to Specs)
Stuff it asshole.
(to Hudson)

I. . . well, WE. . . work for the
company. Tech services. Now, who
the hell are you. . . and how did
you get in here?

HUDSON

I walked.

SARAH

You walked? From where? Hadley's
Hope?

HUDSON

Where?

TUCKER takes a step forward, ready for action.

TUCKER

The colony you dumbass.

Without blinking HUDSON swings the rifle muzzle to cover
TUCKER.

HUDSON

Don't. Fucking. Move.

They stand there for a moment, at a stalemate. . . then
HUDSON motions with the muzzle of the weapon.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Into the control center. Far side.
Away from the door.

SARAH moves back into the control center.

SPECS

I though you said don't move.

TUCKER grabs SPECKS by the arm and pushes him through the
doorway forcefully.

HUDSON raises his weapon, circles around the equipment and
enters the room. SARAH sits back in her office chair at the
console and HUDSON comes closer to her. SPECS and TUCKER are
a short distance behind her; TUCKER is at the rear behind
SPECS.

TUCKER kneels down to tighten the laces of his boot and
SLOWLY grabs a PAIR OF SCREWDRIVERS from the spilled tools on
the floor; one short pointed Phillips, the other a standard
nearly a foot in length and hides them behind his back. He
stands looking nonchalant. The SHORT SCREWDRIVER goes into a
back pocket, the LONG SCREWDRIVER he holds behind his back
like a knife.

HUDSON'S body position is tense and the muzzle of his weapon
never leaves SARAH'S position. HUDSON stops a few feet from
her, the muzzle of his weapon only inches from her chest.

SARAH
(impatient)
I asked you a question you know.

HUDSON
Hey man, I'm the one holding the
weapon.

SARAH
Do I REALLY look like a MAN to you?
And do I look like I care?

She puts her hand on the muzzle of the weapon and pushes it
away from her chest.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Point that thing someplace else.
(beat)

Now, What are you doing in MY
processing station?

HUDSON still holds the weapon ready, but doesn't aim it at
SARAH.

HUDSON
(incredulous)
Your station?

SARAH
I'm the senior atmosphere
processing systems analyst
technician and adjustment
coordinator.

HUDSON
The what?

SARAH
I'm the senior Atmo-Tech.

HUDSON
Who're they? Comedy relief?

TUCKER
I'm the chief mechanical processing
engineer and asshole's the head
software engineer.

SPECS
(angry)
Stop calling me that!

TUCKER

What? A software engineer? Fine,
it's easier just calling you
asshole anyway.

SPECS

Knuckle dragging neanderthal.

TUCKER

Button pushing company asshole.

HUDSON

(angry)

HEY! Guy with gun here!

SARAH

So there you go. I'm senior company
rep with this crew. So what's your
story?

(pause)

You look like fifty kilometers of
bad road.

HUDSON

Well, You don't look old enough to
be a senior anything.

SARAH

Oh, I'm REAL experienced.

HUDSON

Yeah, I bet. That experience really
shows why the back door was left
open, Mrs. Senior analyst.

TUCKER

Busted.

SPECS

I've TOLD YOU leaving the door ajar
is against company regulations!

SARAH

First off, It's Miss not Mrs.; the
name's Sarah, and what the fuck are
you bitching about? You got in
didn't you?

HUDSON

(taken aback)

Uh, you left the back door open.

SARAH

You said that already. The air up here on the twentieth floor too thin for you?

(beat)

And so what? We always leave it open when we're on site.

SPECS

Since when did THAT become company policy?

SARAH

It saves us time when we have to run back to the tractor for parts or diagnostic equipment.

HUDSON

So much for goddamn security around here.

SARAH

(Ignores him)

Listen, I really don't need attitude from you right now sweetie. You want to tell me just who you THINK you are and what you're doing here? I don't recognize you as one of the colonists...

She sniffs and wrinkles her nose.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And THEY actually shower once in a while. . . but then again I only see them about every ten months or so.

TUCKER

Yeah man, you're ripe.

HUDSON sighs loudly.

HUDSON

Look, the name's Hudson, United fucking States Colonial Marine Corps. I'm a Comm-Tech with the second battalion, ninth regiment. And I hate to break it to ya. . .

(pause)

(MORE)

HUDSON (CONT'D)

but the colony's gone sister.

SARAH

(Smiles, sarcastic)

Well, you DO have manners after
all! Boy. . . manners, good looks
AND humor too!

She rises to her feet.

SARAH (CONT'D)

For one thing, CAPTAIN COMBAT...

And pokes him in the chest with her finger. . .

SARAH (CONT'D)

there haven't been marines
stationed here in over fifteen
years! Not since they put up the
first of the atmosphere processing
stations and the permanent
colonists started arriving.

SARAH faces HUDSON defiantly with her hands on her hips.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Last I heard they punted the stupid
grunts out to Tannhauser Gate or
someplace.

HUDSON

That's PRIVATE Hudson, not Captain.
And I Don' know nuthin' 'bout any
Marines stationed here before I got
here. But that don't change the
fact that the colony is gone.
FWAPP!

(pause)

The Atmosphere processor blew and
vaporized the works.

SPECKS

That's utter fantasy. It's
impossible.

SARAH

(getting angry)

Asshole's right.

SPECS

Hey!

SARAH

It just can't happen. There's too many redundant safeguards in place for something like that to happen. It just isn't possible.

TUCKER

You have your basic engineering hardware safeguards, triple spec software safeguards and more. These stations are just too damn expensive for the company to just let 'em blow up.

HUDSON

It IS possible and it DID happen. We were sent out here by The Company because all contact had been lost with the colony. We landed and everything went straight to hell in a hurry. Ripley's bugs attacked and we lost the Sarge. . .

TUCKER

Did you say bugs?

SPECS

(interrupts)

What do you MEAN all contact was lost with the colony? We were there recently. . .

TUCKER

(sarcastic)

Yeah, real recent. . . almost a year ago.

SARAH

Wait a minute, BUGS? What the hell are you talking about?

HUDSON

I ain't got time to explain everything to you people right now.

SARAH

You damn well better make time, mister. . . Right. Now.

Her hand grips the edge of the terminal keyboard, as though she's deciding on using it for a weapon on this obvious mental case. TUCKER sees her play and his GRIP TIGHTENS on the LONG SCREWDRIVER behind his back.

A tense moment passes. The CAMERA CUTS to each of their faces. . .

HUDSON sighs loudly again. . . and finally LOWERS the muzzle of his weapon.

HUDSON

Listen, we got sent here 'cause the Company lost contact with the colony. After we got thawed out of cryo they told us and there was the chance some sort of hostile bug was responsible.

TUCKER

Bug? You mean a Xenomorph?

HUDSON

(nods)

That's what the L-T said it was. Ripley said they found some sorta egg in a crashed ship. The bugs that came outta the egg used people as a host. . . and what came out was fuckin' big. And deadly. Acid for blood and everything. . .
(beat)

and everyone died.

SARAH

(disbelief)

This is some sort of sick joke, right? There's over one hundred colonists. . . all those families. . . they just can't be all dead!

HUDSON slings his weapon at his side, barrel down and within easy reach. TUCKER relaxes and slowly tucks the long screwdriver into a back pocket, but within easy reach. SARAH releases the keyboard.

HUDSON

They were already dead when we found the bodies under the atmosphere processor. Well. . . most of 'em. . .
(beat)

And right after that we lost almost everybody in the squad when the shit hit the fan.

SARAH
What do you mean everybody?

SPECKS
(smirking)
And I was led to believe the
esteemed forces of the colonial
marines are supposed to be some
sort of ultimate warriors.

HUDSON
(bitter)
We are.
(pauses)

We were.

SARAH
So where's the rest of your unit?

HUDSON
Dunno. We lost half the squad
when the bugs first attacked.
Sarge, Detrich, Frost, Wierzbowski,
Crowe. . .
(pause)

Then the dropship got taken out and
we lost Ferro and Spunkmeyer. . .

SARAH
(interrupts, Smirking)
Okay, seriously now, Who really
sent you? Was it Marachek from
Operations? This kind of elaborate
joke is right up his alley.
(pause)

I know. . . it was that asshole
Speckowski.

SPECKS
(whiny, fists clenched)
STOP GODDAMN CALLIN ME THAT!

Sarah ignores him and continues...

SARAH
So what were these "so-called
aliens" shooting at you with? Laser
beams? Some sort of atomic death
ray maybe?

HUDSON

(Pissed off)

Listen lady, I lost everybody I knew in less than TWELVE HOURS, and I've been stuck on this SHITTY ROCK of a colony world for almost a fucking YEAR with No backup, no resupply and no evac.

(Pause, seething)

And I was gonna be OUTTA the Corps in FOUR MORE WEEKS! You got that lady? FOUR. MORE. WEEKS.

(pause)

Right now you do NOT want to fucking give ME attitude!

SARAH

(raises hands in surrender)

All right, all right! Ease up soldier, no harm intended.

(pause)

Look, I'm sorry.

Hudson looks a little sheepish for bawling out a woman half his mass...

HUDSON

It's okay.

(pause)

I'm pretty strung out and about at the end of my rope.

(pause)

And I ain't a soldier. . . I'm a Marine.

SARAH

(half smiles)

I know.

HUDSON

(tired smile)

I still gotta job to do. And WE gotta get it done and get outta here A-S-A-P. We've taken too long dickin' around in here as it is. .

(MORE)

HUDSON (CONT'D)
. and I don't think we're alone in
here.

CUT TO:

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #6 - HALLWAY

The halls are eerily quiet. The camera pans slowly from one side to the other, but nothing is revealed except the stillness of the dimly lit industrial hallway, metal pipes, conduit and decking.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS CONTROL ROOM

SARAH
You obviously came to the
operations center for a reason.
What are you trying to do?

HUDSON
I've been walkin' to each
atmosphere processor from the other
ones, and readjustin' the low power
receiver and broadcast towers to
transmit a distress signal.

SPECS
A truly feeble idea. . . but. . .
(considers for a moment)
but. . . it MAY very well be
possible. . . if you factor the
combined signal strength of all the
transmitters from each atmosphere
processors. . .

SARAH
What settings are you using?

HUDSON
degrees, zero axis at 198.6
Terahertz.

It's SARAH'S turn to ponder the idea for a moment.

SARAH
That's actually. . . a pretty
impressive idea. You really COULD
take all the remaining atmosphere
stations broadcasting at that low
power frequency, together, to make
a signal reachable outside the
atmosphere.

SPECS

The problem with your plan though is the fact that signal strength is so weak that the message transit will be terribly slow. It might take some time for anyone to receive it.

TUCKER

The colony transmitter has higher power and it still takes weeks for the Company to send a response out here.

HUDSON

I know. The real bitch of the idea was I had to walk almost the whole way on foot. I only found one shitty transport and it only lasted as far as Processing Station four before it died.

SARAH turns and types into the keyboard terminal.

SARAH

(sympathetic)

It sounds like you've had it pretty rough.

(beat)

Y'know, It's lucky that you caught up with us when you did. We were just about done with our adjustments and in a couple more days we'd have been gone.

TUCKER

It sure as hell answers a lot of questions I had about what was going on.

SARAH

Yeah. . . it's still hard to believe though.

(to Hudson)

Our job with the company is to travel Archeron in the tractor on a circular route to each of the atmosphere processors.

(beat)

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

When we get there we make any necessary adjustments to the processing stations intake and output of gasses as needed to provide a breathable atmosphere.

The system is pretty self sufficient, but the Atmosphere Processors logic core tends to drift a little.

HUDSON

Is that why it's so dry now?

SARAH

What do you mean?

HUDSON

When we arrived at the colony it was raining all the time. Wet and nasty. Now for the last few months it's been dry as a bone.

TUCKER

That's because we're in the summer season. During the artificial winter, the atmosphere processors dump a lot more moisture into the air to encourage rain. The poles get a little snow, here along the equator we get rain.

HUDSON

And shitty, sloppy mud.

SARAH

Yep, Lots of it. Causes problems with the vehicles that don't have all wheel positraction.

TUCKER

The weather patterns are influenced by the atmosphere processors, but the AI drift doesn't affect that too much.

SARAH

The AI drift comes from installing cut-rate equipment in multi-billion dollar installations.

SPECS

(defensive)

Well, when YOU start spending a billion dollars on equipment to send halfway across the galaxy then I bet YOU'LL start looking for ways to save a few hundred million as well!

SARAH ignores him and continues.

SARAH

The Company cuts corners where it can, and they did it with the processing stations by using lower cost computers and nonintegrated AI.

TUCKER snickers.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I noticed that the further up the chain of stations we traveled; I was losing contact with the stations behind us. But because of the way the security and maintenance systems are set up, adjustments can only be done on site. . .

SPECS

And full remote diagnostics and reporting can only be done. . .

HUDSON

From the colony. You probably started losing contact with the other atmosphere processors when I realigned the antennas.

SARAH

Right. But because we check each processing station in sequence, we wouldn't have discovered what was really going on until we began the circuit route again.

TUCKER

And because of the weak transmitting power and the way the system is set up, each station can only communicate directly with the colony and the stations ahead and behind of it.

SPECS

The processing stations can communicate with the orbital relay too, but that's a one-way comm signal. Outgoing only. The colony atmosphere generator is the only one with a transmitter that can both send and receive transmissions.

SARAH

And our next stop on the diagnostic circuit would have been Atmosphere processor Number one.

HUDSON

Back at the colony?

SARAH

Yeah.

HUDSON

You wouldn't a gotten that close. Bishop said that when it blew it'd blow a hole thirty kilometers wide, and a fallout path probably the size of Nebraska on Old Earth. . . with lots of radiation.

TUCKER

Suntan without the sun.

SARAH

Scary stuff.
(pause)

Who's Bishop?

HUDSON

Our synth.

SARAH

You had a synthetic. . . wow, an artificial person with you?
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

The company must have thought this was pretty important. They don't just hand out high-level synthetics for free you know. Especially ones capable of higher reasoning and extrapolation.

CUT TO:

TUCKER has a curious expression on his face.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I wished we'd had one here to help out with the tech duties, but the request forms never seemed to get filled by the Company.

HUDSON shrugs.

HUDSON

Don't know. Bishop was with us for quite a while. It seemed like everything we needed for this mission we got. Parts, supplies.
(beat)

Even a shiny new Lieutenant.

SARAH sighs as she types. She punches a few other keys and hits enter.

CUT TO:

EXT. - ATMOSPHERE PROCESSING STATION #6

A group of small satellite dish antennas on top of the station begin to rotate their positions with a hydraulic whine. The wind whistles around them.

CUT TO:

INT. - OPERATIONS

TUCKER

Hey man, so where's your pulse rifle? All the Colonial Marine recruiting posters I've ever seen show a grunt at the front with pulse rifle in one hand and a flag waving in the other. Um, no offense.

HUDSON

None taken. I lost it when the bugs took me in the operations center at the colony. They stabbed me with this. . .

Spreads his hands apart to denote size.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

big ol' tail they have. . . stunned me. . . and were probably gonna do to me what they did to the colonists. But I woke up first.

SARAH

And what was that?

HUDSON

What was what?

SARAH

What did they do to the colonists?

HUDSON

You don't want to know.

SARAH

I asked didn't I?

HUDSON

I don't want to talk about it.

SARAH

(nods)

Suit yourself.

HUDSON

Anyway, I fought my way free.
Barely made it outta there alive.
Lost my knife too.

HUDSON pauses, rubbing his bandaged right hand with the memory.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Man, I loved that knife. . .

SPECS looks at Hudson like he's a few sandwiches shy of a picnic.

SARAH

If you loved a knife it sounds like
you need to date more in your own
species.

She smirks at HUDSON. He half smiles, and then continues his
story.

HUDSON

Anyway, I missed hooking up with
everyone who made it out of
operations by this much.

Holds fingers about an inch apart.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

But I got away. . . and I found
this locked up in a storage bin at
Atmosphere Processing station #2.

HUDSON Hefts the rifle back up from where he had it slung at
his side and shows it to her.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

It was marked for shipment, but
must'a been missed when they packed
up and left.

(beat)

It's a. . .

SARAH

That's an XM42 Scope Rifle. It was
a prototype developed by Weyland-
Yutani Military Concepts division.

(beat)

The XM42 has a slave cable
connected head mounted optic system
similar to the smartgun targeting
sight, where the production M42 has
a high power optic sight mounted on
the top rail of the rifle itself.

(beat)

It fires 10mm explosive tip
caseless rounds in Single and full
auto firing modes where the
production M42 only fires semi-auto
only.

HUDSON

Okay, I'm impressed. I haven't met many women outside the corps that know their heavy weaponry.

SARAH

I. . .

(pause)

read. A lot of technical journals.
(she reaches)

Can I hold it?

HUDSON hesitates, drawing slightly away.

HUDSON

I don't just let anyone handle my heavy weaponry.

SARAH

(smirks)

I've handled some heavy weapons in my time.

HUDSON

(grins)

I bet you have.

He still doesn't hand over the weapon.

SPECS

GOD! Get a room!

HUDSON AND SARAH

Shut up asshole!

They look at each other and laugh.

HUDSON

When I found it in storage, the action was damaged and it wouldn't chamber or shoot at all, which is probably why someone left it behind. . . I'm guessing they got shipped out on short notice and the packing container got misplaced since the crap inside was busted.

SARAH

Yeah they did, uh, I mean do. When the garrison marines get orders to move they pack up and leave quick, don't they?

HUDSON

Depends on how fast they're needed I guess. The idea is that the Colonial Marines are always ready to move out on a moments notice. That's the idea anyway.

(pause)

Anyway, this one is really different from the standard scope rifle because it's capable of shooting its own match grade accuracy ammunition, smart gun ammo, and with a mag well adapter, it can even accept Pulse rifle magazines and ammunition.

It uses the same basic firing action and components as the pulse rifle, which is why I was able to get 'er working. Only took me a week in the machine shop at Station two.

SARAH

Lucky for you.

HUDSON

I was lucky nothing showed up to finish me off while I was screwing around. I could have fixed it in a few days on the Sulaco. Probably woulda taken Frost a couple hours.

(He pauses, sighs.)

HUDSON (CONT'D)

It's not as all purpose as my Pulse Rifle, but it seems to work well, even in this hellhole.

SARAH

(sarcastic humor)

Hey, that's my home you're talkin' about.

HUDSON
(smirks)
No offense.

SARAH
(grins)
None taken.

HUDSON
You know, Station two was also
where I came up with the crazy idea
of using the Atmosphere Processors
low power antennas in a tight beam
array.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSING STATION #6

The groups of satellite dish antennas on top of the station
finish rotating with a hydraulic whine and lock into a new
position. The wind whistles around them.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS

SARAH
(looks back to the
computer)
The antennas are locked into
position and ready to broadcast.
Did you have something specific you
want to say. . .
(beat)

Or should I just ask for a nice
dinner out and a clean evening
gown?

HUDSON
(Grins)
I'd like to see that. . .

SPECS
Oh, for the love of god. . .

TUCKER
Come on Specs, I think the terminal
over there needs your help.

Tucker grabs Specs by the back of his neck and directs him to
the other side of the control room.

HUDSON

(winks)

I got something else in mind.

(pause)

For now.

HUDSON smiles again, a lopsided smirk really. He slings his weapon again and pulls out his tool kit, attaching it to the side of the keyboard, just like he'd done at the previous installation. A moment passes and the computer screen reads, UPLOAD COMPLETE.

SARAH

SISTER'S asking about a broadcast duration?

HUDSON

Put it on a permanent loop until overridden by a senior USCM officer.

SARAH

Colonial Marines only? Not a company rep?

HUDSON

Nothin' personal, but I trust the company now 'bout as far as I can throw an A-P-C.

SARAH

Gotcha.

SARAH types a command into the system, and finishes with a flourish.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And your message is going out!
(pause)

Now all we need is a deck of cards.

HUDSON replaces the tool kit beneath his poncho he grins at her, and raises his weapon like he's getting ready to leave. He notices a pair of wireless RACAL HEADETS hanging from one of the control consoles and grabs them.

HUDSON

Sweet!

SARAH

What's that?

HUDSON

Wireless headsets! I lost my helmet at the colony so these will come in handy.

SARAH

If you say so.

HUDSON hands one to SARAH. She hangs it from around her neck, HUDSON does the same. He taps the transmit button on the side of the headset and a quiet beep is heard from the other unit around SARAH'S neck.

HUDSON

This way I can call you if I need to. The headband acts like a built in short range antenna. It really goes a long way in open terrain though.

(beat)

And since they're keyed alike, I could even home in on it if we were to get separated.

SARAH

(winks)

I don't see us getting separated anytime soon. You're my flight ticket off Archeron.

HUDSON

Flight ticket or meal ticket?

SARAH

Hey buddy, I can pay my own way.
(beat)

When I want to.

HUDSON

(grins)

Do you know Morse code?

SARAH

Yeah. . . do you?
(grins)

Dad taught us girls all sorts of useless crap when we were kids.

SARAH looks to the keyboard again and types a couple diagnostic commands.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Looks like your signal's
broadcasting fine. I imagine the
combined power of the remaining
stations is getting your message
out of the atmosphere just fine.
(beat)

Slow as hell, but otherwise just
fine.

HUDSON

Well, we better get out of here.
And since you got the only wheels,
you're drivin.

SARAH

Well, mom always told me never to
talk to strangers Mister Colonial
Marine Comm-Tech Hudson.

HUDSON

You know my name, we ain't
strangers anymore.

SPECS

Oh please god, save me!

MEDIUM SHOT - SARAH

SARAH starts to smile, but her mirth disappears in an
instant, replaced by terror!

MEDIUM SHOT - HUDSON

Behind HUDSON, on the other side of a rack of computer
equipment rises an ALIEN! Its tail is raised like a spear and
it hisses softly.

TUCKER

HOLY SHIT!

EXTREME CLOSE UP - XM42 SCOPE RIFLE CONTROLS

HUDSON's thumb switches the scope rifle from single shot to
FULL AUTO.

HUDSON spins! The ALIENS tail stabs forward like a spear,
HUDSON BLOCKS the attack with the fore grip of his rifle! The
impact pushes him backwards and he spins with the momentum!

When he completes the turn he has the weapon at the ready and FIRES A BURST of auto fire!

The ALIEN'S head EXPLODES in a shower of gore!

SPECS and TUCKER stand in shock! TUCKER holds the screwdriver like a knife.

HUDSON turns back, grabs SARAH by the arm and pulls her out of the office chair toward the door...

HUDSON
We're fuckin' leaving!

They both leap over the prone body of the ALIEN followed by TUCKER and SPECS, and run down the corridor. They all continue running, making several twists and turns.

SARAH
(out of breath)
Was. . . was that. . .

HUDSON
Yep. . .

TUCKER
That's a big goddamn bug!

They run down the corridor and head toward the ELEVATOR. HUDSON punches the button on the controls. Nothing happens. SARAH steps forward and pushes the button a couple more times. Nothing happens.

SPECS pushes forward and pushes the call button like it's the fire button on a video game.

SPECS
(scared)
Goddamn piece of shit! Oh Why did I have to do it! I don't deserve this!

HUDSON
What the hell?

TUCKER
He got stationed here by the company because he was makin' time with the wrong woman.

HUDSON
Him?

TUCKER

Yeah, hard to believe ain't it?
And the woman was the wife of one
of the board of directors.

HUDSON

No shit?

SPECS

SHUT UP!

The elevator makes a cheery CHIME as the elevator arrives.

SARAH steps and shoves SPECS aside. She pushes the button again and the door slowly opens and with a low hydraulic whine.

A soft, hiss is heard and the opening doors REVEAL AN ALIEN WARRIOR! HUDSON shoves SARAH to the side and she falls to the floor. HUDSON opens fire into the elevator.

HUDSON

(Yelling)

TAKE THAT MOTHERFUCKER!

The ALIEN dances in place in the elevator, shaking like a puppet on a string, pierced by a FLASHING-STROBE-LIGHT TORRENT of bullets from HUDSONS Scope Rifle. EVENTUALLY, he ceases firing.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - XM42 MUZZLE

SMOKE drifts lazily from the muzzle of the rifle.

From inside the elevator, a CLAWED ALIEN HAND falls onto the toe of HUDSONS boot. It doesn't move and falls off when he turns. HUDSON reloads the rifle and then offers his hand to SARAH to help her to her feet.

WIDE SHOT - CORRIDOR

SARAH

(amazed)

And you guys LOST to these things?

HUDSON

Come on, the lift's wrecked. We'll
have to take the stairs down.

Sarah's eyes are glued to the shadowed interior of the lift, the ALIEN'S ACID BLOOD eats through the floor and the remains of the corpse fall through the hole.

SARAH
Acid for blood?

HUDSON
Acid for blood.

SPECS
(nervous fear)
Do you think there's any more of them?

HUDSON
There's ALWAYS more of them.

SARAH
(nods)
Stairs. Let's go.

They turn and head for a metal door with a sign beside it that reads "LEVEL 20."

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #6

SPECS, TUCKER, SARAH and HUDSON run down the stairs. A sign flashes past... "LEVEL 18."

All that is heard is the pounding of boots on the stairs, then a distant ALIEN SCREECHING can be heard as they run.

HUDSON
Shit, they're on to us!

HUDSON and SARAH run down the stairs. A sign flashes past... "LEVEL 17"... LEVEL 16...

The ALIEN SCREECH can be heard louder! Periodically, HUDSON turns and fires back up the stairs as he runs down the stairs.

The signs flash past... LEVEL 15... LEVEL 14... LEVEL 13... More running, shooting...

HUDSON (CONT'D)
(Yelling)
We're not moving fast enough!

SARAH
 (frustrated)
 I'm a technician not a sprinter!
 (pause)

Deal with it!

Out of the darkness an ALIEN leaps and tackles HUDSON, SLAMMING him to the wall! He drops his weapon from the IMPACT of the ALIEN and the MAN and MONSTER wrestle along the wall, rolling from side to side. The ALIEN wraps its clawed hand partly across HUDSON'S FACE.

SPECS and TUCKER stop on the stairs below the fight. HUDSON sees them out of the corner of his eye.

HUDSON
 (yelling)
 GO!

The two technicians continue down the stairs.

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSING STATION #6 - STAIRWELL - DAY

HUDSON and the ALIEN grapple back and forth. HUDSON pulls the creature to the other side and both FLIP OVER THE RAILING! They bounce off the railing below to CRASH to the floor of the next landing! HUDSON is stunned, he's moving slowly!

The ALIEN rises to its feet first, claws at the ready and tail poised to strike! The ALIEN HISSES menacingly. HUDSON's eyes go wide, he's finished and he knows it! He raises his arms across his face as though that will protect him.

The ALIEN lunges. . .

. . .when a burst of weapons fire hits the creature and it is blown to the side, over the edge of the railing and it falls screaming into the darkness. HUDSON looks up and standing halfway down the stairs, XM42 smoking at her waist, stands SARAH.

HUDSON stares silently from his position on the floor, his mouth open wide.

CUT TO:

SARAH
 What?
 (beat)
 I said I knew about the marines
 stationed here fifteen years ago
 didn't I?
 (MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

(pause)

I just didn't mention that dad was the garrison commander.

HUDSON

Taught you girls all sorts of useless crap, huh?

SARAH

(grins)

Yeah.

HUDSON

So. . . you're a marine?

SARAH

No, I told you, I'm an atmosphere processing systems analyst and technician.

(pause)

But I was RAISED by Marines.

HUDSON

(grins)

I think I'm in love.

SARAH

(smirks)

Later loverboy, we still have to get out of here.

(beat, frowns)

Hopefully alive.

SARAH gives HUDSON a hand and he rises from the floor, retrieves his rifle from SARAH and they hurry down the stairs... LEVEL 10... LEVEL 7... LEVEL 4... LEVEL 1... GROUND LEVEL...

CUT TO:

EXT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #6 - DAY

The door to the Atmosphere Processor bursts open and HUDSON and SARAH rush out. They come to a quick stop looking surprised.

OVER THE SHOULDER

The camera shows what the two humans see. . . Slightly ahead of them are TUCKER and SPECS and beyond them is a set of SIX ALIEN WARRIORS slowly approaching from thirty feet away!

The aliens are between the humans and their escape route to the ALL TERRAIN TRACTOR. FIVE ALIENS are in front, spread out and a single drone is in back. The drone HISSES ANGRILY and the other aliens seem to react as if being directed somehow.

HUDSON

Shit! We can't outrun 'em.

SARAH

And if they have that acid for blood, you can't kill them that close to the tractor without risking damage.

HUDSON

Great! Now what the fuck're we supposed to do?

SARAH

You keep 'em busy. . .

SARAH reaches down next to the pile of rocks and sand to the side of the door and picks up a METAL PICKAXE from the ground. She steps behind HUDSON.

SARAH (CONT'D)

and I'll watch your back.

HUDSON

Outstandin'! Should I make lunch too?

With a screech from the leader, the FIVE ALIENS advance quickly!

HUDSON (CONT'D)

DOWN IN FRONT!

SPECS and TUCKER look at HUDSON and then quickly drop to the ground.

As if on autopilot, HUDSON spins the rifle to his shoulder and fires! THE FIRST ALIEN goes down with a SCREECH! THE SECOND ALIEN LEAPS, covering fifteen feet in one motion! HUDSON fires a couple times, missing! The bolt clicks! The magazine is empty!

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Shit!

HUDSON raises the weapon and swaps in a new magazine. The empty drops SLOW MOTION to the dirt. The ALIENS are on them!

SARAH
HUDSON!

HUDSON thumbs the selector switch back to AUTO. The SECOND ALIEN LEAPS at them. The weapon barks with a torrent of fire and the ALIEN is cut down mid-leap!

HUDSON
Eat THAT you ugly mother f-

HUDSON is broad sided by the THIRD ALIEN! His weapon flies from his grasp and falls beyond him as the creature wrestles him to the ground! The two roll over the ground, each struggling to be in control!

The ALIEN ends up on top, the fanged mouth opens and the inner jaws shoot out, narrowly missing HUDSON'S head, slamming into the dirt! SARAH holds her pickaxe tightly, unable to get a clear shot at the alien.

The THIRD ALIEN claws the CHEST of HUDSON'S ARMOR. They struggle. . . HUDSON moves his boots under the creature and with both feet kicks the creature free!

The ALIEN flies backwards, with a twist in midair it lands on its feet and turns with a SCREECH back to HUDSON! HUDSON rolls sideways, away from the creature and over the top of his RIFLE. The alien lunges, HUDSON lifts the muzzle of the rifle and fires, blowing the creature's head off at the neck!

SARAH stares in amazement!

SARAH
Nice shot!

HUDSON
Nice shot? I was aiming for the
body!

HUDSON shakily rises to his feet, leaning on the rifle like a crutch. His cheek is sliced from where the ALIEN clawed him and blood flows freely.

The ALIEN LEADER HISSES loudly and appears to "look" to one side. Hudson lifts the rifle and pauses. . . slowly turning his head to look behind them. There's nothing to see.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
Ain't there five. . .

HUDSON QUICKLY LOOKS UP and crawling down the side of the Atmosphere Processor's wall is the FOURTH ALIEN!

Before he can move, the creature leaps from the wall, straight at SARAH! SARAH looks up just as the creature launches itself at her. She narrowly manages to jump back out of the way, trips over a rock and falls to the ground.

The creature rises to its feet, HISSES MENACINGLY at SARAH.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Hey ugly!

The FOURTH ALIEN turns slowly away from SARAH'S prone, helpless form to the immediate threat:

Hudson.

Hudson starts to lift the rifle when the creature leaps, covering the distance in a heartbeat! With a backhanded swipe of its claws the ALIEN knocks Hudson's rifle away yet again and tackles the marine, knocking him to the ground!

The creature is on top. . . HUDSON is pinned. . . the ALIEN has HUDSON'S left hand pinned on the ground but HUDSON'S right hand is still free! He reaches UNDER HIS PONCHO for the hilt of his knife in the scabbard on the front of his armor.
. . .

HUDSON POV - EXTREME CLOSE UP OF ALIENS JAWS

The ALIEN'S mouth opens revealing the inner jaw.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP -

Under the poncho, HUDSON'S fingers claw for the handle of the knife.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - CAMERA IS POSITIONED TO THE SIDE SO BOTH HUDSON AND THE ALIEN'S HEAD PROFILES CAN BE SEEN.

CUT TO:

HUDSON POV

The FOURTH ALIEN'S MOUTH is open; the inner jaw can be seen. . . HUDSON is finished. . .

CUT TO:

CAMERA IS NOW BEHIND HUDSON, AT THE TOP OF HIS HEAD

The ALIEN'S INNER JAW shoots forward. . . a WET SOUNDING IMPACT is heard. HUDSON'S head shudders. . .

The ALIEN'S INNER JAW retracts. The CAMERA TILTS DOWN as the creature drools in HUDSON'S. . . undamaged face. HUDSON looks pained. . . the creature's LIPS pull back in a snarl. . . and it falls over.

MEDIUM SHOT

HUDSON crabwalks back from the ALIEN and the camera reveals SARAH'S PICKAXE buried to the hilt in the ALIEN'S HEAD.

SARAH picks up HUDSON'S rifle from the ground and hands it to him.

SARAH
Sweetie, You really gotta learn how
to hold onto this thing.

HUDSON
(nods)
Fuckin' a!

They start to turn when SARAH yells...

SARAH
LOOK OUT!

The FIFTH ALIEN Charges from the right straight at SARAH! A whistling sound is heard as something small and metallic cuts through the air.

A set of MEATY IMPACTS are heard as two screwdrivers embed themselves in the side of the ALIEN'S HEAD; the LONG SCREWDRIVER into the side of the head, the SMALL one through the "neck" of the inner piston jaws.

The ALIEN takes one more step forward, SHUDDERS and falls over dead. As it falls away from the view of the camera it reveals TUCKER lowering his arm from the throw.

HUDSON looks at the man and nods silently in appreciation. TUCKER smiles back.

A LOUD, ANGRY SCREECH is heard and both humans turn. The ALIEN LEADER is looking at them menacingly.

EXT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR - DAY

The camera pans up the length of the ALIEN LEADER'S BODY from the feet to the head. This is the first time we've seen the entire creature, and the viewer notices details hidden before.

There's a cut or gash on the front of the creature's head dome, and the tip of its tail is missing the spike, apparently cut off some time in the past.

Recognition dawns on HUDSON'S face.

HUDSON

Holy shit! It's you!

SARAH

What?

CUT TAIL SHRIEKS ANGRILY AT HUDSON. HUDSON starts to raise the rifle but the ALIEN makes a coiled leap over the tractor is gone!

HUDSON

All this time. . . that thing has been following me.

SARAH

What are you talking about?

HUDSON

Back in the colony, before the whole thing blew to hell, I got captured. . .
(pause)

by those things. I managed to escape and hurt the one that got me. Chopped the tip of his tail off with my knife. That's how I got this. . .

Hudson raises his right hand which is bandaged exposing only the fingers.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

I thought the thing died when the colony blew, but it looks like it's been tracking me.

SARAH

That's interesting, but we have to get going before more of them come back.

SPECS

(nervous)

Where exactly DO we go from here? Nowhere is safe with those creatures running around!

HUDSON

Calm down. I crunched the numbers to find the best key point.

SARAH

I thought I noticed something about your signal vectors. Because each of the atmosphere processors are positioned equally from each other, you figured an evac point at the focus of the main signal strength.

HUDSON

Yep. Not bad for a guy without a ten year college degree, huh?

SARAH

(smiles)

Not bad for on the job training.
(beat)

Where's the focal point?

HUDSON

Near atmosphere processor three.

TUCKER

We should be there in a few hours or so at top speed. The terrain is rocky, but there are some flat areas from ancient volcanic flows that basically paved the area over.

SARAH pulls a set of keys from her jumpsuit pocket.

SARAH

I'm driving..

She points at Hudson.

SARAH (CONT'D)
But you're buying me dinner for
saving your ass.

She smiles.

HUDSON
Better buyin' than BEIN' dinner.

SARAH
Let's go.

The Four humans head toward the tractor.

SLOW CROSSFADE
TO:

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

The MULTI-WHEELED TRACTOR rolls over the rocky terrain.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACTOR CABIN

SARAH is driving and HUDSON rides in the front seat. TUCKER and SPECS are in the back seats. SPECS is ALSEEP in his seat. HUDSON pulls out a pack of WET WIPES from a console in the cabin and cleans himself up scrubbing months of grime away.

He finishes, hands and face cleaner.

HUDSON
Better?

SARAH sniffs in his direction.

SARAH
Much. I might actually get close to
you now.

HUDSON smiles. He slowly unwraps the dirty bandages on his right hand revealing heavy scar tissue across the back of the hand and wrist. SARAH watches his motions of the corner of her eye. Her eyes widen as he reveals the wound, but she looks away before he can notice.

HUDSON gently wipes the surface of the former wound, and pulls a clean compression bandage and wraps the hand and wrist tightly. He makes a fist, as if testing his hand to make sure it still works and then he pulls the rifle out and uses another towel to clean it as he rides.

They ride in silence for a bit.

HUDSON
You're pretty quiet.

SARAH
Huh? Oh, sorry, this is a lot to
take in. I find out that the safe,
dull world I live on is teeming
with a hostile organism that uses
me to reproduce...
(pause)

without the fun parts involved.

HUDSON
Yeah. It took me a couple months to
really get used it.

SARAH
Can I ask you something?

HUDSON
Sure.

SARAH
How do you do it?

HUDSON
Do what?

SARAH
Go on.

HUDSON
Whaddya mean?

SARAH
You're stuck here. Your friends are
gone, some of them dead. Just like
you said... no supplies, no evac. . .
just alone.

HUDSON
I ain't alone now.

SARAH
(smiles)
You know what I mean. You said
those things came out of eggs
right? Some sort of crashed
spaceship?

HUDSON

That's what Ripley's report said.

SARAH

I've lived here for years and I still can't believe we never found the alien spaceship wreckage or the creatures.

HUDSON

It's a big rock.

SARAH

Yeah. And even though we were running on our own most of the time. . . I still knew most of the people at the colony. After a while they start becoming a kind of extended family. Kind of like distant cousins you see every few years at the family reunion, but still family.

(pauses, softly)

It's hard to believe they're all gone.

HUDSON

Yeah.

(looks uncomfortable)

Say, can I ask ya something?

SARAH

Anything.

HUDSON

How come you're doing this tech job solo? I mean, I know you're with those two, but even the miners worked in husband and wife teams for. . . safety.

SARAH

Private Hudson, are you trying to pick me up?

HUDSON

Um, no!

SARAH

Sure you are you sly devil.

She winks at him. He goes back to cleaning his rifle, giving extra attention to a spot of unseen dirt.

TUCKER

It's because she's too damn wild
for someone trying to carve a
living out of this chunk of rock.

SARAH

(laughs)

To answer your question. . . Yeah,
I wasn't stable enough for anyone.
I like to do things my own way,
when I want.

(pause)

You might say I never played well
with others.

HUDSON

Bullshit.

SARAH

No, it's true! I believe my psych-
tech profile called it "persistent
dissociative personality
disorder."

HUDSON

So what's that mean?

SARAH

It means I don't play well with
others. For long.

(she grins mischeviously)

Unless they enjoy it.

HUDSON looks up from his cleaning with a lopsided smirk on
his face.

HUDSON

Well, I play to win... if I play at
all.

SARAH

Don't we all?

Hudson grins back at her. He half turns and looks back at
TUCKER and SPECS in the rear seats. TUCKER looks out the
front window, SPECS is still asleep in his seat.

HUDSON

So what's your story, man? I don't

HUDSON (CONT'D)
know many engineers that can throw
a screwdriver like a throwing knife
from fifteen feet away.

TUCKER
Just a lucky throw is all.

HUDSON
Bullshit! One throw might be luck,
but you nailed that thing with two
drivers faster than an Arcturian
hooker on Saturday night!

TUCKER grins and then pushes up his right sleeve revealing a
USCM tattoo on the forearm.

TUCKER
The enlistment bonuses and free
schooling are a good incentive for
a fella with my unique parentage to
sign up.

TUCKER smiles.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
Gunnery Sergeant, retired. I was
part of the garrison stationed here
when the started putting up the
Atmosphere processors. I was
assigned to her 'ol man's unit.
When I got out of the corps I came
back here and put my engineering
skills to use with a Company
contract.
(beat)
And I've been makin' sure daddy's
little girl stays outta trouble out
here in the wasteland.

SARAH
Yeah, he's absolutely NO fun
whatsoever. But he does come in
handy from time to time.
(beat)

Mainly for hauling heavy boxes.

TUCKER
That's cold girl! See who helps you
next time you need to calibrate the
oh-two dispersion matrix.

Tucker grins. HUDSON points at SPECS.

HUDSON

So seriously, what's his deal? He really slept with the wife of one of the board members?

TUCKER

More than one from what I've been able to piece together. His option was leaving Earth or having his company contract cancelled and being barred from working.

It's hard to get another corporate contract when the Weyland-Yutani Corporation fires you. The company doesn't fire ANYONE or break a contract without a damn good reason.

HUDSON

I don't trust him.

SARAH

You don't even know him..

(beat)

So you must have good instincts. He's a self-serving company weasel. He only looks out for himself and company interests.

HUDSON

After getting stuck here he's still looking out for the company?

TUCKER

Hard to believe ain't it? He turned Sarah in for not using Weyland-Yutani replacement parts about a year ago.

SARAH

The company rep gave me a slap on the wrist and that was it.

TUCKER

And added a penalty of a six month extension to your company contract. It's a black mark on your permanent record.

SARAH

What was I supposed to do? Wait six months for a supply ship to bring me another cheap hundred credit circuit board? It took me four hours to breadboard one from scratch and it probably works better than the original did.

TUCKER

That's not the point.
(sighs)

It was right after that incident that Maracheck assigned Specs to our work detail.

HUDSON

Got the weasel out of his hair huh?

TUCKER

Exactly. He's damn smart when it comes to computers, but his personal skills leave something to be desired. . . unless you're female.

SARAH

Don't make me sick. . .

TUCKER

There was another rumor that the real reason why he's here is he found something in the Company computer system that he wasn't supposed to find, and they sent him here to get rid of him.

(pause)

But that's just the rumor mill. He doesn't really deny the story about the company wives, so that's probably the truth.

HUDSON nods and looks back to SARAH. She's concentrating on her driving and his gaze moves from her waist up to her face. She catches him staring at her out of the corner of her eye.

SARAH

What?

HUDSON

Nothing.

SARAH
Didn't look like nothing.

HUDSON
Just admiring the scenery.

She smirks at him, embarrassed, and turns back to her driving.

SARAH
So. . . you said the colony got
vaporized when the processor blew,
right?

HUDSON
Dunno. I never went back to look,
but 'cause they were so close
together I figured it woulda been
fried.

SARAH
And the creatures. . . they came
from where?

HUDSON
Some sort of hive we thought. We
think it was under the processor.

SARAH
So, logic dictates that the
atmosphere processor blew and fried
the hive.

HUDSON
Yeah.

SARAH
So...
(pause)

where did THESE aliens come from?

Hudson seems to ponder the question for a moment.

HUDSON
Ain't thought about it that
much. . . only for about a year
now.

TUCKER laughs.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
When you hike halfway across a
planet...

TUCKER
Technically, Archeron is too small
to really be called a planet...

Hudson ignores him and continues.

HUDSON
...you have time to think things
out. I figure the queen bee sent
out patrols or something, to make
the hive bigger.

SARAH
That makes sense.

HUDSON
Maybe even sent 'em to get those
eggs outta that crashed ship Ripley
was talkin' about.

TUCKER
How many a' them things did you
guys kill?

HUDSON
Dunno. We wuz a little busy tryin'
to stay alive.
(pause)
But when you're walkin' through the
wasteland you start thinkin'. . .
(beat)
let's say maybe ten or twenty when
we got ambushed at the processor
(pause)
Maybe. . . thirty or forty when
they attacked the remote sentrys.
Plus however many we got in the
command center.

SARAH
So. . .
(she thinks)
you killed at least sixty. That
leaves fifty or so unaccounted for.

TUCKER
You don't know how many were in the
atmosphere processor when it blew
up either.

HUDSON nods in agreement.

HUDSON

I got four near processing station number three; eight more at station four and I greased six more in the wasteland on the way to processor number five.

(beat)

Whacked the last two of 'em with one shot!

SARAH

Bullshit! Dad was never accurate enough to get two kills with a single shot and he was damn good.

HUDSON

Seriously! I'm one accurate motherfucker with this thing.

(pause)

I've had to be. Nobody watching my back, remember?

SARAH nods.

SARAH

I'll watch your ass now.

HUDSON

I said my back.

SARAH

Almost the same thing.

She grins mischevously and winks. Hudson smirks.

HUDSON

How long 'till we get to station three?

SARAH

At this speed we should be there in an hour. Maybe less. The terrains getting rockier so I may have to slow down a bit to avoid damaging the tractor.

TUCKER

Yep, it's pretty hostile in this area.

SARAH

Even though the lava flows cover a lot of this area and smooth it out, there's still some pretty big rocks buried in the sand that you have to watch out for and the terrain closer to the atmosphere processor gets real bad if you're not on the access road.

TUCKER

Gotta love erosion.

HUDSON smiles and looks down at the rifle then casually glances to his right, out the window. A side mounted mirror, shaking from the rough terrain reveals the image of a couple ALIENS clinging to the side of the tractor!

HUDSON

Son of a bitch!

SARAH

Huh?

HUDSON

We got visitors!

SARAH looks out her own side window but sees nothing.

SARAH

I don't see anything!

HUDSON

I got enough for all of us. Step on it!

SARAH STOMPS on the accelerator and HUDSON slams a magazine in the rifle and cycles the action. TUCKER elbows SPECS to wake him up.

TUCKER

Wake up asshole, we got trouble.

SPECS

(sleepy)

Wha. . .?

HUDSON looks again in the side mirror and the ALIENS are still there, creeping slowly forward. HUDSON looks back at TUCKER.

HUDSON

You got any weapons in this thing?

TUCKER
Nothing handy.

HUDSON
Shit.

HUDSON turns back and swaps the SCOPE RIFLE into his LEFT HAND. He pulls the door handle so it pops open, then twists in his seat looping his RIGHT HAND through the restraint harness to act as an anchor.

SPECS
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HUDSON pops out the side door like a left handed jack-in-the-box.

EXT. TRACTOR SIDE - ALIEN POV

The ALIENS see HUDSON pop out, weapon at the ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACTOR SIDE - CLOSE UP - ALIEN HEADS

The ALIENS snarl!

EXT. TRACTOR - CLOSE UP

HUDSON
Miss me?

The LEAD ALIEN reaches and HUDSON blows BOTH of them off the side of the tractor in a burst of gunfire! They fall away to the ground and are crushed by the rear wheels of the tractor! HUDSON pulls himself back into the cab of the tractor.

INT. TRACTOR CABIN

SARAH
Did you get 'em?

HUDSON
Couple 'a party crashers ain't comin' back. Must not have liked what I was servin'. We got lucky too. . . just got some acid on the tires

SPECS
You call THAT lucky?

HUDSON
Didn't look like anything worse
than that.

SARAH
Thank heaven for small favors.

A loud, heavy THUMP is heard from the roof of the cabin.
HUDSON and SARAH both look up.

HUDSON
You gotta be kidding. . .

SARAH unexpectedly jerks the control wheel to one side and the tractor swerves. HUDSON slips partially out the door of the tractor, but snags the harness with his hand and hauls himself back in. SARAH jerks the controls the other direction.

EXT. TRACTOR - WIDE SHOT

TWO ALIENS hang from the back of the tractor, swaying as the vehicle swerves, but not losing their grip. TWO MORE ALIENS are on top of the roof of the tractor.

At the top of the ravine above the roof of the tractor there are THREE ALIENS running along the ridge line like alien panthers on the hunt. TWO ALIENS are on one side, One on the other side of the ravine. Despite the speed of the tractor, they keep pace pretty well.

INT. TRACTOR CABIN - SARAH

...jerks the controls the other direction and then looks in her side view mirror. An ALIEN falls rolling to the ground from the roof.

SARAH
Another one bites the dust!

HUDSON
Nice. There's gotta be more though,
they don't usually run solo.

SARAH
Above your head there's a roof
access door. It's latched from
inside.

HUDSON looks up and sees exactly what she said. He pulls the spring loaded latch open and pushes up on the small door with the muzzle of his rifle.

HUDSON
Don't go anywhere.

SARAH
I won't. . .
(she yells)

HOLD ON!

SARAH TWISTS HARD on the controls!

EXT. WASTELAND

The tractor SWERVES away but still clips a MEDIUM SIZE ROCK partially buried in the sand and bounces. The wheel now gives off a low grinding sound.

INT. TRACTOR CAB

SARAH
The terrain is getting rockier! The
ride is gonna get rougher!

HUDSON
I bet you say that to all the guys.

SARAH rolls her eyes but drives on.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKY WASTELAND

Rocky hills start to rise around the tractor and the tractor heads into a high plateau topped ravine that resembles the bottom of a dry river with high sloping banks. There's plenty of space to the left and right of the tractor, but now they're committed and they can only drive forward!

INT. TRACTOR CABIN

HUDSON pulls the latch again and pushes the door up with the muzzle of his rifle.

EXT. TRACTOR ROOF

The access door opens slowly. The hinge is to the front of the tractor so the wind is pushing down on the door as HUDSON pushes it open. HUDSON'S eyes cross over the edge of the roof access and sees. . .

TWO ALIENS crawling steadily forward across the roof toward him!

INT. TRACTOR CABIN

HUDSON looks down into the cab. He's standing on the seat. He lifts his boot and steps up on the headrest of the seat and propels himself upwards!

EXT. TRACTOR ROOF

HUDSON'S torso bursts from the cabin, rifle leading the way. He stops so his waist is level with the roof, and he slams forward with his elbows on the roof, weapon at the ready!

The ALIEN RISES, claws ready! HUDSON'S weapon barks and the creature's head erupts! The creature falls backward off the roof!

INT. TRACTOR CABIN

A large rock appears ahead!

SARAH
(yelling)
Hold on!

EXT. WASTELAND

The TRACTOR hits the rock and bounces wildly. The SECOND ALIEN loses its footing and flies off the back of the tractor. The wheel is now giving off a LOUDER GRINDING noise. It's obviously damaged.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACTOR ROOF

The shock of the impact with the rock slams HUDSON down on the roof and the RIFLE BOUNCES out of his hands and SLIDES ACROSS THE ROOF toward the rear of the tractor.

HUDSON looks up.

HUDSON
Shit!

He places his hands on the edge of the opening and pulls himself up on the roof.

INT. TRACTOR CAB

HUDSON'S boot moves up, past SARAH'S head.

SARAH
Hudson! What are you doing?

EXT. TRACTOR ROOF

The TRACTOR VIBRATES as it moves along now and a faint grinding sound is heard.

As it bounces along the terrain, the roof of the tractor has all the stability of a ship in a hurricane. Dust and dirt blow by and HUDSON slowly crawls on his hands and knees to the rifle, that with each bounce slides closer to the edge of the roof.

The sound of the wind lessens, and the sound of HUDSON'S HEARTBEAT gets louder, drowning out all other sounds. He's only a few feet away... the rifle bounces again and half the stock slides over the edge! HUDSON bounces again and slides most of the way there; the rifle spins a little one way and starts going over!

HUDSON pushes forward on his chest, snatching the rifle SLING just as the weapon goes over the edge! He retrieves the weapon and cradles it to his chest like a lost puppy. . . and a BLACK ALIEN HAND reaches over the edge of the roof and pulls itself upward!

EXT. WIDE SHOT - RAVINE

From the TOP OF THE RAVINE, TWO of the THREE RUNNING ALIENS leap for the tractor roof, one from each side of the ravine.

One lands and slides past HUDSON off the back of the tractor. The other ALIEN lands poorly, its leg breaking with an audible CRACK as it hits and it too slides off the back of the tractor's roof.

EXT. TRACTOR ROOF

The FIRST ALIEN rises to its feet above HUDSON! A moment later THREE MORE SETS OF HANDS appear and THREE ADDITIONAL ALIENS pull themselves up from the back of the tractor, including the BROKEN LEG ALIEN! All FOUR ALIENS advance! HUDSON tries moving backward but he can't get traction, on his back, on the roof.

In a fit of desperation he half spins and KICKS the FIRST ALIEN in the ankle, knocking the creature off its feet and it rolls, falling and SCREECHING off the back of the tractor taking BROKEN LEG with it! There are TWO left!

The THIRD ALIEN HISSES at HUDSON! It moves forward to attack when a RED PIPE WRENCH impacts on the head stopping its movement! The creature drops and rolls off the back of the tractor roof.

HUDSON looks behind himself and standing on the roof with another pipe wrench in hand is TUCKER.

TUCKER

Once a marine, always a marine!

The FOURTH ALIEN HISSES and advances on HUDSON! It raises the tail spike and thrusts forward! The spike narrowly misses HUDSON and pins his FLAPPING PONCHO to the roof of the tractor!

EXT. TRACTOR ROOF - CLOSE UP

HUDSON

Screw you!

HUDSON tugs at the neck of the poncho releasing it and the wind grabs it, wrapping it over the ALIEN like a shroud!

The alien fights the poncho but is wrapped in it by the wind. HUDSON slides on his back away from the ALIEN, raises the rifle and FIRES!

The alien is hit and with a screech is blown off the back of the roof!

TUCKER

Well done son! You nailed
it. . .

TUCKER GRIMACES IN PAIN mid sentence! He reaches for his chest. The Camera pans down from his face as the fabric of his t-shirt is stretched out on top of a sharp spike!

TUCKER groans in pain as white fluid erupts out of his mouth and the wound in his chest! The SPIKE retracts and TUCKER drops to the surface of the tractor roof revealing another ALIEN! The creature LEAPS at HUDSON who spins his position and delivers a fierce kick, flipping the creature over his head toward the rear of the tractor.

As the ALIEN starts to go over the back of the tractor, it snags one of HUDSON'S SHIN GUARDS with a clawed hand and drags HUDSON near the edge! The ALIEN goes over, but still has a firm grip on the SHIN ARMOR.

HUDSON is pulled by the ALIENS weight off the back of the tractor, but manages to hook an arm around the VENTED METAL ANTENNA at the corner!

The ALIEN hangs from HUDSON'S leg, dragging in the rocky soil behind the tractor and SCREECHING fiercely!

HUDSON STRAINS, managing to somehow pull his leg high enough to reach the BOTTOM BUCKLE at the side of the shin armor and pops it open. The shin armor opens partially and the ALIEN still hangs off the back of the tractor from the shin guard. The ALIEN digs in its CLAWS and HUDSON bleeds!

HUDSON cries out IN PAIN from having an ALIEN hanging from his leg as he reaches for the TOP BUCKLE of the shin armor. The Weight of the creature is pulling his arm off the TRACTOR ANTENNA! His LEFT ARM slips and he catches the antenna with his LEFT HAND!

The ALIEN raises its TAIL SPIKE!

HUDSON looks at the ALIEN hanging from his leg.

HUDSON
No hitchhikers bitch!

HUDSON opens the top buckle and the ALIEN disappears along with the armor piece off the back of the tractor.

HUDSON CRIES OUT IN PAIN grabbing at his bleeding leg. He swings himself around and slowly manages to pull himself back onto the roof. When back on the roof he rolls onto his back and breaths a sigh of relief. He looks over his shoulder and sees TUCKER watching him, still bleeding his WHITE ANDROID BLOOD.

HUDSON crawls over to TUCKER.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
You. . . okay?

TUCKER spits up white android blood with a gurgle as he talks.

TUCKER
Been better.

HUDSON
Lets go.

TUCKER
You'll have to help me. . .
I can't move my legs.

HUDSON nods and grabs him without another word and drags them both back to the roof hatch.

Hudson reaches for the handle on the hatch. It's locked! He pounds on the hatch with his fist and it pops free. He climbs back into the tractor cab and drags TUCKER in after him.

HUDSON crawls over to TUCKER and drags him back to the roof hatch.

INT. TRACTOR CABIN

HUDSON places TUCKER'S "bleeding" form in his seat and then slumps heavily into the front passenger seat.

SPECS
What the hell is going on?

SARAH
My God! Are you all right?

Hudson is quiet. He stares at his bloody leg.

SARAH (CONT'D)
HUDSON!

HUDSON looks up.

CLOSE UP - HUDSON

HUDSON
I really. . .
(pause)

SARAH
What?

HUDSON
I really. . .
(beat)

. . .liked that poncho.

SARAH'S mouth is open in amazement over something so trivial.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
Never mind, it ain't important now.

SPECS
I SAID, what the hell is going on?

SARAH glances back and gets a good look at the state TUCKER is in.

SARAH
(shocked)
Tucker. . . he's. . .

HUDSON
Synthetic.

SARAH
Yeah.

HUDSON
You never knew?

SARAH
No. I knew he was in the marines
with my dad. . .
(angry)

Just never knew he was property
instead of people.

HUDSON
Hey, if your dad thought that much
of him to send him here to look
after you, he must be a good
person.

SPECS
(angry)
SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT THE HELL IS
GOING ON!

HUDSON AND SARAH
SHUT UP ASSHOLE!

SPECS sits down chastised. He stares at TUCKER who turns his
head and GRINS, white fluid draining out of his mouth. SPECS
turns away looking sick.

HUDSON
Anyway, we gave Bishop shit, and he
was great to have around. . .
Useful, you know? But he just
wasn't quite one of us. I think
we. . .
(pause)
We kind of treated him. . . like he
was a toaster.

SARAH
Yeah?

HUDSON
Yeah. Well maybe. I kinda miss him
though. He was
different. . . kinda like Tucker
but not as polished.
(MORE)

HUDSON (CONT'D)
A little too new. But he could to
this cool thing with a knife. . .

TUCKER speaks, his voice is watery as though his throat is
partially filled with liquid.

TUCKER
I'm still here. . . you
know. . .

SARAH ignores him.

SARAH
So Bishop was inexperienced?

HUDSON
Nah, Bishop had all sorts of useful
skills, just not people

HUDSON (CONT'D)
skills. He was nice and all, he
just wasn't. . . you know, human.
(pause)
Not like Tucker.

SARAH
(glances back)
It doesn't seem so great now.

HUDSON
Sarah, Tucker's not a tool, not a
thing. He's people.
(pause)
And he saved my life. Where I come
from that means a lot.

SARAH doesn't say anything for a minute. She glances behind
her to see TUCKER bleeding his white fluids in the seat. He
pokes at his chest with both hands, as though he's
rearranging internal parts. She looks to HUDSON, unable to
speak to the synthetic human in the back seat.

SARAH
Are you sure you're okay?

HUDSON
Yeah.

HUDSON bends and looks at his bleeding leg.

SARAH
You're bleeding.

HUDSON

Yep.

SARAH

You sure you're okay?

He pulls a bandage from his med kit and wraps the leg tight.

HUDSON

You already asked.

He smiles weakly at her.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Nothin' a year off wouldn't cure
though.

SARAH

(Forces a smile)

Sounds good to me. So. . . Where
are you gonna go. . . when you get
back.

HUDSON

I dunno. . . Haven't thought that
far ahead really.
(pause)

Where are you going?

SARAH

I thought I might go see my
parents. It's been ages since I've
seen them in person and not just
through e-mail.

HUDSON

Ah. . .

SARAH

You know. . .
(beat)

You could come wi. . .

A flicker of motion catches her attention and SARAH turns her
head to the driver's side door.

INT. MEDIUM SHOT - TRACTOR CABIN - DRIVERS DOOR

An ALIEN is hanging from the side of the TRACTOR right outside the door! The creature pulls and the thin door is ripped from its hinges!

SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE

The ALIEN grabs SARAH by the NECK!

HUDSON reaches forward and grabs the COLLAR of SARAH'S JUMPSUIT.

CLOSE UP - SARAH

SARAH grunts in pain and her eyes go wide and roll up into her head.

MEDIUM SHOT

The ALIEN pulls back the BLOODY STINGER from SARAH'S midsection!

HUDSON

NOOOOO!

The ALIEN pulls SARAH toward the door. HUDSON grabs the collar of her jumpsuit and pulls hard. The fabric tears away! Sarah and the Alien disappear from the doorway! HUDSON can only stare at the empty seat in shock!

NORMAL TIME

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

The uncontrolled tractor drifts to the LEFT, BOUNCES again over a large rock and careens wildly out of control!

INT. TRACTOR CAB

HUDSON fumbles for the controls from the passenger seat and jerks the controls RIGHT.

EXT. WASTELAND

The TRACTOR steers HARD to the RIGHT and DIRECTLY INTO another, MUCH LARGER ROCK! One of the multi-wheel units (the one previously damaged) tears free with a shriek of tearing metal and the tractor grinds to a halt in the dry earth like a high speed plow.

HUDSON pulls himself from the tractor, the torn piece of SARAH'S uniform still in his hand.

HUDSON
This is just FUCKIN' GREAT! What
did I do to deserve this shit!

A gust of dusty wind blows something against HUDSON'S boot. He bends down to pick it up. It's SARAH'S WY company ID card. HUDSON YELLS to the sky.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
FUCK!!!

HUDSON wraps the ID CARD in the scrap of uniform fabric, and puts both of them in the thigh pocket of his uniform. He turns and enters the wrecked tractor.

INT. TRACTOR

HUDSON points at SPECS.

HUDSON
You.

SPECS
Me?

HUDSON
You. You're gonna help me get her
back.

SPECS
I believe you're mistaken, jarhead.
I'm not moving.

HUDSON
You're a software engineer and you
know these places. With your help
we'll get into the atmosphere
processor and find her in half the
time it'd take for me to do it
myself. And I might need help
getting Sarah out.

SPECS
I'm afraid you are QUITE on your
own. I'm not moving from this spot.
The company will want a detailed
report about what went on here, and
I'll be sitting tight until they
arrive to ferry me out of this hell
and back to civilization.

SPECS looks at TUCKER.

SPECS (CONT'D)

Take that. . . thing. . . with you.

When TUCKER talks, he keeps spewing white blood.

TUCKER

Ain't happening pal. When the bug
stabbed me, it broke my spine. I
can't move from the waist down
under my own power.

(pause)

I'm sorry I can't help you.

HUDSON

's okay man, You done enough
already.

(pause)

So. . . tell me again about the
enlistment bonuses and schooling
package?

TUCKER

Well, think of it less as "an
enlistment" and more as "built for
a specific purpose."

TUCKER half laughs, coughing up more white fluid and stops.

HUDSON

You gonna be okay alone?

TUCKER

Sure. I've already rerouted
internal systems to stop most of
the fluid loss. It was just a lucky
shot that broke my spine. If I'd
been wearing my old body armor I'd
still be mobile.

Hudson nods.

HUDSON

So Gunnery Sergeant. . . you're a
combat synthetic?

TUCKER

Yep.

(coughs, laughs)
(MORE)

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Fourty-seven combat drops in the last twenty years alone. Expensive piece of hardware from Cyberdyne systems. Full military protocols. Specialist programming in the use of the M56 Smartgun, with additional training software in combat engineering and artillery.
(coughs, smiles)

I wield a mean pipe wrench too.

He grins.

HUDSON

Can I ask you something?

TUCKER

Anything.

HUDSON

Why were you really here.

TUCKER pauses for a second before speaking.

TUCKER

To watch out for the Colonel's daughter. Personal bodyguard and assistant. Archeron ain't exactly a resort community. The people the company hires to work places like this are okay, and they're usually married teams so there's little danger from predators.
(pause)

Of the human variety.
(pause)

Hudson nods again.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

It's a pretty rugged and dangerous landscape though. And I'm usually pretty tough.
(pauses, looks ashamed)

The Colonel set me free. . . from the military and the company.

SPECS

We'll see about that when I get back.

TUCKER
He removed my hardwired behavioral
inhibitors and gave me free will.
But he asked me to do this. . . as
a friend.

TUCKER looks Hudson in the eyes.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
The man loves his daughter. . . How
could I say no?

HUDSON nods.

HUDSON
I'm going after her.

TUCKER
I know. I'll stay here with the
rest of the tools.
(laughs, chocking)
Not like I have much choice.

HUDSON
I'll be back for you. Stay put.

TUCKER
Yessir.

TUCKER flips HUDSON a sloppy salute.

HUDSON
Don't you "Sir" me, I work for a
livin'.
(beat)
Besides, you outrank me.

TUCKER
(grins)
Retired, remember?

HUDSON turns and grabs SPECS by the arm.

HUDSON
WE'RE going, ladiesman.

SPECS
(defiant)
I am NOT moving.

HUDSON

Oh really? Hate to break it to you pal, but last year this became a military rescue operation. And since I'm the only military here, I'm in charge.

SPECS

This is Weyland-Yutani company property and since I'm the senior company representative on site. . . I'm in charge.

HUDSON

Sorry pal, but rescue missions trump company weasels.

SPECS

Make me.

HUDSON

What?

SPECS

Am I required to speak slowly so you understand me?
(beat)

Make. Me. Move.

HUDSON

That the way you wanna play this out?

SPECS

It is, the way it is. Reality for you sucks. I suggest you learn to deal with it.

HUDSON looks at SPECS with murder in his eye. Specs smiles confidently.

HUDSON

Well, my reality and your fuckin' cushy company reality aren't the same damn thing.

Frustrated, HUDSON half turns, then stops. . . pauses. . . and cocks his head to the side as a thought comes into his mind.

HUDSON
Let's look at it 'nother
way. . .
(beat)

I have a gun. . . and you don't.
(pause)

You either work with me, or I
grease you right here, right now.

SPECS looks shocked by the threat.

SPECS
You MUST be joking.

HUDSON cycles the bolt on the rifle and the muzzle drifts in
SPECS direction.

SPECS looks to TUCKER for support.

SPECS (CONT'D)
You. . . You heard him, he just
threatened to kill me!

TUCKER
What did you say?

TUCKER sticks his finger in his ear and wiggles it about.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
I must be malfunctioning, I can
barely hear you.

HUDSON
What's it gonna be? You get off
your lazy company ass and help,
or I air condition you. Right.
Now.

SPECS
This is unbelievable!
(beat)

And if I help you rescue that
bitch?

HUDSON
The company picks you up and you're
a hero. . . maybe even get promoted
after you get shipped home.

SPECS

Promoted?

HUDSON

Uh huh. And I lie and tell everyone
what a decent human being you are
after you get sent home.

SPECS

Sent home. . .

HUDSON pulls SPECS out the door of the tractor. HUDSON jogs a few meters away from the tractor. He looks down at the ground and kneels.

An ALIEN footprint can be seen clearly in the dirt. He traces the outline of the footprint with his finger and sighs. He turns his WRISTWATCH over and starts the stopwatch counting. He then stands, cycles the action on his rifle, pulls the goggles from his neck over his eyes.

HUDSON

Lets' go.

HUDSON pushes SPECS ahead of him and they both head out at a jog.

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. WASTELAND - ATMOSPHERE PROCESSING STATION #3 - DAY

HUDSON and SPECS marches in the direction of the processing station. A battered and much weathered sign mounted on a post says. . .

"Weyland-Yutani Corporation
Atmosphere Processing Station #3
No unauthorized personnel"

HUDSON marches cautiously. A set of tracks march up to the station, and then vanish. HUDSON looks at his watch: the minute timer just passes one hour. The walk until they arrive at an access door.

SPECS

This is a monumentally bad idea.
Those creatures have probably
killed her already. . .

HUDSON grabs SPECS by the collar of his jumpsuit and slams him up against the wall.

HUDSON
You shut the hell up. She's
alive...

SPECS
(angry)
How do you know that? Are you
telepathic as well?

Hudson says nothing.

SPECS (CONT'D)
And what do you propose now oh
great leader? Do we just walk in
bare handed and ask then to return
the woman to you?

HUDSON
No, we ain't walkin' in bare
handed.

HUDSON slings his rifle and reaches into a pouch on his belt,
pulling out a HANDGUN.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
I'm gonna trust you with this.
Understand pal that if anything
funny happens. . . you'll regret
it.

SPECS
You're handing me a weapon and
threatening me BEFORE you hand it
over?

HUDSON
Know how to use one of these?

SPECS
(sarcastic)
Do you hold on this piece and point
the end with the hole at the other
guy?
(beat)
I grew up in Los Angeles; of course
I know how to use a gun.

He holds the pistol with two hands, close to his body,
looking like a frightened rabbit.

HUDSON
Right. I feel safer already.

SPECS

So where do we go from here?

HUDSON

The colonists were all in the lower
levels. . . sublevel three. . .
under the primary heat exchanger.

HUDSON looks at the side access door. There's a magnetic security card pad beside the door.

HUDSON fishes the fabric from his trouser pocket. SARAH'S ID CARD falls to the dirt.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: ID CARD PHOTO

HUDSON picks up the ID card and carefully wipes the dirt from the photo of SARAH with his thumb. He then flips the card over and swipes it in the lock. The door pops open with a HYDRAULIC and METALLIC CLANK. HUDSON enters the station first.

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - CORRIDOR

HUDSON slowly moves through the corridor. SPECS is close behind. They come to an elevator. Beside the door is a sign that reads "LEVEL 1." HUDSON hits the button and steps back. With a HYDRAULIC WHINE, the door opens slowly..

HUDSON raises his weapon...

The Elevator is empty!

SPECS enters the lift and HUDSON follows, pushing him to the back and hits the button for "Sub Level 3."

The Doors slowly. . . close. . . and stop before closing completely! An ALARM BELL is heard!

SPECS

(scared)

What's going on?

HUDSON pushes the button again and nothing happens. He looks through the gap in the doors into the HALLWAY beyond.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

We can see HUDSON looking out through the FOOT WIDE GAP between the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR

The alarm persists. HUDSON looks down and notices. . .

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - ELEVATOR BUTTON PANEL

. . .the butt of his rifle is pushed up against the EMERGENCY STOP BUTTON. SPECS notices it too.

SPECS
That was stupid.

HUDSON
Shut up asshole.

HUDSON pulls the emergency stop button back out and the alarm stops. The doors begin closing again.

POV - HUDSON

The CAMERA looks out through the open doors as they slowly close. The viewer expects something to happen. . . music builds... nothing happens. The doors finally close with a happy little "ding," and the lift goes down.

CUT TO:

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - SUB LEVEL 3 - THE NEW HIVE

This new hive is not as elaborate as that in the colony center, but it does share some similarities. A resinous material covers certain vertical surfaces and piping. ALIEN Tubes and hoses cover the floor. Steam jets out from exhaust vents periodically.

The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY LEFT along the floor until it sees a pair of boots. The camera then slowly tilts upward and we see SARAH cocooned on the wall in a resinous material. Some sort of CLEAR SLIME runs down the resin in parts. She's still attractive despite her grim circumstances. Her uniform is torn and hangs at her waist. A thin T-shirt covers her torso, a hole in the fabric and dried blood at the midsection. The scene is both sexy and revolting at the same time.

Her head rests on her chest. The RACAL wireless headset HUDSON gave her hangs from her neck.

She doesn't move.

CUT TO:

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - SUB LEVEL 2 - ELEVATOR

The elevator doors slowly open and the interior of the elevator is dark. Suddenly a pair of glowing blue lights are seen in the darkness. Hudson steps from the darkened elevator into the shadowed hive with his weapon at the ready. SPECS moves behind him like a nervous rabbit. They move into the hive.

POV - HUDSON

The soft blue glow of the goggles colors the night vision perspective. HUDSON moves quickly, but takes time to check corners and make sure nothing is moving.

HUDSON

What I wouldn't give for a motion tracker right now...

(pause)

Or Vasquez with her smartgun.

SPECS

I would rather be OUTSIDE right now!

The two move down the corridor.

HUDSON

Explain to me again why the lift didn't take us all the way down?

SPECS

The system reports there's an obstruction between second and third sub levels.

HUDSON

Damn high tech bullshit.

SPECS

So how are we supposed to find Sarah in all this? She could be anywhere!

HUDSON

The headset I'm wearin' is in active search mode. It sends out a signal pulse that's only recognized by the other headset it's matched with. The receiver headset returns the pulse. The faster the pulse returns, the closer you are to the headset.

SPECS

So why don't you just call her?

HUDSON

I tried that.

(pause)

She didn't answer.

The two men pass a console in the wall.

SPECS

Wait a minute.

HUDSON

Keep moving.

SPECS

Just wait a minute!

HUDSON

What's your problem man?

SPECS

There's a terminal here.

HUDSON

So what?

SPECS

I can try to pull up her PDT from here.

HUDSON

Right. . . Personal Data Transmitters. That's how we found the colonists. Or what was left of them.

(pause)

Why didn't you mention it before now?

SPECS

Because I was forced to come here
against my better judgement. . .
And I just thought of it when I saw
the terminal. If you're so
brilliant why didn't YOU think of
it?

HUDSON

I got a lot on my mind man!

SPECS

(sarcasm)

Oh, I'm positively giddy with
expectation at the next pearl of
wisdom you'll share with me.

HUDSON

Get on it.

SPECS tucks the pistol into a pocket on his jumpsuit and
steps over to the terminal and begins typing in commands.
HUDSON stands guard, the muzzle of his rifle sweeping
continually back and forth.

A MAP can be seen on the terminal. The map changes several
times to finally one that shows a corridor with a single red
light.

HUDSON'S back is to SPECS, looking down the hallway.

SPECS looks at him for a moment and then hurriedly types into
the command bar.

C:> Initiate Cascade Security
lockdown. Activate by mag card
swipe, WY#689150

The computer pauses for a moment then replies with text
spilling across the bottom of the screen.

C:> Code authorized and accepted
Mr. Speckowski.

SPECS quickly brings up another map just as HUDSON turns in
his direction, a map of sub-level 3.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Hurry UP asshole!

SPECS

I found the woman.
(beat)
(MORE)

SPECS (CONT'D)

Dear god, right under the primary heat exchangers! Amazing, you were right after all!

HUDSON

Great, can ya get us there?

SPECS

Yes. This way.

(points down hall)

There's a stairwell twenty meters from here blocked by a pressurized fire access hatch at our level.

HUDSON

Fire access hatch?

SPECS

It's a pressurized door used to keep levels sealed in case of a fire.

(beat)

I can use my company ID to open it. After that the stairs will take us within a hundred meters of her position as it was shown on the map.

HUDSON

Then all we gotta do is carry her out.

SPECS

You'll have to carry her. I. . .

(beat)

have a bad back and the Med-techs said I can't carry anything over a few kilos in weight. Otherwise you'll be carrying BOTH of us out.

HUDSON

Whatever you say pal.

SPECS

Oh, and another thing. Sarah's PDT shows that she really IS directly under the primary heat exchangers.

HUDSON

So what?

SPECS

That means you can't shoot down there.

HUDSON

Bullshit. That's how we got ambushed last time! The damn Lieutenant made us pull mags and all we were running with was handguns and bad attitude!

SPECS

I'm serious you fool! You rupture the coolant lines in there and. . .

HUDSON

And what? It blows up? I've been through that already.

SPECS

But you had transportation before. You are alone and on foot now. How far would you get before the station exploded? Two kilometers? Ten? You'd die and the woman. . .

(beat)

Sarah and I would die along with you.

HUDSON looks like he wants to choke the life out of SPECS right then and there.

SPECS (CONT'D)

You rupture those coolant lines and it will make sticking that rifle down your pants and pulling the trigger a pleasant experience by comparison.

HUDSON mumbles something under his breath but says nothing out loud.

SPECS (CONT'D)

But there's some good news. It also appears there's a separate functional elevator on Sublevel three that will take us up to ground level.

HUDSON

Yeah, that's somethin'. Let's go.

The TWO MEN turn and head down the hallway.

CLOSE UP - COMPUTER SCREEN

The computer screen reads:

Cascade security lockdown pending.
 Insert access card in any lift
 elevator mag card slot to activate.

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - SUB LEVEL 3 - THE NEW HIVE

SARAH'S head twitches. She lifts her chin drunkenly and looks around her surroundings. Darkness, steam and piping surround her. Her vision is slightly out of focus.

SARAH
 This. . . can't be good.

SARAH struggles weakly with her bonds, finally breaking free her left hand from the RESINOUS material. A faint beep is heard. She looks down and notices the headset hanging from her neck. She fumbles with the headset and brings it close, only to see the MICROPHONE is hanging loosely from a couple cables, the end of the boom is broken off.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Son of a. . .

SARAH feels the side of the headset and finds a MANUAL TRANSMIT button. She begins to rapidly tap on the button. As she taps, looking around nervously, about TWENTY FEET away her eyes focus an odd object.

It's about a meter in length and looks like some sort of leathery. . . egg.

The top of the EGG splits open like the petals of a prehistoric flower, and something stirs inside.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Oh shit!

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - SUB LEVEL 2 STAIRWELL

HUDSON stops on the stairs and puts his hand to his ear. SPECS plows into him from behind.

SPECS
 You know, if you plan to stop
 suddenly the civilized thing to do
 is at least SIGNAL or something...

HUDSON
 Shhhhh. . .
 (pause)
 HUDSON hears Morse code being sent
 at a fast pace.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
She's alive. . . and in trouble!
MOVE IT!

The two men run down the stairs, HUDSON in the lead.

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - SUB LEVEL 3 - THE NEW HIVE

The top of the ALIEN EGG convulses, and a set of GLISTENING BIO-MECHANICAL FINGERS breaches the top of the egg!

SARAH taps faster in fear on the headset!

The ALIEN FACEHUGGER pulls itself to the top edge of the egg. . . coils its tail. . .

SARAH SCREAMS!

The FACEHUGGER LEAPS SLOW MOTION INTO THE AIR! It sails toward SARAH!

A PAIR OF SOFT, MUFFLED BOOMS IS HEARD. . .

POV SHOT - BULLET

The camera follows behind a PAIR OF BULLETS as they fly SLOW MOTION through the air; shockwave rings follow the bullets as they plow through the air like a boat through water!

The FACEHUGGER is almost to SARAH!

The BULLETS ARE coming. . . and they BOTH hit the FACEHUGGER mid-flight, BLOWING it in TWO!

The FACEHUGGER falls steaming and twitching to the deck in real-time. Its ACID BLOOD eats at the floor a short distance from her foot.

CUT TO:

HUDSON stands at the bottom of the stairway.

From the darkness beyond Sarah, an ALIEN WARRIOR stirs among the conduits and pipes and leaps out! HUDSON fires again killing the creature. Beyond that, another steps out and another burst of fire from the rifle blows it away!

SPECS
(yelling)
STOP SHOOTING IN HERE!

SPECS raises his handgun threateningly at HUDSON'S back. HUDSON lowers the smoking scope rifle and takes a step forward. HUDSON half turns, looking back at SPECS and QUICKLY RAISES HIS RIFLE AND AIMS AT THE MAN! SPECS' mouth opens in shock!

HUDSON FIRES!

And an alien that was hidden to the side of the stairwell explodes! SPECS cringes away.

HUDSON lowers the smoking rifle and walks toward Sarah. SPECS comes down the stairs a moment later, his eyes on the dead alien that could have gotten him.

SARAH
You came for me?

HUDSON
You saved me in the stairwell back
at station six. I had ta return the
favor.

Hudson pauses and points a thumb over his shoulder

HUDSON (CONT'D)
Besides, you're better looking than
asshole there.

SPECS
Screw you, you ignorant jarhead!
I'm sick of your shit!

HUDSON steps over to SARAH and helps her break out of the material holding her in place.

SARAH
Looks like some sort of resin.

HUDSON
Well, this IS like a big 'ol ant
hive.

SPECS
Bees have hives, you fool.

HUDSON
Who asked you, pencilneck? Keep
your eyes open for more of them
things.

HUDSON Frees SARAH from the resin cocoon. She sags against him weakly.

He walks her over to a piece of equipment and lets her sit down. The stomach of her shirt is dark with blood. HUDSON pulls a MED KIT from his belt.

SPECS looks at them together, his eyes flash cruelly.

SPECS
(under his breath)
Bitch.

The barrel of his pistol slowly raises and settles on Hudson and Sarah for a moment, shaking. . .

And then it lowers. SPECS slowly moves into the shadows, away from them.

HUDSON starts to pull up her shirt to inspect the wound.

SARAH
(weakly)
Hey, easy there tiger, you haven't even bought me dinner yet!
(beat)
There's plenty of time for that later.

HUDSON
(Winks at her)
Actually, I want to check your wound.

He gently pulls up the shirt exposing her stomach. She hisses in pain, all humor gone. He pulls a canister from the kit and sprays the wound, cleans it with a wipe, then tapes a bandage over it.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
's not that bad. Its deep, but if ya take it easy it should heal fine. You're gonna need stitches or med glue after we get ya outta here. With all the blood it looked worse than it really was.
(beat)
Everythin' else looked fine.

SARAH
Cute. Let's get the hell out of here before any more neighbors show up.

HUDSON
Speckowski, give me a hand. . .

HUDSON looks up and looks around. SPECS is gone!

HUDSON (CONT'D)
What the hell? He's fuckin' gone!

SARAH
I've memorized the general
schematics of these processors,
what level are we on?

HUDSON
Sub level three.

SARAH looks at the structure around her.

SARAH
Sub section sixteen? Near the heat
exchangers?

HUDSON
Yeah.

She points in the direction SPECS disappeared.

SARAH
The lifts are down that way.

HUDSON helps SARAH to her feet and they start off in the
direction SPECS went.

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - SUB LEVEL 3 - ELEVATOR

SPECS hurries along the corridor. He's VERY nervous, despite
the fact he's holding a gun. He frequently turns around
looking left, right and behind him, all the while moving
forward.

Just ahead is an ELEVATOR! He runs the last few feet to the
elevator. There is a MAG SWIPE lock next to the number pad.

SPECS mumbles under his breath.

SPECS
Now we'll see who the asshole is.
I'll be alive and you'll all be
DEAD assholes. . .

SPECS SWIPES his WEYLAND-YUTANI ID CARD through the slot. The
elevator door opens slowly with a hydraulic whine.

The elevator is dark. SPECS thrusts the pistol into the darkness and fires several shots!

CUT TO:

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - SUB LEVEL 3

HUDSON and SARAH limp through the dark industrial maze. They hear the gunfire.

HUDSON
Shit!

SARAH
Hurry!

The two rush forward into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - SUB LEVEL 3 - ELEVATOR

SPECS stands outside the elevator door, the gun smoking in his hand. A moment later, the lights flicker partially to life and show the elevator is empty of everything except bullet holes in the back.

A LARGE ACCESS PANEL on the right side of the elevator is open, and wires and bundles of cabling of all types thrust from the opening. An open toolbox rests on the floor next to the opening.

SPECS ENTERS the elevator and hits the DOOR CLOSE button. The CAMERA looks out the door and sees HUDSON and SARAH running for the elevator!

EXT. ELEVATOR

The door begins to close and SPECS grins malevolently.

SPECS
(yells)
Who's the asshole now?

SARAH
Specs, don't do this! Please!

SPECS
It's too late bitch, you had your chance.

But they're too late. The door closes just as Hudson and Sarah reach it.

SARAH punches the open button, but nothing happens. She turns, leans against the door and slides to a sitting position.

SARAH
GODDAMN YOU!

She pounds her fist against the door in frustration.

HUDSON
Wha'd he mean "you had your chance?"

SARAH
When he first got here he tried making moves on every female on the planet. Married or not.
(beat)
And I told him no.

HUDSON
Really?

SARAH
Well. . . I told him no the first dozen times. Then I punched his lights out when he tried taking without asking.
(beat)
Let's just say after that it was a real surprise he got assigned to our work detail.

She smirks at HUDSON, who smiles back.

HUDSON
We're only three levels down from ground. If we hurry we'll be fine.

The elevator panel chimes and a computerized female voice is heard.

COMPUTER VOICE
Security lockdown in progress. Sub Level three access lockdown in ninety seconds.

HUDSON
What the fu. . .

SARAH
(interrupts)
That bastard activated a security lockdown. We have to

SARAH (CONT'D)
hurry or we'll be trapped here!

SARAH points down the hallway, away from the elevator.

SARAH (CONT'D)
That way!

Hudson reaches down and helps Sarah to her feet. The two rush down the hall to a pressure door. Hudson raises his rifle one handed and jerks the door open without thinking, but the way beyond is clear.

HUDSON
Come on!

They enter the stairwell and start running up the stairs. As the door closes behind them the door locks with a HYDRAULIC LOCKING SOUND. The computer voice is heard.

COMPUTER VOICE
Sub-level three security lockdown
complete. Sub level two access
lockdown in ninety seconds.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR

Specs rides the elevator. The display shows "Sub-Level 3" then switches to "Sub-Level 2" When it grinds to a halt.

SPECS
What the hell?

He looks at the control panel and pushes the ground floor button several times in a row.

SPECS (CONT'D)
(angry)
SISTER, voice authorization W-Y-6-8-
9-1-5-0, reactivate the lift
please.

COMPUTER VOICE
I'm sorry Mister Speckowski but
there is an obstruction in the
elevator shaft. This lift cannot
continue operation.

On-site Maintenance personnel have
been notified and should respond in
eighteen to thirty-six hours.

On SPECS belt, a pager beeps. He pulls the pager and looks at the display. It reads: "Atmosphere Generator #3. Lift 2B failure. Please report and repair as soon as possible."

SPECS

This. . . this is UNACCEPTABLE!

He throws his pager to the floor in anger. A moment later the elevator door begins to open.

COMPUTER VOICE

It is recommended that you exit this lift until service has been performed.

(beat)

Sub-level two security lockdown in progress.

SPECS

SHIT!

(beat)

SISTER, deactivate security lockdown, authorization beta three-six-four.

COMPUTER VOICE

I'm sorry Mister Speckowski, I am unable to comply without an override code from a senior Weyland-Yutani representative.

The lights shut off in the elevator.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

Sub Level two Security lockdown in thirty seconds.

Specs looks panicked and runs from the elevator into the hallway. He looks both ways then turns and then runs down the hallway toward a stairwell door. The lighting is sparse, and the light in the hall outside the elevator flickers on and off.

CAMERA POV - ON FLOOR

Specs runs by the camera which is at floor level, and his pistol drops to the floor in front of the camera as he runs past, forgotten in his haste to get to the stairwell door.

CUT TO:

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - STAIRWELL

Hudson and Sarah run up the stairs. They pass the door leading to sub-level 2, which locks with the sound of hydraulic pressure as they pass. They keep going up, and behind them a muffled impact is heard against the other side of the door. They don't hear it and continue on.

CUT TO:

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - SUB LEVEL 2

Specs struggles with the door handle which refuses to budge. He pounds his fist on the door to no avail.

SPECS
NO! Let me out!

He turns, his back to the door, his eyes wildly look about in terror. His eyes focus on the open elevator. . . a long thirty feet away. The flickering lights outside the elevator cast long menacing shadows.

Specs pushes away from the stairwell door and runs back toward the elevator.

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - STAIRWELL

Hudson and Sarah continue running up the stairs. Sarah is lagging behind him.

COMPUTER VOICE
Sub level two security lockdown
complete. Sub level one access
lockdown in ninety seconds.

SARAH
(out of breath)
Hudson.

HUDSON
Keep moving!

SARAH
Hudson!

Sarah collapses at the top of the next set of stairs. Hudson comes to a halt a few steps above and spins back to her. She clutches her chest, gasping for air.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(gasping)
Pain. . .
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)
 (pause)
 Can't breath. . .

CUT TO:

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - SUB LEVEL 2

Specs runs down the hallway, reaches the dark elevator and pauses in the doorway. He looks back down the hallway.

CUT TO:

CAMERA - CLOSE UP - LOOKING BACK IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ELEVATOR

Specs' pistol sits on the floor of the hallway.

CUT TO:

Specs looks longingly at the pistol for a moment and then enters the darkened elevator. In the near blackness, his fingers fumble with the elevator controls until he finds the "door close" button. He pushes the button and the doors begin to close with a hydraulic whine.

EXT. HALLWAY

The doors begin to close.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR

The doors are closing. . . slowly. . . The lights outside the elevator flicker casting shadows on the interior of the elevator. The snarled mess of cabling spilling from the access panel seems to move.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - SPECS

SPECS EYES GO WIDE!

The Elevator lights flicker uncertainly off and on, and the HEAD of an ALIEN raises from its concealed position amongst the cables! The creature snarls with its teeth bared and reaches with its clawed hands for the human!

SPECS SCREAMS LIKE A LITTLE GIRL!

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEVATOR DOOR

The scream is abruptly cut off as the elevator door closes with a cheerful "ding."

CUT TO:

INT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - STAIRWELL

SARAH is on her knees, gasping for air.

SARAH
Hurts. . . Can't breath. . .

She touches the fabric of the shirt over her stomach and her hand comes away red with blood.

Hudson looks fearfully at her for a moment. . . The muzzle of the rifle in his right hand starts to move in her general direction. . .

SARAH looks down at the floor and the blood on her hand as she gasps for air. . .

And then HUDSON steps to her side, pulling her to her feet with her arm around his neck.

HUDSON
On your feet Marine.

She struggles at his side as he starts climbing the stairs, mostly carrying her.

SARAH
Leave me. . . Hudson!

HUDSON
(grunts)
No way, jose.

SARAH
(grimaces in pain)
Stomach. . . hurts. I think. . . I overdid it.

HUDSON
Don't worry. We'll get you fixed up. . . I promise.

The two continue onward up the stairs, passing a door with a sign beside it that reads "Sub Level 1." As they pass the door, it gives off a hydraulic locking sound.

COMPUTER VOICE
Sub level one security lockdown
complete. Ground level access
lockdown in ninety seconds.

SARAH
(in pain)
Not. . . moving. . . fast enough.

They half run up the stairs.

CAMERA POV - STAIRS

The camera moves up the stairs at ankle height.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - HUDSON AND SARAH

move up the stairs with effort, straining.

CUT TO:

CAMERA POV - STAIRS

The camera moves up the stairs at ankle height.

CUT TO:

COMPUTER VOICE
Ground level access lockdown in
thirty seconds.

CAMERA - POV - HUDSON AND SARAH

turn the corner and at the top of the last set of stairs is
another door. They hurry as best as they can in their
exhausted and injured conditions.

COMPUTER VOICE
Ground level access lockdown in
fifteen seconds.

CUT TO:

CAMERA POV - STAIRS

The camera moves up the stairs at ankle height.

COMPUTER VOICE
Ground level access lockdown in ten
seconds.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - HUDSON AND SARAH

move up the stairs with effort, straining, will they make it?

COMPUTER VOICE
Ground level security access
lockdown in five. . .

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)
Four. . .

HUDSON releases Sarah partway up the stairs. She slumps
against the wall.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)
Three. . .
 (beat)
Two. . .
 (beat)
One. . .

HUDSON dives for the door handle, pulling it open an INCH
just as the sound of the hydraulic locks is heard.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)
Ground level access secure. Cascade
lockdown program W-Y-6-8-9-1-5-0
complete.
 (pause)
Thank you for choosing Weyland-
Yutani computing services products.
 (beat)
Weyland-Yutani Corporation:
Building better worlds.

Hudson looks at Sarah with a disbelieving expression on his
face. She looks back with a pained smile, and drags herself
to her feet.

SARAH
You did it.
 (pause)
You saved me. Us.

HUDSON
Beats the other choices.

He smiles at her. They move to the exit.

EXT. ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR #3 - EVENING

Hudson and Sarah exit the station. She leans on him heavily. He doesn't seem to mind. The door closes behind them with a hydraulic lock.

SARAH

I can't believe it, we're safe.

HUDSON

Fuckin a'!

(pause)

We should head back to the tractor. Tucker's supposed to be waitin' for us. And it's getting dark soon. We don't want to be out here at night. That's when those things mostly come out.

SARAH

I still can't believe Speckowski ditched us like that. I knew he held a grudge and was a company stooge. I just never thought he'd leave us hanging like that.

HUDSON

Can't trust those company types. Rat fuck-sons-o-bitches. . . every last one.

SARAH

I'm a company type. Does that include me as well?

HUDSON

No. You work for the company but you're regular folk like the rest of us. You worked here because you wanted to, not because you were forced to.

(pause)

Or because you had shit you were tryin' ta hide.

(beat)

Or dig up.

SLOW CROSSFADE
TO:

EXT. WASTELAND - EVENING

They've walked a distance away from the processing station and climbed a short rocky incline. Their vantage point gives them a good view of the massive structure of the Processing Station a short distance away. Sarah sits down on a rocky outcropping. HUDSON KNEELS in front of her and lifts her shirt again exposing her stomach and begins removing the bloody bandage.

SARAH
You know, this I twice now. . .

She hisses in pain as he removes the bandage.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Twice you've lifted MY shirt, and
all I get to see is body armor.

She raps her knuckles against his shoulder armor.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(winces in pain from her
wound)
Just doesn't seem fair somehow.

Hudson smiles.

HUDSON
Been a while since I've taken it
all off. It's like a second skin
now.
(beat, snifs)
Smells like it too.

SARAH
You've been alone out here a long
time. Is there anybody waiting for
you at home? A girlfriend? A Mrs.
Hudson maybe?

Hudson doesn't speak for a moment as he places another bandage on her wounded stomach, tapes it in place, and pulls a compression bandage out of the med kit and begins wrapping it tight around her abdomen.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Hey, I was just kidding Hudson.

There's a long pause.

HUDSON

No.

SARAH

No?

HUDSON

There ain't nobody back home. Who'd put up with me anyway? I ain't a doctor or some company exec. Hell, I sure ain't the brightest guy in the corps.

(pause)

Just another trigger happy, gun totin' survivor.

Sarah nods. Hudson finishes wrapping her with the bandage and gently pulls her shirt back down. As he starts to pull away, she grabs his hand.

SARAH

There's nothing wrong with surviving.

(beat)

It means you're still alive. If you're alive. . . there's always possibilities.

(pause)

There's always hope.

HUDSON still kneels before her. They look for a moment into each others eyes. She still holds his hand. She raises her other hand to his cheek. She starts to move toward him for a kiss...

AN ALIEN SCREAM breaks them apart.

HUDSON

Son. Of. A. BITCH!

HUDSON spins away from Sarah and rises to his feet. . .

LONG SHOT

In the distance the camera sees as many as TWENTY ALIENS running across the terrain away from the Atmosphere Processing station. . . directly towards the two humans!

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Sarah, run! I'll stay. . .

(He raises the rifle)

and slow 'em down!

SARAH
I'm NOT leaving you!

HUDSON turns and stares into her eyes.

HUDSON
Sarah...
(pause, softer)
Please...
(beat)
You gotta go.

She doesn't want to leave him alone. HUDSON reaches up and pulls the blue GOGGLES over his eyes. With practiced ease, he turns and slips the connector plug into the side of the scope and turns his back on her.

She almost looks like she wants to cry, but then turns and runs into the rock strewn wasteland. She pauses for one second at the edge of a large boulder a short distance away and looks back.

HUDSON is silhouetted against the skyline.

A single tear rolls down her cheek before she turns and runs.

The CAMERA TILTS up from Hudson's battered combat boots. . . over the single remaining shin armor. . . past the abdomen armor. . . over the chest to his face.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - HUDSON'S MOUTH

A sneer crosses his lips and he whispers. . .

HUDSON
Lets rock!

HUDSON shoulders the rifle and BEGINS FIRING! First, a few single shots, one after the other with mechanical precision.

POV - SCOPE VIEW

Through the scope we see ALIEN after ALIEN fall from the single well placed shots, but still they draw closer. Like a black flood of bio-mechanical death. They're getting closer.

HUDSON
(whispers)
You want some of that?

Hudson fires his weapon.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
(louder)
Here's some for you!

CLOSE UP - WEAPON SELECTOR SWITCHES

Hudson flips the selector switch from single shot to AUTO.

WIDE SHOT

Hudson continues fires at another target. . .

MEDIUM SHOT - HUDSON

pulls a spent magazine from the rifle and slaps in a fresh one and returns fire!

CUT TO:

ALIENS SCREAM and die, they fall, but they still keep coming!
Unstoppable!

HUDSON
(LOUDER)
You like that? Huh? You like that?

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - HUDSON'S BOOTS

Another empty magazine falls into the dirt at Hudson's feet.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT - THE ALIENS

have reached the base of Hudson's ROCKY HILL. They begin climbing. . .

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP -

HUDSON switches the rifle from single shot to auto. . .

CUT TO:

OVER THE SHOULDER - HUDSON

looks down the hill into a churning black mass of alien forms and HE FIRES into the alien crowd!

HUDSON
 (yelling)
 Some for you!
 (pause - firing)
 and you!
 (pause - firing)
 you too motherfucker!

The horde nearing the crest of the hill and is almost on him!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT - HUDSON

reaches into his chest mounted webbing harness and pulls a silver grenade, pops the plastic top off, squeezes the plunger on top and tosses the explosive into the mass of aliens!

HUDSON turns and runs as the explosion goes off!

The explosion sends ALIEN SCREAMS over the lip of the hill, and HUDSON sprints through the rocky outcroppings like the hounds of hell are on his heels. He slams into a rock, rebounds spinning and continues on.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKY HILLTOP - EVENING

Smoke rises from the lip of the hilltop. And from the smoke, an ALIEN rises. This alien is familiar. . . It's the CUT TAIL ALIEN!

CUT TAIL SCREECHES ANGRILY and SIX MORE ALIENS rise over the lip of the hill. Some are burned; most are dripping acid blood. . . ALL ARE SERIOUSLY PISSED OFF!

With a menacing hiss from CUT TAIL, the remaining aliens run into the rocky maze of the boulder strewn landscape like alien panthers weaving through the trees of a jungle.

CUT TO:

HUDSON runs through the rocky maze, turning left and right past the boulders. He pulls the magazine from the SCOPE RIFLE and drops it as he runs.

CLOSE UP - MAGAZINE

The camera shows the magazine resting in the dirt. . . empty.

CUT TO:

The ALIENS run through the maze.

CRANE SHOT - WIDE ANGLE - THE ALIENS

are gaining on HUDSON as he runs.

He pulls a metal block from one of his hip pouches and fits it into the MAG WELL of the rifle. He then pulls a PULSE RIFLE AMMO MAGAZINE from another pouch and sticks it into the rifle.

He runs around a corner and an ALIEN is waiting!

The rifle muzzle drops and the ALIEN explodes! HUDSON spins away from the spraying acid and heads a different direction. Another ALIEN leaps out and is gunned down. HUDSON turns another corner and is attacked again, blowing another creature away.

QUICK CUTS TO:

THE RIFLE MUZZLE

is firing, intercut with Hudson running and aliens attacking.

HUDSON pulls the empty pulse rifle magazine free and throws it at an ALIEN where it bounces off the creature's "nose." The ALIEN is taken aback at this and shakes its head as though having been stung by a bee. HUDSON continues past, running like his life depended on it. . . which it does!

The boulders thin out and the natural maze ends as the ground begins to rise into another hill. HUDSON pushes to make it to the top. . . when CUT TAIL rises at the top of the hill in front of him!

HUDSON comes to an abrupt halt. He raises the rifle. . .

CUT TO:

SCOPE VISION - POV

The BLUE SCOPE VIEW focuses on CUT TAIL'S head. The crosshair aligns. . .

CLOSE UP - HUDSON'S TRIGGER FINGER

Tightens on the trigger. . . squeezes. . .

There is an audible CLICK! The weapon is empty!

HUDSON

No way. . .

HUDSON turns slowly in a circle. The remaining FOUR ALIENS are surrounding him like a living fence, slowly, sinuously moving forward. . .

CUT TAIL HISSES and turns its head left and right. The ALIENS stop their forward movement and wait. . . like wolves waiting for the leader of the pack to feast. CUT TAIL begins circling HUDSON. Hudson slowly turns as well so he's always facing CUT TAIL.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
Don't wanna share your dinner huh?
Well, I got somethin' just for you
pal. . .

HUDSON reaches into his hip pouch and pulls. . . the can of WEYLAND-YUTA ANTI CORROSION SPRAY. HUDSON blinks in disbelief.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
No fucking way.

HUDSON pulls the hip pouch open and stares inside.

HUDSON POV

The inside of the pouch is completely empty.

WIDE SHOT

CUT TAIL slowly moves forward, claws extended. HUDSON takes a step backward and drops the can back into the pouch. One of the ALIENS at the edge of the ring gives a hissing gurgle of anticipation. HUDSON quickly fumbles through his remaining, smaller belt pouches, each coming up empty except for the last pouch which reveals an object. . .

HUDSON pulls the goggles from his head and stares at ONE LONE BULLET in his fingers.

HUDSON looks at the bullet, then at the group of slowly approaching ALIENS.

He puts the bullet in his THIGH POCKET and looks at the rifle longingly. HE carefully sets the rifle down on the ground.

HUDSON
Thanks for the help, girl.

He gives the rifle a pat as he quickly stands and continues circling.

He pulls the ANTI-CORROSION SPRAY CAN from his pouch again. CUT TAIL stops circling and takes a step forward. HUDSON glances down and spots the knife hanging from his chest harness. He gets an odd look on his face.

A sad grin crosses his face.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Fuck yeah!

HUDSON pulls the knife from his harness and turns the spray can on the blade, hosing the knife and even part of his arm with the liquid. He tosses the can aside.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

(yells)

Let's go!

CUT TAIL leaps into action, arms wide attempting to hug HUDSON. HUDSON runs forward and slides just under the arms, slashing with the knife. The creature spins back grabbing HUDSON by the neck of his armor and heaves him in the direction of a nearby boulder.

HUDSON hits hard and bounces to the ground. The ALIEN comes in fast for the follow up, grappling with HUDSON. The ALIEN grabs the shoulders of HUDSON'S armor and pulls. . . RIPPING the shoulder bells from the torso armor!

HUDSON thrusts upward and to the side of CUT TAIL'S head with the knife, penetrating the fleshy membrane connecting the upper and lower jaws. The creature SHRIEKS and releases him. He rolls free, slashing at a nearby leg as he moves. The pain causes CUT TAIL to focus, and its attention shifts to HUDSON again in a heartbeat.

HUDSON crabwalks backward to get away. . . CUT TAIL stalks him like a prehistoric raptor. HUDSON gets back to his feet and brandishes the knife before him. His eyes focus on the blade.

CLOSE UP - KNIFE BLADE

The Blade of the knife is pitted and smoking.

HUDSON

Oh. . . shit.

He swallows, and takes a defiant knife fighters position, and stands his ground! CUT TAIL attacks and Hudson jumps forward! The ALIEN grabs both of HUDSON'S upper arms, stops HUDSON'S forward movement and starts pushing him back. HUDSON'S boots dig small trenches in the sandy soil.

HUDSON twists his arm and thrusts the knife into the arm holding him. Acid blood flows, but CUT TAIL doesn't relent.

HUDSON glances over his shoulder and sees several ALIENS of the guard advancing slowly from behind him. HUDSON looks back at CUT TAIL. The Alien's lips pull back from the razor sharp teeth in a sneer.

HUDSON pushes hard forward again. . . CUT TAIL redoubles its own forward push. . . when HUDSON reverses direction and shoulder throws the alien! CUT TAIL lands hard, but rolls to its feet in a heartbeat.

HUDSON pulls back the fist with the knife and throws it at CUT TAIL'S head!

SLOW MOTION - THE KNIFE

flips end over end toward CUT TAIL'S head. As the knife is about to impale the creature, it shifts to one side!

NORMAL SPEED - THE KNIFE

spins through the air at HIGH SPEED and impales the HEAD of an ALIEN standing directly behind CUT TAIL! The other ALIEN SCREECHES and falls dead.

As the DEAD KNIFE ALIEN hits the ground, the other Aliens stop and turn their elongated heads to "look" at DEAD KNIFE. They pause for a second, then turn in perfect unison and "look" each other... then as one they turn and "look" at HUDSON.

Hudson looks back at them.

Without a sound they start to move in. CUT TAIL SCREECHES at them, but still they slowly advance. CUT TAIL lashes out at a nearby alien, clawing the creature across the head viciously. The others stop where they are and "look" at CUT TAIL. HUDSON looks around again.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - THE ANTI-CORROSION SPRAY CAN

rests on its side in the dirt, a short distance from the SCOPE RIFLE.

HUDSON'S eyes narrow as an idea forms. . . and he bolts for the spray can!

CUT TAIL leaps, knocking HUDSON down hard, and the creature claws HUDSON'S unarmored leg.

Blood flows and HUDSON cries out in pain. He crawls forward. CUT TAIL lashes at the unarmored leg again, as though toying with its prey.

Through will alone HUDSON pulls himself to his feet. He hops on one leg, dragging the damaged limb behind.

CUT TAIL really doesn't know what to make of this. It watches HUDSON curiously, only a step behind the human, and slashes an exposed arm with its claws.

HUDSON stifles a cry and tries to take another step, but falls to the ground on his chest. He's about done and he knows it.

The CLAWED HEAD ALIEN rises to its feet from where CUT TAIL knocked it down. It's seriously pissed off and SCREECHES loudly. The others turn to look and cut tail turns, its jaws wide.

HUDSON rises to his feet again. He's almost there. . .

SARAH
HUDSON! DOWN!

HUDSON falls to his chest in the dirt. The ALIENS turn as one and see the new threat.

In a clearing about fifty meters away stands SARAH! Beside her is TUCKER in some sort of makeshift wheeled gurney made from the remains of the tractor's three wheel assembly! Attached to the gurney is what looks like a SMARTGUN rig. SARAH wears the smartgun targeting headset and stands close enough to the gurney to wield the weapon.

CUT TAIL SCREECHES ANGRILY!

SARAH fires the weapon! ALIENS die, exploding in showers of acid blood. The remaining aliens attempt to rush her position, but they're too far away, and she mows them down as they run forward. In a few moments they all lie dead and smoking on the ground.

SARAH pulls the headset free and hands it to TUCKER, who places it on his head. She looks to TUCKER.

TUCKER
Go to him, I'll cover you.

SARAH
Thank you Tucker.

TUCKER

Least I could do for Daddy's little girl.

She smiles at this and heads across the terrain, threading her way through the SMOKING ALIEN BODIES. SHE passes CLAWED HEAD. . . who's body is now unattached from the head. HUDSON is leaning on the scope rifle like a crutch, favoring his bleeding leg. In the other hand is the can of ANTI-CORROSION SPRAY.

SARAH walks up to him.

SARAH

You're a mess.

HUDSON

Happy to see you too. Looks like I owe ya one.

SARAH

Consider us even.

She takes a step closer to HUDSON. . .

CLOSE UP - HUDSON'S

mouth opens in warning and he pushes forward shoving SARAH to one side.

CUT TO:

CUT TAIL rises from the ground, claws raised and mouth open wide! The alien CHARGES!

HUDSON thrusts his left hand forward and shoves the SPRAY CAN into CUT TAIL'S GAPING SPIKE TOOTHED MAW! Using the rifle like a replacement leg, he kicks CUT TAIL in the chest with his left foot, knocking the ALIEN backwards!

HUDSON drops to a crouch and then stands, raising the rifle and inserts the SINGLE BULLET into the chamber. The bolt slams forward with an audible metallic noise.

CUT TAIL rises to its feet as agile as a panther and shakes it's head like a dog. The CAN is still lodged in its mouth.

HUDSON tugs the BLUE GOGGLES over his eyes, and. . .

CUT TO:

HUDSON - SCOPE POV

The scope crosshairs zoom in and focus on the can in CUT TAIL'S mouth. The viewer reads the words:

Do not puncture or incinerate can.
Dispose of properly.

CUT TO:

The camera shows us looking down the barrel of HUDSON holding the rifle.

SLOW MOTION

HUDSON fires! The bullet slowly sails through the air towards the camera and then past. . . rings of a shockwave follow the bullet.

NORMAL TIME

There's a faint METALLIC IMPACT SOUND. . .

And CUT TAIL'S HEAD EXPLODES!

HUDSON twists and steps between SARAH and the ALIEN'S ACID BLOOD splatters on the shoulder and back of HUDSON'S BODY ARMOR and begins eating its way through. HUDSON cries out in pain and drops the rifle. SARAH steps out from underneath HUDSON and helps him shed the body armor.

CUT TO:

HUDSON'S SMOKING BODY ARMOR falls to the ground, huge gaping holes can be seen through the back as the acid eats it.

HUDSON
(strung out)
Okay. . .

He falls to his hands and knees, wounded shoulder and part of his back smoking from the acid blood. He looks up at SARAH.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
NOW we're even.

SARAH turns and puts her arm under his and helps him to his feet. She lets him lean on her as they walk back toward TUCKER.

SARAH

After all this time. . . I finally
get to see what's under your shirt.

HUDSON laughs and winces in pain. They walk a bit further
toward TUCKER but SARAH stops him before they get there.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(confident)

You know that you still owe me,
don't you?

HUDSON

(incredulous)

I'm bleeding, burned, my armor is
toast and I'm out of ammo. . . How
d'ya figure I still owe ya?

She turns him, grabbing his scarred face and plants a deep,
long, tender kiss on his lips. He's quite surprised despite
their previous flirting, but he doesn't retreat from it
either.

SARAH

(slightly out of breath)

Okay. . . NOW we're even.

ZOOM OUT

The CAMERA pulls back away from the
couple and into the sky, through
the clouds away from the surface of
the planet and into space. The
camera pans and a SATELLITE with
the WEYLAND-YUTANI logo comes into
view positioned above the planet.

A FAINT SIGNAL not unlike the sound of an old modem is heard
from the satellite.

Over the scene, computer text spills across the scene in blue-
white lettering accompanied with the sound of a futuristic
mechanical typewriter. As each section of text displays, the
previous fades out. . .

SUPER IN:

. . .preriphery comm. traffic detected. . .

(pause)

. . .priority emergency signal reception in progress. . .

(pause)

Signal Origin: Weyland-Yutani corporation minerals refining colony outpost. . .

(pause)

Designation: Archeron.

(pause)

Signal comm. destination: United States Colonial Marine Corps Comm center.

(pause)

Temporary Signal //reroute// reroute path 06200705. . .

(pause)

Archeron emergency signal rerouted to Gateway port 0200705...

(pause)

Weyland-Yutani Corporation rescue services notified. . .

(pause)

Science rescue vessel Scylla notified. . . Departure in 36 hours from comm. intercept.

(pause)

United States Colonial Marine Corps Comm. Center signal routing delay. . . four weeks.

(pause)

Signal received and time coded. Thank you for using Weyland-Yutani Communication Services Products.

(pause)

Weyland-Yutani Corporation.

Building better worlds.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.