

"Alien V - Legacy"

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

A large space station orbiting planet Earth. There are small ships floating nearby as we slowly approach the structure.

INT. SPACE STATION

A small group of special forces, wearing dark blue uniforms and tight black helmets partially covering their heads, walk hastily down a corridor.

On their helmets and uniforms is the acronym OCSF. They are the Outer-systems Colonization Special Forces, aiming at keeping operations in outer space safe.

There are two male officers and one female:

One of the male officers is Captain Harry DOYLE. In his early thirties, very short ginger hair, balding. He is the most experienced of the three, having entered the Special Forces Academy when he was in his early teens. His uniform looks pristine, even more than those of his fellow officers. He is very strict and does everything by the book: it would be sacrilege for him not to obey orders, turning him into a corporation's best friend.

The other male officer is Lieutenant Jensen REDD, in his late twenties, handsome, dark hair and blue eyes. He looks confident, even a little cocky. As most of the special forces, he hasn't seen much action yet. He is the greenest of the group and yet he is eager to prove himself worthy to make up for a failure in his recent past.

The female officer is Lieutenant Rebecca Jordan Ripley, "NEWT". Entering her late twenties, blonde hair and fairly tall for a female: only slightly shorter than the male officers, blending in perfectly with the group. She is attractive but not stunning, no make up and almost boyish looking while still keeping her femininity. She seems determined and walks with a purpose. She's one of the few survivors of the tragedy that occurred on the planet LV-426 over a decade ago.

The group reaches a large door. DOYLE scans a card on an electronic device next to the door to open it. They go in.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

The room is long and spacious, with several rows black chairs. They all face a large projector screen. On the wall behind the chairs there is a large, dark, smoked window: nothing can be seen through it.

There is a desk between the screen and the chairs. Next to it there are three men:

OCSF Operations COMMANDER Shell, in his mid-forties, wears a blue uniform, somewhat similar to the ones the other OCSF officers have but clearly that of a senior officer: a series of large, shiny silver buttons vertically aligned along the jacket, multiple distinctions on his chest and wide, red padded shoulders with four golden stars on each side.

Standing next to him is GENERAL Perkins, an older man in his early sixties, stocky build, with gray hair and wearing a dark green military uniform; On his chest plenty of medals. A vastly experienced Marine-Corps officer, who is very resolute and has little to no patience to deal with trivial matters.

Lastly, leaning on a desk is Ruud HOUSER, wearing a conventional, but expensive looking, dark blue suit; Clean-shaven, precision-clipped hair, slender, in his forties but dyes his hair darker to look younger. With a long history at the corporation's service he expects his loyalty to be repaid eventually with the highest place of power within it: CEO of the Outer-colonies Administration office. He will go anywhere and do anything to fulfill that ambition and he will let nothing, or no-one, stand in his way.

They are engaged in a lively conversation with a giant face that can be seen on the projector screen: it belongs to a distinguished-looking man wearing a suit and tie not too dissimilar from HOUSER's. His demeanor is a mix of both authority and discontent and he addresses them angrily:

MAN ON THE SCREEN

-- and I won't have any more of it. You created the problem, you clean it up. I want this matter addressed now.. and I mean RIGHT now!

The recently arrived OCSF trio halts in silence, not wanting to interrupt.

HOUSER

Yes sir, we will take care of --

The man on the screen doesn't want to hear anymore and terminates the transmission: the video feed is cut off abruptly, the face on the screen is no more and white noise now fills the space.

HOUSER

-- the matter.

HOUSER looks dejected. DOYLE finds the awkward moment opportune to make his presence noticed and salutes them, joining his leather boots in a muffled thump:

DOYLE
COMMANDER!

COMMANDER
Captain DOYLE! Gentlemen! Thank
you for coming, please have a seat.

He extends his hand towards the chairs. The trio of OCSF officers quickly and orderly take a seat.

COMMANDER
I'm sure by now all of you have
seen the GENERAL's face in one
broadcast or another.

He extends his arm in the direction of the military officer.

COMMANDER
And this here is Ruud HOUSER,
Operations Executive of the OCA:
the Outer-Colonies Administration
office.

The executive nods slightly acknowledging the introduction, almost with no interest. The Commander nods towards the General, takes a back seat and lets him proceed.

GENERAL
Thank you Commander.

He turns to the trio:

GENERAL
Without any further delay let me
bring you up-to-date with the
events that lead to this meeting.

He gives a sign to someone presumably behind the large smoked window. The lights go off and the projector screen is filled with images. The general stands partially in front of them.

The images are grainy and some of them without sound. The video is a mix of surveillance camera-clips and failed transmissions from an outer colony. It shows images of the colonists in chaos and disarray.

GENERAL

Around twenty-seven hours ago these images were transmitted across the public media channels all over the planet. Suffice to say they spread horror and fear in everyone's minds. I'm certain you weren't immune to these broadcasts and the three of you are aware of most of what we see.

The observing group does not respond, looking unsurprised with what goes on the screen. Some of the clips are cut half-way through, with garbled images and noise in-between them. It's obvious they were taken in a state of panic and amidst chaos: there are bizarre-looking creatures crawling around everywhere: they can be seen jumping across buildings, running through corridors or emerging from dark corners to savagely and mercilessly attack any human they can see.

GENERAL

The situation is now nearly out of control: something needs to be done to assure the general public that there is no danger.. no REAL danger of threat to our planet or even the many terraformed colonies we provide security to.

The images continue but the OCSF trio is not indifferent to these latter ones: they haven't seen them yet. The General continues:

GENERAL

These are some of the few images we managed to block in order to keep them away from the public eye.

The last transmission is that of a male civilian in some sort of jumpsuit, his face next to the screen, crying for help. His voice is nervous and breaks frequently into high pitch.

NEWT appears disturbed by what she is watching, reflecting a deeper, even personal, understanding of the events.

PROJECTOR SCREEN:

MALE COLONIST

Please! Somebody.. we are being attacked by these things.

He turns back and objects can be seen flying in the air behind him: his barricade has just been broken through.

MALE COLONIST

(shouting)

Oh my God! Anyone, we need --

He turns back once again: a human-shaped XENOMORPH closes in on him, just next to the camera he was speaking to. He shouts in panic, shoving his face in front of the camera as if that could aid him.

MALE COLONIST

Help! Plea --

A creepy tongue with a maw in its tip comes out of the creature's mouth and quickly strikes the back of his head before he can finish the sentence. All there is left is a pool of blood dripping down the glass.

The transmission ends abruptly and the screen goes blank.

NEWT turns her face down, her blonde hair following in a smooth motion. Not wanting, or being able, to look at those images. It's as if these scenes aren't uncommon to her and revive a lot of horrifying memories. She whispers something to herself:

NEWT

..not again.

REDD, quiet until now, interpolates, believing he has the answer to why they were brought here:

REDD

And you want us to lead a mission to find any survivors?

GENERAL

Well Lieutenant REDD, I'm afraid the reality is these transmissions are delayed due to the colony's satellite malfunction. We were lucky it kept retrying until it finally succeeded to send them through.

The OCSF officers looks shocked. NEWT turns her head up.

NEWT

How long ago sir?

GENERAL

Over two weeks ago.

The officers look at each-other in disbelief.

NEWT

Two weeks? There won't be anyone
alive there by now! What in God's
name do you expect us --

She turns her head in revolt only to look at the General
again and continue.

NEWT

And you sir, what are you doing
here? Why would the military be
involved in the matters of the OCA?

Houser stands up and puts his closed hand to his mouth and
clears his throat, his eyes shift to the right towards the
Commander.

HOUSER

Is this the one?

The Commander nods affirmatively. Houser turns to the blonde
female officer.

HOUSER

What do they call you?

He looks down at the desk and picks up a few sheets of paper
and reads something on it.

HOUSER

..NEWT?

She wants none of it and strikes back, ending in a
depreciative 'sir'.

NEWT

Lt. Rebecca Jordan Ripley, sir.

HOUSER

Yes, yes, that's right. I read
your file.

He flips a page and reads further from the file. On his
mouth a grin, like that of someone that doesn't look
impressed. Then turns to the General:

HOUSER

Allow me to take over from here
General.

The General steps to the side. Houser clears his throat again.

HOUSER

The information that is about to be disclosed to you is of the highest level of confidentiality and no-one outside a handful of people in the OCA commission board and highest military ranks knows about this.

The OCSF trio looks apprehensive: they look at each-other not sure what to expect.

HOUSER

The colony was set in LV-733 for a different reason. A reason kept secret due to an incredible discovery we made eleven years ago..

The projector goes back on and this time the images that fill the screen are nothing like the small group of officers has seen before. They are dumbfounded and can't believe their eyes.

What they see is what it looks like the remnants of an ancient EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL CIVILIZATION. It's a dystopian view of a city with extremely tall and sharp buildings, something of dimensions way above anything humans have ever witnessed or created. Gigantic towers stretching like sharp nails all the way up into the sky, far apart from each other connected by bridges that resemble veins of steel. These bridges, some lower others high up, create a web of interconnections between these buildings. Their joints are round and wider, similar to the shapes of the alien craft found before in LV-426.

Most of what is seen are silhouettes against a dark and tempestuous dark-blue sky. A lot of it is derelict: if there was life here once it is now long gone.

HOUSER

THIS is the real reason: an Extra-Terrestrial city of unknown origin. We believe it to match the description of the alien space ship allegedly found by the crew of Nostromo in LV-426. After many surveys we found this city to be fully depleted of life.

There are other images of the interior of buildings but it's hard to make any sense of it. Some of the structures have large holes and gigantic dents on them, as if caused by an explosion of sorts.

REDD

My God! Who.. what is this?? What the hell happened here?

HOUSER

We don't know. We estimate it's been abandoned for unknown reasons several hundred, if not thousands of years ago.

The grim images continue to dazzle their newly-found audience. Some of them comprise of very large structures: nuclear reactors and miscellaneous factories built by this unknown alien species.

HOUSER

We believe they succumbed to a disaster. A civilization fallen victim of some catastrophe. Nothing our research team could put their finger on.

NEWT

Research team?

HOUSER

Yes, that's right.

Houser leans against the desk and continues his speech with an ever-growing patronizing tone:

HOUSER

As I mentioned before there was an ulterior motive for the OCA to set up a colony in this forsaken planet.

He pauses for a brief moment to look at the images. He seems to be enjoying the attention, as if he held the key to the story. Like a selfish kid that knows something no-one else does and is savoring the secret.

HOUSER

Even though no life signs were found, there were a few skeletal remains but these were much too deteriorated for us to reach any conclusions. After years of exploration however we did find an intact facility.

The slides now shift to the interior of what looks like a massive warehouse with very tall roofs.

Inside it, lab cylinders filled with some sort of green liquid and different types of inert XENOMORPHS inside them. Eggs can be seen everywhere, scattered all over the floor as if originally they didn't belong there. They cover every possible inch of free space..

HOUSER

We found this place replete with eggs..

He looks at Newt, a smirk on his face:

HOUSER

..Just like you and the other two survivors from LV-426 had described. We kept all the records since its destruction. We were ecstatic when we found what you can now see with your own eyes.

Newt gets up, upset.

NEWT

Dear God! You sent those colonists there even though you knew of the threat?

GENERAL

Please calm down.

Newt stares at them with a defying look in her blue eyes. Redd grabs her by the arm and gently pulls her down. She abides.

GENERAL

The eggs were found in a facility located in a small island several kilometers off the city, whereas the colonists were set inland, over fifty kilometers away from the site. There is no way those creatures, the XENOMORPHS, could have got to them.

Newt raises her voice:

NEWT

Well, apparently they did!

COMMANDER

Calm down officer. We don't know that they did, in fact we don't know much of what happened at all.

NEWT

Maybe you should have learned the lesson from the disaster that was colonizing LV-426.

DOYLE

Since you blew up the whole damn thing we didn't have anything to stand on.

NEWT

'We'?!

Redd steps in to cool things down:

REDD

I fail to understand how this Extra-Terrestrial city in LV-733 relates to the events in the colony where Newt grew up. Aren't both extremely far apart?

COMMANDER

Correct. They are in fact in two different systems altogether. We believe this to be the civilization where the alien spacecraft found in LV-426 by the Nostromo originated from.

HOUSER

And that's why we need you. We built our own research lab on the island and an HQ for our operations there. Even though this was a research mission we decided to deploy several platoons of the armed forces to keep security levels to a maximum.

REDD

Why not us in first place? If this is corporation's business it should have been assigned to the special operations.

HOUSER

I'm afraid this was too big a job for OCSF. Besides when we started exploring this new civilization we didn't know what kind of threats lay within it.

GENERAL

Correct. And the Marine-Corps would do a better job guarding the place, which is not what you were trained for.

REDD

Then send in more troops. I hardly see how a few dozen spec-ops will fix things up.

COMMANDER

That's where you are wrong: this is an infiltration mission. With the Xenomorphs out there..

GENERAL

God knows how many.. it would be too risky to send in more marines.

NEWT

You mean --

The Commander and Houser quickly intercept the General's comment and sway the conversation back into a technical perspective:

COMMANDER

Exactly, General. Besides we want to keep it low profile and prevent casualties.

HOUSER

There's also the weather conditions. It's what you could call winter in that forsaken planet and it's extremely difficult, if not impossible, to make a landing.

Newt is uninterested by this last information, a question still strong in her mind:

NEWT

The marines deployed there.. what happened to them?

Houser's eyes shift to the right where the general is, as if letting him respond. In turn the latter doesn't look comfortable.

GENERAL

We don't know. All communication with that planet was severed.

NEWT

They are all dead, aren't they?

HOUSER

Now, we don't know that. And that is why you were called to attend this debriefing. We need a small group, the best of the special forces to rescue any survivors and re-establish communications with Earth if possible.

COMMANDER

You will be deployed at high altitude and try to locate any marines as you make your way to the island. From there you will restore the beacon that will allow larger rescue shuttles to land on the facility's rooftop..

Newt's mind has drifted off, thinking about how many of those soldiers were caught.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEWT'S APARTMENT

A neat, well decorated apartment with a sophisticated look trying to escape the frigid structure of the space station. There is a large window through which the planet earth can be seen in all its magnificence, even an artist's painting wouldn't do it justice.

Newt is sitting down in a low, comfortable couch looking at the view, a glass in her hand. She hears a buzz: there is someone at the door. She get's up and slowly walks to the door then presses a button on a small keypad next to it and an image of a male appears on the small screen fitted inside the pad. Newt makes an expression of dissatisfaction.

NEWT

What do you want?

REDD

Come on Newt, let's have a talk over this.

She presses a button on the keypad and the door opens with a WHOOSH. She walks back to the couch.

NEWT

There is nothing to talk about. Why did you come here?

Redd goes straight to the bar to get a drink, the place is familiar to him. Then he sits in the couch next to Newt.

REDD

The carrier leaves in twenty hours, we need to know.

NEWT

You accepted it?

REDD

What do you think?! This is a once in a life time chance, it's what we enlisted for. No action so far, just same old boring exercises and simulations on nearby colonies. Not really worth the time we spend in hypersleep.

NEWT

You mean like the search & rescue mission on LV-430?

REDD

(irritated)

That's a low blow, I knew you'd hold a grudge on that! So that's what this sulking is all about?

NEWT

No.. it's about going back to those things.. reliving it all over again.

There is a short moment of silence.

NEWT

And Doyle?

Redd nods affirmatively.

NEWT

(sarcastic)

What a surprise, the Academy watchdog is joining us!

She shakes her glass of whiskey, the rocks of ice tinkling.

NEWT

No wonder Doyle was so quiet during the briefing. I bet he knew all about it beforehand.

Redd sighs.

REDD

If you turn it down you will be
the only one.

Newt lowers her head, upset.

NEWT

I still can't believe it. This
morning, when I woke up I thought
it wasn't real.

REDD

And it's going to be that way for
the rest of your life.. if you
don't go.

He leans towards her and places his hand on her leg.

REDD

You can go with us and beat your
demons or stay here and hide in
the shadows.

Newt moves his hand away with spite giving him an angry look.

NEWT

Hands off! It's not like that
between us anymore, okay? I
thought I made that clear?

Redd leans back and sighs.

REDD

The nightmares you confided to
me, the ones you had when you
were a child. Isn't that why you
joined the spec-ops?

Newt goes silent, sulky.

NEWT

Why would they want us there?
It's the eggs. They want us to
get the eggs for them. Or
something else.

REDD

No, you got it wrong. They
promised me if we retrieve all
operations personnel that is
still alive and restore the
beacon so they can clear out the
area and continue their operations
there, we'll be sent back home.

NEWT

And then what? They bring samples
of those things over here?

REDD

I don't know but OUR job is to
try rescue any survivors, then
get the comms up and running
again. That's all.

NEWT

God knows what they'll do with
the samples.

REDD

We have to take our chances with
that but it's not our call.

Newt goes silent again. He gets up and leaves his drink at
the bar.

REDD

Look, we need you. We can go with
or without you, but either way we
ARE going!

He waits for a few seconds for an answer he knows he won't
get, at least for now. He walks out of the apartment. Newt
stays silent, immersed in her thoughts.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

After seventeen years in deep coma, Ellen RIPLEY has finally
woken and is now on her fifth month of recovery. After such
a long sleep she is now in her late fifties and lost no time
adopting Newt, someone she rescued as a child on the planet
LV-426, as soon as her mind recovered. Along with Colonel
Hicks, who she shares a great friendship with, they are now
Newt's foster parents. She still has strange dreams though
and her mind is frequently a victim of delusions and
confusing thoughts that fuse with reality.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Newt walks down a busy corridor and stops next to a man in a
doctor's coat who looks through a window. On the other side
of the window there is an exercise room filled with
appropriate gear. Inside, RIPLEY firmly grips onto two rails
as she struggles to move, walking slowly - almost like a
baby giving her first steps.

NEWT

How is she doing doctor?

DOCTOR

She's just woken up an hour ago.
You are welcome to pay her a
visit once she finishes her
exercises.

Newt stares at RIPLEY with a great deal of tenderness.

NEWT

Do you think she will ever fully
recover?

DOCTOR

Well, after such a long time in
deep coma she'll need much more
than a few months to get back on
track.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

They walk into one of the hospital's rooms. There is a nurse helping Ripley get into a bed. Newt stands by the doorway with a smile. Ripley notices her and returns an even bigger smile.

NEWT

Hi.

RIPLEY

Hi gorgeous. Come on closer.

She stretches her arms. They hug in a warm way. The doctor waits until they are finished. Newt sits in the bed, just next to Ripley.

DOCTOR

How are you feeling today RIPLEY?

He picks up a slim LCD screen hanging from the edge of her bed, a touch-pen attached to it by a little chain. It contains data such as the patient's name and medical information. Ripley looks at him with a grim face.

RIPLEY

I had a bad one again last night.
I hope they will eventually go
away like you told me.

DOCTOR

Trust me. It's a natural syndrome of being in a deep coma for such a long time. As I told you several times before, most people don't wake up at all after seventeen years. You are very lucky to be back with us and it's natural your mind still mixes dreams with hints of reality.

She looks at him and squints slightly, like someone trying to remember something:

RIPLEY

I still think you look familiar to me.

DOCTOR

Yes, you told me the story several times Ripley: I'm a recluse, a guilt-driven doctor hiding away in some sort of desolate prison of a distant and neglected outer-system.

RIPLEY

That's right.. that's where I met my fate.. alone with all those rejects..

She turns to Newt and strokes her hair:

RIPLEY

And you too my little one.

NEWT

Mum, lets not go there again. You didn't die, neither did I.. I'm right here and am turning twenty-seven very soon, not little anymore.

RIPLEY

Well, to me you always will be.

Newt sighs and then continues:

NEWT

There's no clones of you two-hundred years from now and neither would the Solaco prove to be so flawed it would take such extreme measures to deal with such a small incident --

RIPLEY

But those spiders.. the
FACEHUGGERS --

NEWT

They wouldn't be able to set a
volcano on fire, let alone a
highly equipped military vessel.
And they weren't there in first
place - We wouldn't be that
stupidly careless.

RIPLEY

Of course not --

NEWT

Most of those events are so
illogical or unlikely they could
only have been born from someone
with a very messed up imagination..
a confused mind that suffers from
serious problems.

Newt giggles as she hugs Ripley, who smiles.

RIPLEY

Very funny..

DOCTOR

Well, she's right Ripley, a lot
of the memories that feel very
much real to you are just
delusions. While in coma some of
your senses were half awake now
and then, your mind is playing
tricks on you.

He puts on a smile.

DOCTOR

Nothing lots of resting and time
won't heal. You've been up for
almost six months now. Give it a
few more weeks and they will be
gone completely.

RIPLEY

I sure hope so.

The doctor nods and leaves the room. Ripley turns to Newt.

RIPLEY

I'm glad you came.

NEWT

What dream did you have? Not the one falling into the lava pit again, with that parasite in your chest?

RIPLEY

No, not that.. they.. they change a lot. But the doctor is right. They are slowly fading away.

Ripley struggles to talk about this. She strokes Newt's hair and changes subject.

RIPLEY

Enough about me. How is your dad doing?

NEWT

Doing great. It's Colonel Hicks now.

RIPLEY

Yeah I heard. I haven't seen him in a while.

NEWT

He had to go with Maddie to my brother's graduation. I am sure they will visit you soon.

Newt goes silent and Ripley notices something's up. She strokes Newt's back affectionately.

RIPLEY

Any other news you want to tell me about?

NEWT

Why do you ask?

RIPLEY

I know you. There is something you haven't told me yet. Maybe the reason you came to visit me in first place.

Newt lowers her head.

NEWT

Well, kind of. I.. they want me to go on a mission.

She pauses, not knowing how to break it to her.

RIPLEY

Let me guess: it has to do with
the news from the colony?

Newt turns to her, shocked and worried.

NEWT

You've seen them? You weren't
supposed to --

Ripley gently puts her indicator finger to Newt's lips.

RIPLEY

Shhh.. They tried to stop me but
somehow I managed.

NEWT

I don't like it. You need to rest
and --

Ripley looks at Newt, puts her arm around her adopted child
and talks in a motherly fashion:

RIPLEY

Newt, I need to keep up to date.
I have been asleep for too long.

She stares at Newt with a caring look.

RIPLEY

I can handle it. It's you I am
worried about. Why did you accept
it?

NEWT

I.. I don't know. I think I just
have to do this.

RIPLEY

Like mother, like daughter! Some
people can't run away from their
destiny. These things happen for
a reason.

NEWT

So you are not upset? I thought
it would be a struggle to tell
you about this.

Ripley smiles.

RIPLEY

That is how I became an adoptive
mother, remember?

Ripley strokes Newt's tip of the nose with her finger. Newt hugs her tight.

NEWT

There's nothing adoptive about
you, mum!

INT. REDD'S APARTMENT

Redd is in the shower when a loud beep goes off and keeps going intermittently.. he puts on a towel and, still dripping wet, walks to his desk. There is a machine there, some sort of home video-phone. The screen displays:

YOU HAVE ONE NEW TEXT MESSAGE.

He presses a button and then on the screen:

I'M IN.

REBECCA

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCSF CARRIER - HEPHAESTUS

A large spaceship moving against what would be a very dark, gloomy universe were it not for the blue and purple nebulas spreading across hundreds of shining stars. The baptism name of the vessel can be seen on its side: HEPHAESTUS.

INT. HEPHAESTUS

All is quiet except for a low humming sound coming from the air-supply units. We slowly move through several of the ship's compartments until we get to the cryogenic room. There we find several hypersleep beds, all occupied. We move down the corridor and enter a large room. Most of the room's walls comprise of glass through which we can see many stars and an approaching planet. There are control panels with multiple screens, switches and computer consoles: it's apparent we are on the ship's bridge.

There is activity - the sound of tapping on a keyboard can be heard and, sure enough sitting at the controls at the front of the star-lit room, a female officer in her late twenties. A tag in her uniform spells Aida DIETRICH.

We hear the whoosh of an automatic door opening. DIETRICH is absorbed in her duties and doesn't take any notice as the footsteps get closer.

NEWT

Miss DIETRICH! Up so early?

DIETRICH

Don't give me that girl! You know that as the leading flight officer I need at least a couple of hours to go through all the ship's logs and prepare the shuttles for deployment.

Newt doesn't respond, her attention drifted to the now giant-looking planet in the large window in front of them, her face lit with the light reflected by the blue planet coming from the closest sun. In the surface massive clouds move and twist in a graceful dance which, from this distance, almost looks serene, hiding the storms that rage violently underneath.

NEWT

That's just beautiful.

Dietrich ignores her, too focused on her tasks, and keeps tapping the keys as if time was not enough. She stops for a brief moment and spins the chair towards Newt.

DIETRICH

All done, I guess I better wake all the others. Where's Redd? I thought I would get the two of you beforehand.

Dietrich turns back to the monitor and taps some more. A message can be seen flashing on the display:

HYPERSLEEP PRESSURE LEVELS SATISFACTORY. COMMAND ACCEPTED.

UNLOCKING OF REMAINING H7 CRYOGENIC UNITS ENGAGED.

NEWT

Yeah, what's that all about anyway? Why did you wake us almost twenty minutes off-schedule?

The sound of the automatic door opening again is heard in the background. Then the footsteps of someone approaching.

DIETRICH

'Cos I thought you guys would like to have a look at this.

REDD

Have a look at what?

NEWT

Hey lazy, how's the headache?

REDD
Going nowhere.

He puts his hand on his head, squints his eyes and moans:

REDD
Aaah.. Don't think I'll ever get
used to this. My eyes are ripping
out of my head.

DIETRICH
(sarcastic)
Awww! Poor baby.

Redd makes a 'whatever' grin.

REDD
What's this all about then?

DIETRICH
I was checking the ship's logs
when I picked up on this
transmission.

She shows them some data on the screen, most of which is garbled:

ST-ECODE 592

<garbled text>

...in due time for analysis. Orbit-fold complete. Please
send update when vessel approaching.

TT-ECODE 592

REDD
And what's the big deal about that?

DIETRICH
Well, we shouldn't be able to
read it and the transmission was
sent just four hours ago.

NEWT
Are you sure? Could it be from
the colony or from within
Hephaestus?

DIETRICH
Negative. I traced it back to the
origin.

(MORE)

DIETRICH (CONT'D)

It's like the signal is coming from behind the planet, it's very faint and there's lots of distortion. Also it's partially encrypted but definitely ours, although I never saw this ENCRYPTION-CODE before.

REDD

Another of our spaceships around here? That doesn't make sense. They said nothing about that.

NEWT

That makes more sense than not.

REDD

What do you mean?

DIETRICH

Something funny is going on here guys.

REDD

What type of security level are we talking about here?

DIETRICH

Let me have a look.

After a short while a model of a space station appears on the screen.

DIETRICH

Wow! This is a Class-5 vessel, I've only seen one of these before. It seems the E-CODE is exclusive to these guys.

She turns back to them, apprehensive.

DIETRICH

We're talking VIP here.

NEWT

Corporation ship?

Dietrich nods affirmatively.

They hear the automatic door slide once more: someone is coming to join them in the bridge. They speak loudly, one an officer and the other two are wearing suits - corporation executives.

Dietrich grabs Newt's wrist:

DIETRICH
(speaking low)
Don't say a thing.

Newt nods. Dietrich shifts her eyes towards Redd.

REDD
Don't worry about me.

As the Commander and the executives get closer Redd walks towards them and salute's the officer:

REDD
(continuing)
Commander!

COMMANDER
At ease Redd. You have been acquainted with Mr Houser. Let me introduce you to Mr YURI RADCHENKO, representative of the Eastern Division of OCA.

REDD
Nice to meet you sir.

Radchenko responds with a simple nod. In his mid-thirties, fair complexion and icy light-blue eyes, he looks young to be an executive in such an important position.

COMMANDER
All tactical and ordnance ready Redd?

REDD
Yes sir. As soon as Doyle joins us we can go through the deployment details.

The door opens and Doyle comes in.

REDD
..speak of the devil.

Doyle salute's the commander.

DOYLE
Sir!

COMMANDER
At ease, at ease. Do you have the preparation plans with you?

DOYLE

Yes sir.

He hands a folder to the Commander.

DOYLE

All four squads will be deployed in a walk way near the rooftop of the tallest tower in Sector 4C. It will be an air-drop using the 'shuttle-copters'.

RADCHENKO

You mean the APL shuttles?

DOYLE

Yes sir.

Radchenko joins his hands behind his back and briefly stands on the tip of his toes. He speaks with an heavy accent:

RADCHENKO

They were developed by us. Their hovering power is outstanding: anti-gravity telemetric sensors. Brand new.

HOUSER

Excellent.

REDD

We only used them in training so far but they proved to be just what we need.

Doyle turns to Radchenko.

DOYLE

You're absolutely right sir, as usual. We will be able to fit twenty men on each APL. One squad per shuttle with the ability to do long range reconnaissance and..

They continue to talk while Dietrich and Newt observe them.

DIETRICH

That Doyle.. such a brown-noser.

She turns to Newt who quietly observes Redd.

DIETRICH

You still don't trust him, do you?

NEWT

His negligence almost lead to his whole team getting killed on that infamous search & rescue operation.

DIETRICH

Go easy on him girl, I think he's a good guy. Besides that training mission was over an year ago and the investigation report clearly stated otherwise.

NEWT

Even so.. don't know if I want him on this mission.

DIETRICH

Maybe someone still likes him more than she's willing to admit. Either way, we're here stuck with him so you better get used to the idea.

Newt ignores the remark and quickly changes subject:

NEWT

I wonder if Doyle knows more than he's letting us know.. why are suits here?

DIETRICH

I sure would like to know..

Newt keeps observing Redd, not sure how she feels about him: whether to trust him or not.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY SKIES

Four small craft appear against a gray sky tormented by storms and replete of dark clouds. They slowly descend, fighting the tempestuous rain and powerful gushes of wind that randomly strike them. There is constant lightning coming from the sky but, unlike what happens on planet Earth, these bright bolts of light cross the sky in every direction, resembling the veins of some mythical beast long lost in time. Flashes of light and loud thunders add to the unearthly spectacle.

As the spacecraft continue their descent it's possible to see a dark silhouette of the city: dark buildings, charred black covered by ashes and decay. Everywhere and everything seems to have met the taste of destruction.

The first APL approaches one of the very long walkways that connect the towers but instead of trying to land it remains hovering as steadily as possible within its limits due to the difficult conditions. A door at the bottom of the APL opens and a long cable is shot straight into the surface of the walkway and as it hits the unusual-looking metal it quickly starts drilling a hole into the hard surface. Smoke and sparks fly and the fierce drill runs so hot it glows red. When it's done the metallic cable holds tight: even against the storm it barely swings, looking more like a rebar from a building under construction than anything else.

One by one several members of the special forces unit climb rapidly down the cable.

There are three distinct OCSF squads on each APL, comprising a total of thirty-five men. Apart from the leading officers most men are in their mid-twenties.

All troopers carry brand new Shock Rifles and wear black vests with dark, metallic armor-plates with black stripes on them: both were expressly designed for this mission. They also have wrist-consoles that control their radio comms and their ALEDS (Armor-LED-System). The officers carry with them standard Rapid-fire Rifles with grenade launchers.

COMMANDING UNIT:

Captain Doyle, Leading officer.

Corporal Desmond PROCTER, Comms Engineer - Male. Wears glasses that, added to his frail complexion, give him a nerdy look. He looks up to his Captain as a role model. Always eager to please, likes to be under his leader's eyes.

Plus another thirteen men, including a medic.

SUPPORTING UNIT:

Lieutenant Redd, Squad Leader.

Corporal Gabriel KALEB, Tactical Ops/Gunner - Male. A blonde, blue-eyed feisty squad-member, with little experience but excited to finally be part of a 'real' mission.

Trooper Ulmar DERRIMUT, Gunner - Male. His dark complexion along with his bright green eyes give him a very unusual, exotic look. A bit of a prankster but has his feet firmly on the ground. Used to be a mechanic in his civilian life.

Plus another nine men, including a medic.

SCOUTING UNIT:

Lieutenant Rebecca Ripley, "Newt", Squad Leader.

Corporal Dan SHEPHERD, Electronics Engineer - Male. One of the most experienced in the mission. Disciplined and quick at problem solving.

Trooper Riquelme Nevell, "RINA", SEARCHER Operator/Engineer Second Class - Female. Cute, Euro-Asian looking with slightly dark skin and short, straight hair. Her strong will and character more than make up for her small height. Apart from a Shock Rifle, she also carries with her a standard rifle with a SEARCHER attached to it instead of the usual grenade launcher: it's a device that allows to detect blood and other organic fluids in the dark.

Trooper SOL, Gunner - Male. Very tall, stocky build, a deep voice and black skin. He looks menacing at first glance but he's just a big bear, very protective of his close friends.

Plus another four men.

Lt Redd is the first to set foot on the ground. He looks around the area, a standard rifle in his hands. At close inspection, the walkway floor is made of some sort of metal ribs joined closely to each-other. They allow the bridge-like structure to absorb a lot of the shoves and pushes from the wind. The nearest entrance is quite far from them and is not visible under such bad weather conditions. The walkway is fairly wide for a group of humans but there are no rails on either side, only what look like sharp fangs spaced evenly and widely along its way.

As the others keep sliding down the cable, Redd approaches the edge of the walkway in-between two of the fangs. He turns back and waves his arm signaling others to come to him. The wind whistles very loudly and the men need to shout to make themselves heard:

REDD

Holy shit! Come take a look at
this KALEB.

Kaleb moves closer and looks down, over the edge. The height is unbelievable: it's so high nothing on the ground can be seen from there, all is eaten up by the dense sea of mist along with the tall structures that get swallowed in a surreal vista. Easily a mile above the surface.

KALEB

That's a long way down sir!

DERRIMUT joins them and simulates pushing Kaleb off.

KALEB

Are you crazy man?

DERRIMUT smiles with the prank and looks down:

DERRIMUT

Better keep your shoelaces tight!

REDD

Cut it out DERRIMUT!

DERRIMUT

Yes sir!

Redd turns around, most of his unit is in the walkway. He shouts to the microphone connected to his helmet.

REDD

Surface is stable sir! No signs of activity. Target point some two-hundred meters away!

INT. APL

The commander is sitting down next to a pilot, facing multiple screens in the front of the cockpit. Houser and Radchenko stand behind them. Several of the monitors show images straight from the special ops helmet cameras.

COMMANDER

Acknowledge that Lieutenant.
Transmission is clear on this side.

He touches some of the control switches and gives orders to all other crafts:

COMMANDER

All units proceed with deployment as planned! Unit Four on standby ready for coupling.

HOUSER

That looks awfully dangerous! Are you sure these conditions aren't placing us at risk?

COMMANDER

Don't worry about it sir. You will be deployed straight through a docking-duct connected to the tower. The men went ahead precisely to ensure the path is clear and that it's safe for us to land.

Houser seems content with the reply he got.

HOUSER

Good, good. I knew that.

Radchenko smirks sarcastically and turns to Houser.

RADCHENKO

You didn't really think they were going to send us down like that, did you?

Houser tries to disguise his slight embarrassment with a question he has the answer for.

HOUSER

Couldn't we just have landed on the roof of the lab?

COMMANDER

This is the area with the least reported Xenomorph activity.

RADCHENKO

I hope you mean NO activity.

The Commander responds with grin adding sarcastically:

COMMANDER

I guess we're about to find out.

EXT. CITY SKIES

By now there are over a dozen men in the walkway and the other two of the APLs have also started deploying men. There is bustling activity everywhere, all men trying to keep order in such adverse conditions.

REDD

Unit two, watch the rear! Derrimut and Kaleb prepare to unlock hooks from the ground when ready.

We see the two men using a device to remove one of the hooks that keeps the metallic cable connected to the ground. As soon as its free they signal the APL which promptly sucks the cable in a blink of an eye.

Doyle is shouting around, issuing commands trying to control the chaos. Newt moves towards him:

NEWT

Captain! Scouting squad fully deployed!

DOYLE

Alright, your unit takes the point as planned! Move ahead and secure entry into the building.

He then addresses one of his own men.

DOYLE

PROCTER go with them!

PROCTER

But sir, I'm not..

DOYLE

Just do it!

Newt acknowledges the order and her squad coordinately moves towards the tower. The group quickly disappears, hidden from sight by the cloak of mist brought by the storm.

In the meantime the second APL has finished deploying all the men and prepares to abandon site, the first one can be seen in the distance, disappearing in the deep skies while the remaining two are still nearby. SUDDENLY an extremely loud roar, that of thunder if one was to be right in the middle of it. For a split second the whole area is lit by what looks like one million volts of current. There are sparks coming from one of the crafts. The ground shakes violently and the APL is thrown towards the last shuttle in deployment stage. The APL taking off is able to regain control but the latter, with its hook still clutched to the ground, flips sideways and loses control. The hook is brutally ripped off the metallic surface. Two men still climbing down are thrown way out into the open chasm, screaming to their deaths. Then the cable straps itself quickly around the APL, strangling the ships hovering controls.

INT. TROUBLED APL

We see a large WARNING sign flashing, accompanied by a loud alarm sound and a mechanical voice:

WARNING. AGPS SYSTEM FAILURE. WARNING. WARNING.

The pilot and crew are pushed in every direction as the APL shakes with a vengeance, making it impossible for them to use the controls to avoid the already hopeless situation.

EXT. CITY - WALKWAY

Amidst chaos most of the men on the walkway have ducked or simply been thrown down by the potent shaking of the bridge and now lie on the ground looking for cover.

No-one knows what caused the ripple that made the bridge look like a piece of string in the wind. The APL is now upside down and starting to spin on its side. Smoke and sparks come out of the shuttle's hull.

Redd is one of the few still standing up disoriented. He cries out loud:

REDD

Shit, shit!

DOYLE

Get down, Goddamnit! On the ground.

There is a small explosion on the shuttle, part of its wing structure flies over the walkway, towards some of the men.

KALEB

Redd!

In one quick move Redd drops to the ground, the piece of debris runs flying over their heads: it would have easily decapitated him. The APL dives out of control, spinning and twirling like a toy into the lower ground mist. A few seconds later a very faint explosion is heard in the distance.

Still shaken by the incident the troops slowly get up back into position. Doyle stands up, confused.

DOYLE

Did you see that? Did you HEAR that?

KALEB

What.. what happened? What the fuck just happened?

INT. APL

Inside the Commander's shuttle there is confusion. Everyone stares at the screen.

COMMANDER

Goddamnit! What the hell was that? Redd?! Doyle?!

EXT. CITY - WALKWAY

DOYLE

Uh.. not sure sir. Still trying to ascertain the situation. There was a loud..

Another flash of light followed by a loud roar. This time wasn't so close but the men struggle to stand up with the walkway rattling like a snake once more.

NEWT

(voice in communicator)
Redd?! You guys okay? What happened?

REDD

We don't know, stick to the plan!
Try to open the door and scout the area. We will join you ASAP once we evaluate the situation and assess the damage.

EXT. CITY - WALKWAY

A bit further ahead Newt leads the group towards the entrance. Surprisingly, apart from the loud roar of the thunder they felt little of what just happened: the odd design of the bridge absorbed most of the ripple. However they face another problem: just in front of them the right hand side of the path is gone, completely collapsed. The gigantic dent spans across a long way, definitely too wide to jump. The only way through is what's left of the path on the left side, barely enough for a human to walk on.

NEWT

Looks like they're not the only ones in trouble. SHEPHERD, how far to the door?

SHEPHERD

A couple of minutes I would think.
At normal walking pace that is.

She snaps her fingers while making a signal with her hand to another member of the crew: a tall and strong black male.

NEWT

Okay SOL, shoot a security cable across the gap.

He reaches for one of the weapons on his back and shoots the harpoon-like gun against one of the fangs on the left side of the bridge: its edge is round and flat but carries an immense magnetic strength and sticks to the metal like super-glue. Sol removes the gun from the other end of the cable and sticks its magnetic edge to another fang, then pulls the cable hard, testing if it's firm. He turns to Newt and nods:

SOL
All good, Lieutenant.

NEWT
Okay guys, nice and easy. One at a time.

SOL
I'll take the back and keep an eye on you guys, just in case.

NEWT
Shepherd go first and secure the cable on the other side.

The men slowly move across the near non-existent path, holding tight to the cable and hugging a fang whenever they are close enough to one. It's so narrow in some areas that they need to walk sideways, one by one, step by step.

Sol, who had been watching one of the sides of the cable, is the last one to cross. But, half the way through the cable, he slips and loses his ground scaring all his squad mates. Holding tight to the cable he manages to pull himself up and with a small jump towards Newt, who grabs hold of his arm, they leave the difficult task behind. Sol turns to Newt:

SOL
Thanks! We better leave the cable here for the others.

In the meantime Shepherd noticed something ahead and points his arm:

SHEPHERD
Look!

Ahead, hardly visible through the thick mist there is the giant shadow of the tower with an arc-shaped silhouette shining brighter every time one of the lightning lights the skies: they finally reached the massive metallic doorway. As they get closer they can observe signs that other humans have been here before: in a lower corner of the door is a human-sized automatic door familiar to the special operations. Newt addresses one of her men, the only other female in the squad:

NEWT
RINA check the door.

She moves towards the door and uses a scanning device to read the keypad next to it.

RINA

No power as expected. We'll have to rip it open.

NEWT

Roger that! Shepherd give her a hand.

As they start the slow process of cutting around the door Newt turns to the rest of the squad:

NEWT

Listen to me people: I want two groups of three on each flank. Sol, you take the point. Eyes peeled wide open, we don't know what lies behind. Just to freshen your memory up from what you heard at the briefing: first we scout the area to find any survivors. Then we can get this generator back up for the VIPs to land.

SOL

What about these new rifles.

He pulls his one out.

NEWT

What about them?

SOL

Will they really put them to those things to sleep has they are supposed to?

SHEPHERD

They're Shock Rifles, they paralyze.

SOL

Whatever.

NEWT

And all of you got your training, didn't you?

SHEPHERD

With mechanical dummies.

NEWT

And?

SHEPHERD

Not the same thing.

NEWT

How would you know? I'm the only one that has actually seen the Xenomorphs in action. These weapons seem a much better option than blasting them into a million pieces, spreading their acidic blood everywhere.

SOL

What if they don't work?

NEWT

We all switch them to the Rail-Gun barrel. I thought that was cleared up during training?

SHEPHERD

Yeah but those will cause them to blow up into a million pieces, right?

NEWT

That's a risk we'll have to take.

SOL

Bullshit. This whole mission reeks of rushing!

New ignores the last remark and focuses on the task at hand.

NEWT

What's the progress with the door Corporal?

Shepherd looks back at the door, Rina cutting through it.

SHEPHERD

Almost done Lieutenant!

NEWT

Any more questions before we go in?

Silence.

NEWT

Time to switch on your armor LED system gents!

They all reach for their wrist-consoles, open them and press a button. Suddenly the black stripes on their armor-plates turn red neon: against the dark-gray/black vests they resemble the lines of patterns some insects display on their bodies, except these ones are self-illuminated and more uniform.

NEWT

Rina?

RINA

Yeah, just got it!

Rina gets up and moves out of the way.

NEWT

Alright Sol, let's do this!

Sol kicks the door in. It falls on the ground with a metallic BANG. Sol goes in slowly not knowing where he is stepping and Newt follows right behind him.

INT. TOWER BUILDING

All is dark and silent. Lights are on but the modest flashlight range isn't enough to fill up the room. There is a steady spark-like sound accompanying the squad - they have their motion trackers on. Now in almost complete darkness the red-neon lights of the armor are quite evident: a great system for them to see each-other. Rina isn't so sure about it.

RINA

(speaking quietly)

I don't know about this ALEDS
shit. We look like walking
Christmas trees. Sitting ducks
that's what.

SOL

They said those things can't see
red.

SHEPHERD

Yeah, they are better at detecting
movement or body heat. Never mind
the red glow.

RINA

I know, I know! I just don't like
it.

SHEPHERD

Not to mention these armors will prevent friendly fire.

NEWT

Enough debate, move along troopers.

They can see bits and pieces of the interior as they move through the emptiness of what seems to be a very large control room. There are tall columns with switches on them. Then a chair that wouldn't suit a human due to its large size. Next to them very large panels: screens and machine controls but they hardly can make anything of it: tubes and wires - all out of proportion and bizarre looking to them. The walls are round to fit the cylindrical shape of the tower and have the same pattern as the one on the bridge, except the metal-ribs are placed vertically. To the human eye this would resemble more the interior of a creature than that of a building, all is feels very foreign to them. Everything is decayed and filled with dust, all the metal rusted to a green tinge.

The troops move slowly, as if not to wake up the bogeyman. They routinely drop flares on the ground to leave their trace for the following squads that will soon join them. They burn with a red glow and shimmer, giving the whole scene an eerie feel. Suddenly a tiny YELLOW BLINKING LED emerges behind one of the panels, Shepherd is the first to spot it:

SHEPHERD

(whispering loud)

Lieutenant!

He touches her shoulder and points his other hand towards the light. She acknowledges and turns to Rina.

NEWT

Use the SEARCHER.

Rina pulls the device from her back. It has a cylindrical shape and widens towards one of the edges where four barn doors protect its glass-covered tip. It is quite large and she needs to hold it with both hands but she does it comfortably - it's apparent she has done this before. She switches it on and a strong neon green-yellowish beam is projected in front of them. Its scope is narrow but the range permits them to see where the blinking light is coming from. As Rina moves the beam around it's possible to see there is a large steel box with switches, wires and plugs all over it. It stands out clearly from what they've observed so far: human-made for sure.

RINA

The generator..

She keeps probing the metallic surface with the beam. Low in the corner, near the floor there are shiny green patches of some sort of spilled liquid. Rina turns to Newt.

RINA

Blood..

NEWT

Human?

RINA

I think so. We never tried it on anything else before.

They move at a very slow pace towards it, looking around hoping something won't creep out of nowhere and attack them. Rina is the first to reach the generator.

RINA

It's still intact. Mild damage.

NEWT

Do you think it will work?

RINA

We'll try.

Rina and Shepherd look around the box and the floor, pick up and plug in some cables, pull some switches. The others observe the two while keeping an eye in the darkness surrounding them. After a short while:

SHEPHERD

Okay, let's give it a go.

He nods towards Rina, she pulls down a large lever. There is a hum growing in a crescendo but quickly fades out and stops altogether. The light goes red for a brief second and a muffled beep is heard coming from the machine.

SHEPHERD

It's dead. Not enough power.

PROCTER

What are we going to do? Without this we can't go anywhere.

Newt looks down thoughtfully, trying to make a decision. SUDDENLY one of the trackers goes off in a low-pitch beep but it stops right after.

Shepherd moves a few steps towards the source of the signal, detaching himself slightly from the group. So focused on his task he slips out of range of the other's flashlights, deep into darkness. All is quiet and whatever caused the signal seems to have either disappeared or hidden somewhere. He moves a bit further, one step at a time. A soft gush of wind shakes wires next to him. SUDDENLY the tracker goes off again, making Shepherd jump.

CUT TO:

The others haven't noticed Shepherd's absence. He rejoins the group, emerging from the dark like a ghost.

SHEPHERD

We got company.

They all move towards him and Newt glances over Shepherd's tracker.

NEWT

How far?

SHEPHERD

Some thirty meters.. three
O'Clock from where we came.

NEWT

Ok guys, you know the drill:
these things like the dark so get
those shock rifles ready.

Newt turns to Rina and, raising her chin toward the signal, orders her to move ahead with the Searcher. The green light reveals a narrow corridor made up of the space between the alien machinery: there are large columns that go all the way up to the roof, wherever that may be since even the long range of the Searcher cannot see that far. There are large machines with panels and levers, cables and wires everywhere, all unknown to our kind. Rusted green, unused for hundreds if not thousands of years, lying there in dead silence. The group has to form a single line since it's too narrow to fit two sideways. Procter trips on one of the tubs, Newt jumps startled. One of the others helps him up.

PROCTER

Fuck.. sorry. Can't see jack-shit.

NEWT

Keep your lights pointed to the
ground.

As they move the pitch and frequency of the trackers goes up but sometimes stop completely.

SOL
Is that thing broken?

SHEPHERD
Negative. Both trackers stop
always at the same time. Whatever
is there probably knows we are
here.

Sweat drips off their faces. They know something's up.

SOL
I don't like this. We are easy
prey in this tight space.

SHEPHERD
I agree, let's go back and wait
for backup.

Procter gets excited and raises his voice:

PROCTER
Yeah, fuck this!

NEWT
Shhh! Keep quiet!

SHEPHERD
You'll give away our position,
idiot!

NEWT
We can't afford an ambush near
the generator. We need to keep
moving.

PROCTER
But what if..

RINA
She's right, we don't have a
choice. Just move your ass.

The false corridor twists and turns until finally the Searcher has spotted something: there is a trail on the ground. It shines green like the one they saw before near the generator. There are two main distinct trails, as if someone, or something, had dragged a human body soaked in blood. Rina knows its serious, more than ever, and keeps her pace, the fear almost replaced by a morbid curiosity to find the answer. At certain spots there are pools of blood, shining bright under the neon-like beam. The pitch of the tracker beeps steadily going up, still breaking now and then. The corridor ends in between two large machines.

Finally, ahead the green light of the Searcher reveals a room and right in front of where they stand what looks like a long surgical operations table. There is a skeleton on top of it, or parts of it. Impossible to tell if human and if it's only one or more. Behind the table there is movement: a small, round shape glowing vividly. It submerges and emerges frantically from behind the table, only to stop suddenly. They don't know what to make of it. Above it several wiring and tubes hanging all the way to the ground: they shake accompanied by an intermittent flash of white-bluish light that lasts only for a split second. They stand there observing the eerie scene as if hypnotized by fear, their faces lit intermittently by the flash coming from within the room. Shepherd is the first to snap out of it and checks his tracker:

SHEPHERD
(speaking low)
Nine meters.

Newt comes out of the spell too and turns around and whispers to the men behind her:

NEWT
(speaking low)
I want three on each flank, go
around the table. On my go.

The men nod affirmatively but there is the smell of fear and tension amongst them. They grip tight to their guns ready for anything that may come. Or not.

NEWT
Okay, go! Go go go!

Rina leaves the tight space jumping into the room and positions herself to the left against the wall of machinery, the beam pointing firmly towards the source of the signal. Newt moves around the table to the left along with Sol and another of the men. Another three go around the right. The movement is swift and they point their guns to the ground even before they can see what's behind the table. Their flashlights illuminate the horror of the scene: tied tight in the wires hanging from the roof a corpse of a marine twists and turns to the fervor of electrical charge of a cable near his chest. As the thick black cable dances pushed by the powerful charge, touching the body of the soldier making it move in agonizing convulsions. With his legs half at rest in the ground and wires holding him by the chest and armpits he closely resembles a puppet suffering torture in the hands of a sadistic kid.

Rina joins the group to witness the spectacle. As she points the beam towards the corpse the blood that looked dim-red under the lights of the troops turns into a festival of bright neon-green: there is blood everywhere. Rina turns to Shepherd and whispers:

RINA

What do you make of that Shepie?

SHEPHERD

Not a nice way to go..

RINA

I ain't ending up like that.

She pulls off a shiny-silver, large caliber and old-fashioned pistol: a Desert Eagle. Newt is focused on her job gives an order out loud:

NEWT

Alright, enough of this show!
Procter move the damn cable away
from the body and the rest of you
release him and give me a count
on how many marines you can find.

Shepherd and Rina follow the orders but not without finishing their little talk first.

SHEPHERD

When you go, the silver babe is
mine!

RINA

You'll go first, biatch.

She slaps him in the face but not too hard: it becomes apparent they are good buddies from before this mission. He smiles. The troops seem more relaxed now. The situation is grim with all the dead bodies lying around but at least there is no imminent danger. They spring into action and check out the entire room while Shepherd moves towards a small metal box in the wall. They move corpses, or parts of them, around. After a short while Sol approaches Newt:

SOL

Lieutenant, we got over ten human
remains here. I think mostly
marines but hard to tell since a
lot of them we could only find
small parts of.

He hands over to Newt a couple of dog-tags with dry blood on them.

RINA

We found some weird medical-like instruments plus other stuff we couldn't figure out. Weren't these guys supposed to be gone ages ago?

Before Newt can respond Shepherd shouts from the one of the corners of the room.

SHEPHERD

Hey, I think I found something!

Newt and the others quickly approach.

SHEPHERD

This was a fuse box mounted by us.. I mean someone from the original recon team. That cable got loose but I think now we can get the generator going.

NEWT

Okay, do what you have to do but hurry up, this place gives me the creeps!

PROCTER

Ditto.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEAR GENERATOR

Rina and Shepherd are back on the job trying to get the generator going. They try once but a spark goes off somewhere in the machine and the machine dies in a disappointing hum. A second go ends in failure, again. They mess around with it a bit further, then:

RINA

Third time's a charm.

She pulls the large lever once more and finally the yellow light stops blinking and goes green. Shepherd pulls a large lever up, not without sweating: a stream of lights switch on illuminating a good portion of the room.

SHEPHERD

This place is huge!

They can now see that it's much vaster than they could have imagined. But the array of lights seem focused on a small corridor made up of semi-transparent plastic sheets.

It leads to another room that seems to have been crudely placed there more recently, some sort of pre-fabricated structure.

RINA

The comms room.

NEWT

(into the mic)

Path is clear. We just found the communications room. We have the generator up and running. Just follow the flares.

REDD

(through the comms)

Got it! We are just about to come in.

NEWT

Procter take over the controls and prepare for the docking.

Procter promptly moves through the corridor in a hurry. Caution is gone now that they can see. The communications room is fully lit: a temporary structure set within the alien building with parts of the ancient building merging oddly with bits and pieces of human technology. There is a large circular hole in one of the walls with spiral-shaped metallic blades. In front of it some stairs - A large, human-sized airlock. Procter sits in a chair and starts tapping away and pressing switches. All controls are on, brought alive by the generator. Others join him in his task.

Newt stays behind, attentively watching down the path of flares. Lit by the dance of shimmering red lights, a group of people approach. Doyle leads the group and stops right in front of Newt.

DOYLE

What's the situation?

NEWT

All clear. I've got some men taking care of the docking.

DOYLE

Any signs of life?

Newt shakes her head.

NEWT

Nothing.

Doyle turns to Redd who's just joined them along with Kaleb and others.

DOYLE

Seal the entrance. Don't want any unexpected visitors to join in.

Redd nods. Doyle goes into the corridor towards the comms room. Newt looks at Redd, who seems upset.

NEWT

What happened?

REDD

We lost seven men. That explosion.. it's some sort of storm.

He turns to Kaleb:

REDD

Hey Corporal, you read anything on this?

KALEB

Yes sir, it's a thunder in the high-pressure atmospheric storm. The air is plagued with static electrical charge and we got blasted by one of its ripples.

NEWT

And they sent us here in the middle of a storm?

REDD

Why send hovering crafts right into the middle of it?

KALEB

They could use some guinea pigs for their new shuttles?

Redd turns his face down ignoring the comment and goes straight into the comms room. Kaleb observes him and then turns to Newt.

KALEB

No wonder the suits took the easy route.

EXT. CITY SKIES

The last APL on site moves towards the tower ready for coupling with the airlock. A mechanical accordion-like tube starts unfolding from the tower wall towards the craft that now floats very closely to the massive structure.

INT. COMMS ROOM

Procter and others speak through the comms system.

PROCTER

Roger that. Docking bridge fully extended. Coupling commencing in three.. two.. one..

EXT. CITY SKIES

The APL moves very slowly towards the tubular bridge. They align perfectly with the tube snapping right into the shuttle's airlock with some sort of magnetic mechanism. The shuttle swerves slightly with the heavy winds but soon stabilizes.

INT. COMMS ROOM

PROCTER

All done. Open inner airlock.

The airlock on the side of comms room opens and several people make their way out of it down the steps. The tube is very stable and the commander and the executives join the team without a drop of sweat.

COMMANDER

Well done gentlemen. Glad to see you all made it here.

NEWT

Not all..

COMMANDER

Yes, that was a most unfortunate incident.

HOUSER

Considering the horrible weather conditions I think we fared very well.

REDD

Easy for you to say. Those men had families.

RADCHENKO

And we will make sure they will be taken care of, like we always do at OCA Besides we lost an APL too. We invested a lot of money on those, you know? It's not easy for us either.

Newt replies sarcastically.

NEWT

Tell that to the men that died.. when your precious APL went out of control.

Doyle decides to interrupt to break the tension in the room.

DOYLE

Sir, we have the floor plans of the tower. There is a path that leads down to an elevator installed by our personnel a while back. It's still fully operational.

RADCHENKO

Why didn't they make it come up all the way here?

REDD

Shepherd?

Shepherd that was standing behind the group moves forward and turns to Radchenko.

SHEPHERD

They did sir but it's stuck half the way and we have to get to the lower floor and have a look to manually fix it.

HOUSER

That's great news! You should make our way down quickly and bring the elevator to us.

Houser puts on an asinine, arrogant smile.

SHEPHERD

I'm afraid we all have to go together sir. Part of the rail is bent and we wont be able to get it past the floor below us.

COMMANDER

Thanks for that Shepherd, that will be all.

With a salute Shepherd leaves the group.

COMMANDER

Yes, we shouldn't split again.

RADCHENKO

Any news on those.. things.

DOYLE

We have registered no signs of life. Human or not.

NEWT

We did find several corpses in an open small space surrounded by alien machinery.

DOYLE

Why didn't you tell me?!

NEWT

Why didn't you ask?

The Commander breaks the tension:

COMMANDER

Please Captain, allow Lt. Ripley to inform us what they found so far.

NEWT

Thank you sir. Not much I'm afraid. Just what appeared to be some sort of morgue from the planet's native civilization.

HOUSER

Anything else?

NEWT

As I said, several dead marines, probably ten or so. Not sure what they were doing there or who got them.

REDD

Is it possible there is someone left here? Survivors hiding somewhere in the city.

HOUSER

No, that's impossible. Their civilization crumbled at least five-hundred years ago.

COMMANDER

What Lt. Ripley described is more likely to be an attempt from those troops to re-organize.

REDD

A desperate last stand against those creatures..

COMMANDER

Possibly.

RADCHENKO

We've wasted enough time on this. They are dead. We're still alive.

HOUSER

Agreed.

COMMANDER

Let's move on then. Still a long way to the bridge.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER - SPIRAL RAMP

The troops and VIPs make their way down a very wide spiral path. There are rails on the ground suggesting this once was a way of transport for the native species of the planet to transport themselves up and down the towers.

After a few minutes they arrive to the lower floor. There are cables coming from the generator hanging into the entrance of this level. In its interior another corridor made of plastic sheets. As they move the wind blows louder and stronger and they soon find why: somewhere in front of them there is a large opening in the wall where the elevator should be. It's a massive hole and it appears it was made by an explosion.

DOYLE

What happened? Where is the elevator?

SHEPHERD

Looks like something blew the hell out of this wall.

NEWT

Rina, check the control systems.

Rina moves towards a console next to the opening in the wall.

RINA

We're good, it's still operational.
I'll bring it back up.

Newt moves near the edge and looks down. On the outside of the tower's wall she can see rails going all the way down into the mist. A bit further from the tower is a structure of criss-crossed steel bars that have been put there to hold the industrial elevator's weight - similar to what is found in common construction sites but this extends for a mile or so. A loud, mechanical whoosh is heard and soon the elevator is visible moving up at good speed. She watches as it approaches slowly, sliding along the rail which has been tarnished by the explosion and the ride isn't smooth.

NEWT

It's here.

She moves back and Doyle signals to his men.

DOYLE

You two cover the left. You on
the right.

The executives move to the back, so does the commander. They hear the noise of the elevator getting closer. There is a loud screech and finally the large container is in front of the entrance. It has windows, no need for the passengers to appreciate the view, and at the same time no way of knowing what's inside. Most men are now in position awaiting anxiously for the door to open. Rina stares at Doyle.

DOYLE

Do we have a problem?

RINA

The door-lock is manual, sir.

DOYLE

What do you want, a hug?? Open it
up already, damnit!

She plays with the console controls and the door opens slowly. The interior of the elevator is dark. Redd signals to Derrimut and another trooper to move in. Kaleb follows. There is a gap between the floor and the elevator cabin but nothing a small jump won't take care of. As the flashlights illuminate the cabin they reveal some corpses in military uniforms.

There are tiny orifices in the floor and walls, light coming through them. Derrimut turns to Redd who's behind him.

DERRIMUT

There are holes caused by firearms, sir.

They check the whole cabin. It's very wide, easily fits thirty people or more.

DERRIMUT

Nothing. I think we're good to go.

Redd turns back to Doyle.

REDD

We're clear! We found several bodies on the floor though.

DOYLE

Marines?

Redd nods affirmatively.

DOYLE

Alright, dispose of them and let's get moving! We need to reach the ground while we have light people!

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - TOWER WALL

The elevator makes its way down along the winding, never-ending tower wall. It jitters and screeches - The service could certainly use some maintenance.

INT. ELEVATOR

Inside it's dark and quiet: all that can be seen is what's lit by the spec-ops flashlights. Along Doyle, Newt and Redd are also Rina, Derrimut, Sol, Shepherd and Kaleb and the remaining of their squads: another seventeen men. The elevator sometimes shakes and trembles with the strong winds outside.

NEWT

How long until we reach the ground?

SHEPHERD

A couple of minutes.

EXT. CITY - GROUND

The elevator approaches the surface and slowly comes to a halt on a platform slightly above the ground. The door opens. The special ops leave in an orderly manner and move into position, all had been planned.

They look around in silence: down here at ground level it's harder to see - The light doesn't penetrate so easily this far. There are very dark, tall silhouettes everywhere they turn casting giant shadows and between each of these buildings there are plenty of walkways, rails and bridges forming an intricate web of transportation systems.

DOYLE

(into the communicator)

We just stepped out sir. No signs of activity.

INT. COMMS ROOM

The commander and executives have safely stayed behind along with some troops. They follow the group downstairs through the monitors.

COMMANDER

Very well. Proceed to the landing site. We only have one-hundred and ten minutes before it gets dark. We need confirmation the landing pad is clear before then.

EXT. CITY

DOYLE

(into comm)

Yes sir, we will do our best to ensure you will get there on time.

Newt covers her mic with her hand and turns towards Doyle:

NEWT

You're such an ass kisser Doyle.

DOYLE

Shut up!

He walks towards her with his finger in the air:

DOYLE

You better not forget who's in charge here!

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - BARRICADE

It's getting darker as they move along the wide but dusty avenues of this strange city. The buildings are very far apart, islands in the middle of an ocean of dirt and dust. The squads reach a barricade that appears to have been set up in a rush.

REDD

It seems like they were trying to make a last stand.

DOYLE

I'm guessing we will find more of these makeshift barricades as we go.

NEWT

For sure, these things are ruthless and will stop at nothing.

There are military tanks and a lot of rubble and debris. Marine corpses all over the barrier, near the tank, on the ground.

DOYLE

(into the mic)

Sir, I think we are near the landing site.

COMMANDER

(voice over the comm.)

Any sign of marines Lt?

REDD

All dead. So far.

COMMANDER

(voice over comm.)

Very well. Proceed with caution.

The three leading officers come close together.

NEWT

Do you think we could make it over to the other side of the barricade?

REDD

Not sure. Looks like they did a pretty good job.

DOYLE

I say we can.

He quickly signals to his troops.

DOYLE

Blast charge, get on with it!

REDD

Are you insane? You will alert anyone in the vicinity.

DOYLE

ANYONE? Look around you: there is NO-ONE left!

NEWT

I think he was talking about the.. Xenomorphs..

DOYLE

We don't have time for this! We are armed to the teeth. If those monsters aren't just coming out of your head we'll deal with them when they show up!

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - BARRICADE

The charges are soon ready, everyone moves back and ducks waiting for the explosion. It goes off loudly, debris flying everywhere, smoke covering the whole area. As it dissipates they can see it worked: there is now a large gap in the barricade.

DOYLE

Let's get moving!

They start walking through it but there is something wrong: on the ground a large sewer-like lid was blown with the explosion, expelling hot vapors and emitting a loud hiss. Visibility is next to nil.

REDD

(shouting)

Great job, asshole. What do we do now?!

DOYLE

Watch your mouth! Just move on!
We've got no time for this sh --

There is a loud scream - not human, something else. Then another. Kaleb runs towards Redd:

KALEB
 (shouting)
 We need to put on the masks.

DOYLE
 What are you talking about?

Then the noise coming from the sewer-lid gets louder and louder, turning into an unbearable hiss.

KALEB
 (shouting)
 These are toxic gas substances.
 The research team's report said
 clearly..

DOYLE
 (shouting)
 Alright, alright! Everyone get
 your gas masks on!

They frantically place their masks on as the hiss grows louder and louder. Suddenly the ground rocks: another explosion. This one is muffled, coming from below the ground. To make things worse an alarm siren has been set off.

DOYLE
 What now?!

SOL
 Must be some defense alarm system.
 It's coming from that watchtower.

Behind the smoke and mist they see a small watchtower, human-made, just a short distance from where they are. Doyle turns to one of his men.

DOYLE
 You, get down there and get rid
 of this racket.

The trooper quickly moves towards the small tower. The metal stairs going into the tower's cabin have given in so he can't get into the room. He probes the walls of the structure. The smoke is making things difficult but he spots a few thick wires going up into the cabin. He gets some sort of large wire-cutters from his backpack. He kneels and as he reaches for the wires a dark figure blocks our view. It's tall. Too tall for a human.

CUT BACK TO:

To Doyle's frustration the siren is still on and it's almost impossible to hear what the people in the comm's room are trying to tell him.

DOYLE
 (into the comm)
 Sir.. we have a gas leak. I need
 to hold off transmission for a
 short while.

He coughs and quickly places his mask on. Takes a couple of breaths then pulls it back down.

DOYLE
 (shouting into comm)
 We're trying to stop the alarm
 sound sir!

He looks towards the watchtower but the smoke doesn't let him see much.

DOYLE
 Hayes! Why the fuck --

He goes quiet as he hears another loud shriek , this time closer. Much closer. It almost sound like it's coming from around the corner. Redd standing right next to him, looks towards one of his men, just a silhouette from where he stands. Through the cloud of vapors Redd spots a strange behavior from one of his men: he shakes violently and falls to the ground.

REDD
 Dimitri?

He moves towards the body, now lying still on the ground.

REDD
 Dimitri, what the fuck are you
 doi..

He halts. From the mist comes a shape walking in a very unfamiliar way, nothing he has ever seen before. It's much taller than a human and looks similar to a description he read some time ago.. He turns around quickly to face the squad and shouts:

REDD
 Incoming! We got --

There is a loud high-pitched screech coming from his helmet: the communicator blasting through his ears.

In a quick movement he pulls out the helmet, turns back to the shape that moves fast towards him: now close enough for him to see it in detail. He screams through his lungs as he shoots his Rapid-fire Rifle in a long burst:

REDD

Die!

He sees the silhouette falling on the ground but keeps shooting at it in a state of rage. Kaleb approaches him and joins him in shooting another creature with a blast from his Shock Rifle that resembles a bluish electrical discharge. But to their surprise it merely stuns the creature for no more than a couple of seconds. Then, with a shriek it lunges itself at them but is shredded to pieces by Redd's fast reflexes: no nonsense when it comes to Rapid-fire rifle.

KALEB

Shit! Did you see that? This damn thing doesn't work!

REDD

Just switch it to Rail!

Kaleb quickly does so:

KALEB

C'mon, let's get the fuck outta here!

Redd looks around.

REDD

Where the hell is Newt?

He grabs his mic trying to contact her:

REDD

Newt! Where --

More Shock Rifle fire is heard followed by screams in the distance, complete chaos.

SPEC-OP

(O.S.)

..all over us! These rifles are useless!

ANOTHER SPEC-OP

(O.S.)

Help! Help meeee! I can't.. gaaah!

CUT BACK TO:

Another loud shriek. Doyle still struggles to talk to the comms room.

DOYLE

(into comms)

Huh.. sir, I'm still trying to evaluate the situation! It appears we have an issue with the Shock Rifles..

INT. COMMS ROOM

Everyone watches attentively in the communications room but there isn't much that can be understood, even less that can be made from the images coming from the spec-ops helmet-cams: smoke everywhere and shadows moving in complete disarray. A lot of the monitors are full of white noise. They can clearly hear the sound of the siren echoing all the way here.

COMMANDER

Goddamnit Doyle, will you repeat that? I can't make anything of what you're saying.

HOUSER

What is going on? I thought your special forces were highly trained and prepared to handle this sort of..

The Commander turns to Houser, irritated.

COMMANDER

You keep quiet!

He turns back to the console. As they pay attention to the action outside, they are completely unaware that in the midst of the machinery, tubing, pipes and all sorts of assorted wires mixed together, many parts too technical for the untrained eye to figure out, in a darker corner of the room there is movement: one of the pipes moves and reveals something else, it's not a pipe but one those creatures hiding itself there, resting but now awoken. Then more movement. And some more, it's as if the part of the machinery is becoming alive. Soon there are four of the creatures creeping around in the darkness. A couple of them move forward and through one of the dangling translucent plastic sheets it observes the men focused on screens - Their backs turned to what lurks in the darkness in silence.

One of the creatures leads the pack and in a quick and fierce movement jumps onto a trooper standing at the back.

The victim tries to scream but his lungs are perforated by a sharp tail and instead a gasp is heard. Only a couple of other troopers turn around: they quickly reach for their guns but another creature, creeping on them from the ceiling, strikes one of them. The other spec-op pulls his Shock Rifle and fires while shouting:

SPEC-OP

What the fuck?!?!

The deadly rail shot, like a neon-made nail traveling incredibly fast through the air leaving a glowing orange trail behind, pierces through the creature that in turn explodes into pieces causing its acidic blood to splatter all over the startled group that was standing so close together. Three of the spec-ops and Radchenko are hit. The latter is blinded by some of the acid that hits him straight in his left eye and face that quickly get disfigured: he falls down screaming. A spec-op reaches for him but another creature jumps onto him and strikes him with its claws. The Commander removes his headset and pulls off his pistol and starts shooting. Radchenko on the floor shouts:

RADCHENKO

Don't blast them! Set your
weapons to the Shock Module you
idiots!

Amid the sudden chaos no-one can hear him or obey his orders and another creature is hit at close range and Radchenko's face, or what's left of it, is bathed in the creature's deadly blood. Houser watches the scene, untouched by the attack but frozen by the horror.

HOUSER

God! No.. no!

Everyone is in a state of panic and shoots randomly towards the darkness. A nearby gas canister is hit and explodes setting one of the creatures on fire. They scream with loud screeches.

SPEC-OP

Fuck you! How do you like that?

The flames spread quickly through the plastic sheets. The troops try to re-order during this brief truce. Houser doesn't care about the wounded. He notices there is a narrow passage: a gap created by the explosion or rifle fire leading to the elevator. He signals one of the spec-ops to follow him. Another spec-op sees them going and shouts:

SPEC-OP

Wait! Give me a hand here, we've got wounded!

He is holding one of his buddies by the armpits and pulls him up. The injured spec-op places his arm around the other one.

SPEC-OP

I'm fine, I can still walk.

They both leave the room, one of them limping. The rest of the group is still counting casualties: five in total, including Radchenko. There are moans and cries from the wounded.

COMMANDER

Get to the elevator!

One of the medics, with a white armband with a red cross on it, tends to the troops on the ground.

MEDIC

Sir, we have two wounded, both of them severely.

One of the spec-ops is on the ground, barely conscious. The other holds his leg in pain - his left leg is gone and he is bleeding to death. Yet another horrid scream is heard coming from the darkness: there are creatures still around.

COMMANDER

We have to move. The fire must have pushed them away for a short while but they will come back.

MEDIC

They will die sir!

The Commander turns to the console.

COMMANDER

You're the medic, you do something! We need to get the shuttle to take us back.

MEDIC

There's no time for that! We'll all be dead before they get here.

The Commander ignores him, taps away on the keyboard, puts a headset on his head and an image on the monitor appears - the pilot from the VIP shuttle.

As they engage in conversation a noise in the ceiling goes unnoticed. A creature has sneaked past the raging fire and moved through a vent and is peeking into the room, right above the Commander. It hisses and quickly jumps at him bringing him down to the floor with two massive claws grasping his neck and face. The medic gets up and pulls out a gun: it's jammed. He throws it on the ground and runs through the gap. As the Commander screams and struggles to grab his gun, the creature's maw-in-tongue comes out and strikes him in the face, killing him instantly.

INT. NEAR ELEVATOR

Inside the elevator Houser has his finger nervously shaking near the button to close the doors. One of the spec-ops is inside with him.

SPEC-OP

Wait sir! C'mon guys, hurry!

Still in the room the other two spec-ops walk as fast as they can, one of them limping clumsily to rush pace, arm around his buddy. Flames in the background add an eerie gloom coming from behind them. They can sense motion and there is the feeling one of the creatures can jump at them at any moment.

HOUSER

C'mon you fucking slugs, get in here!

They haven't moved through the doors yet and Houser presses the elevator button multiple times. The doors close slowly and one of them stops, an hydraulic hiss is heard. One of the spec-ops pushes the door towards the other. Suddenly in the distance the the medic appears from a narrow gap, struggling with something as if stuck. He sees them and shouts:

MEDIC

Wait!

He frees himself and runs towards the group, the doors almost fully closed. Houser presses the button frantically and it seems to work: another hydraulic hiss is heard, the door resumes closing.

MEDIC

Please! Wait for..

He has barely finished his cry as a creature emerges quickly from the dark and pounces him, he falls unconscious. The group inside the elevator panics and tries to force the doors to close faster.

They watch as the creature runs fiercely towards them and leaps towards the door, finishing with a BANG: too late, the creature smashes its, head against the door that have just completely shut. The elevator commences its descent.

INT. ELEVATOR

It's dark and they can only see what the flashlights let them see. They breath heavily, adrenaline still rushing high. Houser sits on the floor and covers his head with his hands. Without warning a loud metallic CLANG resonates through the near-empty cabin, making all of them jump and bringing Houser to his feet. The elevator shakes and bounces. There is a pause. Then the noise of something hitting metal, repeatedly.

SPEC-OP

On the roof! That thing is on the roof!

HOUSER

Dear God! Shoot!

SPEC-OP

The cables! We could hit the cables!

HOUSER

It's on a rail you idiot, just fucking shoot!

They open fire, ripping the roof wide open. When they stop there is no movement. They look through the hole but nothing; The elevator still going down at snail-pace.

SPEC-OP

We got it. I think.

EXT. CITY - 4

Doyle hears a high-pitch feedback noise coming from his comm.

DOYLE

Sir?!

He turns to Redd and shakes his head.

DOYLE

(shouting)
I think I lost them.

Redd is focused on the comm himself. He can hear Newt in the communicator but there is a lot of interference:

NEWT
 (over the comm)
 ... got us... rounded... for cover.

REDD
 What was that? Newt?! You're
 breaking up! I can't..

He is interrupted by the sound of rifle fire being shot randomly in an uncoordinated manner. It's mixed with human screams and shouts. The sound of complete chaos.

NEWT
 (over the comm)
 ..get near... for some cover..
 right now for fucks sake! ...get
 now..

DOYLE
 Regroup, damnit! Unit Two..
 regroup!

Redd grabs Doyle's shoulder.

REDD
 I think she said to take cover
 near the landing pad. We're
 sitting ducks here!

DOYLE
 Alright everyone to the control
 tower!

They run through the barricade and any other spec-ops they find along the way join them. One of the creatures jumps onto one of the men. They shoot it and pieces fly all over. The man on the ground screams as the creatures' acid-for-blood burns through his skull. Doyle moves towards him but Redd grabs him.

REDD
 He's dead. Into the landing
 complex, now!

Redd pushes him ahead. Doyle almost trips on a body on the ground: another of the men.

REDD
 C'mon guys, on the double!

EXT. LANDING SITE

There is a complex surrounding the large landing pad. It looks like a facility to bring people in directly from outer space. A few giant radars and a several military vehicles and gear: all human-made. Newt and a small group of men take cover beneath the roof, near a door that is shut.

NEWT

We need to find a way to open it.

SHEPHERD

Wait for the others!

They crouch there, looking at the smoke surrounding them, waiting patiently for the other units to join. Finally they see figures coming from the smoke walking towards them: some are limping, others look left and right, inspecting their surroundings. Amongst the troops Newt spots Redd, he moves towards her.

REDD

Are you alright? We took a big hit!

NEWT

We have to open this door!

REDD

Those things.. I think they..

Doyle joins them along with Kaleb.

DOYLE

We have to go in..

KALEB

We gotta be quick, the smoke is clearing!

SHEPHERD

Guys, we hit the jackpot!

Shepherd is standing next to a large pointy capsule-shaped metal structure. He punches a red button on its wall and, like a flower in spring, it splits open with a loud hum to reveal a military weapon: a large turret.

SHEPHERD

Look at these babies!

SOL

Holy shit!

To the right and left of the complex's main entrance stand two large turrets, ready to fire at any unwanted intruders making their way into the facility. Shepherd moves towards a small console next to the large door.

DOYLE

Alright! We need to blast the door open!

NEWT

I think we've had enough blasting for today!

SHEPHERD

Sir! I think I can get it! I just need some time.

REDD

How long?

SHEPHERD

I don't know. Five... maybe ten minutes.

DOYLE

Go for it!

He turns to the others.

DOYLE

Newt, Redd take care of the turrets! Everyone else form a parallel formation, two defensive lines!

Redd quickly inspects one of the turrets: inside there is a seat with a monitor in front of it; At the top another seat for someone to take control of the cannon.

REDD

I've done one of these! It takes two to operate them: one for the controls, another to fire the cannon.

Redd jumps inside.

NEWT

Roger! Sol, Rina take the one on the left.

She points to the other turret. Then hops into the one where Redd has preemptively assumed control of the cannon.

REDD

We've got plenty of ammo. It's like these babies were never used!

There is silence. The smoke starts to dissipate. All men watch attentively. They can now see the large hole in the ground leading to the sewers: it's bigger than it looked before the air cleared. A creature foolishly emerges from the hole and runs towards the troops. It's vaporized instantly by the powerful blast of the turrets. Then another comes, with the same result. Then another.

NEWT

I don't remember them being this stupid.

Near the door some of the men hear the sound of paws walking on a hollow surface. Derrimut turns his head up and points:

DERRIMUT

The ceiling! They are coming from behind us!

They start shooting and kill one, then another of the creatures. One slips through the fire and jumps into the left turret. There are shots mixed with screams. One of the men climbs out the turret, shouting, acid burning though his vest.

DOYLE

We need a medic!

Another small group of creatures make their way towards them from behind using the ceiling. They keep firing, everyone focused on them - except Newt.

NEWT

Redd!

She points at the sewer entrance. A swarm of creatures is quickly moving out of it, flooding the ground like an ant colony. Redd grabs the controls of the turret and fires non-stop. He kills dozens but on the other turret a creature, not spotted by anyone in the middle of the confusion, jumps from the roof, landing on the cannon. The two operators promptly react: Sol pulls out the gun but the creature takes initiative and rolls under the long nozzle, hiding itself from the potential gun fire.

RINA

I'll take care of it!

She jumps out and quickly exterminates the enemy, but without anyone at the controls it renders the turret idle. Soon there are casualties on the ground with several spec-ops getting mutilated by the attackers, or injured indirectly by blood spilling from exploding creatures. In the midst of the confusion Rina is unable to get back - Newt notices this and calls for the closest trooper standing right next to them:

NEWT

Derrimut, the other turret!

He runs towards it and jumps in. The violent blasts lights up the whole complex and they slice through the invading horde. Lining up against the complex walls the troops catch any creature making its way past the turret fire. Doyle moves towards Shepherd:

DOYLE

(shouting)

How much longer?

SHEPHERD

Almost there!

The swarm is being shredded to pieces and the insect-looking pattern quickly shifts towards running back into the hole. Newt shouts to the comm:

NEWT

They are backing out!

DOYLE

We got them!

There are cheers and hurrahs amongst the men. They all gather quickly in front of the entrance to the complex.

SHEPHERD

I got it, it's opening!

There is a spark and the door slowly opens with a dense hum. To their surprise and disappointment the ramp moving down into the facility is blocked by rubble. The ceiling looks like it has long collapsed and the rubble creates a path a large hole in the upper wall and roof - A military vehicle, some sort of tank, crashed through the wall and ripped it open. It looks like it came from the outside at full speed making for a very unusual sight. Newt doesn't waste time and moves up the rubble, others follow but Doyle stays near the main entrance with his team, or what's left of it.

As Newt reaches the top she is astounded: contrasting with what they've seen from this planet so far there is a wide open view of the edge of the city surrounded by an ocean that spreads as far as the eye can see. Away from the giant shadows cast by the city's buildings the yellow light of the planet's giant sun is so powerful it rips through the dense storms providing very acute, strong shadows that scatter across the landscape. The sun lies very low in the horizon, about to disappear but its yellow rays still bathe the landscape which is slowly being swallowed by the ever-growing blue darkness that will soon take over.

In the middle of the ocean, adding to this wonderful sight, is an extremely long bridge that crosses the ocean all the way to a distant island. Unlike human made structures of this kind, the bridge was built right on top of the water: it is surrounded by large claws, not unlike the ones in the walkway, blocking the gigantic waves flooding it. Or so it seems from this distance.

Rina stands next to Newt, just as baffled.

RINA

Wow! Talk about calm after the storm.

Derrimut and Sol join them.

NEWT

The bridge.

SOL

The island is still a long way..
it's a tough job.

DERRIMUT

Beats being a mechanic.

SOL

Let's have a look around.

Sol and Derrimut walk down the rubble. Newt turns around towards Doyle.

NEWT

(shouting)

The bridge is up ahead! Only a few Kilometers to the island!

Doyle is still tending to his men, some wounded others trying to help. He turns towards Newt and shouts back:

DOYLE

What about the Commander and the others? We have to go back!

Newt walks back down rejoining Doyle.

NEWT

They can sort themselves out.

Newt responds in a whisper, almost to herself, as if these words triggered memories she wish she didn't have.

NEWT

They go berserk at night.. I've seen what it's like. They stop at nothing.

DOYLE

Fuck that! We gotta go!

PROCTER

The shuttle can pick us up!

NEWT

Shut up Procter! This is not a democracy, we are in charge!

DOYLE

You mean I am in charge.

PROCTER

That's right, he is the highest ranking officer.

DOYLE

And I say we go back.

REDD

We have orders.

DOYLE

Fuck the orders! We go back.

SHEPHERD

Redd's right. In less than twenty minutes it will get dark.

PROCTER

We can get to the tower in less than that. Besides the bridge is closed.

Doyle turns to Newt.

DOYLE

That's right, how are you going to get it open?

NEWT

No, the ramp is DOWN! They must have sorted it out from the communications room.

Doyle stares at her, incredulous.

NEWT

Have a look yourself if you want.

DOYLE

So that means they are still alive!

NEWT

It means nothing! Maybe they opened it before we lost contact.

RINA

Maybe it was always open..

Doyle ignores them and moves around looking at all the survivors in a authoritative way:

DOYLE

(shouting)

Listen everyone! Whoever wants to go back comes with me! The ones that don't.. you will be considered deserters.

NEWT

Don't pay attention to him! We have orders and we have to get to the research facility before the sun sets!

Derrimut and Sol return after inspecting the area with a couple of buddies. They have news:

DERRIMUT

We've found the vehicles they told us about! There are three Warthogs.

DOYLE

Condition?

DERRIMUT

Some small repairs, nothing serious. A good Fifteen minutes will do.

PROCTER

Fifteen minutes!? Didn't you hear what the Commander said? By the time you are done this place will be crawling with those things.

NEWT

Then go! No-one is stopping you, just get the hell out of my face!

Procter and most of the troops obey the higher-ranked officer and move out the main entrance on their way back the comms room. Out of the sixteen surviving troopers over half stay behind: Newt, Redd, Shepherd, Derrimut, Kaleb, Sol, Rina and a couple of other spec-ops. Newt observes Redd who lowers his head, trying to hide his indecision.

NEWT

Redd?!

RINA

He's the guy from that disastrous training mission, isn't he?

SHEPHERD

This is him?

He moves towards Redd and looks at him with disdain.

SHEPHERD

The chickenshit left the whole squad to die.

REDD

I had orders. Comms went down when the sand storm hit us and we lost contact with the others. The report found the radar tower wasn't fit for the job and..

SHEPHERD

Screw the report! You left them stranded, that's what I heard.. a bunch of guys in a training rescue operation not being rescued! What a joke! And this while you and your good buddy sheltered in the safety of the dropship.

Rina loses her patience moving towards Redd but Sol grabs her tight.

RINA
You coward fuck!

REDD
Doyle isn't my buddy. Besides I wasn't the one..

Shepherd moves his face right next to Redd's.

SHEPHERD
What?! What's the fucking excuse now?

Redd keeps his face down, it's clearly still a sensitive issue for him.

REDD
It was Doyle's decision, I didn't have a choice.

RINA
Bullshit, we ALWAYS have a choice!

He pokes Redd's chest with his finger in an accusatory fashion:

SHEPHERD
YOU made yours!

Redd stares at him, his face still down but hatred in his eyes, his lips curling. He wants to explode and say something back to him but he can't, or doesn't know what to say. Kaleb moves towards Shepherd and shoves him.

KALEB
Get out of here, jackass! Don't forget he's still your superior officer.

SHEPHERD
Fuck that! I am not under his command.

Shepherd shoves Kaleb back but Derrimut steps in:

DERRIMUT
Listen you piss of shit, if you touch him again..

Rina intervenes, placing herself in between them:

RINA

Okay guys, enough of this bullshit.

KALEB

Just lay one finger on me again
and..

REDD

(shouting)

That's enough! If anything we
need to stay together.

He turns to Newt.

REDD

Yes, I fucked up.. I should have
looked for them no matter the
orders! What do you want me to do?
I can't change it, what is done
is done. But this time I ain't
going nowhere.

He moves so close to Newt his lips almost touch hers but he
stares at her in a confronting, challenging manner: this
isn't a romantic encounter.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HEPHAESTUS - OCSF CARRIER

A small vessel approaches the carrier and docks it.

INT. COMMERCIAL CARGO SHIP

In the cockpit of the smaller craft there are two men who
just finished the docking operation. They wear what looks
like a commercial uniform: red labels with the acronym ETACA
on them. In one of the screens, against a green background
there is the message:

DOCKING OPERATION APPROVAL ID: RT1775

One of the pilots turns to the other:

PILOT

All done. Better wake up our
customer!

The co-pilot leaves his sit and walks into another room down
the small corridor: inside it there are three cryogenic beds
lying next to each-other. Two are empty, one isn't. The co-
pilot reaches for a control panel on the wall, enters a code
and presses a button. A computerized female voice is heard:

CRYOGENIC UNIT #2 DISENGAGED.

With a hiss the door of the cryogenic bed opens revealing an unexpected guest, who places her hand on her head as soon as she arises.

RIPLEY

God! And I had to pay for this?

CO-PILOT

Well you wanted express and you got it.

RIPLEY

Express my ass.

CUT TO:

INT. HEPHAESTUS

Dietrich walks down a corridor, stops near a door, lifts a small glass door to hit a big red button lying behind it. The door opens and Ripley comes through it on what seems a high-tech wheel chair. Dietrich doesn't waste any time with small talk:

DIETRICH

The troops are still on the ground but I received orders to take the carrier back to Earth.

RIPLEY

What?!

They both go down the corridor.

DIETRICH

And I lost contact with Newt and the others so nothing I can do to warn them.

RIPLEY

What's going on?

DIETRICH

Don't ask me but am I glad I took the risk to get you in here. And I'm talking court martial here.

RIPLEY

Well, it's no use being here now, is it? I need to go down there.

DIETRICH

I have the shuttle ready.

Ripley looks at her with surprise. Dietrich reacts with a smile - she knew this was coming.

DIETRICH

You owe me big time girl.

EXT. MAINLAND SIDE OF BRIDGE

As two of the Warthogs arrive at the gate, rain has started to fall at an even but slow pace. The sun is still shining but just barely, shadows covering most of what they can see. There is debris and an upturned Warthog blocking the bridge entrance. It looks like a disaster area: an accident of sorts occurred here a while ago.

RINA

What do we do now?

NEWT

We have to clear the path.
Everyone! Turn the vehicle back upright on its wheels and push it out of the way.

The troops get to it and start pushing and the vehicle soon turns and bounces up and down in its suspension. As they get ready to drag it out of the way there is a loud mechanical noise coming from the bridge: part of the entry starts to lift as a large metal ground-plate starts tilting upwards.

RINA

The bridge! It's closing!

SHEPHERD

Shit, shit, shit!

They stare at Newt waiting for an answer.

NEWT

The idiot managed to get to the comms room.

Redd is on the ground helping to turn the vehicle and just realized what happened:

REDD

Doyle! You fucking asshole!

RINA

Just like him to betray us.

Newt starts the engine of her vehicle and shouts:

NEWT

Okay, let's do this! Go go go!

They quickly slide the vehicle out of the way.

NEWT

Guys, jump in!

REDD

What for?!

NEWT

Just do it! Everyone, get in!

They rush to the vehicle, the bridge slowly moving up towards the sky. Redd moves right next to Newt.

REDD

What are you thinking?

She presses the pedal a few times while still stepping on the brake like a racing driver moments before the lights go off. He stares at her:

REDD

You're not serious!

NEWT

Any ideas?

It doesn't take long for him to realize they have no further options.

REDD

Alright, let's do this!

She lifts her arm up signaling to Kaleb, the driver of the second vehicle, to move forward. The bridge is some thirty degrees up and keeps going. She steps on the pedal but this time releasing the brakes: the wheels skid and the Warthog speeds ahead at full throttle. As it hits the metal-plate it loses some speed with the bump but keeps going up and.. makes it! It's not the most comfortable fall for the passengers but it didn't turn over! She steps on the brakes while turning left, finishing in a cool maneuver, tires screeching, smoke caused by burning rubber. Redd is still holding firm to the side handle and as soon as he recovers from the ride he turns to Newt:

REDD

Wow, I'm impressed!

Newt is still shaking, hands firm at the wheel, breathing fast.

NEWT

Yeah.. so am I.

The other vehicle soon imitates Newt's move but because the bridge has lifted a bit higher blocking the path and, unable to stop, they crash ejecting Kaleb out of it towards the wall of the bridge. The Warthog falls with a loud CLANG and as it comes to a halt, the wheels still turning at fast speed.

Everyone from the other vehicle quickly rushes to aid them.

RINA

You guys alright?

There is coughing and moaning but Derrimut gives thumbs up. They are all untied from the safety belts and taken out of the vehicle. Sol is the only one leaving by himself but still in some pain:

SOL

I guess I'm not going to be doing any ice-skating anytime soon.

SHEPHERD

Kaleb.. Where is he?

As they look around they see Redd is next to Kaleb at the wall.

REDD

Hey buddy, you okay?

He moans in pain.

KALEB

Aaah.. I think.. my leg.. I broke it. It really hurts.

REDD

Don't worry pal, we'll take care of you right away.

The others come running and join them, apart from Derrimut who stays next to the crashed vehicle to inspect it.

RINA

How's he?

REDD

He'll be fine but his armor LEDs are off.

RINA

Not a big deal, considering.

REDD

Sol, carry him, will you?

Newt, Rina and Kaleb move towards the Warthog left standing.

NEWT

We can all fit in here, let's go!

DERRIMUT

Negative! This one is still good to go! Give me a hand.

Sol and Redd help him turn the vehicle from its side.

RINA

How much time do we have left to get to the lab?

NEWT

Not much.. not much at all.

She looks at the horizon and in the distance the dim light piercing through the clouds quickly gets swallowed by the sea. The sun does not come back, darkness quickly sets.

The vehicle is back on its wheels and Redd joins them.

NEWT

Do you think we'll make it Redd?

REDD

I guess we'll have to!

Rina notices something in the distance and points towards the island while getting their attention:

RINA

Guys, look!

The island lies far ahead: the darkness and an approaching storm make it hard to see but high at the top there is a red laser-like beam pointed at the sky, pulsing very slowly like a heartbeat, then stopping for a short while.

NEWT

The beacon!

REDD

Those sons'of bitches!

SHEPHERD

Wasn't that the signal they
claimed wasn't working?

REDD

That's our whole mission right
there..

RINA

Or is it?

SHEPHERD

Guess not.. the marines could and
after all.. what are we doing
here then? We haven't even found
anyone alive yet.

NEWT

I don't think they would care
much for the marines or
researchers either.. my gut
instinct was right.

SHEPHERD

Should we just turn back?

NEWT

Negative, it's dark already. Our
best chance is to make it to the
lab facilities on the island.

REDD

Agreed. Besides if the beacon is
up which means we'll have power
over there.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALFWAY THROUGH THE BRIDGE

The small showers have now given place to a rampant storm. The strong winds blow the rain towards them, changing direction randomly and very frequently. Added to this from the sea the waves have grown larger and wildly smash the robust but ancient bridge walls.

The bridge is long and the surrounding rib-like walls, similar to the ones in the tower walkway but much taller and all joined together, provide a meager sense of comfort: they have been designed to prevent the frantic sea from flooding the path but don't do such a good job at it: pools of water abound as we see two vehicles approaching.

Redd is the driver of the first one, with the Shepherd, Rina and the injured Kaleb, on the back seat, Newt in the front passenger seat; Derrimut drives the other one, with Sol next to him and the other two spec-ops on the back. They rip through the bridge at full speed avoiding the many pieces of debris scattered across the bridge and where the pool of water are deeper. There are lamps evenly placed along the bridge, linked together by cables common to men-made cities: these were obviously placed by the research and military teams that visited the planet for the last few years.

As they move through the bridge they notice something ahead: it looks like a gigantic black, shiny cable but it moves and shifts along the curved walls, away from them.

RINA

Did you see that Newt?

NEWT

No idea but I don't like it.

REDD

Whatever it is, it's alive. And it knows we are here.

The 'cable' moves swiftly across the bridge and then towards them along the left wall. As it gets closer they can see that it has skeleton-like spine along its viscose and extremely long body. This serpent-like Xenomorph is called a SENTINEL. It swings its body rapidly like a snake moving in fury, crawling across the wall at fast speed. As it gets close Newt stands up and pulls out her rifle and aims at the creature. But the gun jams.

REDD

Shoot it, quick!

Newt tries desperately to cock the gun to get it to empty the bullet chamber:

NEWT

It's jammed!

RINA

For fuck sake, I'll do it!

She starts getting up but quickly changes her mind: the creature is too close. As it moves past them at raging speed, Newt catches a glimpse of it and she is able to see it in detail, realizing it has a familiar face but a strange body she does not recognize. The others all duck into the vehicle seeking protection but Newt stands sill, frozen solid.

REDD

Get down!

They look back as the SENTINEL moves quickly away from them.

REDD

What the hell do you think you
are doing?!

Newt is still troubled by what she's just seen and mutters
to herself.

NEWT

Good God.

REDD

It's one of those things!

Newt keeps sits down, irritated:

NEWT

I know!

From the other vehicle Derrimut talks to them over the
communicator:

DERRIMUT

(over the comm)

Did you see that?

REDD

Yeah! I think we lost it.

DERRIMUT

(over the comm)

No, we saw it turning around. I
think it's coming right back at us!

NEWT

Just step on it! We are nearly
there, stop at nothing!

DERRIMUT

(over the comm)

You got it!

Indeed the island is very close ahead. But luck is not on
their side and, as if to jinx it, SUDDENLY a gigantic wave
emerges in front of them: it's so tall it rises high above
the claw-shaped walls, dwarfing them. In the car Redd shouts:

REDD

We can make it!

They swerve and speed up as much as they can as the wave comes crashing behind them, ripping through the wall. The other vehicle isn't so lucky and gets swept by the wave. It skids and swerves losing control moving into a pile of debris: the vehicle stops in upright position but it's stuck. In front Newt hits the brakes and they watch the tragedy ensue: in the car at the back a spec-op turns to Derrimut who's on the wheel:

SPEC-OP

Get the fuck on!

Derrimut struggles to turn the car back on track and as he does it a loud hiss is heard. The giant SENTINEL has closed in on them ready to strike. One of the spec-ops looks up and sees it curving in the air preparing itself to dive like a Cobra ready to hit its prey: it slows down as if studying the move and then relentlessly comes crashing down at full speed, its long tail following like a harpoon thrown up in the air, its cord bending as it follows the head smashing right into the back of the Warthog. Sol gets thrown out of the vehicle and quickly gets back on his feet, running towards the warthog in front. Rina can't deal with it any longer and decides to take action.

RINA

Nooo! Goddamnit!

She pulls her rifle clumsily due to haste, grits her teeth and starts shooting.

RINA

Die you piece o'shit.

The others next to her all join in the shooting but the creature is nearly ethereal and using the little of body mass it has, it manages to evade any shots with slick, fast motions. The guys in the Warthog under attack still struggle to understand what hit them. Derrimut is the first, and only, to manage to stand up while shooting his rifle almost randomly, just for cover and out of panic. But the creature catches him and pulls him out into the water rapidly shaking him like a shark with prey in his mouth.

After the brief, and unfair, fight the Warthog is no more than a wreck and the men are lost. As the group in the remaining vehicle, now including Sol, observe the tail sinking into the water they notice movement far back in the walls of the bridge: more of the same coming out for them, at least three. Shepherd is the first to react:

SHEPHERD

We gotta get the fuck out of here!

Redd jumps into the driver's seat once more and with the wheels screeching the vehicle they rush towards their destination. As they close in on the facility's gate they see a barrier: two long horizontal poles on each side with white and orange stripes were left down preventing vehicles from crossing over but the main gate is wide open revealing a wide corridor with two driving lanes leading into darkness.

NEWT

Go!

REDD

Third crash's a charm!

He steps on the pedal and the vehicle crashes through the barrier and is thrust towards the right hand side, spinning over and over again. To add to the confusion breaking the barrier has set off an alarm and there are orange flashing lights and worse: the alarm has activated the security mechanist for the large doors and they now slowly close. When the Warthog finally stops in the middle of a cloud of smoke from burning rubber they are all a bit disoriented. Even with her head still spinning Newt is able to make an image she didn't want to see: albeit everything is out of focus she notices the vehicle is facing away from the entrance and the dark long shades close in rapidly on them. They are still outside the facility and need to get in before the doors lock or they will all be dead.

NEWT

Redd reverse full speed!

As she looks at him she notices his forehead is wounded, blood dripping down his face. He tries to find the wheel with his arms like a blind man trying to probe the path in front of him. She pushes him to the side, shifts gear and steps so hard on the pedal she nearly carves a whole in the ground. The creatures are now so close she doesn't want to look: with the vehicle screeching once more she reverses the vehicle through the little opening that is left between the gate's doors. She is so scared the vehicle only stops when it hits a pile of large barrels and containers set nearby.

Still shaking she looks ahead: they just made it through the door but one of the SENTINELS is about to make it's way through the doors, or at least trying since all it manages to do is hit its head on the door with a loud bang, leaving a large indentation on it. There is a loud shriek, higher pitch than anything Newt has heard before and then they are left in the silence and darkness.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HEPHAESTUS' SHUTTLE

Ripley sits in the cockpit at the controls of the craft in full pilot gear. In front of a the thick layer of clouds slowly dissipates as the shuttle makes its way through, unveiling the island engulfed in a vast ocean that extends as far as the eye can see.

DIETRICH

(over the comm)

There should be a beacon leading you to the roof of the laboratory.

RIPLEY

I can't see anything. Are you sure?

DIETRICH

Yeah, they should have been triggered by the rescue shuttle coming from the VIP ship i spotted earlier on. They are in auto-pilot and will need it for landing.

RIPLEY

I can see the island but that's about -- wait!

Suddenly a giant red laser beacon appears stretching high into the sky pulsating three times.

RIPLEY

I got it!

She aims the shuttle in its direction and speeds ahead.

INT. LAB CORRIDORS

The dim-lit corridors of the research facility are cold and devoid of any life. There is a dead silence as the spec-ops slowly make their way through. There are shelves and cupboards scattered, smashed and broken. The remaining group of spec-ops moves slowly, briefly checking every corner of every room with their flashlights as they go. Kaleb has his arm around Sol, who carries him by the shoulder. Rina and Kaleb guard the front while Redd watches the back. Newt leads the pack as they move slowly down the corridor.

They reach an area where they see a pile of shelves and other assorted junk - some sort of improvised barricade broken through right in the middle.

SHEPHERD

Looks like these people were desperate to block those things out.

REDD

We'll have to go one by one. Sol, you take the point.

Sol nods and proceeds as ordered.

As they make their way through the narrow gap they find this was clearly the location of a last stand: corpses of soldiers scattered around with trails and splatters of blood next to them.

RINA

These poor guys.

SHEPHERD

Guess they had to chance.

Most of the doors that give access to the research rooms or living quarters are wide open but as they peak through each of them they see no movement. A dead silence surrounds them.

SOL

(whispering)

Too quiet for my liking.

As they progress they can see more trails and splatters of blood.

REDD

Must have been a fierce fight. These things dragged some of these guys further down.

He points into the dark corridor ahead.

SHEPHERD

Some motion detectors now would be handy.

REDD

There is nothing.. or anyone left.

SOL

Yeah, maybe we should stop for a while. Kaleb here is not holding up so well.

REDD

Shhh! Quiet guys, just keep moving.

Suddenly they hear the sound of glass shattering. They all turn to a room to their left where it came from.

REDD

Sol, Newt. Let's check it out!
Rina, Kaleb, hold your position.

KALEB

Roger!

INT. LAB ROOM

The two move in front with Newt following right behind, while the other three remain in the corridor. The room is filled with lab-type gadgets: metallic instruments, small flasks - many with their liquid spilled, and all sorts of containers in the shelves and the several tables that fill the room. One of the walls has large windows, large panels of glass. They inspect each corner of the room and as their flashlights flicker left and right it seems apparent they won't find anything here. Everything is quiet except for the occasional whisper of the wind coming through cracks on the windows.

Unbeknown to them something crawls and shifts across the floor, under the tables. It's long and almost too dark to see except for the fact it seems covered in slime, giving it a shimmering layer of viscosity. The SENTINEL moves silently towards the door they came from, none of the three notices it. Redd stops and takes a relaxed stance.

REDD

False alarm. There is nothing here.

Newt turns to Sol who took the area near the windows.

NEWT

Sol?

As Sol walks there is a noise of boots stepping on broken pieces of glass.

SOL

Nah, nothing here either. Just shattered glass.

NEWT

But we heard something.

SOL

Probably just the wind. I can feel it coming through these cracks.

He uses his gun to point to a window next to him. Newt acknowledges the fact.

NEWT
Alright, at ease.

They holster their weapons.

NEWT
I guess we are all a little on the edge.

As they talk, Redd notices a bluish light blinking coming from an adjacent room. He walks in slowly and notices the source of the light: two monitors sit on a small desk, one of them has a paused image of what looks like a scan of a person's chest with a dog-looking Xenomorph in it: a HOUND-XENOMORPH; The other has moving images. He stares at it for a short moment and then shouts:

REDD
Hey Newt! Get over here, you'll want to see this!

She walks in and he points at the monitors. They both proceed to stare attentively at the screen:

VIDEO MONITOR:

The soundless images show three men in white lab coats, doctors and scientists, walking near the body of a large SENTINEL hanging from a contraption resembling the ones used to carry whales. The video camera bobs up and down giving the feel that it was operated by an amateur. Without notice PRIOR comes in through a door. He is surrounded by marines and other men in suits. He seems angry, gesticulating and yelling at the scientists. He notices the camera and orders one of the soldiers to get it. The image turns to black and immediately after loops back to the starting point.

REDD
Recognize that face?

NEWT
Yeah.. that's guy we saw on the screen at the briefing.

REDD
That's right. He doesn't look too happy either.

NEWT
I wonder who he..

SUDDENLY before she can finish the sentence, a loud human scream is heard coming from the corridor followed by gun fire. With a jump Sol, who had joined them silently observing the video, grabs his weapon again and runs to the door.

SOL
It's Shepherd.

When he gets to the door that gives access to the corridor all he can see are flashes of light coming from the bursts of fire from Rina's and Shepherd's weapons. Sol hesitates to fire: even though he is able to spot Rina's and Shepherd's position because of their armor LED system he can't make out what the situation is.

RINA
(shouting)
Let him go you fucker! Let him go.

Shepherd struggles to move - There is something tying up his legs, but in the complete darkness it is only possible for Sol to assume that fact due to some of his ALEDS being blocked. Rina's weapon clicks: the rail-gun magazine is empty. She ejects it but quickly changes her mind and dumps the gun on the floor and grabs her Desert Eagle and empties it quickly, firing all rounds one after the other, with little apparent damage to the creature.

RINA
Shepie, hold on!

Sol pulls out his knife and reaches for Shepherd but it's too late: the slim creature's tail now curls all around him and pulls him so quick it's as if he disappeared in a magic trick. Shepherd's scream is heard as it fades quickly in the distance.

RINA
(screaming)
Nooo!

Desperate, Rina reaches for her weapon on the floor and reloads it.

SOL
It's too late!

He places his big hand on her shoulder.

SOL
It's too damn late. He is gone.

Newt and Redd join them, guns in hand.

NEWT

What happened?

Rina is still in angst with Shepherd's death and violently throws her weapon on the ground. She goes on her knees, face down, hands on the floor.

RINA

Damn it! Will this ever end? It's hopeless.. all of us are going to die.

NEWT

Calm down. We are all that is left.

They hear a muffled mumble coming from the nearby darkness.

REDD

Where's Kaleb?

SOL

I don't know, I thought he was gone.

Another moan and then..

KALEB

Help..

Sol spots him lying on the ground just next to them.

SOL

He's alive! How you doing there buddy?

Newt goes over and checks on Kaleb's condition.

NEWT

He's covered in acid.

Kaleb's face is burnt and he is hardly able to keep his eyes open.

NEWT

Come on, let's get him up.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Further down they find a new site: there are a couple of corpses of people other than marines: they have lab coats, just like the ones in the video Newt and Redd watched. Soon they see light ahead coming through the rim of a door.

They hear a faint cough followed by a moan. Redd signals Sol to come with him and they both try to force the door open. Newt and Rina carry Kaleb on their shoulders. They speak quietly.

REDD

The power to the door is off.
Push it harder.

SOL

I'm trying..

And with a groan they manage to slide it open.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

They enter a room with several hospital-like beds, shelves filled with flasks of what looks like medicine and several medical apparatus - None of it looks in great condition, mostly dirty or covered in dust but some still usable. Newt signals with a nod to Rina.

NEWT

(quietly)
Over there!

They drag Kaleb to one of the beds and leave him lying there. Sol checks up on him.

SOL

He's breathing but only just.

Another cough is heard from a nearby room, startling them. They carefully, and quietly, go investigate. They find another room similar to the one they were just in but in better condition: better lit, cleaner, most shelves fully stored with medical equipment and supplies - Clearly it's still in use. There are four beds separated by curtains through which is possible to see that three of the beds are occupied. In one of them the patient seems awoken and a cough is heard once more. They move in formation, Newt ahead with Redd and Rina giving her cover. As they get close enough Newt swiftly pulls back the curtain: Redd rapidly aims his gun at the target but all they see is Procter, looking very ill and so apathetic he hardly reacts to them.

NEWT

What are you doing here?!

PROCTER

Guys.. So you made it after all..

Rina emerges from the other room.

RINA

I checked all beds, the others
are dead.

PROCTER

Yeah.. all dead..

Procter continues to speak, his voice weak and trembling.

PROCTER

We reached the facility before
sunset but..

Redd isn't too sympathetic with his condition and speaks in
a threatening manner:

REDD

How in hell did you get here so
fast? We thought you guys were
way behind us!

Procter is half delirious and ignores the question and
continues:

PROCTER

We..

He takes his hand to his stomach and makes a grin, clearly
in pain. It soon stops and he goes on.

PROCTER

We got ambushed by dozens..
hundreds of those monsters. I
managed to run into this lab
where i found PLAID.

REDD

Where are the others?

NEWT

Hang on a second. Plaid? What are
you talking about?

Procter coughs and places his hand on his stomach again.

PROCTER

Huh?! He's right there.

He barely has the strength to point to an adjacent room.
It's too dark to see anything through the open entrance
since it's lit by nothing other than a pale bluish light
from a computer screen. But as they stare a figure emerges
into the light - It's a male in his fifties, partially bald
and thin looking.

He looks very relaxed, almost indifferent to the presence of these new guests.

PLAID

We don't have much time to waste.
The contractions will start any
minute soon.

RINA

You mean..

PLAID

He has been contaminated.

REDD

What?!

NEWT

He's got one of those things
inside him, that's what he means.

RINA

Geez.. Let's finish him up before
he turns on us!

She pulls her gun.

RINA

Right now!

Newt calmly pushes Rina's weapon away.

NEWT

Calm down.

RINA

Hey, if this guy is a doctor
maybe he can help Kaleb.

As she finishes the sentence Sol comes into the room.

SOL

He won't be of any help, he's gone.

This sends Redd off the edge and he grabs Procter by the shirt, almost lifting him up.

REDD

That son of a bitch.. Doyle..
where is he? Can't wait to have a
word with that captain of yours.

PROCTER

Doyle.. Houser.. they are gone,
all of them. Those..

He struggles to keep speaking and coughs repeatedly.

PROCTER

Those things took 'em.

NEWT

How did you get here?

PROCTER

One of the APLs.

REDD

On an APL? I thought they said..

PROCTER

(irritated)

Who cares what they said? Why do
you think the suits came?? OCA
sent us here as body guards.. Our
squad was supposed to retrieve
some.. I don't know, some
containers with those things in
them.

NEWT

Containers?

PLAID

He means the artificial incubators.
Probably SENTINEL embryos. They
are our most valued specimen..
excluding CERBERUS of course --

Procter interrupts, uninterested in Plaid's Xenomorph
technical specifications:

PROCTER

Who cares scientific crap man..
guys.. your squads.. once we
split you were bait to attract
the attention of those monsters.

Newt turns to Redd.

NEWT

I told you this whole thing
reeked of deceit from the start.

RINA

Well at least it seems we're not the only ones getting screwed around here.

PROCTER

Wha.. what?! What are you talking about?

She answers with a grin on her face.

RINA

That thing inside you.. how does it feel you traitor?

PROCTER

Shut up.. ugh.

He contorts in pain.

PROCTER

I had my orders!

PLAID

Alright, that's enough. I need to anesthetize him for the extraction operation.

He taps the tip of a needle with his indicative finger a few times and injects the serum in Procter's arm.

PROCTER

Guys.. I know I can't make up for keeping it from you.

He coughs and his eyes close and open slowly, he is getting drowsy.

PROCTER

Before I go.. I wasn't supposed to say anything but.. it doesn't matter anymore. There is a shuttle from Prior's fancy orbital-station.. ready for extraction. It's..

His eyes feel heavy as he struggles to remain awake.

PROCTER

..It's on the roof of the facility but it's controlled remotely. You may have.. few minutes.. left..

His head drops in the pillow beneath and he falls asleep.

SOL
Prior? Who's he talking about?

REDD
No idea.

NEWT
Doctor, what are his odds?

PLAID
Not good but I'll give it my best shot.

NEWT
You don't want to come with us?
What about these things?

RINA
Yeah, one of them might creep from some corner and do you like Procter here.

PLAID
Doubt it.

SOL
Hey, how come you didn't get infected?

RINA
That's true. I guess all you researchers would make for good incubators too, huh?

The doctor with a smirk assumes she is joking.

PLAID
Don't be stupid. Obviously it's not possible..

He hesitates, his eyes quickly shifting from one face to another trying find a look of agreement: instead finding in all of them a look of complete ignorance and confusion.

PLAID
None of you know? You guys have no idea, do you? All the researchers sent here are synthetics.

SOL
A Goddamn tin-man!

PLAID

I thought you knew.. it's common practice since we are extremely durable, require little food and of course our IQs are more..

He pauses looking down. Then lifts his eyes up having found the word to put it kindly:

PLAID

..sophisticated.

REDD

Why weren't we informed of this?

SOL

Maybe to make us run faster.. save the poor defenseless doctors.

RINA

Too right!

PLAID

I'm sorry for your disappointment but all I can tell you is we were sent here in order to research several species of Xenomorphs. Follow me.

He walks to the dark adjacent room and they follow him. Plaid flips a switch on the wall and as the light comes on they are all horrified by the sight: there are dozens of cylindrical flasks placed in a row along the walls of the long room. They contain multiple specimen of the alien species at different stages of growth. There are Facehuggers, human and dog shaped Xenomorphs, and baby SENTINELS as well.

PLAID

We were taken here to attempt to replicate these creatures. We experimented mostly with canines brought from Earth as test subjects.

NEWT

Of course things went wrong somehow. Didn't they learn the first time when the colonists got infected?

PLAID

Look around you officer. It's an incredible opportunity for this type of research.

Rina moves close to one of the flasks that contains an inert and tiny Sentinel.

RINA

This is like the ones that hunted us down on the bridge. A baby one.

PLAID

A SENTINEL.

RINA

Is that what you call them?

PLAID

It suits them since they would be great as a stealth defensive mechanism.

Redd intervenes with cynicism:

REDD

And what test subjects did you use to come up with these giant things?

PLAID

We didn't. They are most likely the product of the civilization indigenous to this planet. We just tried to make clones of it.

REDD

Are you insane? You thought you could control them?

PLAID

I'm a doctor, not a politician. Like yourselves I am just doing what I am told. And if you excuse me now, I have a patient waiting.

NEWT

Wait a minute.. about the rescue shuttle Procter was talking about?

PLAID

I don't know if it's true or not.

Sol reacts aggressively.

SOL

Bullshit! You gonna tell us or I break you in half!

The doctor calmly responds, unaffected by the threat.

PLAID

That won't achieve any results.
We are not programmed to lie.

He looks at Newt recognizing in her the voice of reason.

PLAID

I told you all I know --

NEWT

Let's get to that extraction
point. The shuttle won't wait for
us.

PLAID

-- Apart from the Cerberus.. I'm
afraid we didn't learn that much
about it since it was only
sighted after hell broke lose..

REDD

You mentioned that thing before..
what is it exactly?

PLAID

I'm not sure myself.. I do know
there is only one of them.

SOL

Big deal, that's what we got
these for, isn't it?

He holds his rifle high. Plaid looks back at them ominously:

PLAID

You better hope you never find out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALIEN NEST

As the doors slide open a massive warehouse-like chamber is unveiled of an astounding size. It has plenty of gear from the planet's indigenous civilization but the one thing that stands out is the amount of eggs scattered all over the facility. Most of the view is blocked by an organic web of tunnels familiar to Newt: an Alien nest as the one in her colony in LV-426. She turns to Redd:

NEWT

The slide from the briefing..

Redd acknowledges the fact: they have reached their destination.

REDD

It didn't look like this though.
These tunnels weren't here.. What
are they?

NEWT

You'll find out soon enough.

The small group enters the ample room and as they walk around slowly they see in the distance an Alien Queen. Newt is horrified by its presence but the beast, too far away to spot them and too busy laying new eggs, hasn't taken notice of the trespassers.

They make their way through the organic structure since it also provides them with some cover. At each step they can see human bodies stuck in this web: some have been rotting for a while, others look fresher. As they make their way through these corridors they notice a few very fresh humans dressed in OCSF uniforms.

RINA

Dear God!

As they move further they hear moaning and groaning: Doyle is has been captured and is stuck in the middle of the strange web. He moans and groans with saliva dripping profusely from the mouth.

RINA

He's alive!

They move towards him. He notices their presence but not without an expression of angst and pain in his face. Behind them they hear a voice, someone shouting with authority and arrogance.

HOUSER

Leave that idiot alone. Are you
so blind you didn't even notice
me? Release me at once!

NEWT

Houser!

She turns to Rina and Sol and points towards Houser:

NEWT

Get him out of there, you two.

Doyle objects with a moan, still stuck in the web.

DOYLE

Noo.. leave us. Leave us alone
and go. We're done.

Rina hesitates.

HOUSER

Shut up you idiot! He's
hallucinating, don't listen to him.

Newt confirms the order to Rina:

NEWT

Do as he says. Now!

She turns to Doyle, determined:

NEWT

And you too Doyle, you're coming
with us!

She and Redd start taking him off the organic structure but
he won't stop moaning.

DOYLE

Just fucking go. You'll end up
like us.. a waste of time.

After they release him Doyle's demeanor doesn't change, he
still cries:

DOYLE

I.. One of those things. It's
inside me.

RINA

Fuck!

SOL

I knew it!

They take an attacking stance ready to shoot at him.

NEWT

No! It's okay! We will get them
back to the ship and sort it out
there.

DOYLE

(sobbing)
What's.. what's the point.

He turns to Houser and raises his hand, pointing at him.

DOYLE

Him..

HOUSER

Shut up you moron! I will make sure you will never wear a uniform again as soon as we get back.

Doyle ignores him completely.

DOYLE

You should've just fried me jackasses!

He looks at Houser.

DOYLE

Him too..

NEWT

Shut up!

REDD

Listen, we can get to the shuttle.

SOL

It's still here isn't it?

Even though Doyle's mouth trembles out of control he still manages to pull an affirmative nod:

DOYLE

Yeah.. past this maze of Alien goo and filth! There is a catwalk with a cargo lift that gives access to the roof.

NEWT

You see? You're gonna be alright!

They get him up but he pushes them away out of pride.

DOYLE

I can do it. Give me a gun!

He stretches his hand. Newt turns to Rina who carries a standard rifle on her back. She nods affirmatively and Rina, reluctantly, passes on her Shock Rifle to Doyle and pulls the standard one from her back.

RINA

How the fuck did you end up here?

DOYLE

Does it matter? There are stairs ahead leading to the catwalk. We can make it.

NEWT

What about the rest of your crew?

DOYLE

They are DEAD, alright? Let's get the fuck out of here!

REDD

Okay, what's the plan?

DOYLE

Follow my lead. Walk quietly.

He turns to them and speaks in an ominous albeit somewhat theatrical manner:

DOYLE

These things can sense any movement.

Rina turns to Sol and mumbles:

RINA

I don't like this shit one bit..

SOL

Tell me about it.

As they move through the organic tunnels the view opens up and the path ahead becomes clear: far from them in the other side of the room is a catwalk with a floor made of a see-through metal mesh, some fifteen meters up. In the corner of the suspended platform there are two small lifts next to each-other: they seem operational. Connecting the catwalk to the ground is a set of metal stairs with several long chains on both sides serving as hand-rails.

SOL

The stairs! They are still intact!

CUT TO:

There are Alien eggs everywhere and low hisses and darkness make the group uncomfortable.

HOUSER

I say we run!

DOYLE

Shut up you idiot! They will
fucking get ya!

RINA

You can't walk any faster..
that's what.

Doyle makes an ugly face but doesn't respond and takes the lead. They keep on moving slowly through the field of eggs covered by an eerie mist, occasionally hearing quiet shrieks and hisses. Doyle falls back to the tail of the group, limping clumsily: the injuries are quickly taking their toll and he at each step he gets more fatigued. He stumbles on one of the eggs, then freezes, hoping no-one noticed: indeed none of the group did and a Facehugger, with its long skeletal legs, slowly creeps from within.

DOYLE

Fuck!

He aims his Shock Rifle towards the spider-like creature and zaps it with a burst of electrical current: the weapon mode that had failed against the larger creatures works wonders against this smaller, fragile specimen making it quickly fall to the ground, up-side-down, inert, its legs curling inward like a spider. Doyle breathes a sigh of relief and carefully avoids stepping on the dead, but still disgusting-looking creature.

But if the strategy of keeping it quiet worked, the flash of light caused by the burst hasn't gone unnoticed: immediately a shriek coming from somewhere not too far from the group echoes through the giant chamber and soon there is movement everywhere.

NEWT

They know we're here!

While Newt is still feeling a chill down the spine, a hand grabs her shoulder: it's Rina who points yet to another creature lying in the darkness, much further down to their right:

RINA

Fuck me! What is that?

NEWT

I don't know!

They all stand there, staring at the creature: it's very large in size, larger than a Queen when detached from its egg-laying sack.

It has a triangular head with four eyes: two in front and one on each side: it looks a bit as if three Queen heads were merged into one. Even more bizarre is the fact that it has three long necks: a thick one in the middle and two auxiliary ones on each side with a narrow gap in-between, all converging towards the massive head. Its body resembles that of a Hound-Xenomorph but its joints have extra armor plates on top of each-other like those of a Samurai, giving him an extremely robust, threatening look.

SOL

Someone ordered a Cerberus?

REDD

Shit. Step it up guys! And try not to get that hideous-thing's attention!

SOL

You're right, I reckon it didn't spot us yet!

Indeed the large beast just sits there, none of its heads looking in the group's directions.

RINA

If it did it doesn't seem to be doing anything about it.

REDD

Just go! Go!

NEWT

What about Doyle?

RINA

Leave him! He's the one that woke them up!

NEWT

I'll cover the back.

REDD

You can't..

Newt doesn't want to hear it, there's no time to waste and turns angry to Redd:

NEWT

Move!

As they step quickly across the multitude of eggs the shrieks and movement increase but nothing they can see yet. Most creatures seem to still be unaware of their presence, or are preparing an ambush. But others aren't. As Doyle tries to make his way rushing as fast as he can to catch up with the group that moves further away from him by the moment, doing it in a clumsy and highly inefficient limp. Further ahead Newt is providing cover to the surviving group going up the stairs onto the catwalk. She looks back and notices Doyle in trouble and shouts.

NEWT

Hurry!

Doyle shouts back, still in pain and grabbing his leg, limping slowly.

DOYLE

I.. I can't!

Suddenly Newt's eyes open wide. Terrified she looks up at a shadow rising behind Doyle who doesn't even realize the danger.

NEWT

Doyle! Nine O'Clock!

Doyle looks to his left and freezes. All he sees at his height is what looks like a ship's anchor chain rising up at fast speed but he knows exactly what it belongs to: right next to him rising and waving slowly, like a Cobra coming out of her enchanter's basket, is a Sentinel. He doesn't dare stare right up just yet and wimps like a child:

DOYLE

Gah... ah..

Newt, too far to get to him and realizing Doyle is frozen with fear, shouts:

NEWT

Doyle get your ass down!

He doesn't react. She loses her patience and pulls out her rifle and aims at the creature. In desperation she shouts once more:

NEWT

Doyle get down NOW!

He is still frozen. She tries to get an aim at the target but it's too dark for a clean shot. Doyle could easily get hit by a shot, or the creatures deadly blood.

NEWT
 (to herself)
 Fuck!

Doyle stares up at the creature, now extending some five meters in height and slowing down its sleek ascent to a stop. His breathing has accelerated and is accompanied by a nervous but quiet whining. The Sentinel stares right back at him like a predator watching his prey's next move. He hasn't seen one of this variants so up close and neither has anyone else. Its body resembles a Human-Xenomorph's tail but much, much longer. At the tip, at shoulder height it has a two wide manta-like membranes. Its head resembles a mini-version of an Alien Queen's but on each side of it there are two large white spots imitating eyes: nature's cleverest trick to fool the unwise. From them a sort of white secretion leaks. Doyle can't stand it anymore. He knows there is no escape and throws a whine, his voice trembling:

DOYLE
 Nnn.. No.. It's not real..

The creature's white spots briefly inflate only to deflate quickly right after, expelling the white secretion straight onto Doyle's face. It's too fast for him to react and even before he gets the chance to cover his face with his hands he's covered in white, screaming loudly in excruciating pain.

DOYLE
 Aaaaah! Aaaaah..

He twitches and swings his body left and right while trying to wipe the burning substance from his eyes. The creature wastes no time and, along with an hiss, a familiar maw-in-tongue emerges from its mouth and at lightning speed lunges at him. Doyle's skull is lacerated in half by the strike and his body falls to the ground. Not too far Newt follows the horrific show take place. Something inside her makes her snap.

NEWT
 Nooo!

The creature turns towards her, observant. Newt starts shooting at the Sentinel and it swiftly crawls back into the ground and slips its way through the enormous amount of eggs. Newt doesn't care she missed and in a state of uncontrollable rage keeps shooting.

NEWT
 (shouting)
 No more!

Having lost aim of her target she grits her teeth and starts shooting randomly everywhere.

NEWT
 (to herself)
 No more..

She cocks a grenade in from her weapon and shoots. Then another. Above her Redd has noticed she has lost control and calls her in panic that she'll give all the other creatures the alarm:

REDD
 Newt! No, not yet! You'll alert
 all the others!

Newt ignores him, her mind focused on destroying everything around her.

NEWT
 (shouting)
 Eat that! How do you like it?

Her rage grows stronger:

NEWT
 'Da fuck out! Get da fuck outta
 my life!

Redd stands in the catwalk looking down at her, mad and with a reason: the racket is enough to alert all creatures in the area. From where he stands Redd can see the Queen screaming and hissing, but she does not detach herself from her womb, instead preferring to order her minions to attack the intruders to protect her eggs. Newt finally runs out of ammunition and drops her rifle, quickly making her way up the stairs to join the others. As she reaches the top Redd shouts at her.

REDD
 What the hell was that for?!

NEWT
 Where is the lift?

REDD
 Houser is fucking gone, he took
 the damn thing! He screwed us
 badly!

Newt looks at the cargo lift: it's essentially a steel platform under a wide, magnetic rail and two narrower stabilizing rails underneath. But to Newt's disappointment it's on its way up, about to reach the aperture in the tall roof of the warehouse. There is a wide, rectangular indentation on the floor of the catwalk-like platform: the docking area for the cargo-lift platform.

Newt turns to Rina who stands next to a console that controls the cargo lift:

NEWT

Can you get the lift back down?

RINA

I already have, three minutes to go.

SOL

We'll all be dead in less than that!

RINA

We have to wait for it to get to the top and only then it makes its way back down!

Redd spots a creature climbing the stairs that lead to the lower floor and shoots it but, like a group of attacking ants, several others quickly converge towards the easiest access to the catwalk platform. Cerberus included but he is too large to do anything about it.

REDD

Damnit! Guys, give me a hand!

NEWT

Blow it up!

REDD

What!?

NEWT

Blow the stairs up.

REDD

They can crawl up the walls.

NEWT

It will slow them down! Just blow the Goddamn thing up!

With no time to think and Xenomorphs closing in, Redd places their last charge at the edge of the metal stairs. Sol and Rina take position to clear any danger. One of the creatures reaches too close and they shoot it: then another, and another. Redd is done setting the charge and signals everyone to run away from the stairs.

REDD

C'mon! This way!

Two creatures make their way through the stairs but Redd presses the detonator button and they fly through the air, caught by the explosion. Losing no time Newt turns to Rina, her look waiting for an answer.

RINA

Just over two minutes..

She hasn't finished her sentence yet when they see several Hound-Xenomorphs climbing up the chains that connect the catwalk to the ground. Newt reacts quickly.

NEWT

Redd how many rounds?

He looks at his rifle's electronic display.

REDD

Thirty-seven. One grenade.

NEWT

Sol?

SOL

Twenty-two, almost out.

RINA

Me too. No 'nades either.

EXT. ROOF

The cargo lift reaches the roof top amidst heavy mist and strong winds. As Houser steps out of it he spots the shuttle at some distance the dense fog that covers the area. The roof seems very wide and spacious with just some air vents, radar towers and a satellite dish, but it's hard for him to see things clearly under such terrible weather conditions. He starts making his way towards the shuttle in constant struggle with the strong winds. He is getting closer, success is near. He shouts to motivates himself:

HOUSER

Come on, almost there!

He resumes walking but suddenly from the mist an unexpected guest appears: Ellen Ripley who sits on an Exo-Suit: this one resembling a crab, serving as an extension of herself with a set of four brand new legs, two on each side made of a black, shiny metal; Plus it's equipped with two mini-guns and four small missiles. She realizes he hasn't noticed her yet and decides to guide her wheel-chair towards him.

RIPLEY
(shouting)
You! Wait!

He finally takes notice of her, staring at her, dumbfounded by the bizarre contraption she sits on.

HOUSER
What.. who are you?

They shout at each-other to make themselves heard in the middle of the loud, whistling wind.

RIPLEY
Never mind introductions!

HOUSER
I..

He doesn't know what to say to her but suddenly comes up with a plan.

HOUSER
The others.. they are right
behind.. they need your help.

He points nervously towards the lift. Then quickly starts making his way back to the shuttle but one of the legs from the mechanical crab stomps the path right in front of him, blocking his way. He looks back at Ripley, scared.

RIPLEY
Why aren't they with you?

HOUSER
They.. hmmm.. they were shooting
those things. The shuttle..

He points towards it.

HOUSER
The shuttle.. I need to stop it..
we are running out of time.

She stands there for a second, staring at him with suspicion. Suddenly a giant, long shadow is cast over them for a split of a second only to disappear. It's like something has passed high above them too quickly for them to see. They both stare at the raving clouds of mist above but only Houser knows what it represents. In desperation he makes one last plea.

HOUSER
Please.. you have to believe me.

The large mechanical leg is lifted and the path is clear once more.

RIPLEY

I guess I have no choice.

He hastily resumes his journey, now walking faster than ever. She follows him with her eyes but soon something moves her attention away from him: in the distance a giant, long shape moves across two tall radar towers. She can't figure out what it is and the lack of visibility makes it look like it could well be some sort of thick cable that got loose and now swings in the wind - Even though in reality it looks like a living creature but something she never saw before.

RIPLEY

(thinking out loud)

What shape have you taken this time?

INT. ALIEN NEST

As the hundreds of creatures close in on the four remaining survivors a desperate, panicky look sets in their faces. Sol notices a creature creeping down along the large, magnetic upper-rail. He warns the others:

SOL

Over there!

Rina turns around and with one single shot manages to hit the Xenomorph but in the process an electrical cable that controlled the remote control of the lift is hit by the creature's acidic blood and the lift stops.

NEWT

Rina?

Rina desperately bashes some buttons on the console:

RINA

The remote is not responding, I can't do anything about it from here!

SOL

There must be a manual override!

RINA

Yeah, in the lift!

SOL

We're fucked!

With all of them distracted by the occurrence, two of the creatures jump from behind and attack Rina. They shoot both of them but the acid-for-blood spills all over her:

RINA

Fuck!

She falls down to the ground in pain, screaming. Another creature closes in but is quickly obliterated by Sol's rifle. Redd crouches to pick up Rina.

REDD

Come on! Get up, we gotta get out of here!

RINA

Go where? We lost our ride!

REDD

She's right! We're stuck here..

NEWT

There must be some way to --

As she speaks two Hound-Xenomorphs run towards them and promptly get shot. Newt's weapon is now empty though and she throws it away. Sol grabs a grenade and holds it in front of all of them.

SOL

This is it guys! I rather go like this than be taken by those things.

Redd nods and places his hand on top of the grenade too.

RINA

Do it!

But Newt refuses to accept such grim fate:

NEWT

(to herself)

No..

It's as if time slows down as she tries to figure a way out: There are creatures coming from every angle and she hears someone shouting in the middle of all the noise and confusion, a very familiar voice calling: but it can't be, there is no-one else around. She turns around and sees that the cargo lift is back in operation, slowly making it way down.

NEWT

How on Earth?

As she stares in disbelief the answer to whom manually set the lift back on track slowly unveils: bit by bit she is able to see first the tip of an Exo-Suit and then.. a face that brings hope back to her eyes: it's Ripley!

RIPLEY

Newt!

NEWT

Guys, wait!

They all turn around and see their savior. Sol and Redd start dragging Rina towards the cargo lift but it suddenly jams: Newt notices some sparks coming from one of the lower rails: a piece of debris is obstructing the rail, preventing the platform from descending. She taps Sol on the shoulder:

NEWT

Help me out, quick!

They rush to remove the large piece of twisted metal out of the way. Redd stays behind to help Rina.

REDD

Come on!

RINA

I can't.. just go.

REDD

Shut up, you're coming with us!

Newt and Sol clear the debris and the cargo lift resumes its journey. To them it feels like an eternity.

SOL

C'mon you piece of junk!

Redd drags Rina along the floor but the Xenomorphs, seeing the platform arrive, close in on them. Rina shoots three of the creatures from the ground but others speedily swarm in around both of them. Sol rushes back to give a hand and blasts a couple more but then he hears his gun click - It's empty. He throws it at a bunch of the creatures that grab and try to pull Rina with them but Redd doesn't let go of her. One of the Human-Xenomorphs reacts quickly and hits Redd with its tail so hard he goes flying, falling across the cargo lift's ducking area, unconscious and bleeding. Sol and Newt watch helplessly aware that shooting the creatures would kill Rina all the same. As she is dragged by the swarm, on a last desperate attempt she manages to pull her arms free and stretches her arms towards Sol.

RINA
I'll catch it!

Sol doesn't hesitate, grabs one of his grenades and does a superb throw, like that of a professional pitcher: the grenade falls right in her hands. Sol utters some words as his eyes glimmer with tears as Rina gives him a last look.

SOL
Great catch babe.

But there is no time to waste for Newt:

NEWT
She's gone - Let's go!

The cargo lift is about to duck with the catwalk but Ripley notices that Redd's legs are under the lift: they will get crushed under the weight. Hastily she jumps off the platform, the crab's feet landing loudly on the metallic platform and quickly, but carefully, picks up Redd and carries him in the Exo-Suit's arms: just in time since the lift finally ducks with the catwalk with a loud CLANG. Ripley then calls for them:

RIPLEY
Get in, hurry!

They rush to the platform and Ripley promptly activates the lift. As it makes its way up they observe the creatures swarming around Rina, like starving ants fighting for a piece of sugar. But soon, after a loud bang, they are all projected in the air with an explosion - Rina finally pulled the pin. Without them noticing a portion of the catwalk platform breaks off with the explosion: Cerberus promptly inspects what looks like a new path to climb up.

EXT. ROOF

The cargo lift reaches the roof top and the group quickly moves out towards the shuttle.

RIPLEY
The shuttle's this way.

They proceed to the shuttle, fighting the strong winds.

SOL
We did it! We beat them, we left those things behind!

Newt is skeptic:

NEWT

Way too easy.

SOL

What are you talking about? We almost died back there!

There is no sign of danger or any Xenomorph activity as they make their way through the raging wind. The thick layers of mist reduce their visibility to next to nil. Soon enough, as they move towards the shuttle, two giant shadows emerge from the side of the building. They don't go unnoticed:

SOL

We got company!

But their attention is quickly brought back to the center of the roof: A loud, metallic THUMP is heard.

NEWT

What the --

Another THUMP and this time they can see the metallic platform of the lift shaking violently.

RIPLEY

What in hell was that?

No-one has time to respond as, with a deafening thunder-like sound, the roof cracks open with small and large chunks of rubble flying through the air; The platform follows, thrown like a piece of plastic, pushed by an incredible force, rolling to its side and falling with deafening, metallic THUMP. A large cloud of smoke engulfs the whole area.

The group stands there, paralyzed, waiting for an answer for whom or what caused this. It's soon apparent as the smoke quickly dissipates: it's Cerberus who broke through the roof, pushing the industrial lift platform out his way. He is angry and this time he is ignoring no-one.

After shaking the dust of his back, he turns to face the remaining group of humans and, like a bull, scratches one of his front paws on the grounded to prepare to charge and then furiously lunges himself at the largest target: Ripley.

Sol is quick to react and fires at the giant beast hitting one of its shoulder armor-plates. But it won't make it stop: Ripley swiftly, just barely, manages to move her crab sideways to avoid being hit by the charge; The creature hits the wall at the edge of the building head-on, causing it to crack into pieces, throwing debris all over the place in a cloud of dust. He suffers mild damage with the shoulder armor-plate dropping off to the ground.

After shaking his head, he readily turns around and stares back at them preparing for another charge.

NEWT

That thing doesn't give up, does it?

SOL

I guess we'll have to peel it layer by layer.

It looks like it's an impossible mission: they have nowhere to go and the circle closes in on them, with the Sentinels sneaking swiftly from behind. Ripley stares at their foe and then she gently drops Redd on the floor.

RIPLEY

No time for that! Stand back guys, I have an idea!

Newt quickly retreats to a safer position behind Ripley's aim but Sol is slow to react: Ripley fires two of the crab's missiles directly onto the ground. It works: the roof collapses taking the giant beast down with it in a dramatic fashion due to its sheer size. But as the massive hole spreads outwards, Sol loses his ground and barely has the chance to hold on to the, clinging on to his life - Such a big drop to the ground is guaranteed certain death. Newt rushes to grab his wrist but the roof is brittle and Newt's spot shakes, ready to collapse under her as well. Ripley tries to approach but her crab is too heavy for the job.

RIPLEY

I can't get any closer!

With the distraction Ripley isn't aware of a Sentinel closing in from behind her: it quickly wraps itself around the mechanical crab. Ripley struggles with the controls to try get rid of the giant Sentinel.

CUT TO:

The ground starts giving in where Newt is crouching, Sol's grip holding tight. But he realizes it's hopeless:

SOL

Let me go!

NEWT

No!

SOL

(shouting)
We'll both die!

The ground shakes once more under Newt's knees - She knows it's about to give in. Sol opens his hand but, instead of letting him drop, Newt grabs him with both of her hands.

NEWT

I've already lost too many!

But as she shouts the floor finally gives in and she's forced to let Sol go.. he falls to his death with a scream but Newt is in a dire situation as well: the plaque she is crouching on quickly tilts and she slips down - She's done for, nothing she can do. But SUDDENLY a hand appears from nowhere and grabs her by the wrist, a face popping up against the turbulent skies: it's Redd who regained consciousness. With great determination he pulls her up.

CUT TO:

As the smoke dissipates a sight is unveiled to them: on the other side of the warehouse structure, opposite from the bridge that lead them here, they can see a massive spaceship wreck against the rocky coast of the small island. It looks like technology completely different from the planet's native species: the ship is made of an extremely dark, obsidian-looking metal; In contrast with all the angular, macabre shapes they saw made by this planet's civilization the craft has razor-sharp edges and seems to be composed of long metallic bars giving it a surreal look, something they have never seen before. One thing is certain: it looks completely out of place within the landscape. Ripley and Newt both move closer to the edge of the building, staring at the new discovery for a few seconds.

RIPLEY

So that's where they came from.
The same thing happened to them.
And like with us, curiosity lead
to their destruction.

They don't have much time to enjoy the view as more creatures start crawling in the distance up the roof. Redd is quick to awaken them from a sort of stasis after such a great ordeal.

REDD

We better get out of here.

Newt helps Redd walk to the shuttle, with Ripley moving in front and dismounting her mechanical toy to sit in the cockpit. The ship takes off just in time as some of the creatures reach the roof top but too late for them to see any action.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLASS-5 SPACE STATION - LEVANTA

In orbit, the space station stands tiny in contrast against the giant blue alien planet but the word LEVANTA can still be seen written in one of its sides. Even though small for an orbital station, Levanta looks gigantic as the shuttle slowly approaches, ready to dock.

INT. LEVANTA

The door opens and Newt comes through first, Ripley follows now back in her wheel chair, Redd behind still injured and limping but looking partially recovered.

The space station's installations are like nothing they have seen before: along the wide corridor a red carpet with a pattern covers the floor; The walls are vested with wood and along the halls there are paintings and small statuettes on luxurious stands. The whole place resembles more the interior of a mansion instead of the usual metallic structures they are used too see aboard space ships. There is classical music playing but it's interrupted suddenly, being replaced by a voice coming from the speakers announcing the presence of the new guests.

SYNTHETHIZED FEMALE VOICE

..override for shuttle
authorization code accepted.
Station bay five now ready for..

The group proceeds down the corridor when, in front of them, a door slides open into what looks like an office: again very finely decorated matching the sumptuous installations of the rest of the station. In the back of the room, sitting on a chair next to a desk is Houser, holding his stomach and looking very ill and uncomfortable. As they walk in RICHARD PRIOR appears in front of them with a smile ear-to-ear:

PRIOR

Gentlemen! So glad you could make it.

REDD

What do you know, it's our mysterious friend again.

Newt is aware of the fact but doesn't even acknowledge.

PRIOR

Let me introduce myself. My name is Richard Prior, CEO of the Outer-Colonies Administration offices.

She walks towards him and she doesn't look happy.

NEWT
Prior, you scumbag!

His cynical smile fades away.

PRIOR
Excuse me?

NEWT
Don't play dumb with me! You did
this.

She pushes him towards the wall.

PRIOR
Houser, get security right away!

Houser doesn't even bother making a move towards an intercom sitting on a desk. He limits himself to look at the group awaiting a reaction.

RIPLEY
Don't even think about it!

Houser looks at Prior with disdain and replies calmly.

HOUSER
I told you not to let them in.

Prior turns to Newt, changing strategy.

PRIOR
Please, let's discuss this in a
civilized manner. Let me explain
what happened --

She doesn't let him finish but keeps her cool:

NEWT
You deployed them there didn't
you? You thought after the
colonists sent a transmission you
would spread fear across Earth..
Then you blocked any further
transmission signals from the
research facility so they wouldn't
be able to tell anyone what was
going on there, so your precious
lab would be kept secret.

(MORE)

NEWT (CONT'D)

You would then present yourself and as the world's savior and you would be given unlimited power and resources to create an army to fight such an unimaginable threat.

HOUSER

That's close enough, except he wanted some of the specimen to continue the research. Instead he sent us there to our deaths.

PRIOR

You are still in charge of this operation, remember?

HOUSER

Give me some credit.. I went there because you told me to.

RIPLEY

Never mind who did what.. so OCA did take the report from Nostromo seriously?

HOUSER

We dug it up when the colonists found the eggs.

RIPLEY

And instead of warning them you sent more people in?

HOUSER

That's right. The marines were supposed to provide some degree of protection.

RIPLEY

I guess in the end they weren't enough. Sending a bunch of grunts without any information didn't do the trick.

Prior loses his temper and slams his hand on the desk.

PRIOR

This is ridiculous! How would these things travel over such a great distance and find the research facility? It's preposterous.

NEWT

That's what you were counting on, wasn't it Prior? But somehow they did break through.. and they blew your plans with it.

REDD

This asshole.. We're all guinea pigs to you, aren't we?

Prior doesn't raise his voice but replies with firmness:

PRIOR

You can't address me like that, I demand more respect.

Newt raises her rifle, ready to put an end to this.

NEWT

I think it's time to say goodbye.

PRIOR

You are insane! Do you have any idea who I am? I demand you lower that weapon at once.

Redd quickly stops her and whispers something to her ear.. She stares at him for a couple of seconds, then he winks at her.

REDD

It's what they deserve.

NEWT

Yeah.. too right.

Redd walks towards the intercom and rips the wire off.

PRIOR

I'm afraid I don't understand.

Houser who had been sitting quiet gets up, salivating from his mouth, still holding to his stomach and a look of pain on his face.

HOUSER

Look at me you fool! What do you think they mean?

Prior stares at him confused. The trio turns around and leaves the room. Prior shouts at them:

PRIOR
You're not locking us in here are
you?

Newt salutes them ironically.

NEWT
Affirmative!

She presses the button to close the door, a light next to it goes red. They proceed down the hall.

RIPLEY
Are you sure about this? We're
being to easy on them.

NEWT
Don't worry, they have a surprise
coming.

REDD
At least Prior does.

As they walk away they here a loud scream coming from Prior's office. Muffled in the distance it's still possible to make Prior's words:

PRIOR
No! Get away from me. Why didn't
you tell me? Nooo!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HEPHAESTUS

Newt and Ripley stand on the bridge of the OCSF carrier as the ship moves away from the planet where the odyssey took place. Redd is standing next to them, his arm and chest covered in band aids. They are all but silhouettes against the large window. Someone else joins them - it's Dietrich.

DIETRICH
Guys, time to get into the
hypersleep beds.

RIPLEY
Better do as she says. We've had
enough fighting nasty creatures
for one day.

They all laugh. Dietrich walks towards Redd.

DIETRICH

Come on you, let's take care of
the infirm first.

Dietrich and Redd leave the room. Still admiring the view,
Newt rests her head on her mother's shoulder and holds her
tight. She smiles sweetly at Ripley.

NEWT

Ready when you are.

They walk away, leaving the deck empty with the giant blue
planet slowly growing smaller in the distance.

THE END