

The guard house begins dropping -- and now the windows fill with the rising cell block. It's a staggering sight: We're in the middle of an immense cylinder, cells ringing the perimeter, inmates roaming like lost animals. Tier after tier rise past the windowed walls -- and it's all the same.

DOMINGO
Fuckin' Mother of God...

Finally the guard house stops. Security door opens. The block guard unchains the inmates -- then backs off. This is as far as he goes.

STYLES
Which cell?

BLOCK GUARD
Any one you can find.

35 INT. MIDDLE TIER - CELL BLOCK

The new inmates step onto a walkway. The door locks behind them. Kiryu peers down the foot-wide crack between walkway and guard house.

HER POV: The bottom of the cell block lost in shadow. How many more tiers can there be?

GRIMES
I think there's been a mistake.

VAN BRUNT
What, you're not really guilty?

GRIMES
Oh, I'm guilty. Just not this guilty.

The new inmates push ahead.

THEIR POV: An inmate brushing his teeth in a toilet. Graffiti-scarred walls. A gang of females rousting a male inmate. A jogger using the circular walkway for a lap track. At least three inmates per cell. No open bunks.

Two JOY BOYS in codpieces pass. They touch Domingo seductively. He bats their hands away. They laugh and blow kisses.

THEIR POV: Blacks in shower caps playing dominoes. Inmates with bio-electric tattoos. A narcotized guy trying to peel the walls. A man and woman pulling a stand-up fuck. Inmates watching baseball on a caged monitor.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...so far this year, the Yanks are 13 and 12, three of those victories big ones coming on the road against Tokyo, Nagoya, and Osaka. And Tuesday night's game with the Hitachi Indians looms as a pivotal one...

New inmates Stop. They've circled the entire tier and haven't found an open cell.

VOICE

No luck, huh?

They look. The voice belongs to BELLHOP, an ingratiating maggot of a man.

BELLHOP

Vacancies are hard to come by in this hotel.

STYLES

But I bet you know where some are.

BELLHOP

Several. Happy to take you there.
For two slags.

DOMINGO

Hey. Dickwipe. Fuck you, awright? I
just spent maybe twelve hours
cuttin' hot pipe, and for that they
pay me five coins. Now you want two?
Fuck you dead, man. From both ends.

But Styles flips Bellhop a coin.

STYLES

Show us.
(to Domingo)
My throw.

36 INT. STAIRCASES - CELL BLOCK

Zig-zagging, Bellhop leads the new inmates down through the
cell
block. They pass tier after tier.

BELLHOP

...little Wild Eye, Hash Mash,
smokes with six percent real tobacco
-- you just let me know. Watch this
step here, bit loose. Comin' up on
lockdown -- I strongly urge that you
not be caught outside your cell.
Right this way, not much further
now...

GRIMES

Much lower, man, we're gonna drop
out the ass-end of this thing.

37 INT. BOTTOM TIER - CELL BLOCK

They reach the bottom. This is it. Dungeon-level.

BELLHOP

And here we are. First Floor.

New inmates look around. Several cells are free.

DOMINGO

So what the shit's wrong with it?

BELLHOP

Pardon?

DOMINGO

How come rest of the place is full,
but this isn't? How come?

BELLHOP

Well, it's closer to the gravity
generators, so you're a couple
pounds heavier, little more
sluggish. And the light isn't what
it should be.

That's all. They inspect the cells. Bunks have springs.
Grimes kick-
starts a toilet. It actually flushes.

STYLES

(to Bellhop)

That's all, huh?

BELLHOP

They're nice rooms. Really. Can't do
better than these.

Styles flips him the second coin. Not wasting any time,
Bellhop heads
back to the stairs.

DOMINGO

Rats. Got big fuckin' rats down
here, doncha?

BELLHOP

(oddly)

Oh, no. You'll have no problems with
rats.

He's gone. Styles and Van Brunt settle into the first cell.
Grimes

takes the second, Domingo the third. Kiryu is left to
choose between

bunking with the rapist Grimes or killer Domingo. She
chooses Domingo.

GRIMES

Thanks, cunt.

38 INT. STYLES' CELL

Styles is taking a sink-bath, trying to wash away the
limestone and
the whole day. PIPES KNOCK, and the faucet sputters dry. He
wasn't
close to finishing.

39 INT. BOTTOM TIER - CELL BLOCK

Air-drying, Styles walks the tier with Van Brunt. Other
inmates here
seem to be the runts and whack-outs of the prison:

The HIKER, a paraplegic who walks only with the aid of a
motorized
backpack that "walks" his legs for him...

A man thin enough to be a human X-RAY...

The GASHER, a self-mutilating woman who notches her skin
with a
shank...

STYLES

Quite a neighborhood.

And the ABORIGINE, a dreadlocker who paints his cell wall
with
primitive drawings. The drawings seem to be of an animal.
But before
Styles can get a closer look...

BLOCK VOICE

Lockdown. 30 seconds to lockdown.

40 INT. CELL BLOCK

SELECTED SHOTS of inmates grabbing belongings and moving for stairs and cells.

BLOCK VOICE

Lockdown. 20 seconds to lockdown.

41 INT. STYLES' CELL

BLOCK VOICE

Lockdown. 10 seconds to lockdown.

Styles and Van Brunt crab-step inside just as the door closes. Around the cell block, we hear DOORS THUNDERING SHUT.

BLOCK VOICE

Lockdown complete.

42 INT. CELL BLOCK

A WHISTLE sounds. Entry doors open, and unleashed guard dogs stream into the block. Searching for loose inmates, the dogs race around the tiers...

...zig-zag down stairs...

...flood the lower tiers...

43 INT. GRIMES' CELL

...and appear here. One dog stops at Grimes' cell. It almost looks friendly.

GRIMES

Hey, dog.

It lunges, slamming into the bars and nearly taking out Grimes' throat.

GRIMES

Shit. Lassie get the fuck home, huh?
Get the hell outta here.

44 INT. CELL BLOCK

Circling like a glass carousel, the guard house rises,
pushed upward
by one massive steel piston. Soon it vanishes, embedded in
the
ceiling.

45 INT. CELL BLOCK

As all lights extinguish.

46 INT. DOMINGO'S CELL

Later. Domingo wakes. The bunk is rocking. "What the hell?"
Small
MOANS and GASPS from beneath him -- from Kiryu. Domingo
grins, taking
the sounds for autoerotic. Figuring he can be of
assistance, he eases
off his bunk.

And finds sharp metal thrust under his chin.

Kiryu holds a bed strut, worked free of the bunk. That's
what she
was doing.

DOMINGO

Just thought maybe you was --

KIRYU

I know what you were thinking. Now
get away before I bury this in your
worthless pygmy brain.

He backs off -- then snatches the shank away.

For a beat Domingo just stares, and the only question is
whether he'll
rape her before or after he cuts open her throat. But then
Domingo

eases back onto his bunk and lies down.

47 INT. STYLES' CELL

Glow-worms dot the ceiling like stars. One falls...

...and lands on Styles. He brushes it away and tries to get back to

sleep but can't: The night sounds of the prison -- SOBBING, FLUSHING

TOILETS, BARKING DOGS -- fill his ears. He rolls away from VIEW.

But a new SOUND rolls him back. This doesn't come from above like the

other sounds. This seems to come from...

The tier walkway. Empty. Quiet.

Styles is at the bars, looking out. Was it just the dog? Hearing

nothing now, he starts back to his bunk. But the SOUND returns.

STYLES' POV: Through the walkway grating, we see the machinery level

below, a jungle of conduit and hydraulics. It's from there that the

SLIDING-CLAWING sound comes.

Styles tracks the sound with his eyes. It passes under the walkway...

moves toward his cell...and stops dead under his feet. Now something

SCRATCHES, as if trying to penetrate the solid floor. For a small

eternity, Styles doesn't move. Then the sound SLIDE-CLAWS away.

Breathing again, Styles looks out the bars to see...

Someone watching him from another cell. It's the X-Ray man.

48 EXT. SPACE STATION - DAWN

Sunrise.

49 INT. SOLITARY WARD

A single-cell door is opened. From inside the dark room, a lonely white face looks out.

50 INT. GAS CHAMBER

Guards shove Ivory into a primitive throne-like chair. Pull straps.

Cinch buckles. Through a window Ivory can see...

The faces of the witnesses.

51 INT. CELL BLOCK

A pitiless light floods the block. It's met with a CHORUS OF GROANS.

52 INT. GRIMES' CELL

GRIMES

(waking thickly)

Ten minutes. They turned off the lights ten minutes ago...

53 INT. STYLES' CELL

Styles and Van Brunt rise.

VAN BRUNT

Stiff every place but where it counts.

54 INT. DOMINGO'S CELL

Kiryu dresses. Domingo stays in his bunk.

DOMINGO

Fuck them. I ain't goin' back to that psycho shitpile. What're they gonna do? Not pay me? Huh? Fuck 'em. Fuck 'em dead.

A caged monitor flickers to life. On the screen we see Ivory, strapped

down in the chair.

55 INT. CELL BLOCK

As the image appears on screens everywhere.

56 INT. STYLES' CELL

As Styles moves closer to a monitor, recognizing the man.

57 INT. GAS CHAMBER

As a black hood is dragged over Ivory's head.

58 INT. OUTSIDE GAS CHAMBER

As guards double-check machinery.

59 INT. CELL BLOCK

As the entire block grows quiet, watching.

60 INT. SECURITY CORRIDOR

The female WARDEN appears with captain of the guards,
striding quickly
toward the chamber. She pushes through a door...

61 INT. WITNESS ROOM

...and takes her place at the viewing glass. She barely
glances at the
hooded inmate before nodding approval O.S. We get the
feeling she's
done this before.

62 INT. OUTSIDE GAS CHAMBER

Where a lever is pulled.

63 INT. GAS CHAMBER

CLOSE on a bag of crystals dropping into an acid bath
beneath the
chair. Gas roils upward...

Enveloping Ivory. We know what's happening under the hood:
He's holding his breath. Squirming. Working the good air up and
down his throat, trying to make it last.

64 INT. WITNESS ROOM

As the warden drums her fingers.

65 INT. CELL BLOCK

As the new inmates watch.

66 INT. GAS CHAMBER

Finally Ivory inhales. Screams as the gas burns his throat.
Goes into hypoxic spasms. And dies quickly but badly.

67 INT. DOMINGO'S CELL

Domingo stares open-mouthed as the monitor flickers out.
SCATTERED
APPLAUSE from some sick fucks around the block. From the
next cell:

GRIMES

Uh, just out of curiosity, Domingo
...how many appeals you got left?

Domingo jumps off the bunk, grabs his pants.

DOMINGO

What're we doin'? Let's go, let's
go. Hey, open these fuckin' doors,
huh? Let's get busy.

68 INT. BUNKER

CLOSE on Ivory's hooded head, unmoving and lifeless.
Suddenly he draws a jagged breath.

He rips off the hood. Though his mind is still dying in the
gas

chamber, his body, he now discovers, is somewhere else.

"Where's the window? The faces?"

He finds himself in a chair -- this one without straps.
He's inside
what appears to be a small outpost bunker. No windows.
Inactive
monitors. Pre-form construction.

"I'm dead, I'm dead, I gotta be dead..."

He stands experimentally. Moves. Runs a hand over
equipment. A monitor
activates. It shows an external view: The outside terrain
is rocky and
windswept.

"What planet is this? And how the hell did I get here?"

He finds cots for other personnel -- but there are no
others. Just
him.

Movement on the monitor. Did he just imagine it? He stares
until it
happens again: Something slides past the exterior camera,
momentarily
filling the frame with darkness. Skeletal darkness.

A SCRATCHING SOUND turns Ivory. He tracks the sound to a
seam in the
wall panels. He touches the spot -- and can feel the thing
outside,
the thing barely an inch away, the thing that explores the
seam with
him.

WHUMP. Ivory stumble-steps back. WHUMP. The seam cracks.
WHUMP.
Ivory looks around for a weapon, shield, anything. WHUMP.
The Alien
is inside.

Now we see the bunker from the outside -- and see the backdrops, the wind machines, the halt-environment. It's all fake. All but the SCREAMING.

70 INT. CONTROL ROOM - P-4 LAB

CLOSE on a monitor. We're watching images from a hidden camera -- jumpy, hard-to-track images of Ivory's death. By whipping tail. By rending arms. By striking jaws. Just who watches these images and where they're being seen -- none of it matters yet. All we know is that this one prisoner has now died twice.

71 EXT. SPACE STATION - DAY

As a steel ingot is blasted toward Earth.

72 INT. FOUNDRY

Feeding time: The new inmates file past a portable mess station, taking food. A thick, nutrient-stuffed sausage is plopped down on Grimes' plate.

GRIMES

Now we know why the crappers weren't clogged up.

DOMINGO

I gotta question. When we die, do we come right back here?

KIRYU

We're already dead. Just don't know it yet.

VAN BRUNT

She walks, she talks.

GRIMES

But will she do our cocks?

DOMINGO

Hey, toadshit. You gotta say the first thing that comes to your mouth?

Leaving them behind, Styles looks for a place to sit. He spots...

X-Ray. The man sits alone on the floor, sipping water. There's a tray of food beside him. Untouched.

STYLES

So how'd you sleep last night?

X-RAY

Same as every night.

STYLES

Lousy? Or not at all?

No reaction. Styles sits.

STYLES

Heard some craziness last night. You hear any craziness?

X-RAY

You're strong. You should move up. I tried, once, but they hit me and made me go back to the bottom.

(indicating tray)

You want it?

STYLES

Looks like you need it more.

X-RAY

Water. That's all for me. Water's the only way.

STYLES

You don't eat? At all?...

X-RAY

Can't. I can but I can't.

STYLES

You'll starve if you don't eat. Do you know this?

X-RAY

But I'll die if I do.

KLAXON HORN recall prisoners. With doubts about X-Ray's sanity, Styles tries one more time.

STYLES

What're you saying? Something's wrong with the food?

X-RAY

(conspiratorially)

It won't take me. Next time it comes, won't want me. Too thin. It'll take someone else.

Styles ponders it. Until he gets kicked in the back.

DAGGS

Feedin' time's over.

73 EXT. SPACE STATION - DAY

A company mining ship is docked at the central spire, off-loading cargo.

74 INT. FOUNDRY

Docking officers patrol a platform near the top of the foundry. The mining ship is visible through a viewport. Personnel move in and out via an airlock. Beneath the platform, raw ore spills down chutes...

...drops through SUB-CRUSHERS...

...then gets hauled across conveyored ore-bridges to be
dumped into
stockpiles.

Styles is among the prisoners who work the bridges,
shoveling spilled
rock off the catwalks and back onto conveyors. The ore
seems endless,
and more and more of it falls onto the prisoners' feet. It
aggravates
Styles but he figures someone will slow it down.

No one does. Soon the ore is spilling off the catwalks and
hailing
down on the main floor. Workers take cover.

At the end of the bridge, ore swamps the catwalk. It forms
a moving
rampart that pushes one frantic worker off the edge...

...and into the stockpile. SHOUTED VOICES. In moments he'll
be buried
alive.

Fed up with the madness, Styles rears back and buries his
shovel deep
into the conveyor system.

Bridges stop. Crushers die. Chutes go empty.

CLOSEUPS of guards turning to look.

Though he only meant to stop the one bridge, Styles has
managed to
shut down the entire off-load. The foundry is quieter than
we thought
possible. Suddenly someone is marching toward Styles. It's
a guard, a
MASTODON of a man. The catwalk rocks under his weight.

STYLES

Too much ore...it was coming too
fast...had to do something before --

Hands grab him by the head and jerk him off his feet.

MASTODON

No one. Hear me? No one shuts down
the foundry.

He slams Styles back -- right into a stanchion bracket.
Styles just
hangs there, impaled, graying out into unconsciousness.

75 INT. TELESURGERY BERTH - INFIRMARY

CLOSE on a surgical instrument, plunking into a pan of
disinfectant
and spreading blood. VIEW MOVES past a tray of fresh
instruments...
surgical draping...to equipment that monitors vital signs.

SURGEON'S VOICE

Lung's holding air.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Muscle reweave looks good, too.

Bio-readouts change.

WOMAN'S VOICE

He's coming around. You want more
NumbOut?

SURGEON'S VOICE

That's okay. Almost done here.

The patient is Styles, blinking awake. His mind gathers
speed.

STYLES

How bad?

SURGEON'S VOICE

Hmm? Oh, we've seen a lot worse.
Aren't feeling this, are you?

STYLES

Huh-uh. Not a thing. Must be doin' a
pretty good job of...

Styles lifts his head to look at the surgeon -- and sees twin robotic arms. They're doing the surgery. He lurches up. Human hands shove him down.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Try that again, and we'll start all over -- without the anesthetic.

Now we see the ITV (interactive television) system. One screen shows the Earth-based surgeon, who wears a camera-helmet and electronic gloves. His surgical moves are being mimicked here by the robotic arms.

STYLES

Oh, for shit's sake...

On the ITV screen, we see the surgeon picking up closure clamps...

And then we see the robotic hands using identical clamps to close the incision.

SURGEON

Closed...

On the ITV screen, the surgeon selects an aerosol canister...

And then the robot sprays the surgical site with quick-dry fluid.

Clamps are removed. The incision holds perfectly.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

...and sutured.

The surgeon ungloves. The robotic arms go limp.

SURGEON

Gotta run, Packard -- they're waiting for me on the front nine.

Credit my account?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Done.

The woman's voice belongs to PACKARD. She strips away surgical draping, tosses Styles fresh coveralls, scribbles on a clipboard.

Styles doesn't move.

PACKARD

We don't give lollipops.

STYLES

Maybe I should just lie here. Couple hours.

PACKARD

Isn't necessary. That aerosol skin holds better than scar tissue.

(over shoulder)

Guard?

STYLES

Hey, doc. Feel like I been chewed up by a wolf and shit over a cliff, okay? Little slack might be in order.

PACKARD

One: I'm a diagnostic physiologist, not a "doc." We don't have "docs" here. They wouldn't be caught dead in a place like this even if the money was decent, which it isn't.

Two: I can't afford the time or space.

She throws back curtains to reveal the infirmary. Daggs can be seen

bird-dogging one of the female med-techs.

PACKARD

Guard? Got a throw-back. Writing it up now.

DAGGS
(staying put)
Comin'.

Packard leaves FRAME. HOLD on Styles easing to his feet and dressing, using the time to check out the infirmary. It's cramped and crowded, the med-techs over-worked and underpaid. But to Styles, it looks like Nirvana.

Now he assesses Packard, spotting her inside a glass office. Not as old as he first thought. Not as tough as she thinks. And not at all hard on the eyes.

76 INT. PACKARD'S OFFICE - INFIRMARY

Packard sorts through a blizzard of paper-work, searching for...

PACKARD
Transfer forms...

STYLES
Mean these?

He's in the office, holding the forms. Packard gives him a wary look, then accepts the forms without comment. Now she pats around for a pen. Styles finds one behind her ear. Another look. Going with the charming-bastard approach:

STYLES
I know what you're thinking. "How did I ever get along without this guy?"

PACKARD
Try again.

STYLES

"This guy could be a big help around here. I should get him reassigned."

PACKARD

What's the scam here? Just tell me up front, and we'll both save time.

STYLES

No scam. Just occurred to me out there that you could use another grunt and I could use another job.

PACKARD

We used to use prisoners. They stole everything but the ceiling.

STYLES

Gimme a throw. I'm a handy guy.

PACKARD

That's the problem.

Daggs enters. He gives Styles a world-class scowl.

DAGGS

She tell you to come in here?

STYLES

(to Packard)

Last chance to dance.

Packard gives him a final appraisal. Then to Daggs:

PACKARD

Get this asshole out of here.

77 INT. INFIRMARY

Leg-irons clamp around ankles. TILT UP as Daggs, finished chaining

Styles, pulls him toward the door. A CRASH turns them back.

MED-TECH #1 dropped a rack of vials. He starts to clean up the mess,

but someone lifts him to his feet. Packard.

MED-TECH #1
Sorry. Just slipped.

She checks his eyes. His pupils look like olives.

PACKARD
You're gone.

MED-TECH #1
Whaddya mean?

PACKARD
Transferred. Hydroponics, custodial,
anywhere but here.

Daggs heads for the door. It's not their problem.

MED-TECH #1
Hey, look, it was just an accident,
okay. Coulda happened to --

PACKARD
You're glassed out. You been in the
drugs. Christ, I don't believe you
people. You're no better than the...
(a new thought)
Guard.

Daggs turns.

PACKARD
Unhook him. I'll put him to work
here.

DAGGS
Who? Him?

He swaps looks with Styles. They're equally surprised.

DAGGS
Don't think the captain's gonna go
for it. This guy's --

PACKARD
I'll square it with the captain. You

just unhook him.
(to med-tech)
At least I know I can't trust the
prisoners.

She moves to Styles.

PACKARD
All right, you want a new job? You
got one.

78 INT. INFIRMARY

At a work-station, Styles is doing a biopsy on a dark pasty
substance.

He views it under a magnifier.

STYLES' POV: of a wormlike parasite.

On a chart, Styles checks "positive" under the heading
"Kennel B, Dog
#12." With a resigned sigh, he disposes of the first stool
sample and
unwraps another.

MED-TECH #2 (O.S.)
Hey, hey, lookit here...

Styles turns. Med-tech #2 is at a monitor, which shows an
external
view of the station. A ship is at the docking port.

MED-TECH #2
Water tanker's in.

MED-TECH #3
'Bout time.

REED (O.S.)
Showers on me, bartender. All the
way around.

Carrying a sealed package, REED enters. He's young,
bookishly
handsome, fancies himself a cocksmith.

PACKARD
(eyeing package)
For me?

REED
Hand-delivered, please note.

Packard opens the package. Medicine.

REED
Pullin' a late one tonight?

PACKARD
Out of here as soon as I inventory
this stuff.

REED
Why not stop by? You can fix us
dinner.

PACKARD
Try Hockmeyer. She's young and
easily impressed. Might even know
how to cook.

REED
Tellin' me you don't know the way to
a man's heart, Packard?

PACKARD
Through his veins, last I looked.

She inventories. Reed wanders the infirmary, checking
things out. He
comes to a stop behind Styles.

REED
Are you doing what I think you're
doing?

PACKARD
Ten grams of Indapamide? I ordered
fifty. And where's my Cloxacillin?

REED
Had a problem with the fermentation

tanks.

PACKARD

Tell me something, Reed. Why is it, if we have an on-site pharmaceutical lab, that I have to beg for medicine? I mean, just out of idle curiosity.

REED

(to Styles)

Least she's beggin' for something.

He slaps Styles on the back -- right on the surgical site.

REED

Make it up to you next week, Packard. One way or another.

He leaves. Packard shakes her head.

PACKARD

This place...

79 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE P-4 LAB

Back in chains, Styles is being transported by Daggs. Packard walks in the same direction, scanning paperwork.

STYLES

So how'd you wind up with this job? If you're not a doctor?

PACKARD

I applied for sewer superintendent, but all the openings were taken.

(tired of reading)

How's the back?

STYLES

Okay. 'Til whats-his-nuts showed up.

PACKARD

Reed?

STYLES
Friend of yours?

PACKARD
Biochemist. Brilliant guy, really.
Just kind of a sleaze.
(nodding ahead)
Works in the P-4 lab.

They near the lab. A P-4 technician appears, placing a hand on a wall-mounted scanner. The door opens. It's the thickness of a bank vault.

STYLES
Serious door.

Passing, Styles slows to get a look inside. Daggs jerks him away like a dog on a leash.

80 INT. EQUAVATOR STOP - CORRIDOR

PACKARD
I'll file the paperwork. You might not get paid for the first few days. But eventually.

An equavator arrives. Packard steps aboard. The caged car begins drawing away.

STYLES
Hey. Thanks.

She looks back but doesn't answer. In a moment the car is gone.

STYLES
So. Think she likes me?

DAGGS
She wouldn't piss on the best part of you.

81 INT. CELL BLOCK

In lockdown lighting.

82 INT. ABORIGINE'S CELL

The Aborigine paints his wall in the dark.

83 INT. X-RAY'S CELL

X-Ray finishes a cup of water.

84 INT. HIKER'S CELL

The Hiker removes his motorized backpack for the night.

85 INT. DOMINGO'S CELL

Domingo climbs onto the upper bunk. He tosses a moment, thinking about the woman below him.

DOMINGO

Hey.

No answer. Domingo leans over the side.

DOMINGO

Hey.

Kiryu looks up.

DOMINGO

Good night.

She gives him a look. "That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard a human being say." Domingo gives up and lies back down. A long beat, and then:

KIRYU

(begrudgingly)

'Night.

86 INT. BOTTOM TIER

The tier dog lies on the walkway, resting but not asleep.
Soon its
head lifts, hearing something. It's a faint SCRAPING-
CLAWING.

Beneath the walkway grating lies the jungle of conduit.
Like a living
shadow, something down there moves.

Hackles rising, the dog turns and skulks up the stairs. It
wants no
part of this.

87 INT. HIKER'S CELL

Hiker wakes suddenly -- and doesn't know why. He rolls over
to see...

A hole in the cell floor. Pried open at a seam.

Silently, Hiker detaches a metal rod from his backpack. Now
he finds a
mirror and leans out of the bunk to angle the mirror over
the hole. He
sees...

Inside the hole. There's only blackness.

Hiker slithers off the lower bunk and drags himself closer.

88 INT. MACHINERY LEVEL

The VIEW PEERS UP through the hole as Hiker peers down. And
only now
do we see the thing behind him -- the dark coiled mass that
clings
spiderlike to a ceiling corner.

89 INT. HIKER'S CELL

A tail whips through the air, noosing around his neck.
Hiker gurgles
a scream as the tail rears him back...

And body-slams him into the ceiling.

90 INT. X-RAY'S CELL

Fluids spatter X-Ray's face. He wakes to see in the next cell...

91 INT. HIKER'S CELL

Hiker's body splashing against the ceiling.

92 INT. STYLES' CELL

A CRY. Styles is on his feet, moving to the bars, looking out. Can't see much in the dark. Just movement. Fast, horrid, lethal.

93 INT. CELL BLOCK

In QUICK PUMMELING SHOTS:

X-Ray screaming.

The Rogue Alien turning. Spotting a new target.

X-Ray realizing he's next.

Hiker being dropped to floor. Boneless.

Rogue Alien smashing into side bars. Over and over. Trying to get at X-Ray.

Inmates calling for help. Others waking.

Steel piston moving. Guard house dropping. Spotlights sweeping tiers.

Rogue sizing up bars. Then making an OMINOUS CLATTERING SOUND as its exoskeleton begins moving, plates unhinging, shifting, collapsing.

Rogue reshaping itself -- then, impossibly, passing through the bars.

X-Ray falling silent. Stunned.

The Rogue snapping back into shape, rehinging in one tremendous body-flex. And now attacking.

Blood dancing on air.

Rogue attacking.

Entrails spilling.

Attacking. Attacking. Attacking.

94 INT. BOTTOM TIER - CELL BLOCK

The guard house finally bottoms out. Spotlights find...

STYLES

Over there! Other side, other side!

Lights whirl around the tier. The cells there are red. And empty. And quietly dripping.

95 INT. MACHINERY LEVEL

Flashlight beams probe machinery. SHOTS of huge gears. Pistons.

Conduit. And the first sign of blood.

Guards with dogs track the blood through the machinery level, the bowels of the station. The trail leads to...

A utility shaft. In better light, we see the faces of these Special

Service guards, a.k.a. the Shit Squad. It's a ragged but tough-ass

crew of men and women who will do just about anything for time-and-a-half.

Their BOSS looks down the shaft. It narrows and turns, hiding its other end.

BOSS

Right Nut. Get a reading.

RIGHT NUT shoulders to the front, aims an Echo Location Gun (E.L.G.) down the shaft and pulls the trigger.

96 INT. UTILITY SHAFT

Small sonic grenades DETONATE, blinding us.

97 INT. MACHINERY LEVEL

RIGHT NUT
(reading display)
Clear, Boss.

Guards trade glances. Does that mean it got away? Or does that mean they have to go down there?

BOSS
Let's get a deeper reading.

98 INT. UTILITY SHAFT

Right Nut climbs down -- and one look at his face tells us he hates this gig. He reaches the twist where the shaft becomes a tunnel. Beams his light. Sees nothing. Crawls ahead to reach...

A juncture. Here the tunnel splits into two passages. Right Nut points the E.L.G. down a passage and FIRES.

CLOSE on the gun's display-screen. We can "see" the sonic grenades detonate. They show clear tunnel.

Right Nut turns and FIRES down the other passage.

A bogey registers. It's far ahead and moving away. But it's there.

RIGHT NUT
Shit.

He deliberates -- then makes the wisest decision of his young life.

99 INT. MACHINERY LEVEL

RIGHT NUT

Clear, Boss. Nothing down there.

Other guards help him out of the shaft.

BOSS

Awright, someone get a torch. Seal this thing up tight as a 12-year-old. Left Nut, pick a dog and kill it. Then drag it around the cell block so they all see.

Guards deploy. Boss turns back to Right Nut -- and his face wonders if the tunnel really was clear.

100 EXT. SPACE STATION - DAY

In hard morning light.

101 INT. BOTTOM TIER - CELL BLOCK

BLOCK VOICE

Doors opening. Stand clear. Doors opening.

Throughout the block, cell DOORS CLATTER open. The new inmates shuffle out, glancing furtively at the two cells now curtained off with tarps. Sounds of RECONSTRUCTION.

Inmates move for the stairwells. Styles slows as he passes the Aborigine's cell -- and looks at what he tried to see the night before.

STYLES' POV: The cave drawings. Stylized and crude. But the beast

portrayed is, to Styles' eyes, alien. To our eyes, it is
unmistakably
Alien.

STYLES
Some bad craziness here...

102 INT. CORRIDOR

Chained together, lines of inmates are being herded off to
work. Daggs
falls in step beside Styles.

STYLES
So what is it?

DAGGS
What's that?

Just a look trom Styles.

DAGGS
Heard it was a rabid dog. Got loose
of the kennel and was living under
the cell block.

STYLES
A dog? That comes through the floor?
That sound right to you, Daggs?

DAGGS
Only know what I hear.

STYLES
But do you believe what you hear?

DAGGS
I believe it's time to shit-can all
these questions.

103 INT. INFIRMARY

Styles at his work-station. Instead of stool samples, he's
checking
paperwork. He turns upon hearing...

PACKARD (O.S.)
(to med-tech)
...hook up the Doppler probe to his
pulse points. Oh, and rehydrate some
blood. Four units.

Packard strides in, attending a patient on a gurney. The
patient goes
to the telesurgery berth. Packard goes to the terminal in
her office.

104 INT. PACKARD'S OFFICE - INFIRMARY

STYLES
(entering)
Been checking these records, these
kennel histories. There's not one
reference to --

PACKARD
Away, Styles.

STYLES
I'm talking about last night.

PACKARD
I don't know about last night.

STYLES
You didn't hear?

PACKARD
What'd I just say?

STYLES
Two inmates died. In the cell block.

NURSE
Doctor's office.

A downworld NURSE has appeared on the terminal screen.

PACKARD
Packard here, resident D.P. up on
Moloch. I have a patient, multiple
perforations from a stitch rifle,

extensive arterial damage, now being prepped for telesurgery.

NURSE

I'm sorry, but Dr. Gibson gave me strict instructions not to --

PACKARD

I'm not listening. She's the vascular surgeon on call, so find her and have her on-line in 15 minutes.

Disconnect.

PACKARD

Take it back. Did hear. Something about a rabid dog.

STYLES

What about the bodies?

PACKARD

What about 'em?

STYLES

Have you seen them?

PACKARD

Why would I? Said they were dead, didn't you?

STYLES

Just thought...

PACKARD

(annoyed)

This isn't a hospital, Styles. It's a repair shop. Replace a valve, patch a leak, check the levels and get 'em back on-line. If they're dead, that's that. They get shipped downworld somewhere.

STYLES

(showing records)

Look. Not one case of rabies in three years. How's a dog gonna get it? It's contagious, isn't it? From bites? So how's one dog gonna get rabies if none of the others have it?

PACKARD
Probably from an inmate.

105 INT. INFIRMARY

She exits the office and moves for telesurgery. Styles stays with her.

STYLES
What is it? You afraid to find out?
Or you just don't care?

PACKARD
Nobody is here because they "care."
We're all trying to qualify for a stress-disability pension and get 40 percent base-salary for life. Him, her, me, all of us. Get it?

STYLES
(loaded)
Yeah. Guess I do.

PACKARD
It's a Company world, Styles. And I'm just one citizen.

106 EXT. SPACE STATION - DAY

Buoys flash yellow. Soon the drone ship appears -- a sleek surface-to-orbit limousine with stubbed wings and needled nose. It shows the corporate logo of Weylan-Yutani.

107 INT. UPPER-LEVEL CORRIDOR

STATION VOICE

Company drone ship docking...

The captain of the guards is striding quickly for the docking port.

STATION VOICE
Drone ship docked.

CAPTAIN
Shit.

He breaks into a trot.

108 INT. DOCKING PORT

Twin airlocks here, a large one for cargo, a smaller one for personnel. The captain enters just as the latter is FLOODING WITH AIR.

A door lifts open to reveal...

One man. Amerasian. Flawless business attire. Black-hole eyes that absorb everything and reflect nothing.

CAPTAIN
Mr. Lone. Warden's in conference, otherwise she would've been down here to meet you personally, but she asked me to make sure you get...

LONE brushes past the captain...

109 INT. UPPER-LEVEL CORRIDOR

...and strikes off on his own. The captain catches up. Nearing a junction, he tries to steer Lone to the right.

CAPTAIN
Quarters this way, Mr. Lone. I know how confusing this place can be.

But Lone, knowing precisely where he is, steps aboard an equavator and

departs to the left. The captain SWEARS and hits an intercom.

CAPTAIN

Made a course-correction on us. He's inbound on Level Ten.

WARDEN (V.O.)

The P-4 lab?

CAPTAIN

Where else?

110 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE P-4 LAB

CLOSE on Lone's hand, held flat to the doorside scanner. PULL BACK as the vault-like door opens to admit him.

111 INT. REED'S OFFICE - P-4 LAB

Reed is at his desk, feet up, gene-schematics laid over his face. An assistant, MOHL, enters nervously.

MOHL

Uh, Mr. Reed...

REED

Don't bother me. I'm having a sexual fantasy.

MOHL

It's him. Mr. Lone. He's here.

Reed springs to his feet.

112 INT. CONTROL ROOM - P-4 LAB

CLOSE on a monitor. We're watching a video replay, "BREACH TEST 12/C."

The video has been heavily processed with reference markers, time-frame counters, overlay graphs. But beneath all that lurks an Alien.

It's outside the mock-up bunker, looking for a way in.

REED (O.S.)
Here. 1:37. It finds the seam.

VIDEO VIEW of the Alien clawing at the chink between the bunker's pre-form panels.

REED (O.S.)
It knows that's the weak point.

VIDEO VIEW of the Alien lunging, ramming the spot.

REED (O.S.)
And now it's making its breach.

VIDEO VIEW cuts to the bunker interior. The Alien is breaking through to attack Ivory. Just when we think we'll have to see it all over again, the monitor dies.

REED
Inside at 2:06 -- 29 seconds to breach standard, non-pressurized walling. Efficient but crude. It's not my favorite monoclone.

Nodding agreement, Lone turns to a ceiling-tall chamber, a room within this room. It's paneled with dark windows.

MR. LONE
On the other hand...

REED
We have this. Mohl?

Mohl lowers the room lights and raises the chamber lamps. And now we see it:

A synthetic womb floats in a cradle of zero-gravity, fed by umbilicus.

It gives us the creeps just looking at it, but not Lone. He moves

closer. Translucent areas of the womb form glazed windows.
Lone
squints, trying to see through. Suddenly the womb spasms.

REED

Just a reaction to the light. We're
trying to slowly brighten its
environment to minimize birth-
trauma, but...

The womb jerks again.

REED

But it really prefers the dark.
(to Mohl)
Photoacoustic.

Mohl brings the chamber lamps down, then activates the
photoacoustic
equipment.

REED

(tapping monitor)

Here.

The screen shows a false-colored image of the thing within
the womb.

Coiled, knotty-spined, long-headed, we recognize it as
Alien. Or
something akin.

REED

Kind of pretty, hmm?

Clearly, Lone agrees: He taps playfully on the glass of the
monitor,

reminding us of a father at the window or a nursery.

Seemingly in

response, the colorful life-thing twitches.

MR. LONE

How much longer?

The door opens for the captain and warden. Lone ignores
them a moment.

REED

We're tracking cell-sloughage, and if there's any correlation between this one and earlier copies...

He looks to Mohl, the human notebook.

MOHL

220 hours of gestation.

REED

Roughly eight days.

MR. LONE

(now including warden)

And the next scheduled execution?

WARDEN

19 days.

MR. LONE

So other than a scheduling problem, we have no snags?

Nervous eye-flicks between the warden, captain, Reed. "Does he know?"

WARDEN

If Reed says we're on schedule, then I'd have to agree.

MR. LONE

What of our dog? Our rabid one?

Headaches all the way around. "He knows."

WARDEN

We're, uh, taking care of that situation.

MR. LONE

It's dead, then?

REED

If it's not yet, it will be soon -- all monoclonal are short-lived to

make sure they're sterile. Suicide gene kicks in after 30 days. Roughly.

CAPTAIN

In the meantime, it seems to be localized to the cell block. Which, obviously, is segregated from the rest of the station.

MR. LONE

If it is, how did it get there? And if it did, what's to prevent it from finding its way back?

Good questions. No answers.

MR. LONE

I don't think it's in the company's interest to engage in further denial. We have a decontaminated biohazard. Let's deal with it quickly and smartly...

(to Reed)

Before we all wind up "roughly" dead.

113 INT. CORRIDOR - ADMINISTRATION LEVEL

On the move:

CAPTAIN

I'll be down in Special Services. See what Boss can come up with.

Captain splits off. Lone and the warden reach an office, and the warden hand-scans the door open. Lone enters first...

114 INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

...and moves behind the desk. It bugs the warden.

MR. LONE

Desk, departure time for next deep-space transport out of Gateway.

DESK VOICE
22:50 tonight.

MR. LONE
Desk, reserve passage for one.

WARDEN
(thinly veiled)
You're not staying? I was hoping
that you could.

MR. LONE
I can and am. The reservation is
yours.

WARDEN
(realizing)
You can't fire me. I'm on a
perpetual contract.

MR. LONE
True. But you can be reassigned in
cases of gross incompetence. And I
think you've qualified splendidly.

WARDEN
Because some lab worker flushed
something down a drain? Let
something slip out under the door?
For that I'm responsible?

MR. LONE
No. For trying to keep it from me.
(scanning terminal)
I see here there's a position on New
Arcticus that requires an employee
of your standing...

WARDEN
Arcticus? That's twenty months in
hypersleep.

He fixes her with those shark-black eyes.

MR. LONE

But only ten one way.

The warden understands. Understands that Lone doesn't have to make this a round-trip ticket.

115 INT. PACKARD'S CABIN

The room is spartan, not so much furnished as equipped. Few personal knick-knacks. VIEW FINDS Packard slumped in a chair, reviewing paperwork her mind isn't on. Finally she pulls out what she's really thinking about -- the kennel histories. She pages through. Then dials a terminal.

DESK VOICE

Warden's desk.

PACKARD

She in?

DESK VOICE

I'm sorry. Warden Wells is on administrative leave.

PACKARD

For how long?

DESK VOICE

Indefinitely.

PACKARD

And no one told us? I don't believe this. Who's in charge?

DESK VOICE

Mr. Lone has temporarily taken over operations.

PACKARD

(half-recognizing)

Lone?

DESK VOICE
Is there any message?

PACKARD
No. No message.

Disconnect.

PACKARD
This place...

A beat, then she calls up the corporate directory to run a name. The screen fills with a videograph of Lone. Packard scans the sidebar information -- and finds the words "Bio-Weapons Division."

116 EXT. SPACE STATION - NIGHT

With the moon as a backdrop.

117 INT. HIKER'S CELL

The tarps are gone. The cell has been patched, painted, repaired. The only sign of its former occupant is the metal backpack rod that Styles finds in a corner.

STYLES
Just needs a vacancy sign...

The sink faucet drips. Styles shuts it off. Then with a thought, he squeaks it back on. WATER RUNS beneath the floor.

BLOCK VOICE
Lockdown. 30 seconds to lockdown.

118 INT. BOTTOM TIER - CELL BLOCK

Tracking the water, Styles exits the cell. The pipes are visible under the grated walkway. They merge with a larger duct that bores through the heart of machinery level.

BLOCK VOICE
Lockdown. 20 seconds to lockdown.

Styles kneels and inspects the walkway grating. Some of the joints look rusted. Vulnerable.

BLOCK VOICE
Lockdown. 10 seconds to lockdown.

VAN BRUNT
(calling from cell)
Styles?

Styles looks up -- and realizes he's on the wrong side of the tier. He kicks it into high gear...

119 INT. STYLES' CELL

...and enters as the cell door begins closing. Spinning, Styles holds the backpack rod lengthwise in the path of the closing door. The door clamps down on the rod. We hear other DOORS SLAMMING SHUT -- but the backpack rod, shivering under the strain, seems like it might hold the door at bay.

BLOCK VOICE
Lockdown complete.

The rod explodes. Shrapnel nearly decapitates Van Brunt. The DOOR CRASHES SHUT.

VAN BRUNT
wish I could find a blade that would shave that close.

STYLES
Stronger. Just a little stronger.

120 INT. CELL BLOCK

In lockdown lighting.

121 INT. DOMINGO'S CELL

START on the lower bunk, empty. MOVE to the upper bunk. We find Kiryu here, naked and asleep, her head pillowed on Domingo. He's wide awake.

Listening. Standing guard for them both.

Something grabs his leg. Domingo lunges with his shank. It nearly cuts...

Grimes, his hand snaking back through the side bars.

GRIMES

Little jumpy, huh?

122 INT. THREE CELLS

A midnight meeting: Styles and Van Brunt stand at the side bars of their cell, looking past Grimes to confer with Domingo and Kiryu in the cell once-removed.

STYLES

Having second thoughts about this place -- an' to tell the truth, they're the same as my first ones. I want to make a move.

DOMINGO

Let's do it. Tomorrow. Go up top, find that little skag-ass bellhop and grab his cell so's we --

STYLES

(shaking head)

I want out, Domingo. The Big Out.

123 PREPARATIONS MONTAGE

In a collage of fast-moving SHOTS, we see preparations for the breakout:

A. Foundry. End of shift. Kiryu is getting paid, a guard counting coins into her palm. The guard fails to notice the metal-weave bracelet on her wrist.

B. Cell. Kiryu unwinds the bracelet. It's made of pilfered wire, yards of it.

C. Bottom tier. Beneath a staircase, Styles uses the wire to saw the joints of the floor grating.

D. Cell. A sink faucet, untended, runs water.

E. Bottom tier. Domingo saws on the grate. A joint is severed.

F. Cell. After lockdown. Styles watching the tier dog prowl beyond the bars.

G. Upper tier. Van Brunt buys shower caps from black inmates.

H. Cell. Van Brunt and Kiryu pick glow-worms off the ceiling, collecting them in the plastic caps.

I. Cell. The sink faucet runs endlessly.

J. Cell. Styles saws the ends off the broken backpack rod, fashioning pieces of equal length.

K. Bottom tier. Domingo lifts the cut-out panel free of the grating. The hole leads straight down into the machinery level.

L. Cell. The water from the faucet finally begins to dwindle.

124 INT. STYLES' CELL

BLOCK VOICE

Lockdown. Ten seconds to lockdown.

The cell door moves to within a foot of closure -- then stops, blocked by a new rod. It's three sections of rod wired together into one thick bundle of steel. We hear the OTHER DOORS SLAMMING CLOSED.

BLOCK VOICE

Lockdown complete.

Straining to close, the cell door GROWLS. Shudders. WHINES. And then, with a SHATTERING CRACK, it surrenders. Styles appears -- and slides the cell door open as easily as if he were stepping onto a patio.

125 INT. BOTTOM TIER - CELL BLOCK

Morning. Prisoners file for staircases. The new inmates huddle at the walkway railing, sizing up the water duct below.

STYLES

What about it?

GRIMES

It goes down, man. And down is where the what-the-fuck lives.

STYLES

But it's gotta go back up. Water tanker comes in at the docking port, Level Ten.

GRIMES

Yeah? Says who? I never seen no tanker. We're takin' your word for everything here. I mean, why the

shit should we listen to you? How
cum nobody listens to me?

DOMINGO

'Cuz he's smart.

GRIMES

Yeah? He's here, ain't he? How
smart's that? And what's he in for?
Fraud. Does that tell you something?

VAN BRUNT

Broken out of every other place he's
been.

GRIMES

Well, this ain't every other place.
An' hey, what about you? Mr. Crash
And Burn? You fuckin' turned 49
people into ash. Now you're gonna
fly us outta here? Hey, this is
ratshit. This is a circle-jerk for
kamikazes.

STYLES

Okay, Grimes. You're out.

GRIMES

Yeah? Says who?

Fed up, Styles slap-grabs Grimes by the back of the head
and walks him
away.

STYLES

What's your sentence, Grimes? 32
years or something?

GRIMES

26 with good behavior.

STYLES

Figure 32. Think you can last that
long? In the foundry? Or down here?
See, Van Brunt I need for a pilot.
Domingo I need because he's strong

and won't mind snapping necks on the other end if it comes to that. Kiryu I need because Domingo won't come without her. But you, you little turkey neck, the only reason you're plugged in is because I need to keep an eye on that shit-spewin' mouth of yours.

GRIMES

I dunno know, man. I dunno. Why should we rely on you?

STYLES

You don't rely on me. If I go down when we're goin' out, I want you to keep goin'. I want you to crawl over my bloody corpse and get out of this hellhole. Because believe me, Grimes. I'd do the same for you.

He shoves Grimes back toward the others.

STYLES

When the water goes, we go.

126 INT. HULL SECTION - CORRIDOR

"HULL-REPAIR PACK -- EMERGENCY USE ONLY"

Beneath the warning, a blast-pack hangs in a wall recess.
Hands jerk
the pack away.

WIDER, we see S.S. guards moving down the corridor with a hand-cart.
The cart is stacked high with blast-packs.

127 INT. SPECIAL SERVICES ARMORY

Boss finishes positioning nozzles of two blast-packs.
They've ben
integrated into a doorway trap made of welded pipe. Lasers
serve as
trip-wires.

BOSS
Awright, stand clear.

S.S. guards back off. Boss unpins a sonic grenade and pitches it through the doorway. Lightning-fast:

The grenade trips the beams.

Blast-packs spray from both sides, shooting out a thick hull-patching resin.

The sonic GRENADE DETONATES.

The resin catches the explosion, coating and drying it instantly.

A plate of resin clatters to the floor. A starburst pattern bulges from its center.

BOSS
There's the concept. Figure we got the makin's for a good ten traps. Now let's wipe ass and make it work.

Guards begin hauling away blast-packs, pipe, welders. Boss steps to his Right and Left Nut.

BOSS
Whaddya think?

RIGHT NUT
Think a grenade's a grenade -- and a "decontained biohazard" ain't.

BOSS
Yead, I know. That's why I had the foundry make these up.

He opens a munitions box. Inside are needle-rounds for a stitch rifle -- big nasty ones.

LEFT NUT
Oh, fuck me hard, I love it.

BOSS
Four times the normal bore with
phosphorus-magnesium tips. They'll
burn hard and fast, so inboard
passages only. Got it?

RIGHT NUT
(digging in)
Party favors...

128 INT. CONTROL-ROOM - P-4 LAB

After hours. The control room is shadowy and quiet.

MR. LONE (O.S.)
I wonder if it knows we're here.
Sometimes it moves in a certain way,
turning its head as if to look out.

VIEW FINDS Lone at the window of the cradle chamber,
entranced by the
artificial womb that rolls around gently inside.

MR. LONE (CONT'D)
It makes me wonder. What it must
think. If it does see us.

Finally he looks to Mohl, seated at a console, working with
the video
replays.

MR. LONE
Let me know when you have something
for me.

Mohl nods. Lone turns for the door.

129 INT. CRADLE CHAMBER - P-4 LAB

WOMB'S POV: Of Lone leaving.

130 INT. INFIRMARY

CLOSE on a monitor. Someone is cycling through daylight views of the station's exterior. The monitor holds on an angle of the docking port.

Styles is leaning over the monitor. He absently rubs the back of one hand as he concentrates.

MED-TECH #2
Breaking out?

STYLES
(jarred)
Huh?

The med-tech looks closer at his hand.

MED-TECH #2
That rash. Here. Let's try this.
(sprays spot with
canister)
Give it a couple minutes.

She sets the canister down and leaves. Brow furrowing, Styles sniffs the sprayed area -- and finds something familiar in the smell. He picks up the canister. Checks the contents. Hangs onto it as he heads for Packard's office.

131 INT. PACKARD'S OFFICE - INFIRMARY

Packard sits at the terminal, back to VIEW. A man's troubled face is seen on the screen. Something's wrong here.

HUSBAND
...waiting for a good time, but you know, there never was any.

PACKARD
You're not renewing the contract, is that it?

HUSBAND

C'mon, Chris, you had to know. We haven't been together in five months. And I'm not saying that's your fault. But I'm down here, and you're stuck up there, and there's just a lot of things going on in my life right now...

On the screen, a young woman wanders into the BACKGROUND. Hearing conversation, she turns toward VIEW and seems startled to see the husband conversing. Too late, the woman darts away.

PACKARD

Yeah. I can see.

HUSBAND

I, uh, better go. Eikenberry will clean up the legal stuff, if that's okay with you.

(no response)

Be well, Chris.

Disconnect. Packard's eyes puddle up. Trying to shake it off, she wipes her face and checks her reflection in the dead screen. There's another face there.

PACKARD

(spinning)

Want to try knocking next time?

STYLES

There's no door.

PACKARD

So beat your head against...

(apologizing)

It's not you, it's just...this place.

STYLES

Didn't know you were married.

PACKARD
Well, you weren't alone.

STYLES
First contract?

PACKARD
(nodding)
One five-year.

STYLES
Hey, least you went the distance. I
got 17 days out of my three-year.

PACKARD
You were married for 17 days?

STYLES
Two-and-half weeks of Holy Deadlock.
(entering, sitting)
She was one of these sweet young
things that writes you torrid
letters while you're in prison.
Don't really understand it, but some
women just seem attracted to
incarcerated men.

PACKARD
Some sick females out there.

STYLES
We got married in prison. I wanted
to surprise her with a honeymoon, so
I did the Midnight March over the
wall. Surprise was on me. She was
married to three other guys in three
other prisons.

PACKARD
(feeling it)
Ohhhh...

They commiserate in silence. Then Packard stands, getting
back to
work.

PACKARD

Well. Did you want something?

STYLES

(showing canister)

Mind if I take it with me? Just for my hand here.

PACKARD

That's alcohol-based. Could be used for a torch. They aren't going to let you in the cell block with it.

STYLES

They will if you sign for it.

PACKARD

Christ. Why can't you just steal things like a normal prisoner?

STYLES

(leaving)

Okay.

PACKARD

Don't you dare.

(suspicious again)

If I sign, you aren't gonna screw me with this, are you? Because once a day is my personal limit.

STYLES

Would I do that?

PACKARD

If I gave you half a chance.

STYLES

Which you haven't.

She looks him over, trying to figure him out -- and maybe just now

sees the man inside the prisoner. Then with as much vulnerability as

she'll ever show:

PACKARD

I have this thing about trust.
Betrayal, actually. So just don't
lie to me, okay? Not unless you're
absolutely sure I'll never find out.

He smiles winningly. And helps wipe her face dry.

132 INT. INFIRMARY

Styles and Packard are visible through the office window.
PULL BACK to
reveal Daggs watching them -- closely. When Styles exits
the office...

DAGGS

Hey, sex ape.

Styles veers closer.

DAGGS

Let me ask you somethin'. Do you
give the smallest shit about this
lady? Or you just scammin' her?

STYLES

Don't know what you mean, Daggs.
Just doin' a job, that's all.
(flipping canister)
Just doin' a job.

133 INT. STYLES' CELL

CLOSE on a faucet, sputtering out the last of its water.
PULL BACK to
reveal Styles and the other new inmates. That's all they
were waiting
for.

134 INT. CELL BLOCK

After lockdown. A WHISTLE sounds. Entry doors open. Guard
dogs run
free.

135 INT. BOTTOM TIER - CELL BLOCK

The tier dog appears. Nose low, it circles the walkway once and finds nothing irregular.

CLOSE on two feet. They swing away from the underside of a staircase and drop to the walkway with a soft THUNK.

Hearing, the dog turns.

It's Styles. Outside his cell.

The dog takes off like a guided missile. Styles waits, needing to time this just right. Now he starts running. And just when the dog is about to chew him a second asshole...

A cell door opens by itself.

136 INT. EMPTY CELL - BOTTOM TIER

Styles cuts inside. The dog sticks with him. Styles dives through a cut-away area of the side bars, entering the next cell. The dog tries to follow -- but a mattress appears, blocking the hole. The dog turns back for the cell door just as...

Strands of wire pull it closed.

The dog is trapped.

137 INT. BOTTOM TIER

The new inmates exit the adjacent cell. Skulking past, Grimes blows the trapped dog a kiss.

138 INT. UNDER TIER WALKWAY - MACHINERY LEVEL

As the new inmates drop through the cut-out panel.

139 INT. MACHINERY LEVEL

Blackness. Then an orb of soft light appears, followed by others: The inmates are taking out shower caps filled with glow-worms.

STYLES

Not. A fucking. Sound.

They move out.

140 INT. MACHINERY LEVEL

CLOSE on a laser trip-beam. TILT UP to find Styles pondering the doorway trap. Wanting no part of it, he leads the others around.

141 INT. MACHINERY LEVEL

Domingo cranks open a hatch atop the main water line. Van Brunt reaches inside to plumb the bottom. His fingers come back...

VAN BRUNT

Dry.

142 INT. WATER DUCT

Styles leads, followed by Kiryu, Domingo, Grimes, Van Brunt. They crawl, glow-worm bags strung around their necks like brandy kegs. It's tight in here, no room to turn around, and they hate it. Especially Grimes.

143 INT. JUNCTION - WATER DUCT

A forking junction. Styles doesn't know which way. He mentally flips a coin and veers to the right.

144 INT. WATER DUCT

Grimes slows to a stop. Is the duct sloping? Or is it just his imagination?

GRIMES
Hey. Styles.

VAN BRUNT
Shut up, man.

GRIMES
Styles. We're goin' down. Shoulda gone the other way, man, shoulda gone left back there at --

Domingo kicks him in the face.

DOMINGO
Sorry.

They crawl on, Grimes nursing a bloody lip. But trailing, Van Brunt stops to cock an ear. What was that SOUND? He looks back through his legs to see...

A long empty tunnel.

Van Brunt hurries to catch up. HOLD on the emptiness. And now we hear it: It's that SLIDING-CLAWING sound -- the noise that makes our balls want to crawl up in our stomachs and hide there.

145 EXT. SPACE STATION - NIGHT

As the massive water tanker pilots to a stop just beyond the blockade of red buoys.

146 INT. DOCKING PORT

TANKER PILOT (V.O.)
Moloch Island, this is Tanker WYT/116 requesting permission to dock at Level 10 gantry.

The DOCKING OFFICER checks the time, shakes her head.

DOCKING OFFICER
Once in his life he's early...
(into headset)
WYT/116, this is Moloch Island
Docking Control. Bring it on in.

147 EXT. DOCKING PORT - SPACE STATION - NIGHT

As the tanker docks.

148 INT. WATER DUCT

START on running water, coursing several inches deep along the floor of the duct. MOVE to Styles, taking note of the deepening water before crawling on.

149 INT. VALVE - WATER DUCT

Styles reaches an oversized butterfly valve. Water gushes out around the edges. He tries to rotate it open but can't.

STYLES
'Mingo.

Domingo slishes past Kiryu to join him.

DOMINGO
(indicating water)
Shit's gettin' deeper.

STYLES
Noticed.

DOMINGO
Mean what I think it means?

STYLES
Maybe.

DOMINGO

Uh, Kiryu, she don't swim so hot.
Just told me. Maybe we should think
about, y'know, maybe goin' back.

STYLES

Can't.

DOMINGO

Why not?

STYLES

'Cuz I have no fucking idea where we
are. Now push while I burn.

He unpockets the canister from the infirmary, lights the
aerosol. He
turns his torch on hinge of the valve.

150 INT. MAIN WATER TANK

From the other side, we see the valve being bent away.
Styles wriggles
through first, then sloses to his feet. He looks around in
dreadful
wonder.

A sky of glow-worms illuminates the cavernous grotto.
Waterfalls.

Tortured outcroppings of secreted resin. Everything wrecks
of decay.

One by one, the inmates enter. All look around with the
same thought.

"Let's get through here fast."

Styles eyes the largest waterfall, fed by an conduit near
the ceiling.

The adjacent wall looks climbable. He starts for it,
pushing through
hip-deep water.

Silent, anxious, the other follow. Van Brunt touches an
outcropping.

Bones interlace the black resin. Human bones.

Trailing, Grimes hears a SPLASH. He whirls to see...

A footprint spreading on the water. Did something fall in?
Or did
something dive in?

Styles reaches the far side of the pool. Slips out. Waits
for the
others. Then starts up the wall.

Skirting the waterfall, the inmates climb.

Grimes keeps an eye on the water below. Nothing surfaces to
give
chase. Breathing a little easier, he climbs out of FRAME --
but we
HOLD on the waterfall. Beneath its veil of water, a black
shadow
climbs.

Styles scales a platform at the head of the waterfall. He
turns back
to wait for the others, then...

STYLES

Where's Grimes?

VAN BRUNT

Thought he was right...

They look back down just as...

Grimes bursts through the waterfall, skewered on the tail
of the
Rogue Alien. He tries to scream but can only vomit blooded
water. As
quickly as he appeared, Grimes vanishes.

A bone-freezing moment. Suddenly Styles leaps into the
conduit that
feeds the waterfall...

151 INT. OVERSIZED CONDUIT

...and grabs the ceiling hand-grips. Kiryu, Van Brunt,
Domingo come on

his ass. Hand over hand, they sling over the quick-moving water,
heading upstream. Domingo chances a look back to see...

The Rogue Alien.

DOMINGO
It's fuckin' comin'!

Flushed with adrenaline, the inmates pick up the speed, hands blurring
over the grips, Van Brunt jungle-gyms past Kiryu: She's having trouble
keeping up.

Styles peers ahead, How much further? How much?

The Rogue gains.

Kiryu misses a grip. She breaks her fall but can only hang, arms on
fire. Just when it seems she'll drop into the river...

Domingo catches her from behind, scissoring her in his legs.

DOMINGO
Hold onto me! Hold on!

Kiryu twines around him. Carrying both weights now, Domingo swings
onward.

152 INT. LANDING -- OVERSIZED CONDUIT

Styles reaches a landing -- and the end of the line: A downpour of
water falls from an overhead shaft. The conduit terminates here.

153 INT. OVERSIZED CONDUIT

CLOSE on Domingo's hands, ripped and bleeding.

Kiryu slips down his body. Now her feet drag in the river, slowing

them even more.

Trying to work different muscles, Domingo switches to a back-handed grab. It doesn't help.

154 INT. LANDING - OVERSIZED CONDUIT

Van Brunt makes the landing. Looks around. Can't find...

VAN BRUNT

Styles!

Suddenly he's there, stepping out of the downpour.

STYLES

There's a ladder! Here!

Van Brunt plunges an arm into the water. Gropes upward. Feels the first rung. Gulps air and vanishes into the downpour. Styles looks back to see...

The Rogue right behind Domingo and Kiryu. In three seconds they'll be dead. Unless Domingo will...

STYLES

Drop her.

The Rogue's long bony back slips underwater.

STYLES

Drop her.

Domingo keeps coming. Kiryu keeps holding on.

STYLES

Drop her, Domingo!

He never does. Something black rushes up from the water. In a heartbeat, they're both gone.

155 INT. VERTICAL WATER SHAFT

SHOTS of Van Brunt and Styles climbing. WATER THUNDERS down
-- it's
like showering under a thousand fire hoses.

156 INT. UPPER-LEVEL CONDUIT ROOM

An access hatch turns, opens. Van Brunt falls out of the
HOWLING
WATER. The hatch is part of a duct that runs from floor to
ceiling.

Moments later, Styles falls into the room.

They lie on the floor like docked fish, gulping air. They
don't know
where they are. They only know they're alive.

Styles makes it back to his feet. Moves to the hatch.
Pushes it closed
-- but something blocks it open.

The Rogue's face rages at the crack.

Van Brunt slams into the hatch, adding his weight -- but
still they
can't close it. Styles looks frantically around the room,
spots a
skein of wire.

STYLES

The wire, the wire! Loop it around!

Van Brunt pushes away from the hatch and runs for the wire.

CLOSE on the trip-beam he doesn't see. The beam of the
doorway trap.
The beam he breaks in full stride.

Blast-packs shoot from all sides. Van Brunt is coated and
dried in
mid-air.

Trap ALARMS WAIL.

Styles stares at the fallen statue that was Van Brunt --
until a jolt

from the hatch turns him back.

The Rogue's leg thrusts through the crack, groping for the floor.

Styles pushes for all he's worth.

An arm sweeps around the hatch, swiping blindly. Styles ducks, dodges, holds his ground.

CLATTERING SOUND. Piece by piece, the Rogue begins extruding through the foot-wide crack, plates and ribs unhinged. Styles is losing the battle -- and maybe the war.

The hatch explodes open. Styles flies back.

The Rogue surges into the room and snaps together with a body-flex.

Styles turns to run...

And finds a flame-thrower staring at him.

He ducks as the S.S. guard pulls the trigger. FLAME ROARS right over Styles' head...

Engulfing the Rogue.

More S.S. guards appear, OPENING FIRE with chattering stitch rifles and concussion grenades. Blinding flashes. Streaming trails of phosphorous. Flaming acid.

Styles hits the deck and covers up.

Burning needles stitch across the Rogue's neck, severing the head from body. Impossibly, it stays on its feet.

Acid lands all around Styles, opening gashes in the floor.

The captain enters. He steps over the Rogue's head to enter the fray

-- but the head strikes with its jaws, still alive, hooking the

captain's thigh and twisting him down. At close range, the captain

empties his stitch gun into the head. Acid brains splash back, covering him.

Finally the headless Rogue falls.

The guns go quiet. A long smoky beat. This was, very simply, one of

the most hellacious firefights we've ever seen. The room has been

blasted into another time zone.

Styles unballs and looks. The captain lies dead. But dead, too, is the

Rogue Alien. It's over. The nightmare is over.

Suddenly the floor caves in...

157 INT. MORGUE - P-4 LAB

...crash-landing Styles into the room below. Shaking off unconsciousness, he sees...

Prisoners. All dead. All inside shrink-wrap membrane. All torn apart

in the most hideous fashion imaginable. One face is recognizable as

Ivory's.

And now Styles realizes that, no, the nightmare isn't over. In fact

it's just begun.

158 INT. UPPER-LEVEL CONDUIT ROOM

Bodies and body parts under sheets. Lone is here, standing at the edge

of the collapsed floor, looking down into the P-4 morgue. Momentarily

he steps through a door to look at...

159 INT. CORRIDOR

Styles. Back in full chains, pinned to the wall by guards.
Lone fixes
him with those bottomless black eyes. And then shakes his
head as he
leaves.

MR. LONE

Snag.

160 INT. ELEVATOR

STYLES

So what's the verdict?

No answer from Daggs, who rides the elevator down with two
S.S.
guards.

STYLES

C'mon, Daggs. If they're gonna cash
me out, 'least you can tell me.

Doors open. Daggs lets the S.S. guards exit first.

DAGGS

Let's put it this way. I don't think
you'll wanna renew any magazines.

161 INT. SOLITARY CELL

A coffin of a room. Styles is chained to the wall.

VOICE

Just for future reference. Am I the
world-class jerk I feel like? I
mean, was I such an easy mark?

He finds Packard's face staring down from a caged monitor
in the
ceiling.

PACKARD

They found the canister. The one you

used for a torch. Targeted me,
didn't you? Right from the top.
Christ, I shoulda known better.
Years ago, I shoulda known better.

Styles looks away.

PACKARD

Don't feel anything, do you? Nothing
for the ones that died.

STYLES

Me?

PACKARD

Your idea, wasn't it? The escape?
Well, I'm told five people are dead
today, including the captain of the
guards, who --

STYLES

How 'bout you? What do you feel?

PACKARD

Me.

STYLES

I came to you, remember? Tried to
tell you that people were dyin'
here, dyin' in some bad craziness.
And you didn't hear. You didn't
wanna hear.

Packard goes quiet. Smelling her guilt, Styles rises up in
his chains.

STYLES

There was this prisoner. Worked in
the foundry. They fumed him out two
days ago. You musta seen it -- they
piped it through this place like the
World Fucking Series. Well, guess
what? I just saw him, saw him hacked
up like something that doubled back
through the slaughterhouse.

PACKARD

What is this? Another angle, another scam? You think that if you concoct some --

STYLES

You tell me what it is. Tell me what happened to the half-dozen guys I saw in body bags. And while you're --

The screen goes dead.

STYLES

(raging)

While you're at it, tell me what they're really makin' behind that door, that big fuckin' honker of a door where your pal Reed works. You really think it's drugs? Just drugs?

The monitor stays dark -- but there's a small red dot visible in an upper corner. Was it there before? Before she appeared?

STYLES

Then I'll tell you. It's hooked up to this thing, this living gargoyle that they tried to slough off as a rabid dog. That's why I was trying to get outta here, Packard -- just to stay alive. Can you understand that?

Nothing but the red dot. Styles slumps in his chains.

STYLES

I know a lot of these guys are human sludge. Some of 'em should die -- and maybe even me, too. Not 'cause I ever killed anyone. But just for the whole shitty mess I've made of life. But hey. Nobody deserves to die the way they do around here. Nobody.

Packard is at her terminal, still staring down at Styles.
Still
listening.

163 EXT. SPACE STATION - SUNSET

As the sun is extinguished by Earth, throwing the station
into night.

164 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE P-4 LAB

START on the vault-like door. PULL BACK to include Packard,
staring at
it. She waits for foot-traffic to clear before laying a
hand on the
doorside scanner.

ACCESS DENIED -- UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL.

She didn't think it would be that easy.

165 INT. CARGO ANNEX - DOCKING PORT

CLOSE on a sheet being pulled back. Beneath is the shrink-
wrapped
corpse of the captain.

Packard holds the sheet. She checks over her shoulder to
make sure the
docking officers can't see. Then she unpockets a scalpel.

166 INT. P-4 LAB

The vault-like door opens. Packard steps inside, quickly
wrapping up
the amputated hand. She ventures deeper into the rambling
containment
facility, seeing...

Lab animals behind glass...

Terminal screens with shifting gene maps...

Automated biochemistry machines -- sequencers, purifiers,

synthesizers, fermentation tanks -- all filtering and HUMMING...

Active culture dishes marked "Viable Clone Material"...

Small stockpiles of pharmaceuticals being produced. Drugs are being made here, and that seems to placate Packard. Until she spies...

Another door. At the far end of the lab.

167 INT. CRADLE CHAMBER - P-4 LAB

WOMB'S POV: Of someone entering. Stopping. Looking around. And stepping closer.

168 INT. CONTROL ROOM - P-4 LAB

It's Packard. She's peering through the chamber window at the amorphous thing inside. She moves to a console, activates chamber lamps to see...

The womb. Floating. Spasming.

169 INT. CRADLE CHAMBER - P-4 LAB

WOMB'S POV: Of Packard leaving the window.

170 INT. CONTROL ROOM - P-4 LAB

Minutes later. Packard works the terminal, raiding classified files. Many have the division heading...

PACKARD

"Bio-Weapons." Everywhere.

She enters a "PROGRAM DIRECTIVE" file.

PACKARD

(scanning)

"Program Director is charged with

determining the feasibility of chemically and/or genetically altering existing xenomorphic species in order to produce a more adaptive, manageable, transportable strain. To this end, Director will avail...

(backtracking)

"Xenomorphic species..."

A nervous glance at the artificial womb. Then moving on, Packard plunders the "PROGRAM HISTORY" directory. Videographs flit across the screen. One makes Packard backtrack.

CLOSER on the screen. "DECEASED" beneath the face of a woman. She seems about Packard's age. But with the too-old eyes of someone who has seen Hell twice -- and returned to talk about it. The woman is Ripley.

Now Packard notices an open file-box. Videocards. She picks one at random and feeds it into a terminal slot.

CLOSER. "BREACH TEST #4/B." Fast-forwarding images. Stopping to reveal SCREAMING. A man's face in chaos. He's inside the bunker. Being shredded by an Alien.

PACKARD

Jesus...

Shaking, she slots a second videocard.

CLOSER. Another annotated tape of another prisoner's death. Packard is about to try a third when a NOISE interrupts. She spins to see...

Mohl, Reed's assistant. He's climbing a sub-floor staircase
-- a staircase that wasn't there a minute ago.

Packard blanks the terminal and slips behind a bulkhead.

Mohl throws a switch. A plate in the floor closes, hiding the stairs.

He moves to the terminal console.

Now Packard spots...

The videocard she didn't put away.

Checking equipment, Mohl turns his back.

In one thin second, Packard steps out, slips the card off the counter,
retreats to shadow.

Mohl turns. Did he hear something? He scans the control room -- and notices the exposed file-box. With the press of a button, the file-box withdraws into the console. Mohl keys it shut and leaves.

171 INT. HIDDEN STAIRS

The VIEW LOOKS UP the stairs as the overhead plate opens. Packard descends cautiously. At the bottom of the stairs is a door. She lifts the unlock-lever to enter...

172 INT. COLD-CORE AIRLOCK

An airlock. Packard reaches the other end. Peers through a window there but can't see anything. Reaches for the next unlock-lever -- and reconsiders, noticing...

Thermal suits hanging on the wall.

Just to be safe, she drags one on. OXYGEN BREATHES into the helmet.

Now Packard opens the next door. Instantly her legs are gone, lost
amid clouds of super-chilled air that billow into the airlock.

Stunned, Packard checks the suit's thermo-gauge. Seconds ago normal,
now the readout hits minus-175 -- and still plwnmets.

173 INT. COLD-CORE CHAMBER

Packard holds in the doorway. Where are the lights? She moves inside
to look for controls -- and the door behind her seals, thrusting us
into an even deeper dark.

She waits for her eyes to adjust. Only RESPIRATOR SOUNDS. Finally
Packard can read her thermo-gauge. Minus-400.

Small blinks of machinery become visible. Packard edges to the lights
and leans her helmet closer. Some kind of bio-readouts? She touches
the panel. A light springs on to illuminate...

The Alien.

Packard recoils the width of the room, smashing into more controls. A
second light flares on to reveal...

Another Alien.

Packard lurches to the door. Gloved hands grope for the unlock-lever.
It's not there. BREATHING comes in worthless snatches -- she's
suffocating under an avalanche of fear. All she can find is a key-
plate, a fucking key-plate.

Packard wheels back around and braces for the attack. Instead...

The Aliens haven't moved. Both are encased in glass.
Dormant.

Packard forces calm on herself. Finds the key attached to
the suit.

Opens the door -- and leaves it open without exiting. Some
stabilizing

BREATHS. Now she heads back for a closer look.

The room is a gallery of Aliens. An army of Aliens. All
behind glass.

Dreading it, Packard activates more case lights. Each Alien
is

slightly different: One is silvery instead of black, a
chameleon that

blends with its background. Another, the Brute Alien, shows
a stockier

strain, its exoskeleton toughened with thorns. Another is a
Siamese,

fused to a partner. Another is a complete abomination, as
if mutated

with thalidomide.

There are more. But Packard doesn't have more nerve.

174 INT. HIDDEN STAIRS

Airlock door opens. Packard loiters inside, rehangng the
suit. Done,
she turns for the stairs...

And runs into Mohl. Reed. The S.S. Boss.

175 INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

PACKARD

Human experimentation has been
outlawed for the last 200 years.
Longer.

MR. LONE

Clearly. Yet it's arguable as to
whether any prisoner died illegally.

Lone, Reed, S.S. Boss. All seated, all watching Packard
prowl the
room, struggling with her temper.

PACKARD

How can you say that? I saw the
replays. I saw them, Lone.

MR. LONE

What you saw were prisoners who had
been sentenced to death. Prisoners
this colony was contractually
charged with executing.

PACKARD

They didn't die in the gas chamber.

MR. LONE

Yet they died only after their
appeals were exhausted, and only on
the scheduled day of their
execution. Does a few hours delay
make such a difference?

He uses words like surgical instruments. It rankles
Packard.

PACKARD

It's not the time, it's the way. The
way you're killing them twice.

MR. LONE

Now you're speaking psychologically.

PACKARD

I'm talking morally. Or is that
beyond everybody's frame of
reference here?

MR. LONE

I prefer to speak legally. While
gassing is one method, no single
mode of execution is mandated by ICC
law. Though we're not eager to
publicize any of these goings-on,
Ms. Packard, they are probably

lawful nonetheless.

PACKARD

Are they really? You've brought a lethal alien strain to within 30,000 kilometers of Earth. How many ICC quarantine laws does that violate?

MR. LONE

Oh, probably a dozen. And on those counts, the Company would be willing to pay all fines levied against it, should --

PACKARD

How 'bout this "rabid dog"? How many inmates did it kill? And who's idea was that?

MR. LONE

An industrial accident stemming from the incompetence of an administrator who has already been reassigned. Nothing more to it than that.

PACKARD

(topping out)

What the hell are you doing with these things? Why are they even here?

REED

Just feasibility studies, Packard. No big deal.

PACKARD

To study what? How good they kill?

MR. LONE

Company assets are, as you know, many and far-reaching. There will always be a need for defensive weapons.

PACKARD

Excuse me. But what this company

really needs is a damn good plague.

Moving on, Lone scans a personnel file.

MR. LONE

I see you've applied for early retirement, stress pension. I think you've earned it.

PACKARD

No fucking kidding.

MR. LONE

700 surveyed worlds, Ms. Packard, more than 300 owned and operated by Weylan-Yutani. Some of them quite desirable. Just pick your world. I'll make it happen.

PACKARD

And if I don't want to sell out? What then? Do I wind up in one of your replays?

MR. LONE

You seem to be casting about for a villain where there is none. I'm just a businessman, Ms. Packard. And what I'm offering is a business deal. If you stay, you join the team. If your personal value-structure is such that you can't abide the notion, retire.

Packard locks eyes with him for a long moment -- and then backs down.

She pauses at the door.

PACKARD

What happens to Styles? The prisoner in solitary? What happens to him if I leave?

MR. LONE

Let's worry about your future.

176 INT. CORRIDOR - ADMINISTRATION LEVEL

Packard walks blindly from the office. Reed catches up and falls in step.

REED

It's tough at first, Packard -- but only at first. After awhile, they're just lab animals. You learn not to get attached.

She walks out from under his arm.

177 INT. PACKARD'S CABIN

NARRATOR

TC/166. Class-M planet with viable terra formed atmosphere and 112 percent Standard Gravity. Industrial center for Weylan-Yutani mining operations in the Third Quadrant. Current population of 2,127 -- 67 percent male, 30 female, 3 percent other...

START on the terminal as it spews travel information, the narrative accompanied by images of described worlds. MOVE to Packard. She's dumping personal belongings into a travel case.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

RY/24. Class-G planet with no viable atmosphere and 86 percent Standard Gravity. Home of Weylan-Yutani's largest deep-space observatory....

Packard reaches for a bottom shelf. As she does, something slides out of a breast pocket and hits the floor. She picks it up.

It's the videocard, the one snatched from the P-4 lab. Imprinting reads...

"E. S. LONE -- EYES ONLY"

Packard frowns. Did the others have the imprint? She kills the narration and slots the videocard into the terminal.

CLOSE on the screen. "BREACH TEST 13/A." More edited, annotated images of a prisoner under attack -- only now there's a striking difference:
It's happening in the...

PACKARD
Cellblock?

CLOSE on the screen. The Alien is smashing at bars, trying to get at the man on the other side. The man is X-Ray, and the Alien is the Rogue. Somehow, someone has managed to record this unforeseen attack -- from numerous angles.

PACKARD
(seething)
No villains...

178 INT. SOLITARY CELL

Styles looks up. FOOTSTEPS approach, at least two sets. Are they coming for him? He rises in his chains. Sounds of an UNLOCK MECHANISM.
The door opens, pummeling Styles with light. But there, amid all that incandescence, stands an archangel.

PACKARD
That's the one.

SOLITARY GUARD
He looks all right to me.

PACKARD
Hey. If I didn't have to do surgery at this time of night, you think I'd

really be here?

179 INT. CORRIDOR

Styles lies on a gurney, Packard wheeling. Voices low:

PACKARD

They set it loose. Intentionally.
They had replays of the whole thing.

STYLES

Reed?

PACKARD

Lone. Lone all the way.

180 INT. ELEVATOR

Packard shoves the gurney inside. Doors close.

STYLES

Okay, where to?

PACKARD

Docking port. There's an inbound
transport. If I timed this right, we
can be on it before they know you're
gone. He hooks her arm.

STYLES

Hey. You know, I'm not sure I woulda
done this for you.

She stares -- and sees that he means it.

PACKARD

How did you get this far without
someone driving a stake through your
heart?

STYLES

Just tryin' to be honest with you.

PACKARD

Well, it's a lousy time to start.

Now how long can you hold your
breath?

STYLES

Why?

Packard snaps open a roll of layered plastic, a small
vacuum device
attached to one end. It's a body bag.

STYLES

Aw, fuck.

PACKARD

It's the only way I can get you
inside the docking port.

STYLES

Dead?

PACKARD

One minute. That's all the time I
need, Styles. Sixty seconds.

Hating it, Styles sheathes the bag around himself and lies
back down.

The elevator tops out.

PACKARD

Close your eyes. Take a breath. And
then don't move.

He obeys. Packard hits the vacuum switch...

And, the plastic implodes, shrink-wrapping Styles in an
eyebllnk.

He's petrified alive.

181 INT. ELEVATOR STOP - UPPER-LEVEL CORRIDOR

Doors open. Clock ticking in her head -- in our heads --
Packard
muscles the gurney out, Styles' body now beneath a loose
sheet. VIEW

FOLLOWS as she pushes down the corridor and passes foot-
traffic.

PACKARD
Pardon me...comin' through...'scuze
me...comin' through...

Making good time, she turns a corner...

182 INT. UPPER-LEVEL CORRIDOR

And finds a roadblock of guards. Chatting.

Packard glances around for a corridor, an equavator,
anything that
will get her around. Nothing.

She looks down. The sheet has slipped from Styles' face. He
already
looks dead. Fighting off panic, Packard jerks the sheet
back up and
pushes straight ahead.

She passes the guards eventlessly -- though one guard leans
out to
watch Packard hurrying down the corridor -- hurrying just a
little too
fast. The guard is Daggs.

183 INT. GUARD POST - DOCKING PORT

Packard reaches the docking gate. She rushes the gurney
inside, but...

VOICE
Whoa, whoa, whoa...

She looks back. A DOCKING GUARD is scowling.

DOCKING GUARD
Where you goin'?

PACKARD
Oh, just want to make sure we catch
the transport.

DOCKING GUARD
Who's "we"?

PACKARD

"Me." Just me.

DOCKING GUARD

Well, it's runnin' few minutes late.
So let's get you checked in proper.

He takes a last hit on his cigarette. Stubs it out. Finds
his manifest. Saunters to the gurney. Pulls back the sheet. Are
we imagining it? Or is Styles' face blue?

DOCKING GUARD

How'd it happen?

PACKARD

C'mon, does it matter? He's dead.

DOCKING GUARD

Just askin'. I mean, he looks in
pretty good shape.

PACKARD

Asphyxia, awright? He suffocated.
You need the I.D.? Here, right on
the arm.

The docking guard starts to write. Packard steals a look at
Styles.

He's moving inside the plastic, twitching involuntarily.

DOCKING GUARD

Shit.

PACKARD

What?

DOCKING GUARD

(scribbling circles)
Company pens. Never work right.
(turning away)
Gimme a second while I --

PACKARD

Here, here, here...

She snatches the clipboard, scribbles the prisoner number with her own pen, heaves the gurney away.

PACKARD
I'll dump him with the others.

184 INT. CARGO ANNEX - DOCKING PORT

The gurney slams to a stop against a cargo container -- and Styles flops off, hitting the floor face-first. Packard falls on top and tears at the plastic with her fingers. She can't break through.

DYING SOUNDS from Styles.

Packard jams her pen into his mouth and tears. A GREAT GUZZLE OF AIR.

She rips more plastic. Birthing free, Styles rolls to all fours.

STYLES
Take it back. I would do this for you. Anytime.

She reaches to the runners of the gurney, grabs med-tech scrubs.

PACKARD
Get naked.

185 EXT. SPACE STATION - NIGHT

As buoys rearrange to greet the incoming transport.

186 INT. SOLITARY WARD

Daggs enters. He moves to the wall of monitors that show prisoners in solitary cells.

DAGGS

Styles. What number?

SOLITARY GUARD

Was in 14.

Daggs double-takes. "Was"?

SOLITARY GUARD

Just bounced him to the infirmary.

187 INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

The DESK CHIMES.

MR. LONE

Yes?

BOSS (V.O.)

Boss here. Got a transfer that says prisoner M23842 is supposed to be down in telesurgery, but I'm --

MR. LONE

Styles? He was moved? By whom?

BOSS (V.O.)

Packard, in-house D.P.

188 INT. INFIRMARY

Boss and Daggs.

BOSS

(into intercom)

We're down in the infirmary now, and it looks dead. Now maybe this guy's just lost in transit, but maybe not. Daggs just saw Packard up on Level Ten.

MR. LONE (V.O.)

Docking port. Get some men there. Now, please. I'll call ahead.

189 INT. DOCKING PORT

Styles and Packard exit the cargo annex, Styles wearing med-tech scrubs. They reach the mobile operations console just as...

An INTERCOM BUZZES. The docking guard doesn't hear it yet, standing at the nearby view port. INTERCOM BUZZES again.

Packard reaches down and kills it.

190 INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

CALL ABORTED.

The message stares up at Lone. He considers it for a lengthy beat before...

MR. LONE

Desk, shut it down. Shut down the entire station.

191 INT. SPECIAL SERVICES ARMORY

Scramble lights whirl. On the move, S.S. guards snatch arms from gunnery racks...

192 INT. ELEVATOR STOP - LOWER-LEVEL CORRIDOR

...storm into an elevator...

193 INT. EXPRESS ELEVATOR

...and squat and brace. Boss slaps open a panel marked "EXPRESS OVERRIDE" and flattens the button inside.

194 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

SCREAMING HELLACIOUSLY on its cables, the express car rockets upward, covering ten levels in two seconds.

195 INT. ELEVATOR STOP - UPPER-LEVEL CORRIDOR

Doors fly open. Guards roll out like bowling balls and run to their feet.

196 EXT. SPACE STATION - NIGHT

The transport is easing down the landing corridor. But abruptly the buoys change, switching from blinking yellow to a strobing red. The light is so intense it nearly blinds...

197 INT. COCKPIT - TRANSPORT SHIP

PILOT #2
(shielding eyes)
What the hell is...

198 INT. DOCKING PORT

KLAXON HORNS kick in.

STATION VOICE
Automatic shut-down in progress. All non-essential personnel leave the area now...

199 INT. COCKPIT - TRANSPORT SHIP

PILOT #2 throttles back and rocks the ship to a stop.

PILOT #2
(into headset)
Moloch, what's the B.F.D. here? Do we have clearance or don't we?

200 INT. DOCKING-PORT

DOCKING OFFICER
(into headset)
Transport, be advised that --

A sidearm is pulled from the docking officer's holster. The officer turns to find Styles with the gun. Packard covers the headset mike

with a hand.

PACKARD
(to docking officer)
Be advised that everything is fine.
We've had a temporary malfunction of
the shut-down system...

201 INT. COCKPIT - TRANSPORT SHIP

DOCKING OFFICER (V.O.)
...but repairs are already underway.
Bring it on in, transport.

202 INT. UPPER-LEVEL CORRIDOR

As S.S. guards double-time for the docking port.

203 INT. DOCKING PORT

At the viewport, Styles and Packard watch the transport
nose closer.

STYLES
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon...

CHARGING FEET. They spin to see...

S.S. guards entering, spreading.

Too late, Styles realizes he's still holding a gun. He
drops it like
toxic waste just as...

The FIREFIGHT ERUPTS. S.S. guards GANG BANG heavy. Styles
and Packard
dive for the operations console. Needles stitch and chew
circuitry.

Concussion grenades flash and blind all around. One
EXPLODES right
between Styles and Packard.

BOSS
Down, down, power down!

As quickly as it started, the firefight is over. Guards are standing over the stunned Styles and Packard, jerking them to their feet.

KLAXON HORNS still wail.

BOSS

Can we kill those things?

He checks for a switch on the console -- and now notices some stitch-holes that still burn with phosphorous.

BOSS

What the...

He wheels around. Snatches a rifle away from Left Nut. Ejects the clip to check...

The ammo. They used the big-bore rounds.

Now the klaxons die out -- only to give life to a thin PRESSURE COOKER sound. Dreading what he's about to see, Boss turns.

There's a hole in the airlock door. Air is streaming through. Air is streaming out.

204 INT. DOCKING PORT AIRLOCK

Like a vapor-trail, the air bores through the heart of the airlock...

205 EXT. SPACE STATION - NIGHT

...and spews out the exterior airlock door.

206 INT. COCKPIT - TRANSPORT SHIP

PILOT #2

(seeing)

Holy...

He slaps overhead switches and throttles back.

207 EXT. TRANSPORT SHIP - NIGHT

Front-facing jets fire, reversing the ship's direction.

208 INT. DOCKING PORT

Slapping hands over the breach in the door:

BOSS

The bulkhead! Get it closed! Someone
grab a blast-pack! Move, move, move,
move!

Someone throws an emergency lever. A massive bulkhead
begins RUMBLING

across the width of the port, isolating it from inner
station.

S.S. guards fall back, pulling Styles and Packard with
them.

Right Nut runs for a blast-pack. He finds a receptacle and
finds it
empty.

RIGHT NUT

We used it. We fuckin' used it for
the...

(whirling)

We used it!

Now Boss couldn't run even if he wanted to: The suction
grips his
hands, pulling them palm-first through the hole,
hyperextending all
ten fingers. The horror registers before the pain.

A pressure-crease appears in the door.

One by one, Boss's fingers snap as his hands disappear
through the
hole.

209 INT. UPPER-LEVEL CORRIDOR

Guards retreat with Styles and Packard. Other S.S. guards slash past like scalded cats.

RIGHT NUT
It's gonna go!

Suddenly Styles and Packard are alone.

210 INT. DOCKING PORT

The airlock door collapses...

211 INT. DOCKING PORT AIRLOCK

...and tumbles through the airlock. It slams into the outer door.

Both doors tear free of the station...

212 EXT. SPACE STATION - NIGHT

...fly out the landing corridor...

213 INT. COCKPIT - TRANSPORT SHIP

...and cartwheel toward the canopy -- toward our faces. The pilot doesn't even have time to get his hands up.

214 EXT. TRANSPORT SHIP - NIGHT

Impact: The doors plow into the cockpit, crushing everything inside.

215 INT. DOCKING PORT

The emergency bulkhead is about to close. Suddenly a cargo container, sucked by ESCAPING AIR, slides through the opening and wedges, bracing the bulkhead open.

216 INT. UPPER-LEVEL CORRIDOR

WIND rips at everything. Equipment and people skitter toward the

docking port. Styles and Packard are swept off their feet.
They, too,
will be carried away unless...

Styles grabs a moving equavator car. Packard grabs him.
Skidding on
their stomachs, they're dragged away from the docking port.

217 EXT. SPACE STATION - NIGHT

Back-up jets still firing, the transport careens out of
control. The
ship picks up speed as it arcs out of VIEW, vanishing. Just
when we
think we've seen the last of it, the ship reappears,
boomeranging
back into FRAME, rolling wing over wing. It corkscrews down
into the
station.

218 INT. CELL BLOCK

The CONCUSSION rips open a wall.

In ONE ASTOUNDING SHOT, we see debris flying inward...then
stopping in
mid-air...then reversing direction as the incoming
explosion meets the
outgoing pressure.

219 EXT. SPACE STATION - NIGHT

As the wreckage of the transport ship is spit back outside
amid a
HURRICANE OF ESCAPING AIR.

220 INT. GUARD HOUSE - CELL BLOCK

WINDOWS EXPLODE from their frames. Block guards fly through
jagged
openings.

221 INT. CELL - CELL BLOCK

A prisoner is pinned against cell bars. He screams but
can't be heard

over the RUSHING WIND. Finally his body has nowhere to go
but through
the bars. He comes out the other side like bloody pasta.

222 EXT. SPACE STATION - NIGHT

LONG SHOT: In a vast cosmic abortion, we see a thousand
bodies
hurtling past VIEW and into space.

223 INT. CONTROL ROOM - P-4 LAB

Emergency lights. They strobe across walls, equipment, the
cradle
chamber, and...

The womb. The Alien inside kicks like an animal with
hornets in its
brain, stretching the artificial membrane to the limits.
Ominously,
the first tear appears.

(NOTE: This final act unfolds in real time. Every move,
every word,
every look is made as if it were someone's last -- which it
may well
be. Emergency lights whirl like capering demons, and WIND
SINGS
through corridors like a choir of maniacs. Starting now, we
push hard
and never let up.)

224 INT. CORRIDOR CUL-DE-SAC

Broken wall panels, equipment, a derailed equavator -- a
mass of
wreckage is being dumped here, in a cul-de-sac where the
wind has no
outlet. Soon the pile begins moving from within, wreckage
flinging
aside. Styles and Packard are digging themselves out.

225 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OPERATIONS

Reed appears, ducking airborne debris as he makes his way
to the

Operations Room. A hand clamps his shoulder. It's Lone.

REED

They're gone. Everybody. Came through crew quarters, and they're just fucking gone, they're --

MR. LONE

Your data. You must --

REED

It's goin' down. Whole place. We gotta put out a call, see if there's a freighter or a tug or something close that can --

MR. LONE

Your data, Mr. Reed. You must secure your data.

REED

Fuck that. I wanna get outta here.

MR. LONE

I'll contact Gateway for help.

REED

Gateway? You want ICC Marshalls crawlin' through this place? Down in the lab? You prepared for that?

MR. LONE

My main concern is that the data is retrieved and that everyone gets off safely. Now go, Mr. Reed. I'll contact Gateway.

Still Reed hesitates.

MR. LONE

And I'll take responsibility.

Reed ducks away. Lone pushes into Operations...

...and moves to the master communication console. He draws a stitch-gun from a dead officer's holster -- and FIRES it into the heart of the radio equipment. There will be no calls for help.

227 EXT. SPACE STATION - NIGHT

As small EXPLOSIONS rock the station.

228 INT. CONTROL ROOM - P-4 LAB

Reed rushes in. Begins down-dumping data. Notices a flashing message.

CRADLE CHAMBER MICROGRAVITY 97%

Not understanding, Reed stabs on the photo-acoustic monitor. The screen is empty. Equipment failure? He turns to the cradle chamber.

It's empty.

Reed edges to the window. The voided womb lies at the bottom of the chamber. Beside it, a hole has appeared in the chamber wall -- a hole where something burned its way out.

229 INT. P-4 LAB

Exiting the control room, Reed crosses the main lab as if it were a graveyard at midnight. Then ahead, a section of wall begins warping. Bubbling. Melting.

REED

No, no, no, no...

An arm appears first, pushing through the wall, pores secreting acid.

Bolting, Reed makes it to the door and slaps the unlock mechanism.

And now its legs appear, stepping into the lab.

As the vault-like door opens slowly -- too slowly -- the shadow of the Newbreed Alien falls on him from behind.

230 INT. OPERATIONS

RAPID CLOSEUPS of monitors. They show vacant corridors, twisted conduit, wind-whipped debris. No signs of life other than...

Styles and Packard. Scanning monitors.

PACKARD

It can't be just us. I mean, we can't be the only ones who --

Door opens. Daggs and an S.S. guard enter with guns. A tense beat as the two sides glare at each other: Are they still enemies? Even now?

DAGGS

(pushing down other guard's gun)

He ain't the problem no more.

PACKARD

How many others have you seen?

DAGGS

Just the little bridge party we got goin' here.

He shoulders past them to get to the comm-panel -- and sees the fused circuitry.

PACKARD

Found it like that.

S.S. GUARD

Well, Gateway's gotta see us. They

gotta see the wreckage.

DAGGS

Might pick it up on their docking radar. But even if they're launching right now...

STYLES

How long?

DAGGS

30 minutes if they bust their dicks. If they don't...

Swapped looks. Do they have that kind of time? Packard hits switches on the master terminal.

PACKARD

Calculate available air.

STATION VOICE

At present rate of depletion, station atmosphere will be unsuitable for human habitation in 17 minutes. Repeat. 17 minutes.

S.S. GUARD

Bonemeal. We're fucking bonemeal.

PACKARD

(to terminal)

Keep it on overhead.

(NOTE: STATION VOICE will count down the time whether noted herein or not.)

STYLES

What about the Warden? There's gotta be an --

DAGGS

Shit-canned three days ago.

STYLES

Then Lone. Can't believe he wouldn't have some way to bail. There's gotta be something, a lifeboat, escape pod, something in case --

DAGGS

It's a fucking prison, huh? You ain't supposed to get off.

Styles looks at Packard, hoping like hell she knows something the rest of them don't.

PACKARD

You're the big escape artist.

A windy beat as Styles shoulders the burden. Packard watches, putting her faith in him whether deserved or not, seeing his mind downshift and picking up speed.

STYLES

Oxygen tanks. I saw some in the infirmary. If we can just buy 20 extra minutes until --

DAGGS

Infirmary's gone. Dead-air all around it.

He's looking at the Environmental Status Map (E.S.M.). Viable areas show in blue, unviable in red -- and there's a shitload of red.

STYLES

Airlocks. They feed off the main system? Or is it a separate supply?

DAGGS

Dunno.

STYLES

So why're you lookin' at me instead of finding out?

Locked eyes. Will the guards take orders from a prisoner?
Suddenly

Daggs is moving for the door, pulling the other guard
along.

DAGGS

We're comin' back.

STYLES

(to Packard)

Suits, environmental suits. Weren't
there some at the docking station?

PACKARD

Probably. But on the wrong side of
the bulkhead. And I don't know if...

She has a new thought.

STYLES

What?

PACKARD

Thermal suits. Down in the P-4 lab.
They have air.

STYLES

(scanning E.S.M.)

Can we get there?

PACKARD

Maybe. Drop under on Level Six, then
cut up a starboard elevator.

STYLES

Or go over the top, Level Eight,
then shoot...

STATION VOICE

16 minutes of practical atmosphere
remaining. Repeat. 16 minutes.

STYLES

(pulling her away)

We'll find a way.

231 INT. CORRIDOR

CLOSE on a hand pressing to a doorside scanner. The door opens to reveal...

232 INT. SPECIMEN LIBRARY

A room that recalls a small bank vault.

CLOSE as hands decode one of the lock-drawers. Unlocked, the drawer glides out from the wall. Inside is a specimen case, a foot square.

Mohl lifts the case out. Clutching it as if it held Condor eggs, he turns to run.

233 INT. GRATED CORRIDOR

Styles and Packard speed over a grated walkway. Abruptly he pulls her to a stop, cocks an ear. FOOTFALLS under the WIND. They look down to spot...

Someone running two floors below.

PACKARD
Mohl. P-4 technician.

STYLES
(a beat)
You can make the lab okay?

PACKARD
He might be as lost as we are.

STYLES
Maybe. But looks like he's heading for the foundry -- and that's the only other docking port, isn't it?

PACKARD

We'll both go.

STYLES

Still might need those suits.

Packard searches his eyes. She doesn't like the idea of splitting up.

Not at all.

PACKARD

Look. If there is a way off...

STYLES

Yeah?

PACKARD

Don't you fucking dare leave without me, all right?

STYLES

Would I do that?

He gives her a reassuring smile before bounding away. HOLD on Packard watching him leave. Her face is scared, stressed, troubled -- anything but reassured.

STATION VOICE

15 minutes of practical atmosphere remaining. Repeat. 15 minutes.

234 INT. IN-BOARD AIRLOCK

The two guards are ripping apart airlock walls with small tools and bare hands. It's taking too long.

DAGGS

Get the flamer. We'll torch it out.

235 INT. P-4 LAB

Packard enters -- and pulls up short, seeing...

The lab. Pieces of Reed dangle from equipment like ornaments on a Christmas tree.

She forces herself inside. Listens for danger but hears only the WIND.

Sees the hole in the wall where the Newbreed Alien entered: It offers a ghostly impression of what the beast may look like.

236 INT. CORRIDOR

Clutching the specimen case, Mohl runs. TILT UP to find Styles, shadowing him from above.

237 INT. ELEVATOR STOP - GRATED CORRIDOR

Styles reaches a blown-open elevator shaft. Needing to drop floors, he leaps to the cables and spirals down.

238 INT. COLD-CORE AIRLOCK

Packard enters. Grabs four suits. Checks air reserves. Grabs helmets and ties them together with cord, hands shaking all the while. Slings helmets over one shoulder, suits over the other. Turns to get the hell out of this place -- and freezes.

A shadow crosses the stairs, the shadow of something prowling the lab above.

Packard shoots a glance at the door behind her -- the only other door.

It leads to the cold-core chamber. It leads to the other Aliens.

Drawing nearer, the shadow ripples down the stairs. Packard jerks on a thermal suit. Dogs down the helmet. Pulls an unlock-lever...

239 INT. COLD-CORE CHAMBER

...and enters, instantly sealing the door and backing away.

The door-window darkens. Then the door begins warping.

A dead-man's moan from Packard. There is one place to hide -- but the

idea is so loathsome that even now, as the Newbreed breaches the final

door, Packard hesitates. Finally she unlocks a glassite case...

And snuggles up to the slumbering Alien inside.

PACKARD'S POV: Of the Newbreed slouching into the dark chamber...

coming nearer...nearer...nearer...and stopping right in front of us.

The Newbreed inhales. It can smell Packard, can smell her fear. It

just can't see her.

PACKARD'S POV: Of the Newbreed moving on.

Packard's heart restarts. And just when she thinks that the worst is

over -- that now she can survive anything -- a tail unfurls next to

her. Was it only a reflexive stretch by the Alien? Packard shoots a

look at her thermo-gauge. The temperature climbs sharply.

Now

Packard spots the crack in the glassite -- the crack that lets in

heat. The Alien unfolds more, this time with a primal GROAN.

Hearing, the Newbreed looks back.

Packard bursts out of the case. Hits the floor. Rolls to her feet

just in time to see...

The Newbreed spinning around. Its whipping tail shatters a case.

Packard arrows for the door.

SHRIEKING like a derailing train, the Newbreed lunges after.

The Brute Alien -- stocky and thorned -- falls from the broken case and dents the floor. It writhes awake.

240 INT. COLD-CORE AIRLOCK

Blasting through, Packard scoops up the other thermal suits and takes the stairs three at a time.

241 INT. FOUNDRY

Ore bridges have fallen. A cracked furnace pours molten steel across the floor.

Panting hard, Mohl enters. He looks around but can't find anybody. A moment of panic -- and then Lone appears, stepping from shadow. He's been waiting.

MOHL

Here. I've got it. Here.

Lone accepts the case. Sets it down. Opens it.

CLOSER. Inside is the amberized face-hugger -- the original Alien specimen. Except for small biopsy channels that crisscross the amber, the specimen is identical to when first found.

MOHL

We better hurry. You do have a way off, right? You said you did.

Lone closes the case. Pulls out his stitch gun. Looks at Mohl with eyes dark as death.

MOHL
(stunned)
You said you'd take care of me. If I worked for you. You said --

MR. LONE
I know what I said.

242 INT. IN-BOARD AIRLOCK

A FLAME-THROWER ROARS. Melting wall-panels drop away. Both guards stare dully at the exposed pneumatic system.

DAGGS
Main line. Shit, it hooks up to the main line...

243 INT. CORRIDOR

Packard runs, tripping over the thermal suits, grabbing hits of oxygen from the tanks. She rounds a corner...

244 INT. DARK CORRIDOR

And stops, facing a long, lonely corridor lit only by auxiliary lights. Barely lit.

Packard gropes forward. Finds an equavator. Slaps the relay. The indicator shows a coming car.

STATION VOICE
11 minutes of practical atmosphere remaining. Repeat. 11 minutes.

Packard kneels to restring the helmets. But behind her, the ceiling begins sagging, softened by acid. Two long, brambled legs extend

silently to the floor. Finished tying, Packard stands and turns.

The Newbreed HISSES in her face.

Packard recoils, falls, begins retreating on her ass. The Newbreed walks her back...back...back...and then stops unnaturally, its attention fixed behind Packard. She does a slow turn.

It's the Brute Alien. Body-thorns rising like hackles, it GROWLS A CHALLENGE.

The Newbreed rears its head and SHRIEKS back.

Packard shoots looks between them. The two beasts are about to fight -- and she's right in the goddamn middle.

The Brute Alien charges like a mad rhino.

Packard rolls.

The Aliens collide, shards of exoskeleton shattering away like shrapnel.

Packard grabs the thermal suits and sprints right over VIEW, leaving tire tracks on our faces.

The fight is short but savage: The Newbreed brings its head down over smaller Brute's shoulder -- and rips out the Brute's spine.

245 INT. FOUNDRY

Entering fast, Styles nearly falls over Mohl. He's on the floor, dying, his face a pulpy pin-cushion.

MOHL

He said we'd be partners...

STATION VOICE
10 minutes of practical atmosphere
remaining. Repeat. 10 minutes.

Styles peers at the docking port near the top of the
foundry but sees
no movement. He leaps a molten river to reach the elevator.
Debris
blocks access. Styles looks for another way up. And now he
spots...

Lone. Climbing a service ladder.

246 INT. FOUNDRY DOCKING PORT

Lone reaches the docking platform. He sets down the
specimen case and
moves to the viewport. He unpockets a small box, a Remote
Retrieval
Unit (R.R.U.).

CLOSE on the R.R.U. opening. The inner lid lights up,
becoming a
ranging screen. A blip shows a target three clicks out.

Lone thumbs a servo-switch. At first only dark Earth is
visible out
the viewport. Then something moves, something highlighted
by flaring
thruster-jets.

247 EXT. SPACE STATION - NIGHT

As Lone's drone ship maneuvers toward the station.

248 INT. FOUNDRY DOCKING PORT

The ship looms larger and larger until finally it fills the
viewport.

CLANGING SOUNDS of docking. Lone abandons the R.R.U. and
turns for...

The specimen case. It's open. And empty.

VOICE
Not quite sure what it is...

Styles has the amberized face-hugger.

STYLES (CONT'D)

But figure it's pretty valuable. I mean, you're takin' it instead of your partner down there, right?

Lone eyes the stitch gun resting nearby. Styles holds the face-hugger over the side of the platform, threatening to drop it. Lone stays put.

STYLES

Just a guess, of course. But maybe it's some kind of prototype. Huh? Little pocket-edition that you had the boys in the lab whip up?

MR. LONE

Tell me what you want.

STYLES

Or is this what the others came from? Like the one somebody set loose under the cell block. Huh? Where'd that come from, Lone? Any idea?

MR. LONE

I can give you air. Enough for you to survive until the Gateway ships arrive.

STYLES

(indicating face-hugger)

Is this it, Lone? Is this where a whole lotta bad craziness began?

STATION VOICE

Eight minutes of practical atmosphere remaining. Repeat. Eight minutes.

MR. LONE

If you want to negotiate, Mr.

Styles, let's get down to business.

STYLES

Business. Man, that's what it's all about, isn't it? 'Cause if you can cut free with this chunk of rock, you're back in business.

MR. LONE

(indicating drone)

Come with me. Right now. I'll make sure you get away.

STYLES

Sorry, Lone. But I don't think I want the company.

He pitches the face-hugger overboard.

Lone darts to the edge of the platform. Stretches out as far as humanly possible -- then adds another inch. He actually catches the specimen -- but he's left tottering on the edge, and we think he may pay for the catch with his life. Then at the last second, Lone grabs a support bracket. Relief floods his face.

Until the bracket snaps.

Lone plummets.

249 INT. FOUNDRY

The face-hugger hits the main floor and shatters like an exploding star. HOLD on point of impact. Presently white fluid rains down from above. VIEW CRANES UP through the supports of the foundry until we find Lone impaled on a girder. He bleeds the blood of androids.

STATION VOICE

Seven minutes of practical

atmosphere remaining. Repeat. Seven minutes.

250 INT. FOUNDRY AIRLOCK

Styles enters. Moves to the docked drone ship. Yanks an unlock-lever to open the hatch...

251 INT. DRONE SHIP

...and step inside. Styles sees a viewscreen. Touches the automated controls. Then turns to the chair. The one chair.

252 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OPERATIONS

Packard reaches Operations. Daggs is waiting.

PACKARD
(fighting for breath,
for sanlty)
Did you, did you, did you see
what --

DAGGS
On the monitors. Seen somethin'
else, too.

253 INT. OPERATIONS

CLOSE on a monitor with an external view of the station. Visible is the...

DAGGS
Drone ship. Doesn't need a pilot.
It's docked at the foundry.

PACKARD
Styles. He was heading there.

DAGGS
You let him go? Alone?

PACKARD

(moving to E.S.M.)
How do we get there?

S.S. GUARD
Maybe we don't have to. Got air now.
We can just ride it out until --

PACKARD
But if Gateway didn't launch? What happens then? You want to take that chance? With those things loose out there?

DAGGS
Rather rely on Gateway than some prisoner's sense of fair play. If Styles does have a ticket outta here, you think he's gonna hang around for us?

PACKARD
He said he'd wait.

DAGGS
Lady, I'll give it to you ugly but honest: He's a con, you're a chump, and you both deserve blue ribbons.

PACKARD
He'll wait. And if you don't believe it, don't come. Just show me how to get there.

Beat. Daggs checks monitors. The corridors look clear.

STATION VOICE
Five minutes of practical atmosphere remaining. Repeat. Five --

DAGGS
(at voice)
Awright, awright, al-fuckin'-ready!
(to S.S. guard)
Bring the flamer.

Daggs leading, they run. Nothing fancy here -- just moving flat-out, old-fashioned, balls-to-the-walls fast. They tear around another corner...

255 INT. CUL-DE-SAC CORRIDOR

...and pile up, reaching the dead-end.

PACKARD

I thought you knew the way!

Daggs backtracks to orient himself. Collapsed walls, strange lighting. Everything's different.

STATION VOICE

Four minutes of practical atmosphere remaining. Repeat. Four minutes.

Packard takes oxygen. She hates this. Hates not moving. Hates being a standing target for...

The Newbreed lunges from an elevator shaft.

Daggs' stitch rifle, knocked away, drops through a hole in the floor.

Firing reflexively, the S.S. guard ROARS his flame-thrower.

The Newbreed retreats.

Daggs pulls Packard to her feet and runs.

256 INT. CORRIDOR

Packard and Daggs hurdle a rampart of debris. The S.S. guard clears, then whirls back to torch the rampart. He holds his position, making sure the fire catches in the thinning atmosphere.

The Newbreed appears -- crawling upside-down on the ceiling
to pass
over the curtain of flame.

257 INT. FOUNDRY

Packard and Daggs skid inside, turning back to see...

The S.S. guard coming at full-throttle: Still on the
ceiling, the
Newbreed chases him like some nightmarish shadow.

Daggs hammers a button. The overhead door begins dropping.

258 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FOUNDRY

The S.S. guard dives head-first...

259 INT. FOUNDRY

And slides to a stop just inside the closing door. He's
safe...

Until something grabs his foot and tears him back under.

The DOOR BOOMS closed. Only an arm and the flame-thrower
made it.

Daggs grabs the weapon and pushes Packard toward the
ladder.

STATION VOICE

Two minutes of practical atmosphere
remaining. Repeat. Two minutes.

Behind them, the door -- two inches of plate steel --
begins
blistering.

260 INT. FOUNDRY DOCKING PORT

Breathing like a dying asthmatic, Packard tops the ladder.
Makes it to
her feet. Throws her face to the viewport to see...

Pieces of hull tumbling through otherwise empty space. The
drone ship

is gone.

PACKARD
(from the marrow of her
soul)
Goddamnit, Styles, I trusted you...

261 INT. FOUNDRY

As the Newbreed breaches the door.

262 INT. FOUNDRY DOCKING PORT

DAGGS
Your helmet. Get it on. We can still
go outside the hull.

PACKARD
And where then? Huh? Where then?

Daggs doesn't know where -- that's as far as his mind can
take them.

STATION VOICE
Sixty seconds of practical
atmosphere remaining. Repeat. Sixty
seconds.

Now a new noise turns their heads. It sounds almost like...

263 INT. FOUNDRY ELEVATOR SHAFT

An ELEVATOR RISING.

264 INT. FOUNDRY DOCKING GATE

DAGGS
Aw, no, no, no...

Flame-thrower is dead. He tries to reprime it. Not enough
air.

The elevator climbs.

Daggs bashes off a section of railing. It's a sad excuse
for a weapon

-- but he's not going down without a fight.

The ELEVATOR CLANGS to a stop at platform-level. Doors draw open.

STYLES

What took you?

It's him. Stepping off. Breathing from an oxygen tank.

PACKARD

(malleted)

Wha... Where were you?

STYLES

Clearing the elevator. Thought you might need it.

DAGGS

What we need is a fucking ship.
Where'd it go?

STYLES

(producing R.R.U. box)

Waitin' two clicks out. Had to push
it away so it wouldn't catch this
hull crap.

Styles moves to the viewport, activates the R.R.U. to begin recalling the drone ship. Packard joins. For one time-stopped moment, she allows herself to forget all else.

PACKARD

Styles?

STYLES

Packard?

PACKARD

I really thought you left.

STYLES

(with a look)

Never crossed my mind.

He's a lying sonofawhore and Packard starts to say so. But then the whole platform rocks. Daggs leans over the side to see...

The Newbreed climbing the support structure. This time it's coming for real.

265 EXT. SPACE STATION - NIGHT

Still a kilometer off, the drone ship maneuvers toward the station.

266 INT. FOUNDRY DOCKING PORT

STATION VOICE

Station atmosphere now unviable for human habitation. Repeat. Station atmosphere now unviable for human habitation...

Packard tightens down her helmet, then begins dressing Styles in the spare suit.

(NOTE: No sound now, unless it's HELMET CROSS-TALK or the deep RUMBLE-VIBRATIONS we feel in our bones. Other than that, play out the finale in numbing silence.)

Daggs chances another look over the side -- and keeps looking. Where'd it go? Suddenly jaws rush upward and snap shut in his face.

Daggs recoils all the way to the viewport, colliding with Styles and Packard. He screams something they can't hear. He slams his helmet against Styles'.

DAGGS

Airlock! Do it in the airlock!

267 INT. FOUNDRY AIRLOCK

They bungle in. Minimal gravity here -- they float as much as stand.

As Daggs secures the door, Styles lofts himself to the other end --

the end open to space -- and keeps thumbing the R.R.U. The drone ship is coming -- but slowly, so goddamn slowly.

268 INT. FOUNDRY DOCKING PORT

As the Newbreed crawls over the lip of the platform.

269 INT. FOUNDRY AIRLOCK

Daggs peers back into the foundry. Can't see anything. Stoops to double-check the lock just as something shatters the window, nearly decapitating him.

270 INT. FOUNDRY DOCKING PORT

The Newbreed sees them. All three. Trapped together in one tight little space. Frenzied, it begins shredding the airlock door.

271 INT. FOUNDRY AIRLOCK

The door is collapsing. Only seconds before the Newbreed is inside...

272 EXT. SPACE STATION - NIGHT

And the ship is still 200 yards away.

273 INT. FOUNDRY AIRLOCK

Styles shuts down the R.R.U., freezing the ship. Now he grabs Packard and Daggs, pulling them to the mouth of the airlock, slamming their three helmets together.

STYLES

Straight shot! Straight!

PACKARD

(realizing)

If we miss, we burn! If we miss --

STYLES

Don't miss.

As one, they grab the rim of the airlock. Rear back. Aim.
Then fling
themselves forward...

274 EXT. SPACE

...into naked space.

In an EXTREME LONG SHOT, we watch the three white figures
glide across
the blackness, strung together like wriggling paper dolls.

THEIR POV: They approach the ship broadside. Their aim
looks good. But
is good good enough?

Styles tries course-corrections. Nothing works.

THEIR POV: Fifty feet...thirty...ten...

They're passing too high. Leading, Styles stretches down
and gets a
glove on the hull. But the glove just slides over the
curvature,
finding no purchase.

Packard reaches for the ship's antenna. She snags it -- but
it breaks
off in her hand.

THEIR POV: Of Earth. Waiting to incinerate them.

Abruptly they jerk to a stop: Daggs got a hand on the
needle-nose.

They made the ship.

275 INT. DRONE SHIP

Hatch opens. The three survivors drift-tumble in.
Atmosphere and
gravity machines kick in as soon as the hatch is closed.
They sink to
the deck.

For moments, we hear only PANTING RESPIRATORS. Then Daggs,
hearing a
new sound, turns to look.

Styles is laughing. Laughing in his helmet, laughing like a
man who
just scammed Death. Packard finds it infectious --
especially when she
spots the broken antenna still in her grasp.

Daggs stands, leaving them to roll around on deck. And just
when their
life-affirming laughter peaks...

DAGGS

Hey. Hey.

He's looking out the hatch porthole.

DAGGS' POV: The space station is dying, listing badly,
rocked by
silent explosions. But against that backdrop, something
moves toward
us. Just debris?

Styles and Packard crowd in to see.

276 EXT. SPACE

It's the Newbreed, clawing and slashing through space. It's
coming
fast. And its aim looks dead-fucking-on.

277 INT. DRONE SHIP

DAGGS

Doesn't it breathe? For Chrissake,
doesn't it need any fuckin' air?

PACKARD

It'll come through the hull. It'll
burn its way right through unless...

Styles is already at the console. Rescanning instruments.
Hitting

"MANUAL OVERRIDE": An instrument housing flips up. Among
the switches
is a control-stick.

278 EXT. DRONE SHIP

The Newbreed braces for contact.

NEWBREED'S POV: Of the bow of the ship
turning...turning...turning...
until the needle-nose points right at VIEW.

Futilely, the Newbreed tries to backpedal in space.

279 INT. DRONE SHIP

Eyes on the viewscreen, Styles brings a fist down on the
main-engine
switch.

280 EXT. DRONE SHIP

Thrusters fire.

NEWBREED'S POV: Of the ship lurching at VIEW.

It's a heart-shot: The needle of the ship bores through the
Newbreed

Alien, first impaling it, then splitting it open. Pieces of
the beast
tumble for different corners of the universe.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

281 EXT. SPACE - EARTH DAWN

The drone ship drifts. FOREGROUND, the bow of a huge cutter
appears.

RESCUE VOICE

Drone ship, this is ICC Cutter 27,
Marshalls' Division. Do you read?
Over.

DAGGS (V.O.)
Uh, yeah. Block Officer Daggs here.
Over.

RESCUE VOICE
Pulling alongside momentarily,
Officer Daggs. How many survivors
aboard?

DAGGS (V.O.)
Three. Just three of us.

RESCUE VOICE
Identify others, please.

DAGGS (V.O.)
Well, there's Christine Packard, the
station D.P. And then there's
Styles. He's, uh...

A beat. MURMURED VOICES.

RESCUE VOICE
Sorry, didn't copy that.

More MURMURING as a decision is reached -- one not popular
with Daggs,
but one he'll try to live with.

DAGGS (V.O.)
Styles. I guess he's just one of the
med-techs.

RESCUE VOICE
Good enough, Officer Daggs. Prepare
for docking.

The cutter powers ahead, moving to intercept. We take it as
our cue
to...

FADE OUT

THE END

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