

ALIEN - SEA OF SORROWS

By DIRK MAGGS

Based on the novel by JAMES A. MOORE

SCENE 1

INT; THE SHIP CAVE, (FLASHBACK 'ALIEN OUT OF THE SHADOWS')

FX: A LONG SHOT OF THE SHIP CAVE FROM LV-178. THE LANDING PARTY FROM THE 'MARION' RUNNING, PANTING, AS THEY CROSS THE HUGE SUBTERRANEAN CAVE TO GET TO THE DERELICT SHIP. BEHIND THEM ALIENS ARE IN PURSUIT.

RIPLEY

(distant, echoey)

Hooper! Baxter! Lachance! This way!

DECKER

(detached, trance-like)

They run from us, hidden within their artificial skins. They run toward the birthing grounds, in the derelict ship. Exactly where we want them to go.

SCENE 2

INT. THE SHIP CAVE, CLOSER

2

FX: THE LANDING PARTY, RUNNING HARD, PANTING.

RIPLEY

They're still driving us forward, Hooper. This isn't a pursuit. We're being herded!

DECKER

(over, trancelike)

The cave is dark to them, they cannot see as well as they should. They cannot feel the air currents or taste the fear of their prey. They are weak. They are easily moved in the right direction.

RIPLEY

We have no choice - we have to go into the derelict ... Sneddon, keep up!

DECKER

Their breathing is a constant, panting wheeze. Their heartbeats a wild flutter of desperation and the need for survival. They are aggressive. But they are afraid.

FX: ALIEN SCREECH FROM BEHIND THEM

RIPLEY

Hurry! They're getting closer!

FX: THEY START TO RUN.

DECKER

Beneath the shell of hard synthetics their flesh is soft and their blood is hot, but they will serve our needs when they enter the brood-chamber.

RIPLEY

They're nearly on us. We have to get into that crack in the hull. Just a little further - that's it! Good!

FX: A BEAT. THE ALIENS ARE MOVING OFF.

DECKER

They are where we want them. They will find the brood and disturb the lifegivers. They will carry and nourish our young. They are only humans, and they have been sent to fulfil our needs ... uh

... Uh?

SCENE 3

INT. DECKER'S APARTMENT, EARTH

FX: ROOM TONE. BEDCOVERS THROWN BACK.

DECKER
(sitting up in bed) Jesus! Not
again ... uh?

PIOTROWICZ
(low)
Sarge, he's awake.

MANNIN
G Dammit. Grab
him.

DECKER
What the hell are you guys doing in
my apartment-

FX: GRAPPLING AS DECKER TRIED TO FIGHT OFF
INTRUDERS

PIOTROWICZ
Son of a bitch -

(takes a punch)

Hey! You wanna throw
punches? (effort) Unf -
!

DECKER
(punched)
Uff.

MULLER
Grab his arms, damn it -

MANNING

We need him alive, Petey

-

PIOTROWICZ

Does he have to be
intact?

DECKER

Get off me -

MANN

ING - Muller,
trank him.

MULLER

Copy that -

FX: HISS OF TRANQUILLISER SHOT

DECKER I

swear I'm gonna -
Uhhh.

FX: DECKER GOES LIMP.

MULLER

Ffff.

PIOTROWICZ

So this is Decker. He's tougher than
he looks.

MULLER

That wasn't much of a dose. He'll be
awake again in an hour.

MANNING

Okay. Bag him up for dust off and
let's go.

SCENE 4

INT. STARFREIGHTER KIANGYA, CORRIDOR

FX: MUFFLED FEET (HEARD FROM INSIDE BLINDFOLD HOOD) AS
DECKER IS CARRIED ALONG.

DECKER

(confined, awake,
struggling) Who are you people?
What is this?

FX: DOOR OPENS INTO:

SCENE 4

INT. STARFREIGHTER KIANGYA, MEDICAL BAY

FROM DECKER'S POINT OF VIEW - HIS BREATHING CLOSE, OTHER SOUNDS MUFFLED A LITTLE:

FX: DECKER IS BUNDLED INTO MEDICAL BAY, UNDER:

COMPUTER VOICE
Welcome to the Medical Bay.

DECKER
What Medical Bay? Where is this
?

MANNING
Put him in the chair. Use the
restraints.

FX: DECKER THUMPED DOWN INTO CHAIR. STRAPS,
BUCKLES.

DECKER
Take this damn hood off.

ROLLINS
There should be no need for
restraints, Sergeant. And please take
the bag off his head.
(her voice clearer as hood
removed)
We're not thugs.

DECKER
(breathes more freely)
You could've fooled me. Who are
you? Are these your gorillas?

FX: CLICK

ROLLINS
Interrogation 1, April 25th 2497. You
are Alan Decker, formerly Deputy
Commissioner in the Interstellar
Commerce Commission?

DECKER

If you don't even know who you're kidnapping, that adds a whole new layer of stupid to all this.

MANNING

You want me to gag him?

ROLLINS

That would somewhat defeat the point. You can stand your men down.

MANNING

(to men)

Okay, beat it.

FX: DOOR O/C, FOOTSTEPS OUT.

ROLLINS

Thank you, Sergeant. Now. Mister Decker. Just confirm your name for the record, please.

DECKER

Not till I get some answers.

ROLLINS

I need you to tell me about what happened to you on LV-178.

DECK

ER On New Galveston?

ROLLINS

Yes.

DECKER

Who's asking? Who are those men - Colonial Marines?

MANNING

Do I look like a Marine to you?

DECKER

I don't know. You could be off duty.

MANNING

(chuckle)

Close, but no cigar.

DECK

ER Oh. A Mercenary.

ROLLINS

Sergeant Manning is in command of our task force - and of discipline in this room.

MANNING

Try something, if you want.

ROLLINS My name is Andrea Rollins. I'm Supervising Acquisitions Manager here.

DECKER

So - I'm an Acquisition?

ROLLINS

You'll have a lot of questions, Mr. Decker -

DECKER

Yes I have, like, why did these meatheads kidnap me from my apartment?

ROLLINS

That's an easy one. We needed you here.

DECKER

Who's we?

ROLLINS Weyland-

Yutani.

A BEAT.

DECKE

R Oh. There you go.

ROLLINS

You're not surprised. Good, that'll make this easier.

DECKER

Nobody thought to ask me to drop in, before sending a goon squad to grab me up?

ROLLINS

The general consensus was that your answer would be no. Which currently is not an option.

DECKER

All of this because of a two year-old report?

ROLLINS

Ah. Would you like to talk about the report you wrote?

DECKER

I'm thinking that you would.

ROLLINS

Your report on New Galveston was provocative, I'll admit, but hardly worth kidnapping you for.

DECKER

(sigh)

Ffff.

FX: SHE MOVES AROUND THE ROOM, IN CONTROL:

ROLLINS

You appear to be in good health, and fully recovered, since you were invalidated back to Earth. Mentally, however, since your accident you have shown substantial signs of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. Which is curious when one considers that the trauma was purely physical.

DECKER

I resigned from the ICC. You can't hold me against my will on the grounds of my medical history.

ROLLINS

According to the psych profiles compiled after your return, there's nothing in your profile to indicate the damage would cause that sort of reaction.

DECKER

How do you know this? Why is it of interest to Weyland-Yutani?

ROLLINS

Because we paid for your treatment.

DECKER

No. My insurance covered it.

ROLLINS

Through a Weyland subsidiary. Nobody reads the small print.

MANNING

Your ass belongs to the Company.

DECKER

And your ass belongs to the highest bidder. Proud, much?

ROLLINS

Gentlemen.

DECKER

You're a little late trying to suppress the report. The Company made sure it was dead on arrival.

ROLLINS

At first we thought we might need to use you as a scapegoat, on the chance that the report might lead to a lawsuit. But then something more important emerged. I'd like you to take me through what happened.

DECKER

Do I get any choice in the matter?

MANNING

Does it look like it?

DECKE

R No.

MANNING

Then talk.

DECKER

It's all in the report.

ROLLINS

In your own words, not ICC official jargon.

DECKER

Jeez.

A BEAT

MANNING

Want me to persuade him?

ROLLINS

I'd prefer to do this without coercion, Sergeant.

DECKER

Access my implant. It's all recorded in there.

ROLLINS

Your implant's been removed.

DECKER

What?

ROLLINS

We don't allow personal communications devices here. Show him, Sergeant.

MANNING

See this band aid? That's not where I cut myself shaving this morning.

ROLLINS

Besides, the information I need - the skills you possess - wouldn't be logged by a comms implant. You and I both know you have a particular talent, Mister Decker. It will save us all a lot of time if you help me here.

A BEAT.

DECKER

(sigh)

Where do you want me to start?

ROLLINS

Let's start on the day of the accident. I believe the terraforming project was pretty much complete at that point.

DECKER

Yes.

ROLLINS

And it was your job to sign off on the operation. You were initially happy to do so?

DECKER

The atmosphere composition was within tolerance, daytime temperature averaged 25 Celsius, with moderate humidity. The grass was growing, the streams were filled with clean water and the test crops were growing.

ROLLINS

But you couldn't sign off on the project.

DECKE

R No.

ROLLINS

Because?

DECKER

You've read my re-

ROLLINS

Please.

DECKER

(sigh)

To the north east of the fertile zone, about 400 miles out, there was an area where the grass yellowed and died, no matter what was done to spray it for contaminants. From there on there was almost sixty miles of black sand. Once you got out of the crawler, you sank into it a couple of inches. It wasn't actually necessary to wear a hazmat suit, but it sure looked and smelled like it should have been.

MANNING

Sounds like a USMC locker room.

ROLLINS

I'll handle this, thank you, Sergeant. You can wait outside.

MANNING

(sighs - this is more entertaining) Copy that.

FX: DOOR O/C AS HE EXITS.

ROLLI

NS Go on.

DECKER

Something overlooked like that - something so unnatural - suggested negligence in the survey. Which it was my job to prevent - or report.

SCENE 6

EXT. LV-178, SEA OF SORROWS - DAY

FX: WIND, DESERT ATMOS. NO WILDLIFE. BUILDING MACHINERY IN BACKGROUND.

FX: A CRAWLER RUMBLES ACROSS TERRAIN, UNDER:

CUT ROOM ACOUSTIC ON VOICES - AS IF NOW NARRATING:

DECKER (V.O.)

The ICC was in charge of enforcing the safety guidelines. I was their point man on LV-178. And Weyland were responsible for the terraforming.

FX: CRAWLER STOPS, DOORS OPEN, TWO MEN GET OUT:

LUKE RAND

(coughs)

Pee-oo.

DECKER

(in flashback)

That's what I'm talking about, Luke. Your guys can't have missed this. It's a goddam desert. And the smell makes you gag. You can't sell parcels of land to settlers out here. This place is poisoned.

LUKE RAND

We'll work around it. Wall it off. We did it round the lava pools on the other side of the plateau. There are two cities there now.

DECKER

That's not going to work here. If you have any aquifers running through this place feeding the water table, people downstream are going to get sick.

LUKE RAND

You want to run this operation, Al?

DECKER

That's not all. See that marker?
Yellow flag, around forty feet from
here?

LUKE RAND

Yup.

DECKER

I put that at the edge of the black
sand three months ago.

LUKE

RAND No shit.

VOICES BECOME AUDIBLE IN BG:

BRONSON

(background)

Jeez, anchor it first, will ya?

BADEJO

(background)

If it won't stand upright, it won't
anchor ...

DECKER

Whatever the contaminant is, it's
spreading, and killing the vegetation
you guys shipped out and seeded at
all that expense.

LUKE RAND

Okay.

BRONSON

Hey, Mister Rand.

LUKE RAND

(nod)

Bronson. Badejo.

DECKER

What are your boys doing on the
ridge, Luke?

LUKE RAND

You said there was a problem. I
called out a tech team to take a core
sample. Let's see how they're doing
...

FX: LUKE MOVES OFF.