

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - ON RIPLEY - GATEWAY

Ripley faces the EIGHT MEMBERS of the board of inquiry at a long conference table. Gray suits and grim faces. They aren't buying. VAN LEUWEN, the ICC representative, steeples his fingers and frowns. She's not cool. Not unemotional.

RIPLEY

We have been here for three hours. How many different ways do you want me to tell the same story?

VAN LEUWEN

Look at it from our perspective. You freely admit to detonating the engines of, and thereby destroying, an M-Class star-freighter. A rather expensive piece of hardware...

INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR

(dryly)

Forty-two million in adjusted dollars. That's minus payload, of course.

VAN LEUWEN

The shuttle's flight recorder corroborates some elements of your account. That the Nostromo set down on LV-426 and was subsequently set for self-destruct. By you. For reasons unknown.

RIPLEY

Not for reasons unknown. Look, I told you... We set down there on company orders to get this thing. Which destroyed my crew...and your expense ship.

VAN LEUWEN

The analysis team which went over your shuttle centimeter by centimeter found no physical evidence of the creature you describe...

RIPLEY

(losing it)

Good. That's because I blew it out the Goddamn airlock! (pause) Like I said.

INSURANCE MAN

(to ECA Rep)

Are there any species like this
'hostile organism' on LV-426?

ECA REP

No. It's a rock. No indigenous life.

Ripley grits her teeth in frustration.

RIPLEY

Did IQ's just drop sharply while I was
away. I told you, it wasn't
indigenous. There was an alien
spacecraft there. A derelict ship. We
homed on its beacon...

ECA REP

And found something never recorded
once in over three hundred surveyed
worlds. (read from Ripley's statement)
... A creature that gestates in a
living human host. These are your
words... and has 'concentrated acid
for blood.'

Ripley glances at Burke, silent at the far end of the table.
His expression is grim. Her mouth hardens as a bit of the old
nail-eating Ripley surfaces.

RIPLEY

That's right. Look, I can see where
this is going. But I'm telling you
those things exist...

VAN LEUWEN

Thank you, Officer Ripley. That will
be all.

RIPLEY

Please, you're not listening to me.
Back on that planetoid is an alien
ship and on that ship are thousands of
eggs. Thousands. Do you understand?

VAN LEUWEN

Thank you, that will be all!

RIPLEY

(louder, stepping on him)
Goddammit That's not all!..Because if

just one of those things managed to
get down here, then all of this
bullshit that you think is so
important...you can just kiss all that
goodbye.

Ripley turns sharply away, trembling with frustration and
anger.

VAN LEUWEN

It is the finding of this board of
inquiry that Warrent Officer Ellen
Ripley, NOC-14672. has acted with
questionable judgment and is unfit to
hold an ICC license as a commercial
flight officer.

RIPLEY

(insistent)

Why won't you check out LV-426?

VAN LEUWEN

(condescendingly)

Because I don't have to. The people
who live there checked it out years
ago and they never reported any
'hostile organism' or alien ship.

RIPLEY

What are you talking about. What
people?

VAN LEUWEN

Terraformers...planet engineers. It's
what we call a shake 'n' bake colony.
They set up atmosphere processors to
make the air breathable...Takes
decades.

RIPLEY

How many?...How many colonists?

VAN LEUWEN

Sixty, maybe seventy families.

RIPLEY

(low)

Jesus.