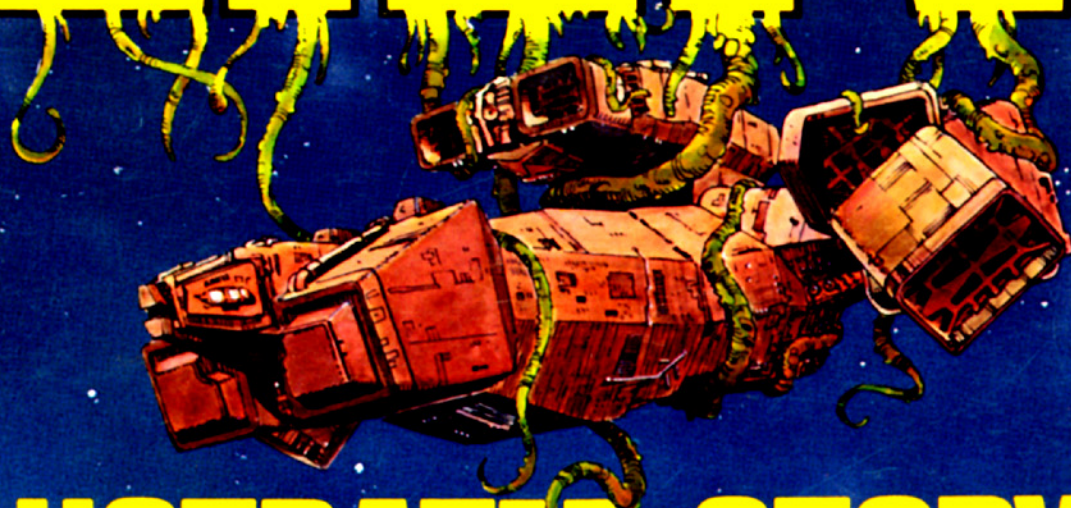


Heavy Metal presents

ALIEN



THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

by Archie Goodwin and Walter Simonson

Based on Twentieth Century-Fox's science fiction hit, *Alien*





THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon. Story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett.

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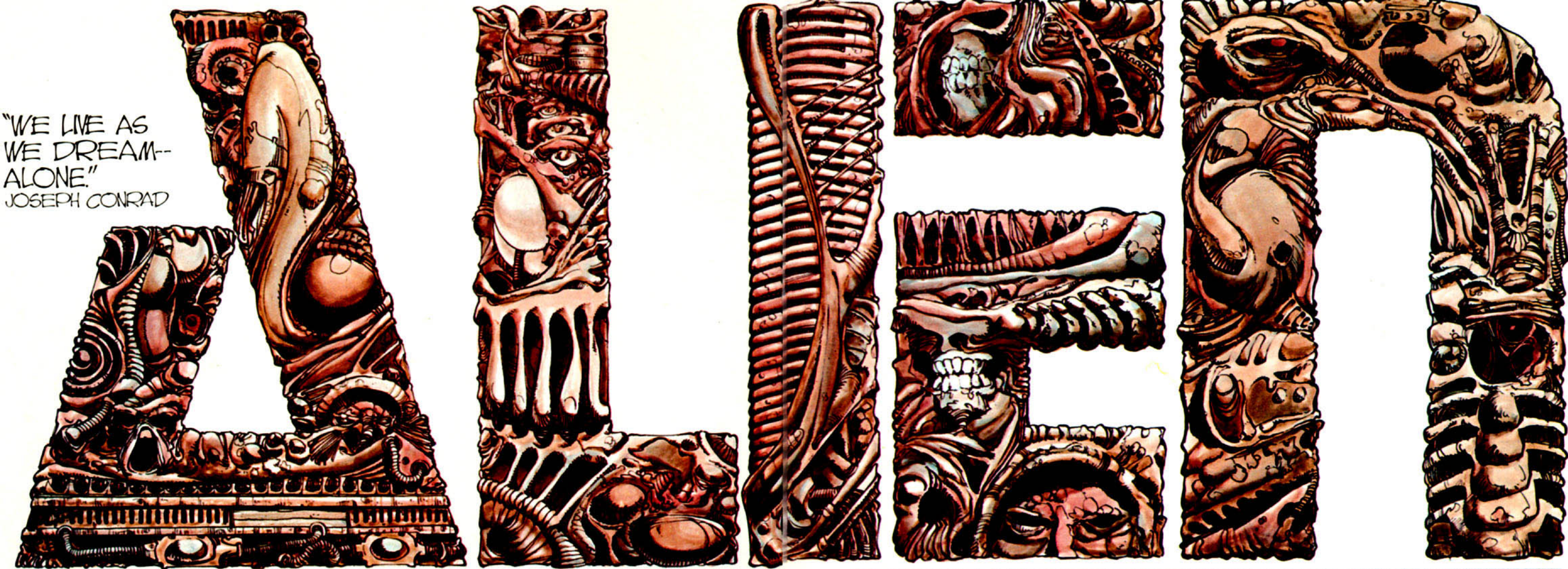
ALIEN

THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

by Archie Goodwin
and Walter Simonson

Distributed by Simon & Schuster

"WE LIVE AS
WE DREAM--
ALONE."
JOSEPH CONRAD



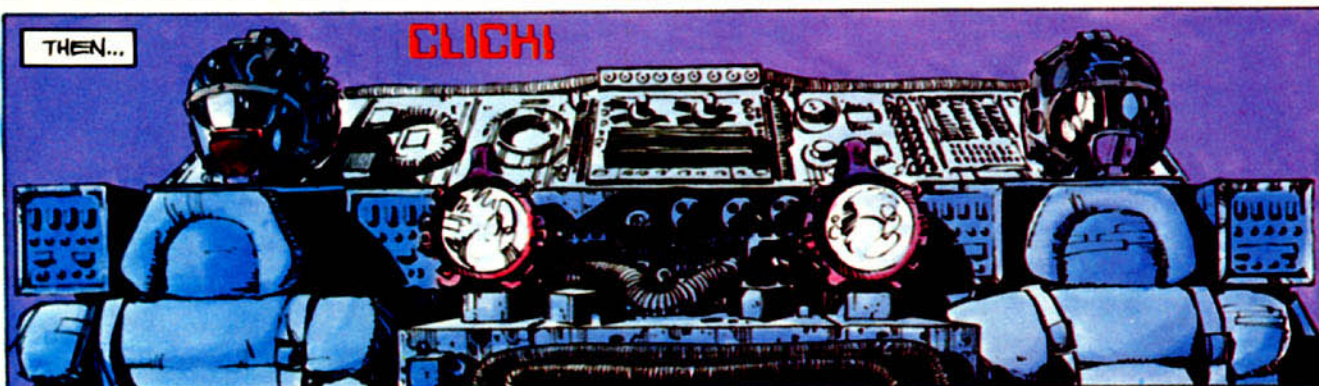
IT STARTS
WITH THE
SHIP...



THE SHIP
AND THE
SILENCE.

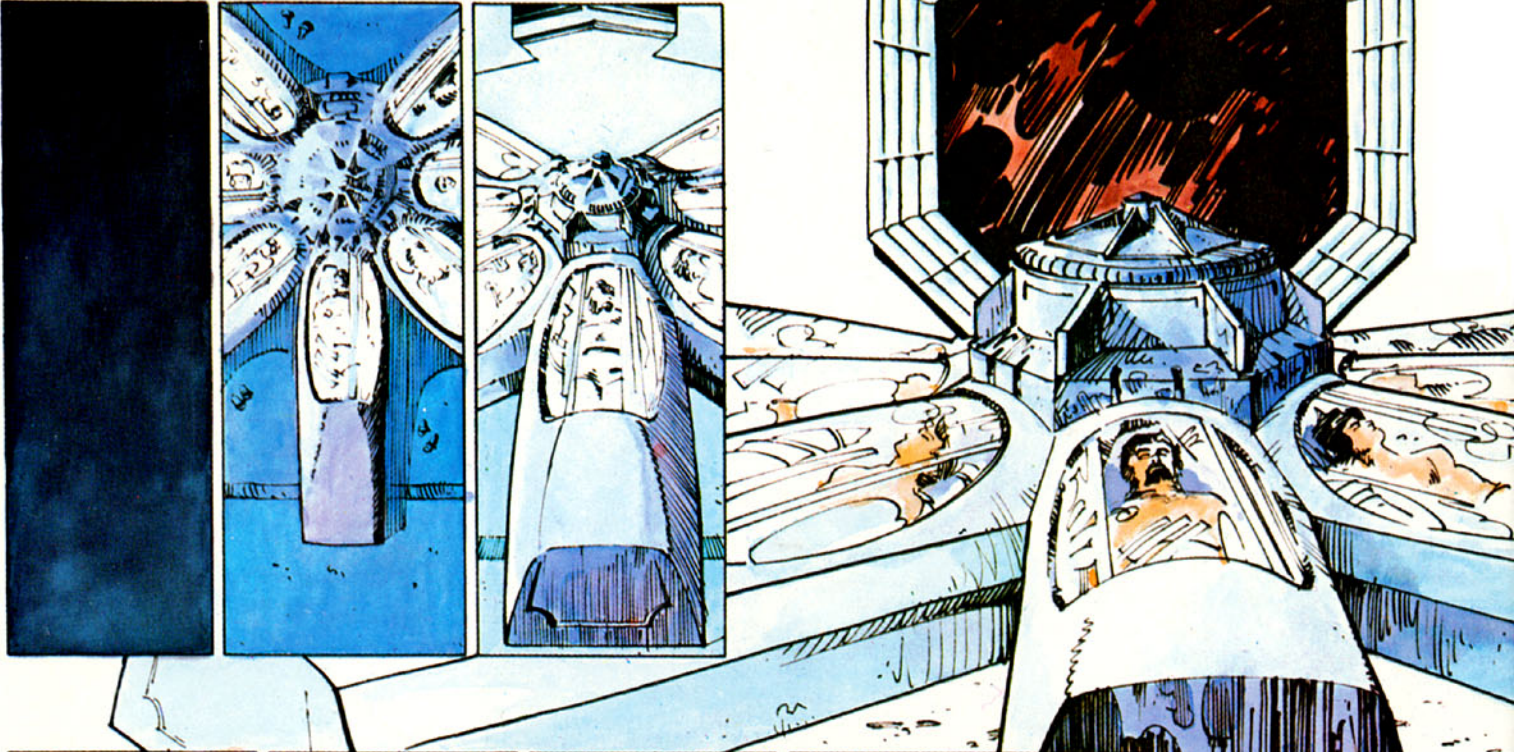


THEN...

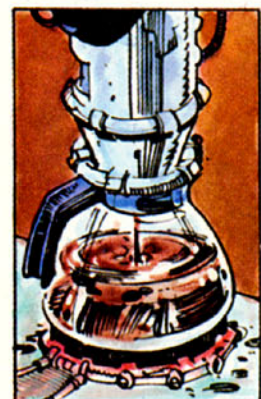
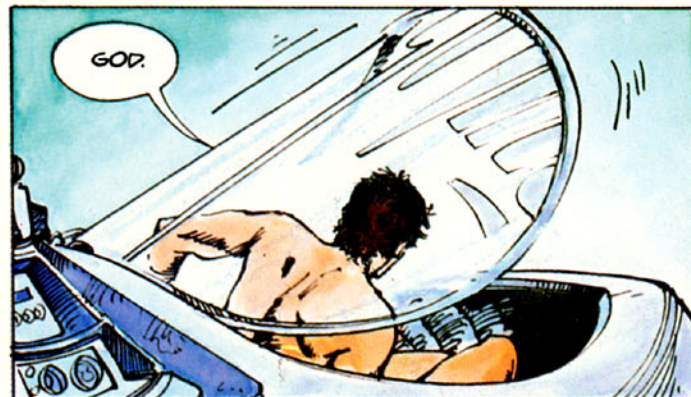


...THE SILENCE
ENDS...

ENDING WITH THE
SILENCE...



...A LONG, COLD
SLEEP...



STIFFLY, SULLENLY, THEY ENTER, IGNORING THE EXECUTIVE OFFICER, KANE, FOR THE COFFEE HE'S BREWED

SHIP'S NAVIGATOR...

...LAMBERT.

SEVEN BEINGS. TWO FEMALE. FIVE MALE. GRADUALLY BEGINNING TO FEEL HUMAN AGAIN.

IT'S CAPTAIN... DALLAS.

SCIENCE OFFICER... ASH.

WARRANT OFFICER... RIPLEY.

ENGINEER... PARKER.

AND HIS TECHNICIAN... BRETT.

'FORE WE DOCK, MAYBE WE'D BETTER GO OVER THE BONUS SITUATION.

RIGHT.

BRETT AND I THINK WE DESERVE A FULL SHARE.

YOU TWO WILL GET WHAT YOU CONTRACTED FOR, PARKER. LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

EXCEPT MAYBE FOR JONES, THE DAMN CAT...

...EVERYONE ELSE GETS MORE THAN US.

RIGHT.

EVERYONE ELSE DESERVES MORE THAN YOU.

DALLAS...

...GOT A YELLOW LIGHT. MOTHER WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.

I SAW IT, ASH.

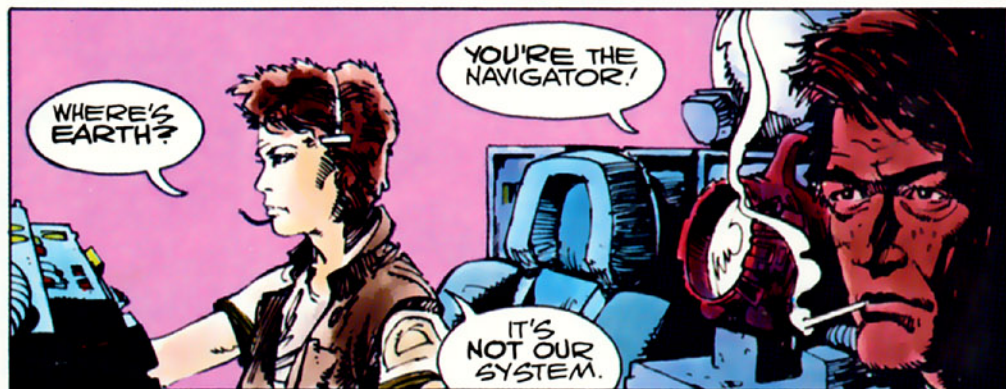
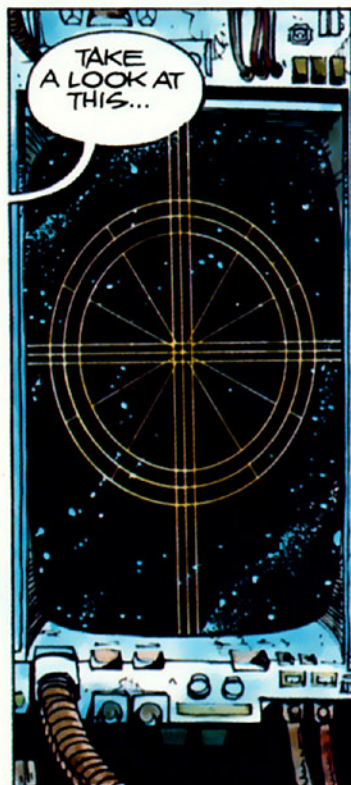
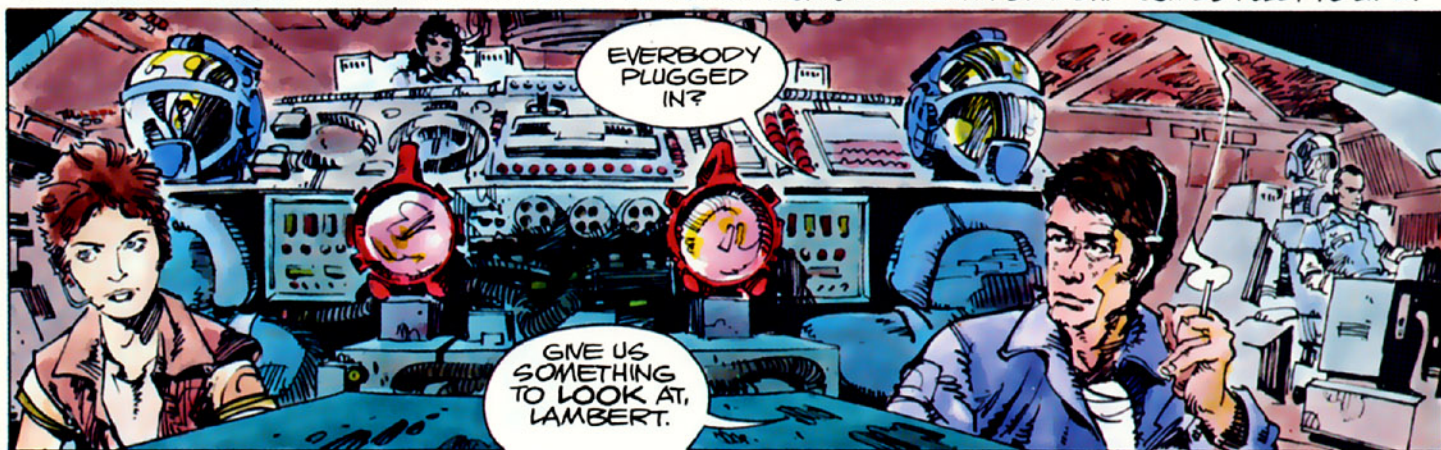
THE REST OF YOU HIT YOUR STATIONS.

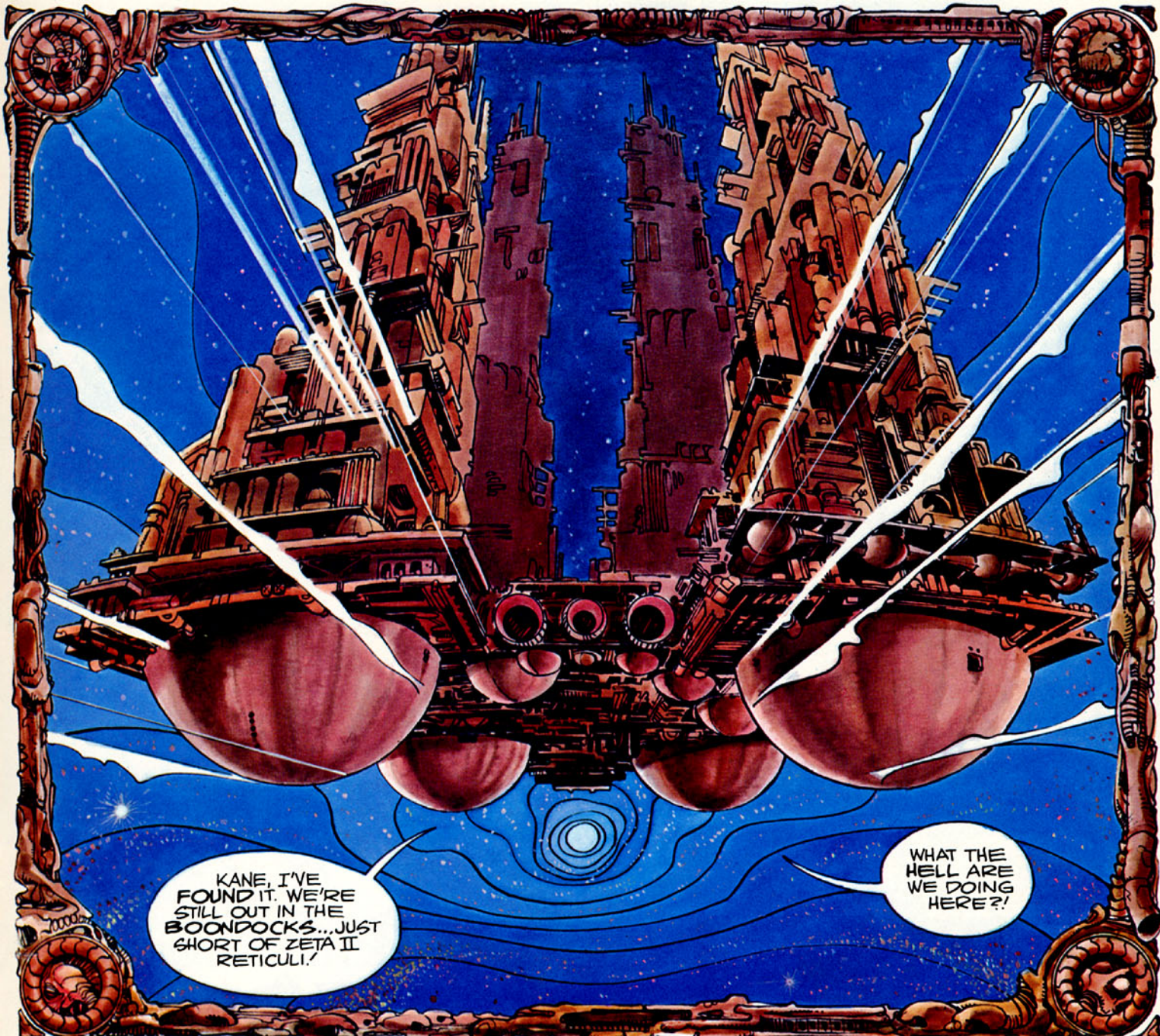
YELLOW LIGHT...

...CAPTAIN'S EYES ONLY...



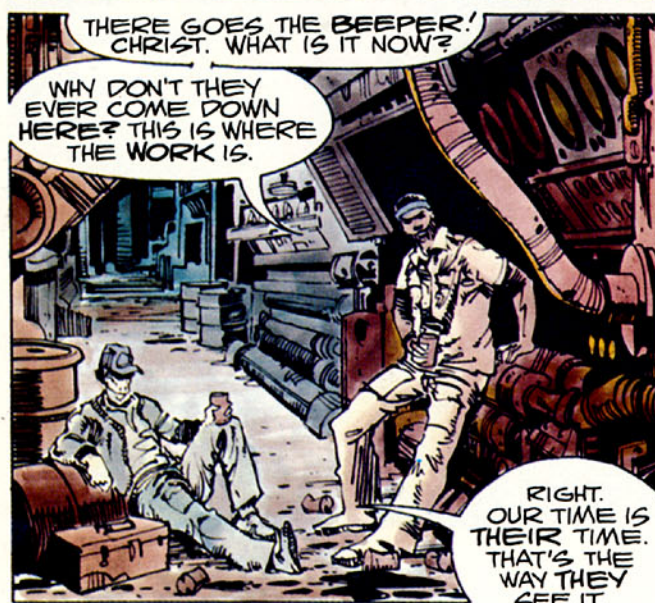
THE BRIDGE. SWITCHES ARE THROWN. POWER CELLS HUM. LIGHTS FLICKER. A STARSHIP COMES FULLY TO LIFE.





KANE, I'VE
FOUND IT. WE'RE
STILL OUT IN THE
BOONDOCKS...JUST
SHORT OF ZETA II
RETICULI.

WHAT THE
HELL ARE
WE DOING
HERE?!



THERE GOES THE BEEPER!
CHRIST. WHAT IS IT NOW?

WHY DON'T THEY
EVER COME DOWN
HERE? THIS IS WHERE
THE WORK IS.

RIGHT.
OUR TIME IS
THEIR TIME.
THAT'S THE
WAY THEY
SEE IT.

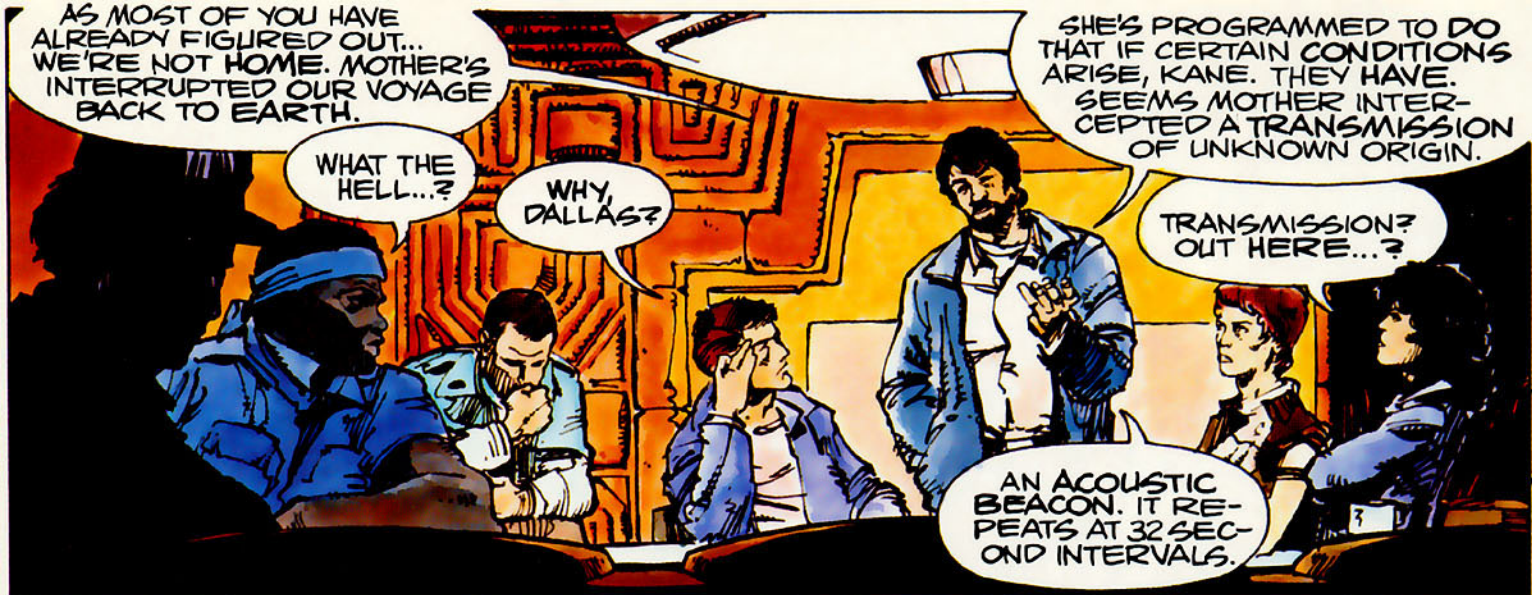


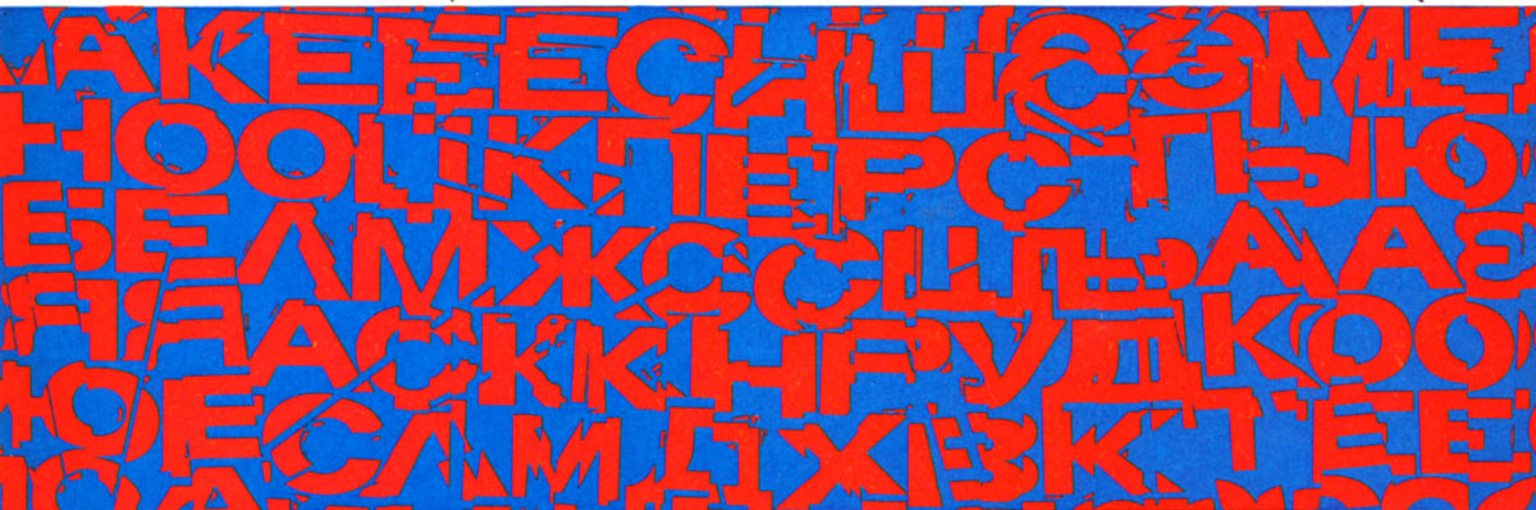
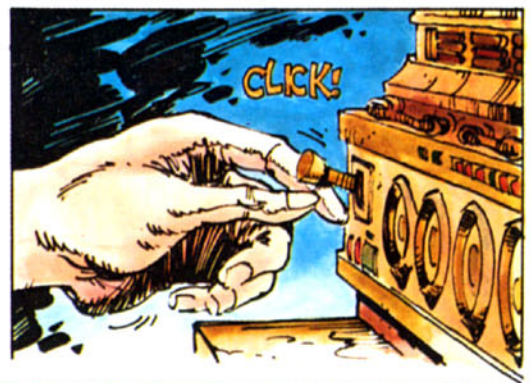
IT'S WHY WE
ONLY GET HALF A
SHARE TO THEIR--

PARKER,
THIS IS RIPLEY.
CAN'T YOU TWO HEAR
THE BEEPER? RE-
PORT TO THE
MESS.



I'LL TELL YOU
SOMETHIN', BRETT...
IT STINKS.







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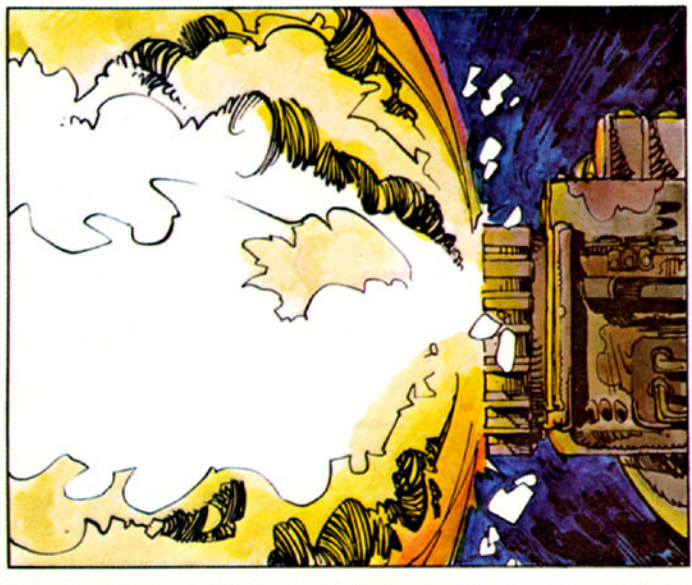
APPROACHING
ORBITAL APOGEE.
MARK. TWENTY
SECONDS...



NINETEEN...
EIGHTEEN...



ROLL 92
DEGREES
STAR-
BOARD
YAW!



EQUATORIAL
ORBIT NAILED!
ASH, SHOUT IF
THE EC PRES-
SURE READING
CHANGES.

WORRIED ABOUT RE-
DUNDANCY MANAGEMENT
DISABLING CMGS CON-
TROL...? WE'LL AUGMENT
WITH TACS AND MONITOR
THROUGH COMPU-
TER IN-
TERFACE.



FEEL
BETTER?



A LOT. PREPARE TO DISENGAGE...



L ALIGNMENT ON
PORT AND STAR-
BOARD IS GREEN.

GREEN ON
SPINAL
UMBILICUS
SEVERANCE.

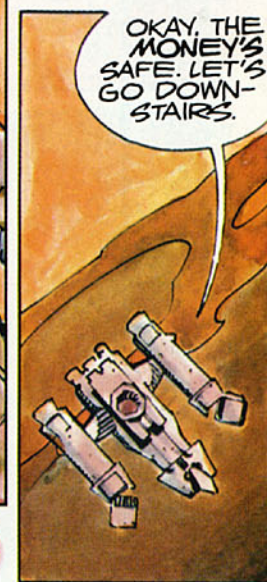
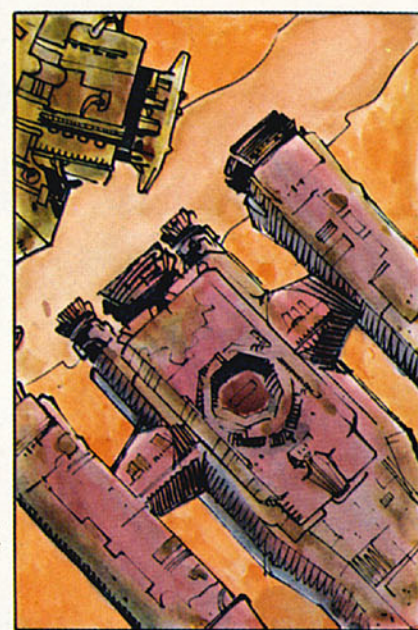
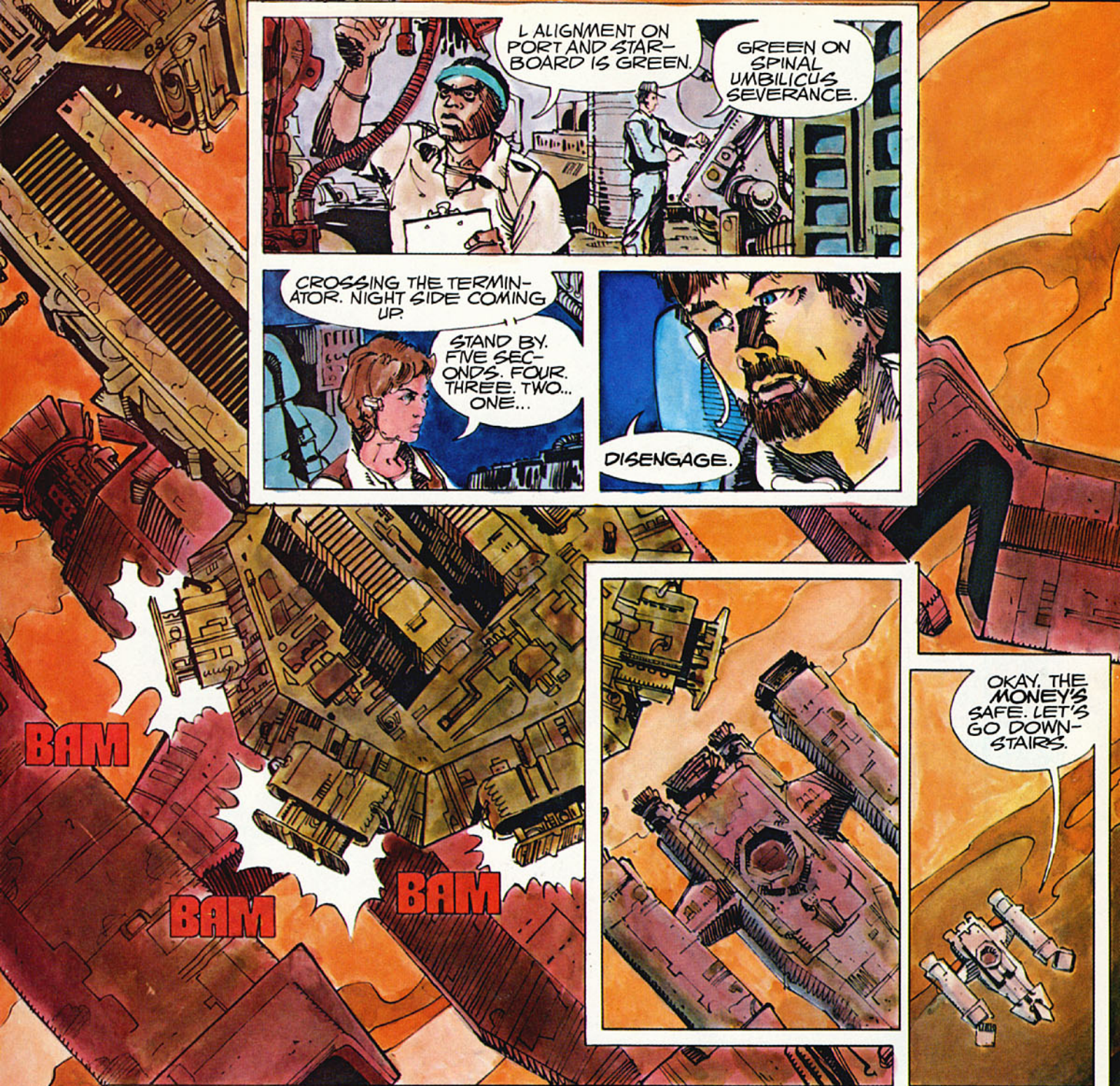


CROSSING THE TERMIN-
ATOR. NIGHT SIDE COMING
UP.

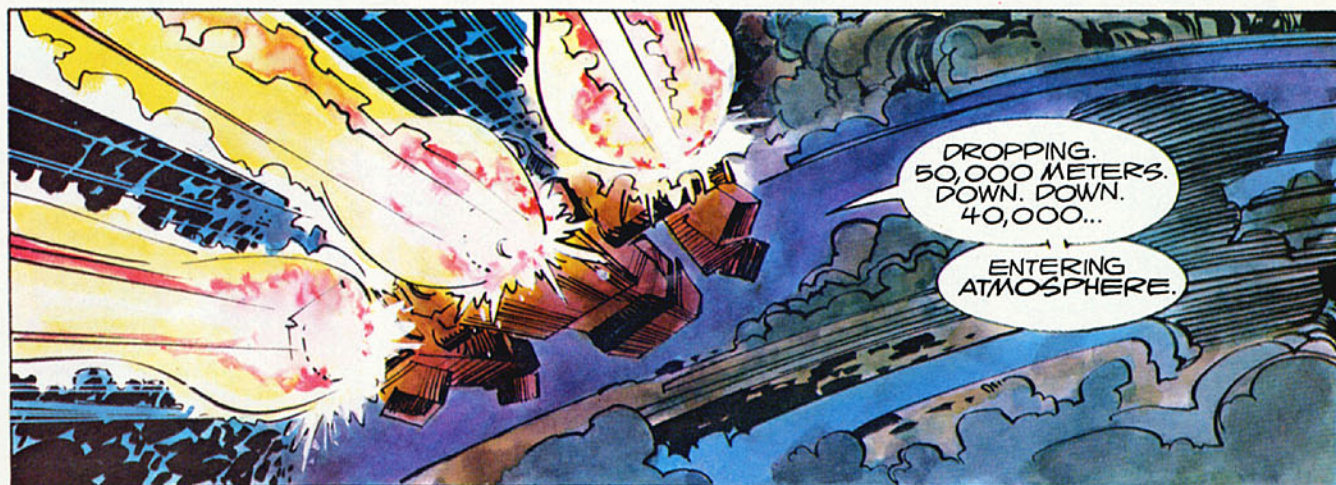
STAND BY.
FIVE SEC-
ONDS. FOUR.
THREE. TWO...
ONE...



DISENGAGE.



OKAY. THE
MONEY'S
SAFE. LET'S
GO DOWN-
STAIRS.



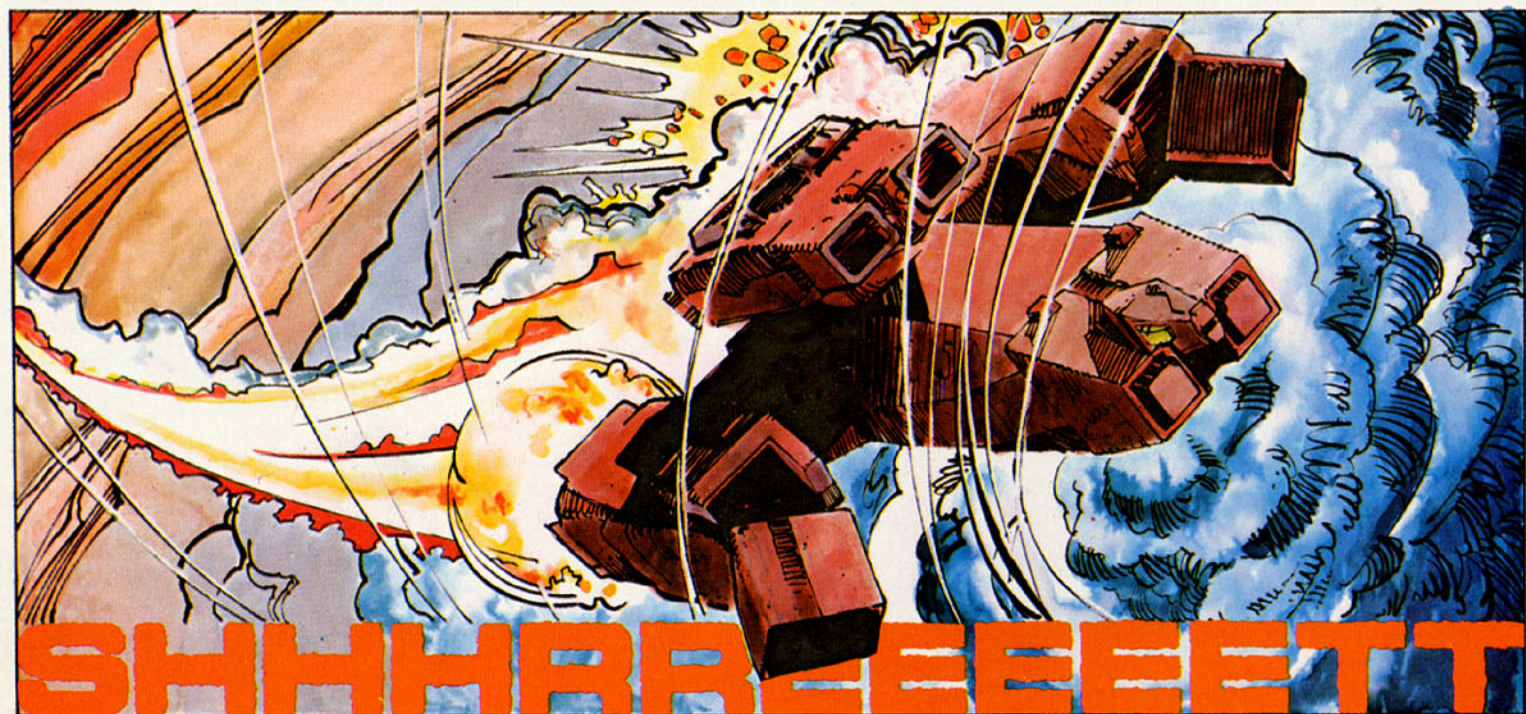
DROPPING.
50,000 METERS.
DOWN. DOWN.
40,000...

ENTERING
ATMOSPHERE.



TURBULENCE,
DALLAS...
BAD.

AND NOT LIKELY TO
GET BETTER. LET'S
HAVE THE NAVA-
TIONAL LIGHTS.



WHAT IN
HELL WAS
THAT?

PRESSURE DROP
IN INTAKE THREE,
PARKER!

GOD-
DAMN!
WE'VE
LOST A
SHIELD!

SHUT 'ER DOWN,
BRETT! WE GOT
AN ENGINE
FULL'A
CRAP!

THINK I'M NOT
TRYIN'?! JEEZUS.
DOLLARS TO YOUR
AUNT'S CHERRY--

--IF WE
DON'T CRASH,
WE GET AN
ELECTRICAL
FIRE!

APPROACHING
POINT OF
TRANS-
MISSION
ORIGIN.

LET'S GO
WITH IT. TAKE
HER DOWN!

KILL
DRIVE
ENGINES!

AND I MARK SOME
FLAT TERRAIN
FURTHER ON.

ACTIVATE
LIFTER
QUADS!

WIND-DARK, SCREAMING-CLAWS
AT THE DESCENDING MODULE.

THEN, SHAKING,
SHUDDERING...

WE'RE
DOWN.
BUT--

CRASH!

LOST
IT... LOST
IT!

LIGHTS...
EVERY
DAMN
THING.

SECONDARY
GENERATOR SHOULD
KICK IN, KANE.

WHERE
IS IT?

WE CAN'T WAIT!

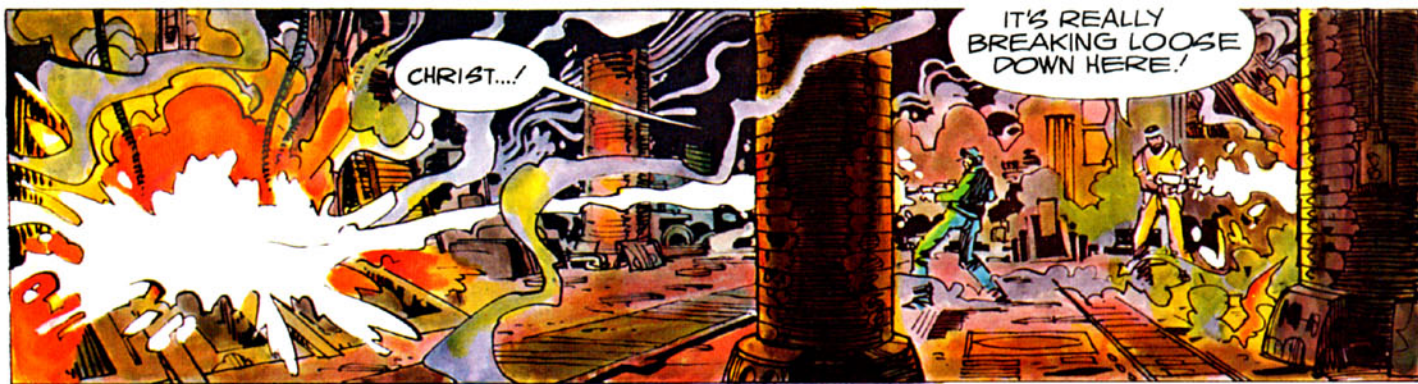
RIPLEY!
GET THE
ENGINE
ROOM--

--FIND OUT WHAT
HAPPENED.

GODDAM DUST
IS WHAT! INTAKES
CLOGGED...
OVERHEATED!

GOT AN
ELECTRIC
FIRE!

BIG!
AN' WE
BURNED OUT
A WHOLE
CELL...



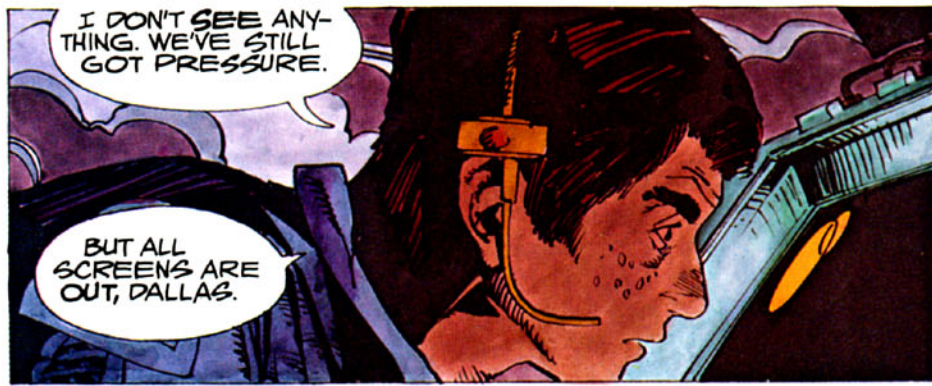
CHRIST...!

IT'S REALLY
BREAKING LOOSE
DOWN HERE!



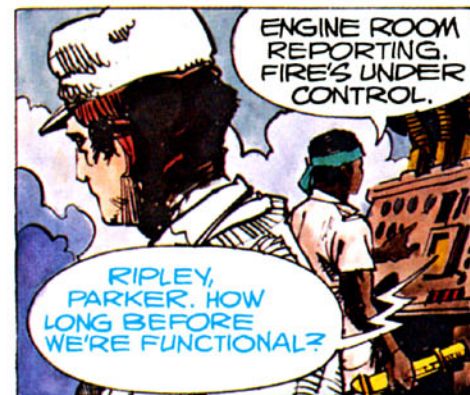
SOMEBODY GIVE
ME A SIMPLE ANSWER.

HAS THE
HULL BEEN
BREACHED?



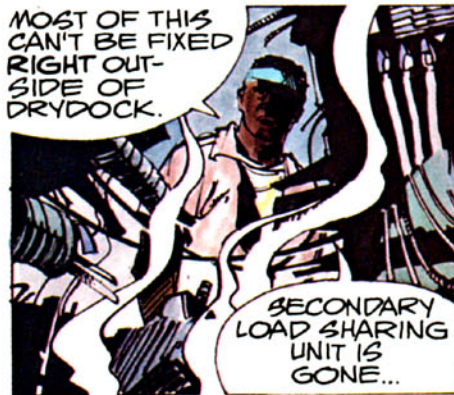
I DON'T SEE ANY-
THING. WE'VE STILL
GOT PRESSURE.

BUT ALL
SCREENS ARE
OUT, DALLAS.



ENGINE ROOM
REPORTING.
FIRE'S UNDER
CONTROL.

RIPLEY,
PARKER. HOW
LONG BEFORE
WE'RE FUNCTIONAL?



MOST OF THIS
CAN'T BE FIXED
RIGHT OUT-
SIDE OF
DRYDOCK.

SECONDARY
LOAD SHARING
UNIT IS
GONE...



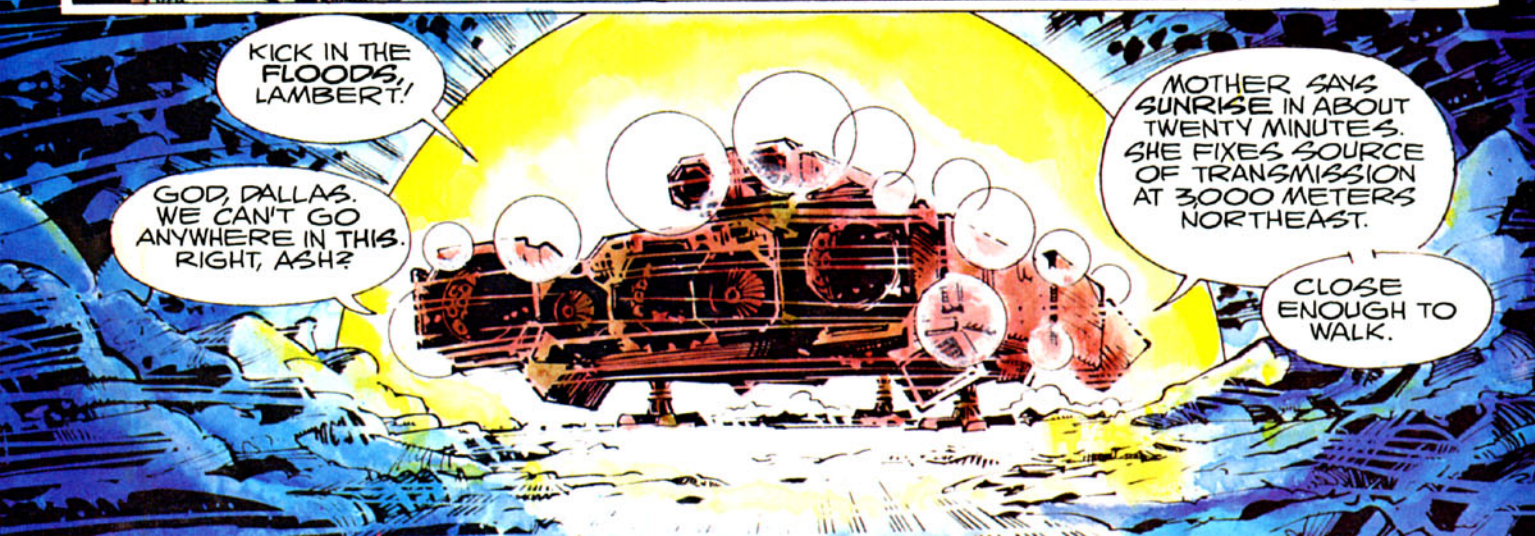
...ALONG WITH THREE
CELLS ON 12 MODULE.
AND FOUR PANEL IS
TOTALLY SHOT.

RIPLEY ESTIMATES
FIFTEEN TO
TWENTY HOURS.
MEANTIME THE
AUXILIARIES
SHOULD
CARRY US.



HOW ABOUT
WHAT BROUGHT
US HERE,
ASH?

NO TRUE RESPONSE. JUST THAT
SAME SIGNAL EVERY 32 SECONDS.



KICK IN THE
FLOODS,
LAMBERT!

GOD, DALLAS.
WE CAN'T GO
ANYWHERE IN THIS.
RIGHT, ASH?

MOTHER SAYS
SUNRISE IN ABOUT
TWENTY MINUTES.
SHE FIXES SOURCE
OF TRANSMISSION
AT 3,000 METERS
NORTHEAST.

CLOSE
ENOUGH TO
WALK.



SHOULD BE A LOVELY DAY FOR IT. NEED A VOLUNTEER FOR THE FIRST GROUP?

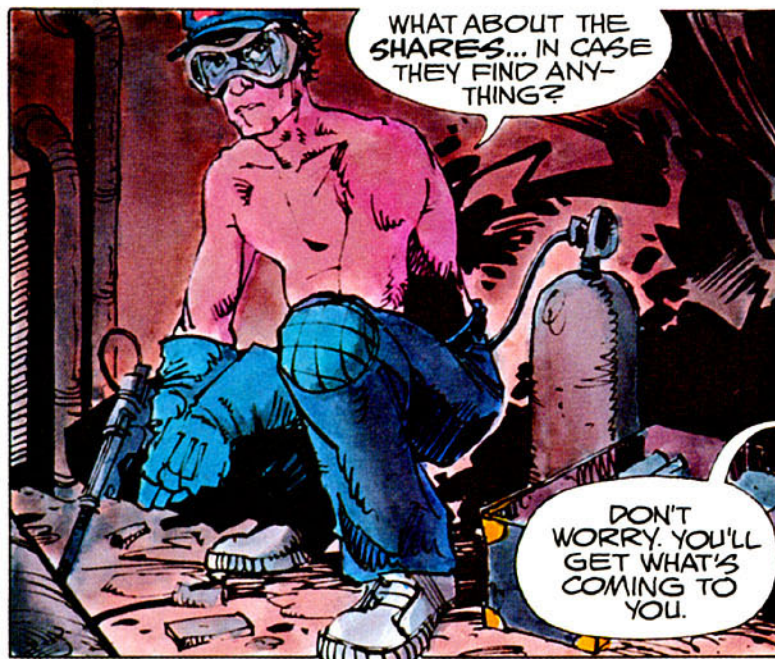
YOU GOT IT. LAMBERT... YOU, TOO.

SWELL.



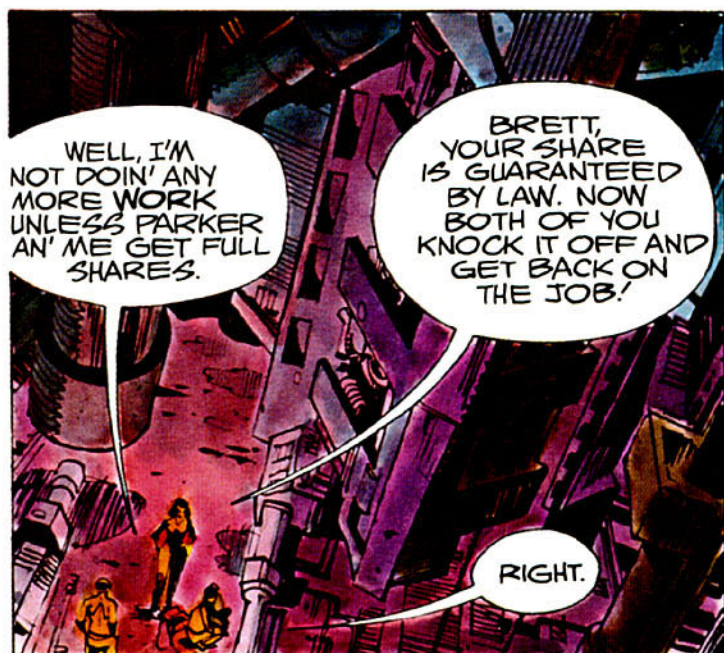
HEY, RIPLEY. WE GET TO GO ON THAT LITTLE WALK... OR WE STUCK HERE 'TIL EVERYTHING'S FIXED?

YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT.



WHAT ABOUT THE SHARES... IN CASE THEY FIND ANYTHING?

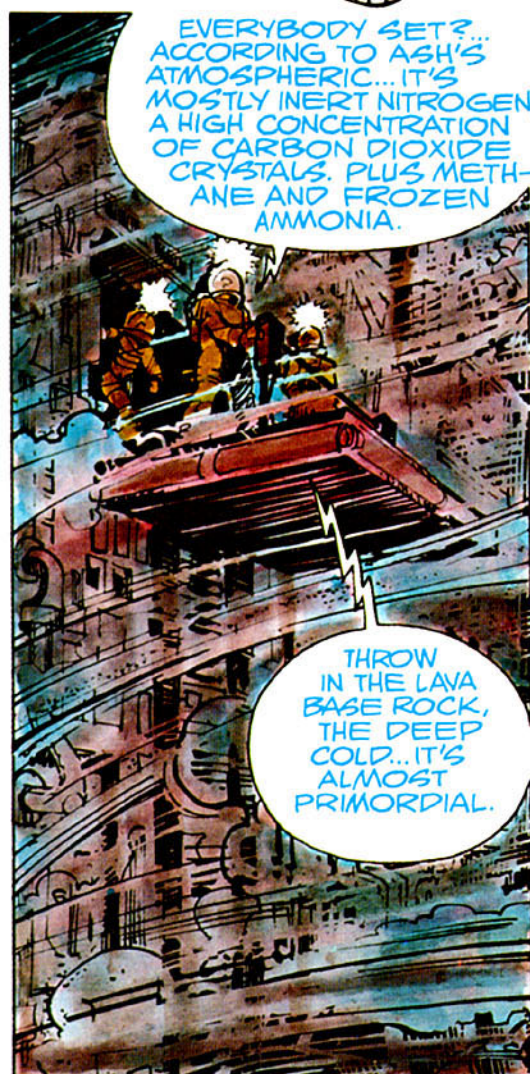
DON'T WORRY. YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU.



WELL, I'M NOT DOIN' ANY MORE WORK UNLESS PARKER AN' ME GET FULL SHARES.

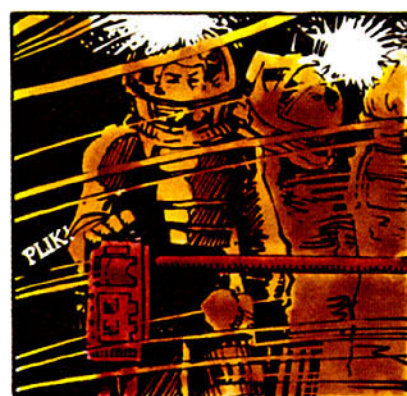
BRETT, YOUR SHARE IS GUARANTEED BY LAW. NOW BOTH OF YOU KNOCK IT OFF AND GET BACK ON THE JOB!

RIGHT.



EVERYBODY SET?... ACCORDING TO ASH'S ATMOSPHERIC... IT'S MOSTLY INERT NITROGEN, A HIGH CONCENTRATION OF CARBON DIOXIDE CRYSTALS. PLUS METHANE AND FROZEN AMMONIA.

THROW IN THE LAVA BASE ROCK, THE DEEP COLD... IT'S ALMOST PRIMORDIAL.



ONE MORE THING. KEEP AWAY FROM YOUR WEAPONS...

...UNLESS I SAY OTHERWISE



OKAY. LAMBERT, YOU FIRST.

DALLAS, I CAN'T SEE A GODDAM THING BEYOND THE FLOODS.



TURN ON THE FINDER, LAMBERT.

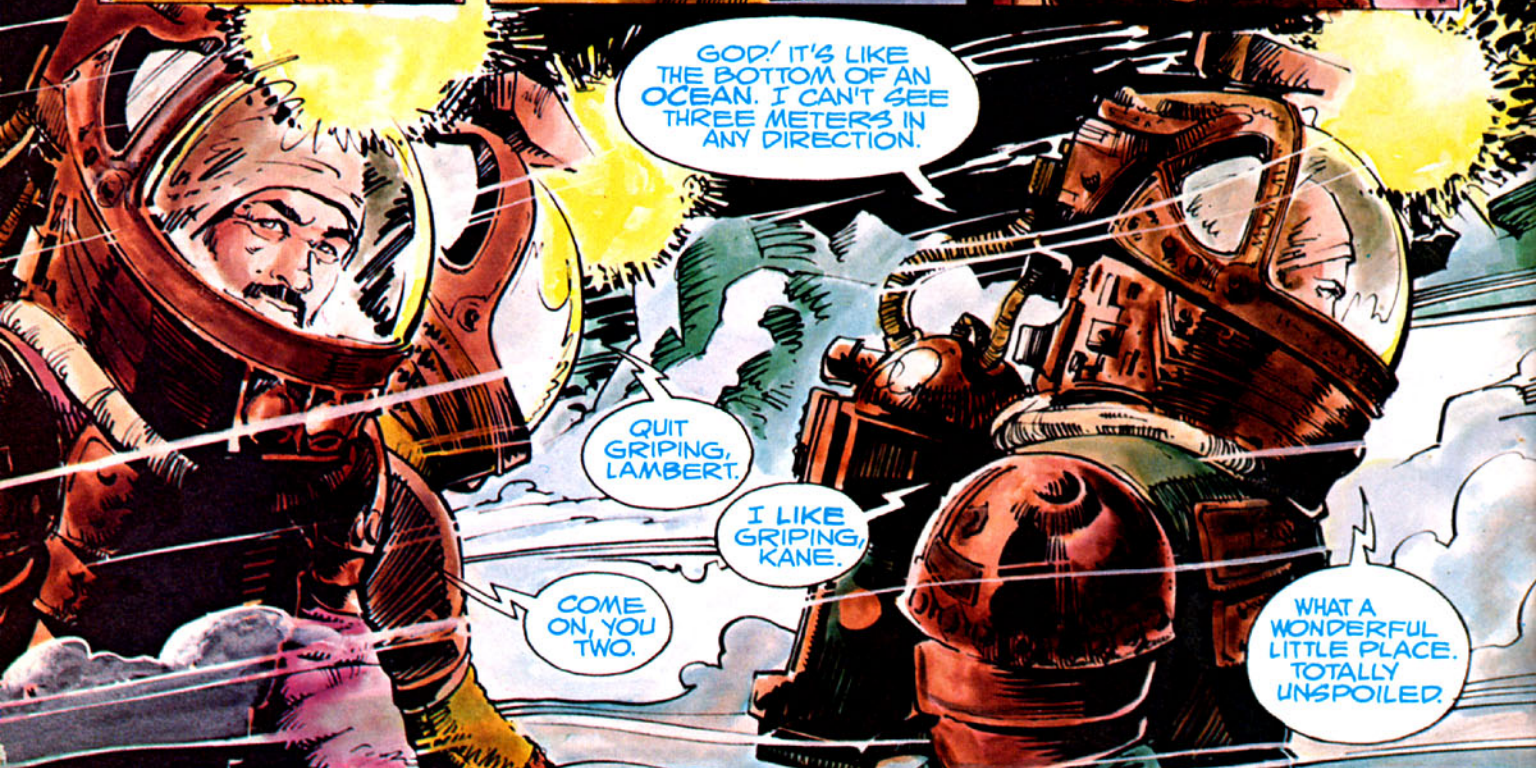
IT'S TUNED TO THE TRANSMISSION. LET IT LEAD YOU.



GOT GOOD CONTACT ON MY BOARD, DALLAS.

SHOULD BE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY.

RIGHT. SEE YOU, ASH.



GOD! IT'S LIKE THE BOTTOM OF AN OCEAN. I CAN'T SEE THREE METERS IN ANY DIRECTION.

QUIT GRIPING, LAMBERT.

I LIKE GRIPING, KANE.

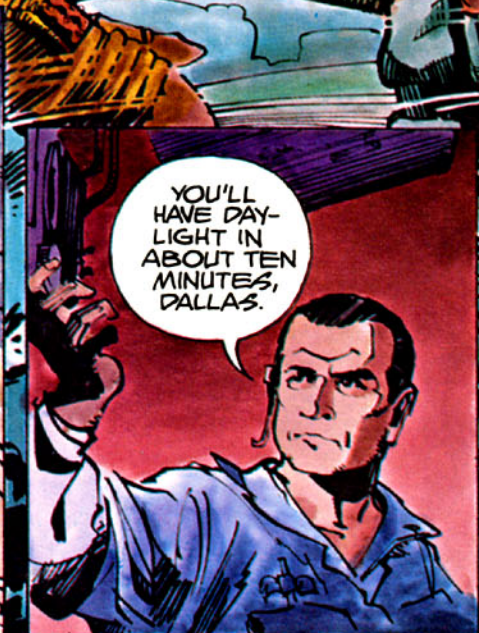
COME ON, YOU TWO.

WHAT A WONDERFUL LITTLE PLACE. TOTALLY UNSPOILED.



DUST AND WIND ONLY GET WORSE AS WE GO. DAMN BEAM IS FADING OUT.

STILL WITH US, ASH...? HOW LONG 'TIL SUN UP?

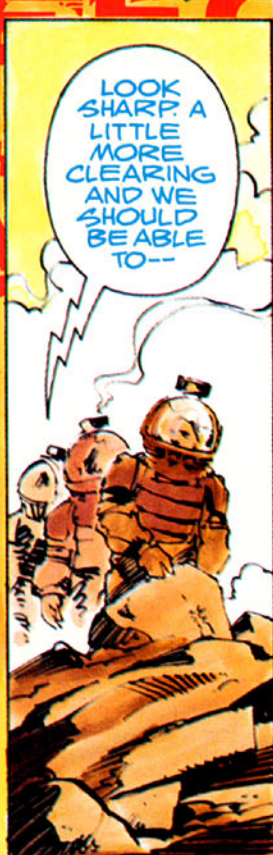
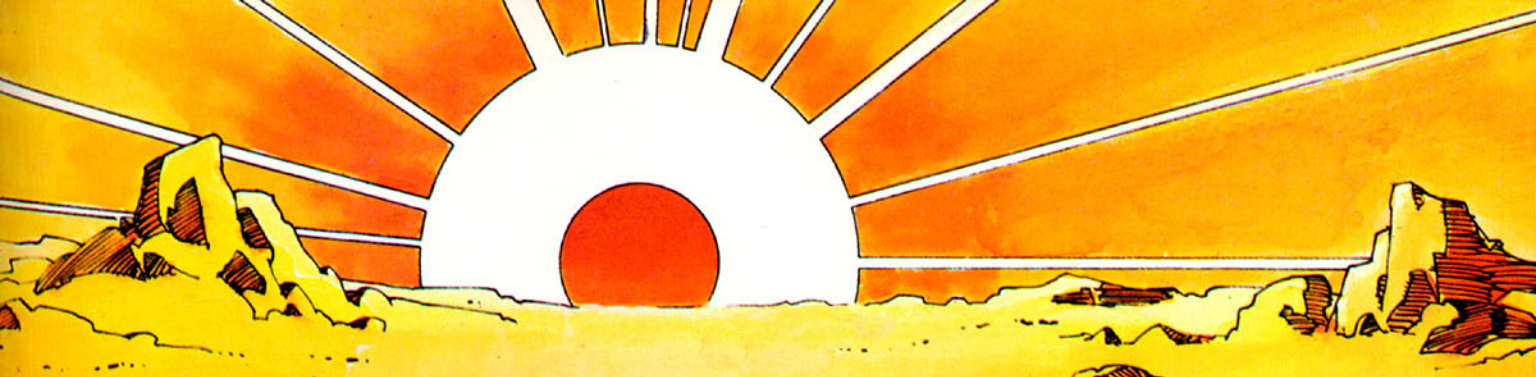


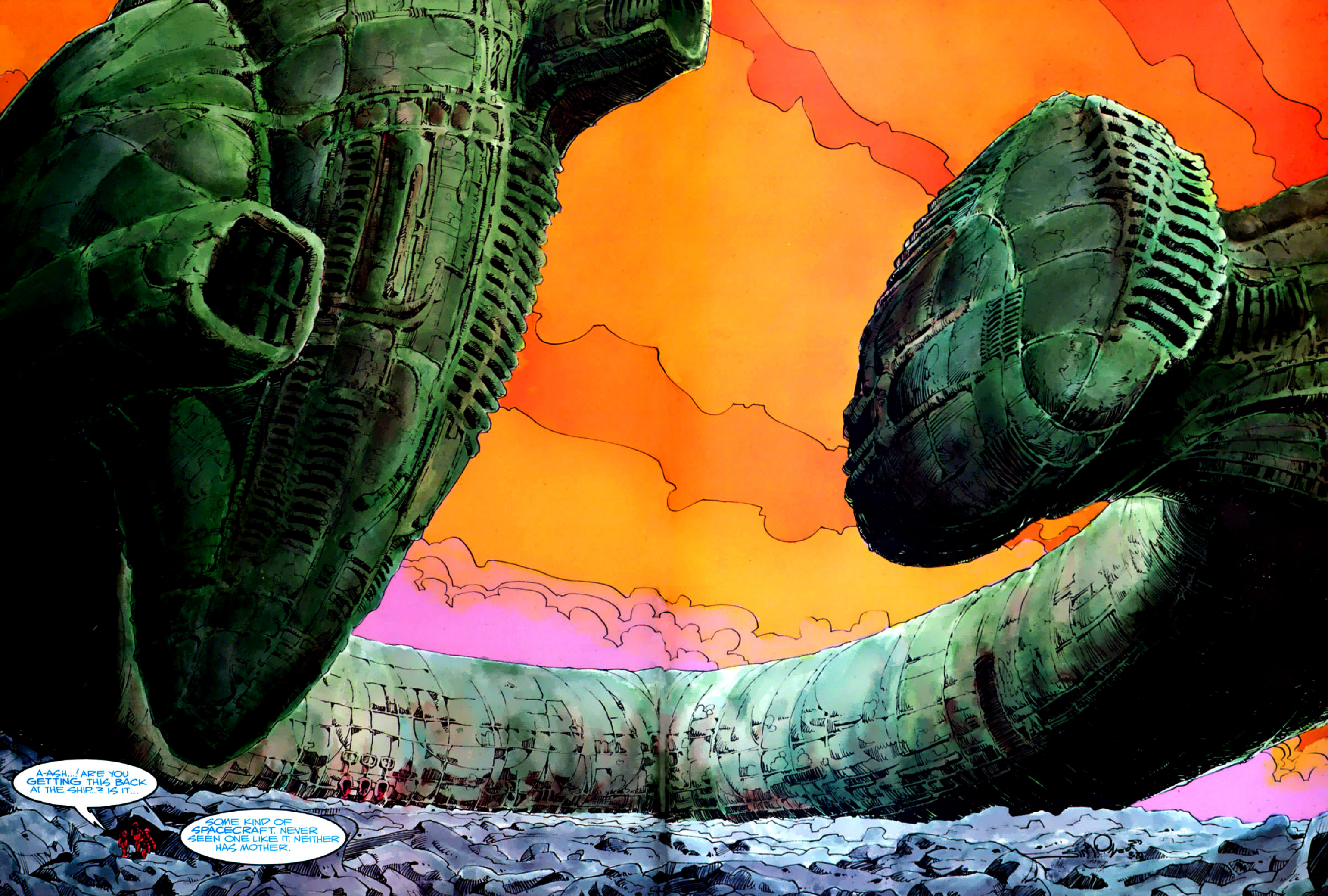
YOU'LL HAVE DAYLIGHT IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, DALLAS.



GREAT. WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE SOMETHING THEN.

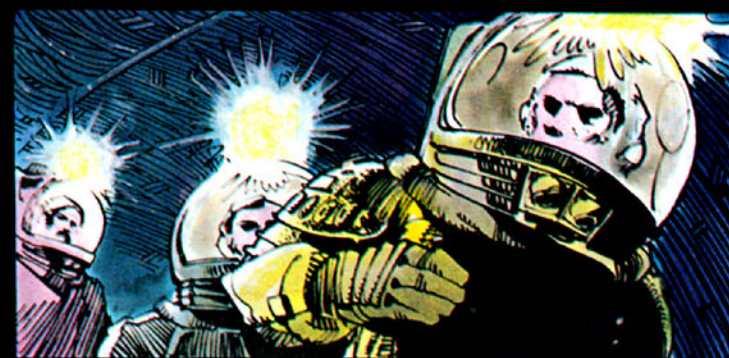
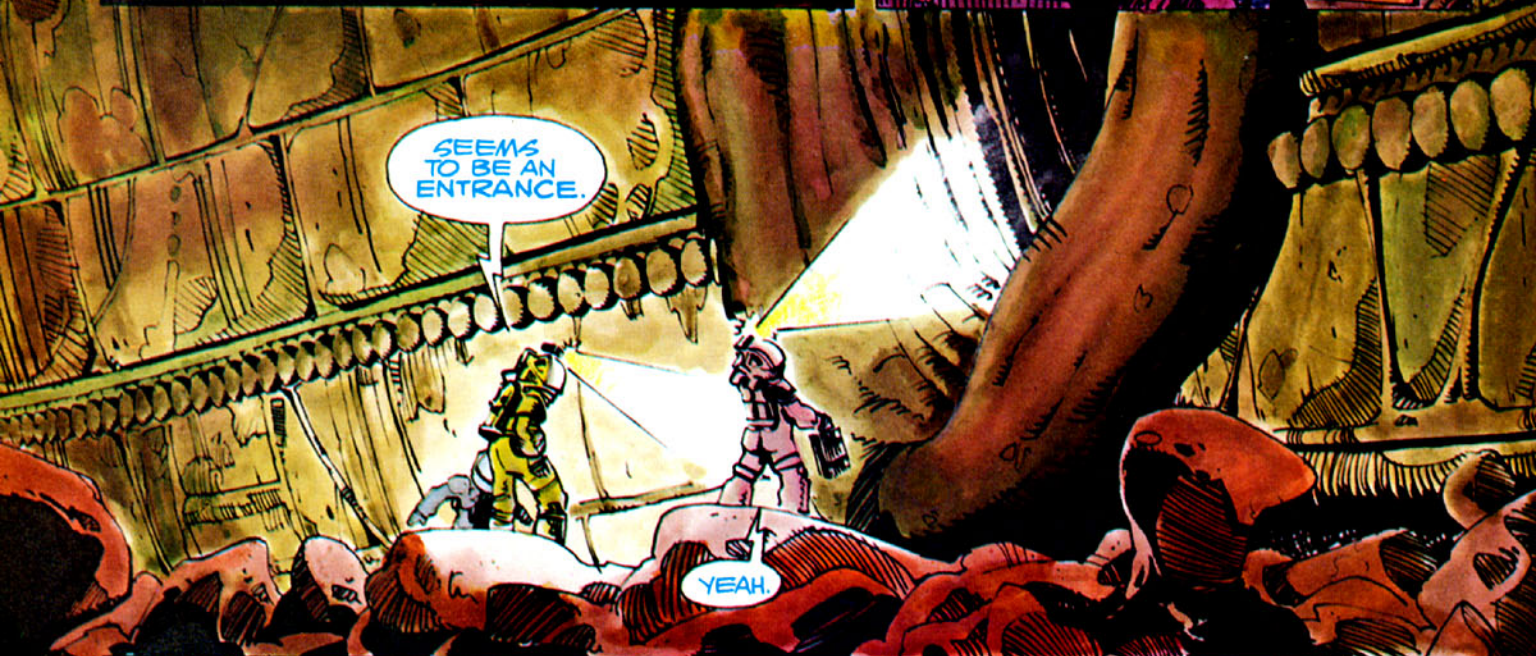
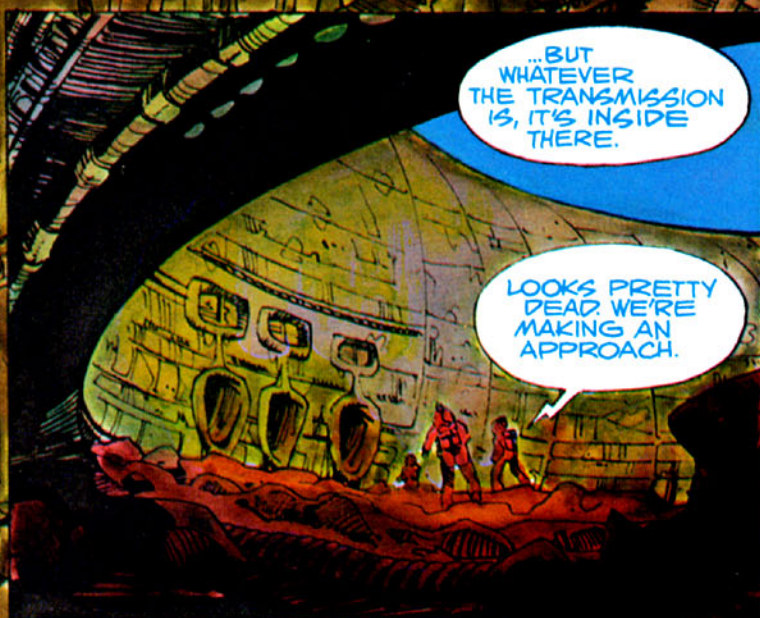
OR THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

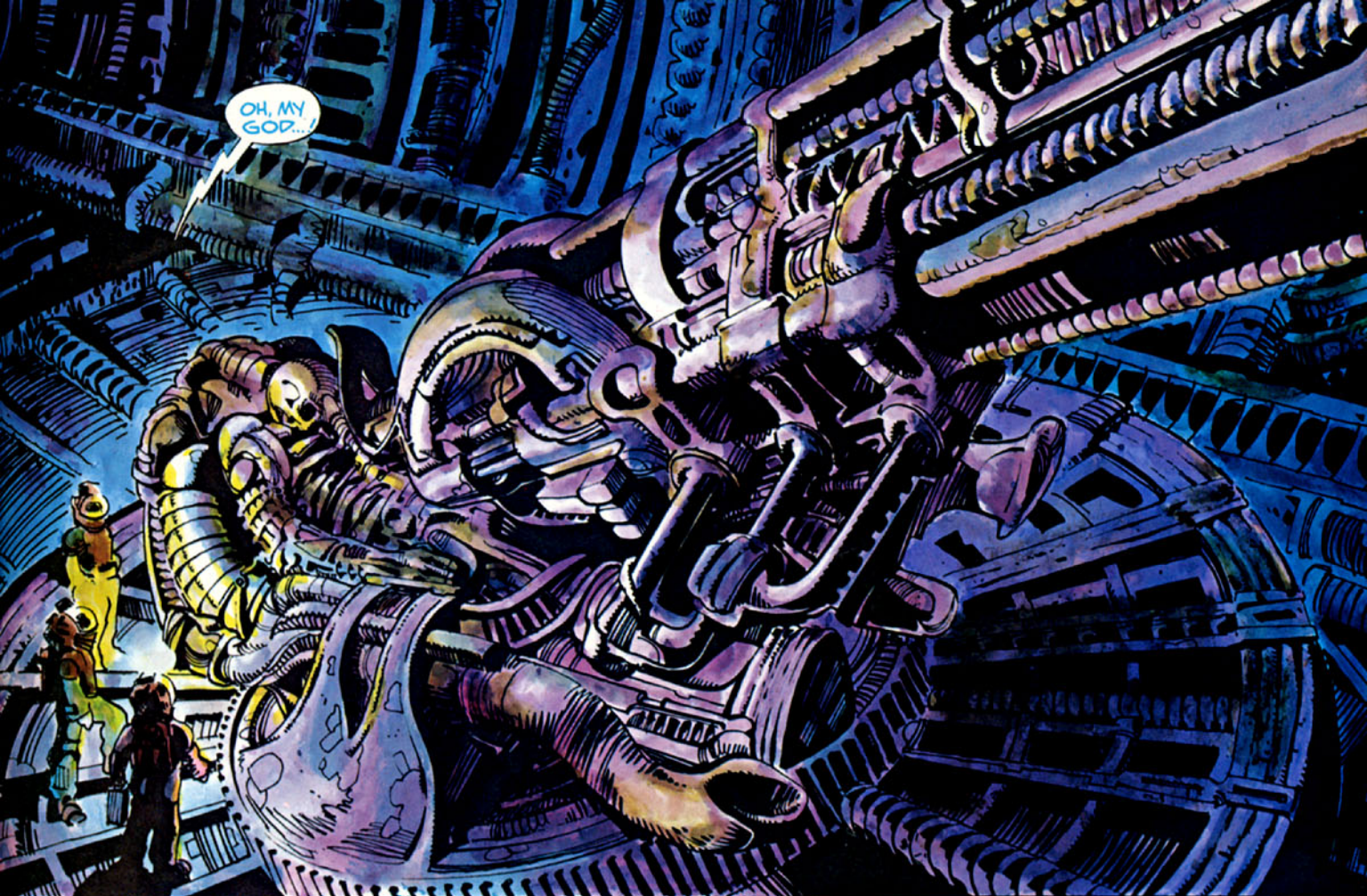




A-AASH...! ARE YOU
GETTING THIS BACK
AT THE SHIP...? IS IT...

SOME KIND OF
SPACECRAFT. NEVER
SEEN ONE LIKE IT. NEITHER
HAS MOTHER.





OH, MY
GOD...



W-WHAT
IS IT...?

ALIEN
LIFE-
FORM...



LOOKS LIKE IT'S
BEEN DEAD A LONG
TIME... FOSSILIZED.

LET'S
GET OUT
OF HERE,
DALLAS.

NOT YET,
LAMBERT.



I WANT TO
SEE IF--

THAT
STOPPED THE
TRANSMISSION.



LOOK AT
THIS, DALLAS.
JUST GOES
DOWN...

CAN'T SEE
BOTTOM.
LIGHT
WON'T
REACH.



THIS IS
YOUR BIG
CHANCE,
KANE.



KANE...
YOU OKAY
IN THERE?

IT'S
WORK. I'M
BELOW
GROUND
LEVEL...
HAVEN'T HIT
BOTTOM.

REMEMBER:
OUT IN UNDER
TEN MINUTES.
AND DON'T UNHOOK
FROM THE
CABLE.

AYE, AYE,
SKIPPER.



ASH?... RIPLEY. MOTHER'S
DECIPHERED PART OF
THAT TRANSMISSION.

I'M
AFRAID
IT MAY
NOT
BE
AN
S.O.S.



THEN
WHAT
IS
IT...?

SHE
THINKS
IT MAY
BE A
WARNING.



WE'VE GOT
TO GET THROUGH
TO THEM. RIGHT
AWAY.

NO
USE. NOT
WHILE
THEY'RE
INSIDE
THAT
SHIP.



THEN I'M
GOING OUT
AFTER
THEM.

I DON'T
THINK
SO.

WE'RE AT
MINIMUM
TAKEOFF
CAPABILITY
NOW. THAT'S
WHY DALLAS
LEFT US ON
BOARD.



ASH,
I STILL
THINK WE
SHOULD
GO.

WHAT'S THE POINT,
RIPLEY? IN THE TIME
IT TAKES TO GET
THERE... THEY'LL
KNOW IF IT'S A
WARNING.

YOU STILL ALL
RIGHT, KANE? SEE
ANYTHING?

I'M IN SOME
KIND OF CAVE
OR SOMETHING,
DALLAS. HOT... NO
OXYGEN. HIGH
NITROGEN
CONTENT
AND--

THIS IS
WEIRD!

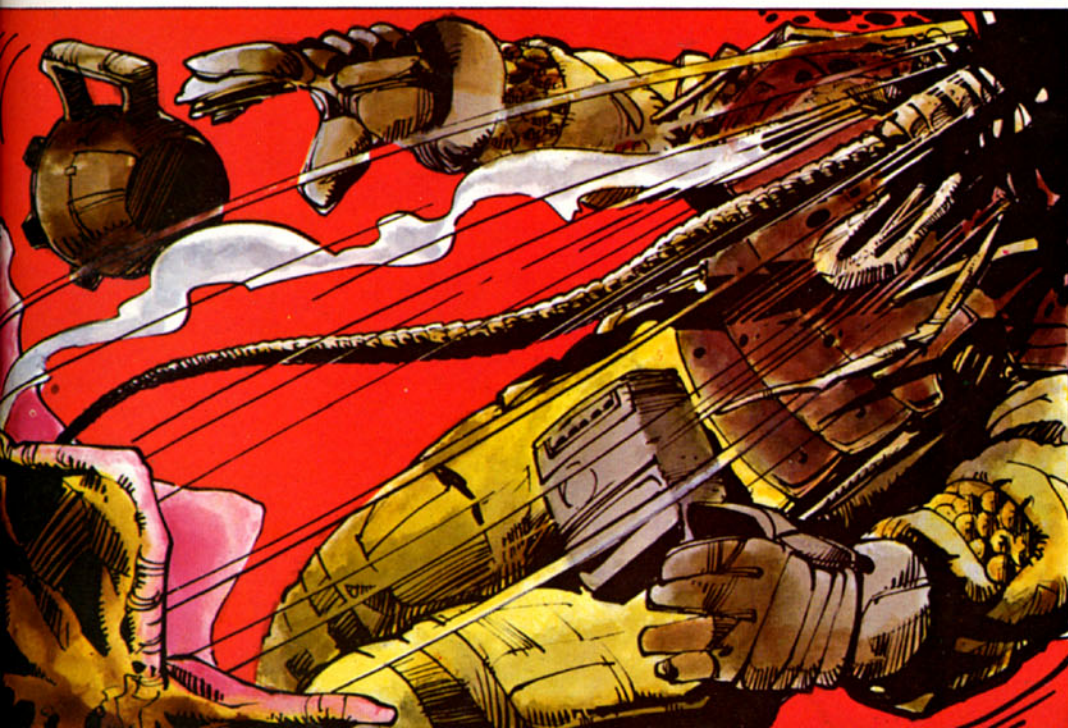
PLACE IS FULL
OF SOME SORT OF...
LEATHERY THINGS.

IT'S LIKE A
STORAGE
AREA FOR
THEM.

CAN YOU
SEE INSIDE
ANY OF THE
THINGS?

SEEMS
TO BE
SEALED.

STRANGE
FEELING TO IT...
WONDER IF ALL
THE OTHERS...



KANE!
WHAT IS
IT?
KANE...!
ANSWER
ME!
FOR
GOD'S
SAKE!

SUNSET...

WE'VE
GOT
THEM,
RIPLEY...

...THEY'RE
BACK ON THE
SCREENS.

DALLAS? DALLAS,
CAN YOU READ ME?

WE HEAR
YOU, RIPLEY.
WE'RE COMING
BACK. KANE'S...
INJURED. WE'LL
NEED SOME
HELP GETTING
HIM IN.

ASH, RIPLEY.
I'M ON MY WAY TO
THE INNER-LOCK
HATCH.

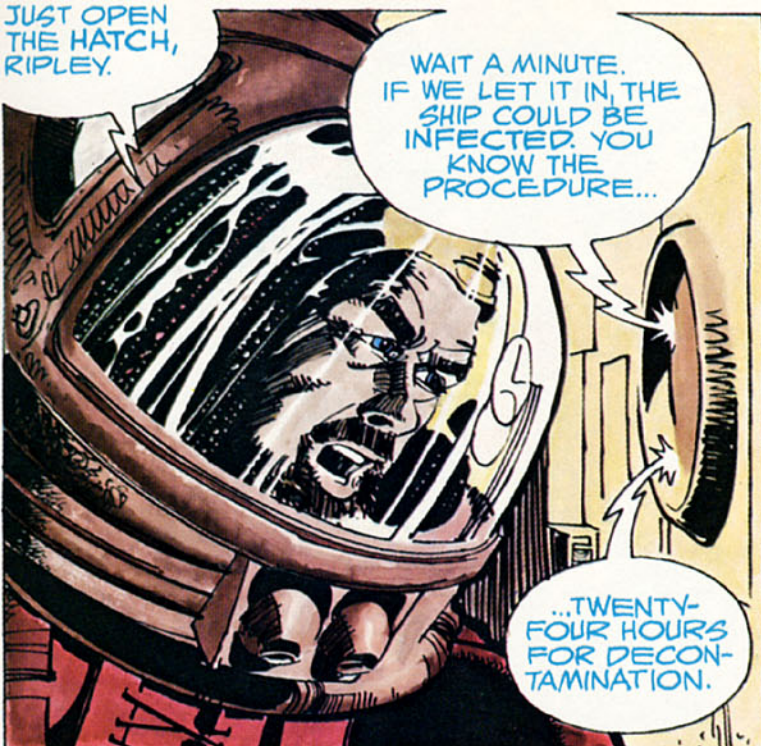
UH... DALLAS?
WHAT EXACTLY
HAPPENED
TO KANE?

SOME... SOME KIND OF
ORGANISM. IT'S... ATTACHED
ITSELF TO HIM.

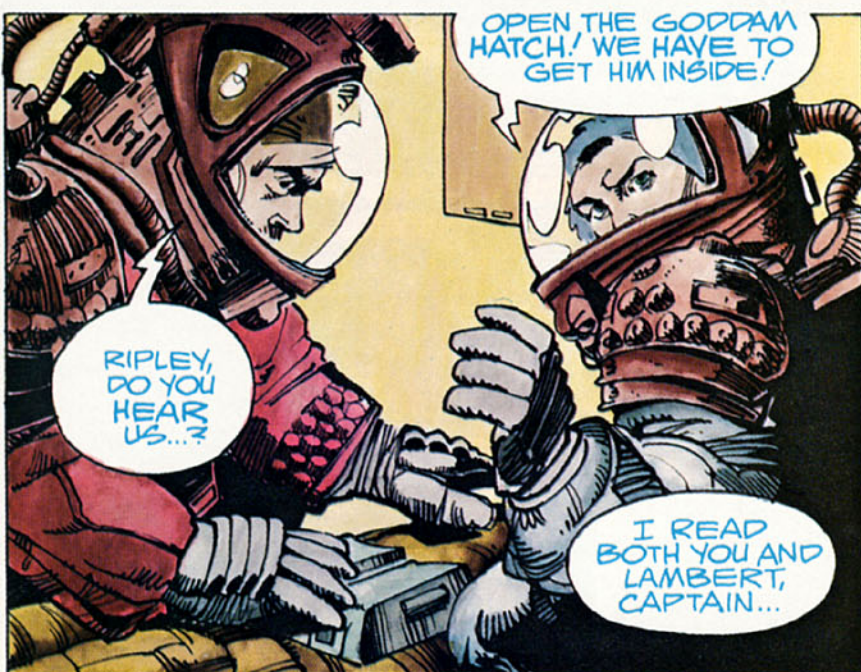
WE'RE COMING
UP NOW. GOTTA
GET HIM TO THE
INFIRMARY.

I NEED
A CLEAR
DEFINITION,
DALLAS.

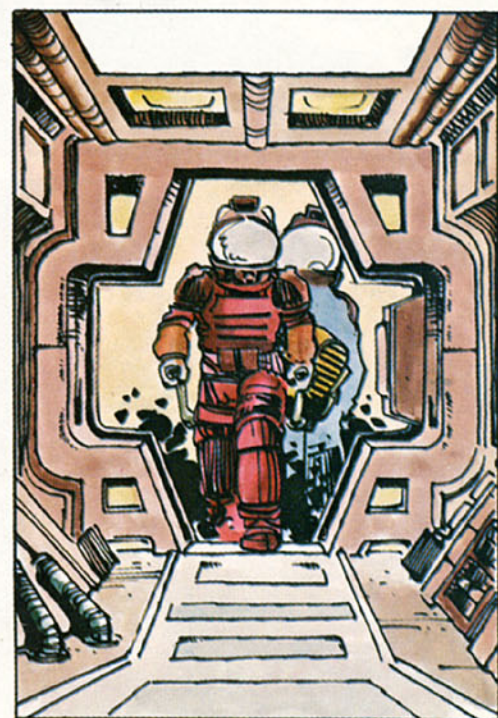
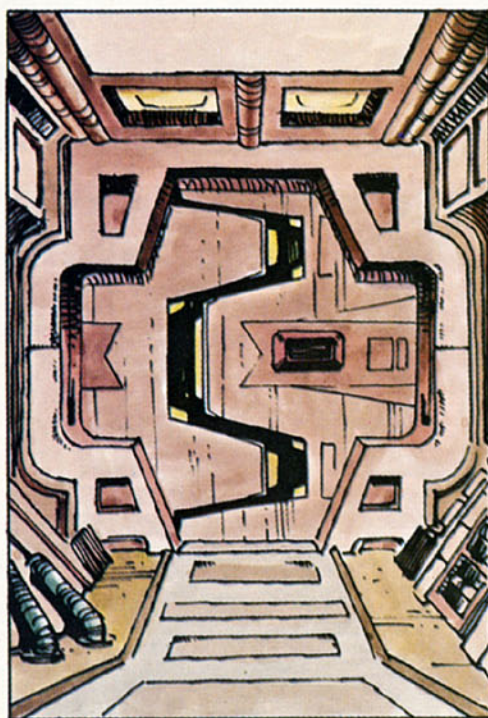
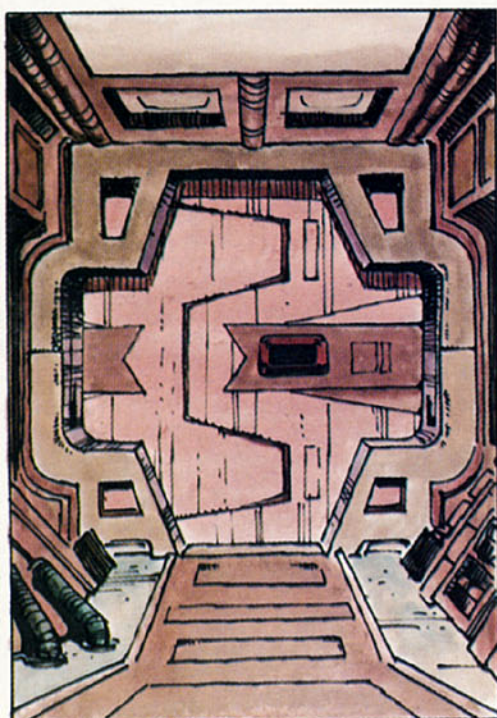
JUST OPEN THE HATCH, RIPLEY.



RIPLEY, HE COULD DIE IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. OPEN THE HATCH!



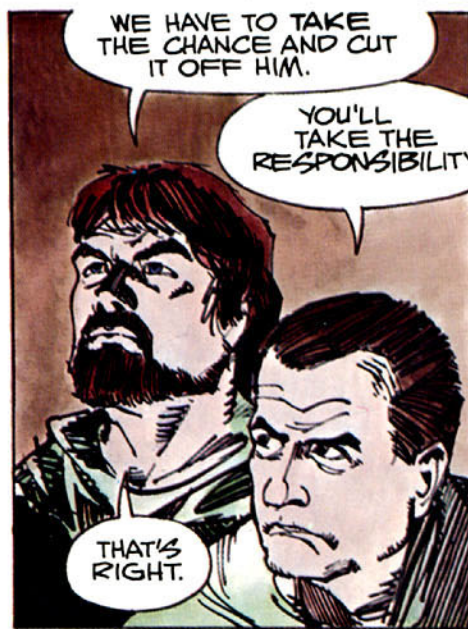
INNER HATCH OPEN



THE INFIRMARY. A LIFE FORM SLOWLY PULSES. PULSES ON THE FACE OF THE NOSTROMO'S EXECUTIVE OFFICER, KANE.

IT SEEMS TO HAVE... BURNED RIGHT THROUGH THE VIEWPLATE OF HIS HELMET, ASH.

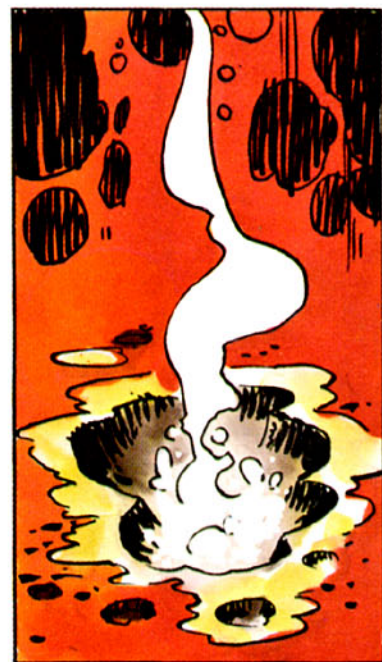






WATCH OUT.
IT'S STARTING TO
BLEED.

ASH!
WHERE THAT
STUFF IS
GUSHING ONTO
THE FLOOR...



SHIT! IT'S
GONNA EAT
THROUGH
THE DECKS
AND OUT THE
HULL!

PARKER!

BRETT!



COME
ON!



GOIN'
STRONG...
DOWN TO
B DECK!

CHRIST!
WHAT DO
YOU PUT
UNDER
IT?!

HEY!

LOOKS
LIKE IT'S
FINALLY
LOSING
STEAM.



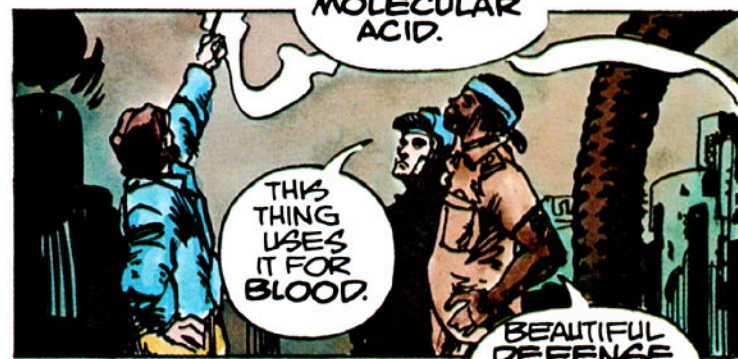
BRETT'S
RIGHT. IT'S
FINALLY
STOPPED.

YEAH.
AFTER IT
PENETRATED
TWO LEVELS.

NEVER
SAW ANY-
THING
LIKE
IT.



EXCEPT
MOLECULAR
ACID.

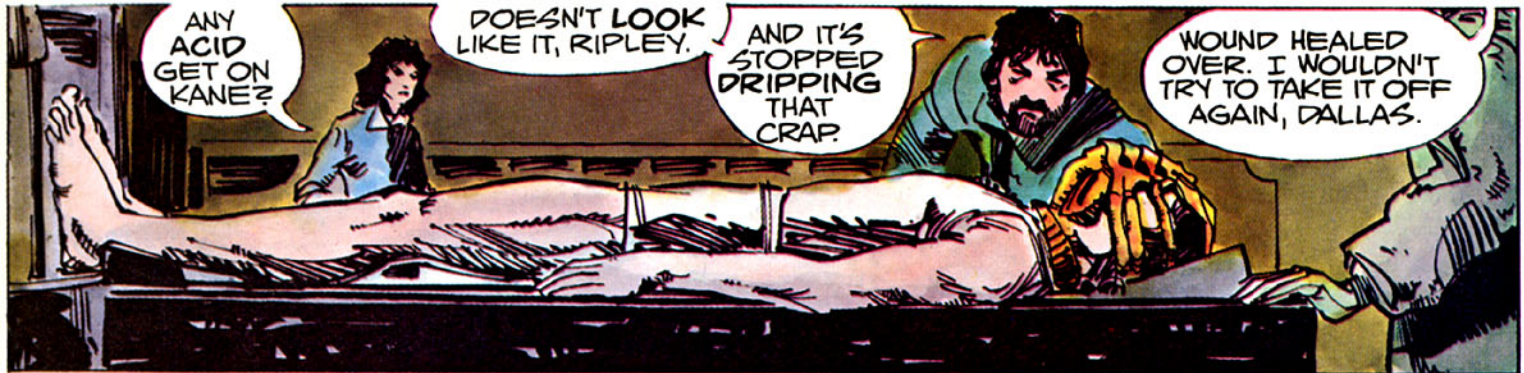


THIS
THING
USES
IT FOR
BLOOD.

BEAUTIFUL
DEFENSE
MECHANISM.



YOU
DON'T
DARE
KILL
IT.



ANY ACID GET ON KANE?

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT, RIPLEY.

AND IT'S STOPPED DRIPPING THAT CRAP.

WOUND HEALED OVER. I WOULDN'T TRY TO TAKE IT OFF AGAIN, DALLAS.



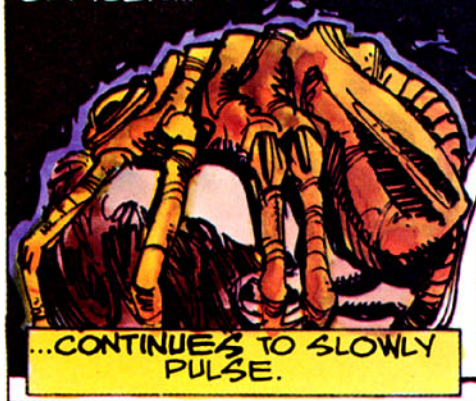
I'D BETTER START INTRAVENOUS FEEDING.

SO FAR I CAN'T TELL WHAT THE ALIEN HAS ABSORBED FROM KANE'S SYSTEM.

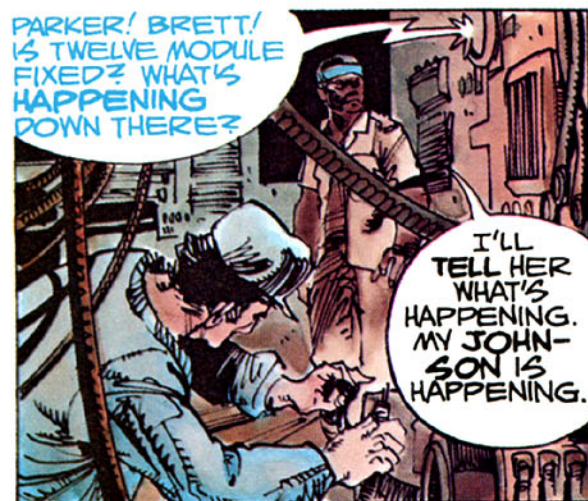
SO FAR THINGS AIN'T WORKING OUT REAL GOOD TODAY.



AND THE LIFE FORM ON THE FACE OF THE REFINERY TANKER'S EXECUTIVE OFFICER...



...CONTINUES TO SLOWLY PULSE.



PARKER! BRETT! IS TWELVE MODULE FIXED? WHAT'S HAPPENING DOWN THERE?

I'LL TELL HER WHAT'S HAPPENING. MY JOHN-SON IS HAPPENING.



LOT OF HARD WORK, RIPLEY.

REAL WORK. YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT SOME TIME.



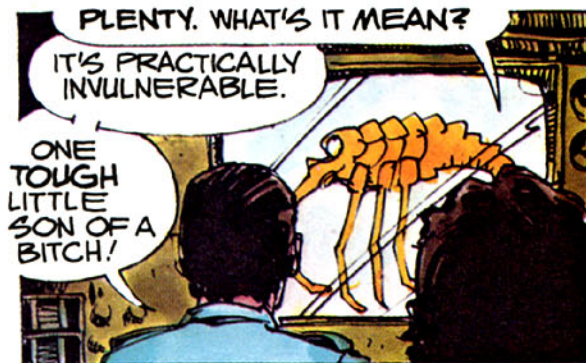
PARKER, I'VE GOT THE TOUGHEST JOB ON THIS SHIP...

I HAVE TO LISTEN TO YOUR BULLSHIT.



ANYTHING NEW ON THE CREATURE, ASH?

IT'S COMBINED OF PROTEIN POLYSACCHARIDES AND POLARIZED SILICON...



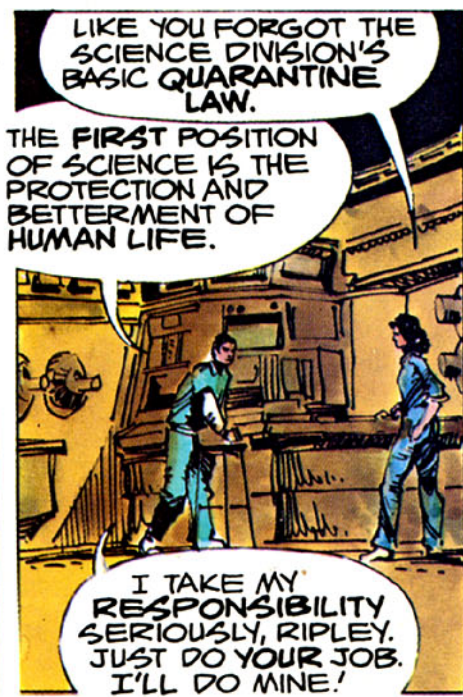
PLENTY. WHAT'S IT MEAN?

IT'S PRACTICALLY INVULNERABLE.

ONE TOUGH LITTLE SON OF A BITCH!

IS THAT WHY YOU LET IT IN AGAINST MY ORDERS?

WHEN DALLAS AND KANE ARE OFF THE SHIP I'M SENIOR OFFICER, ASH. SOMETHING YOU SEEM TO FORGET.



LIKE YOU FORGOT THE SCIENCE DIVISION'S BASIC QUARANTINE LAW.

THE FIRST POSITION OF SCIENCE IS THE PROTECTION AND BETTERMENT OF HUMAN LIFE.

I TAKE MY RESPONSIBILITY SERIOUSLY, RIPLEY. JUST DO YOUR JOB. I'LL DO MINE!

OUTSIDE, THE WINDS SHRIEK.
DUST POUNDS THE NOSTROMO'S
HULL. AND TIME PASSES.

DALLAS, IT'S
ASH. PERHAPS
YOU AND RIPLEY
SHOULD COME HAVE A
LOOK AT KANE.
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED.

SERIOUS?

INTERESTING.



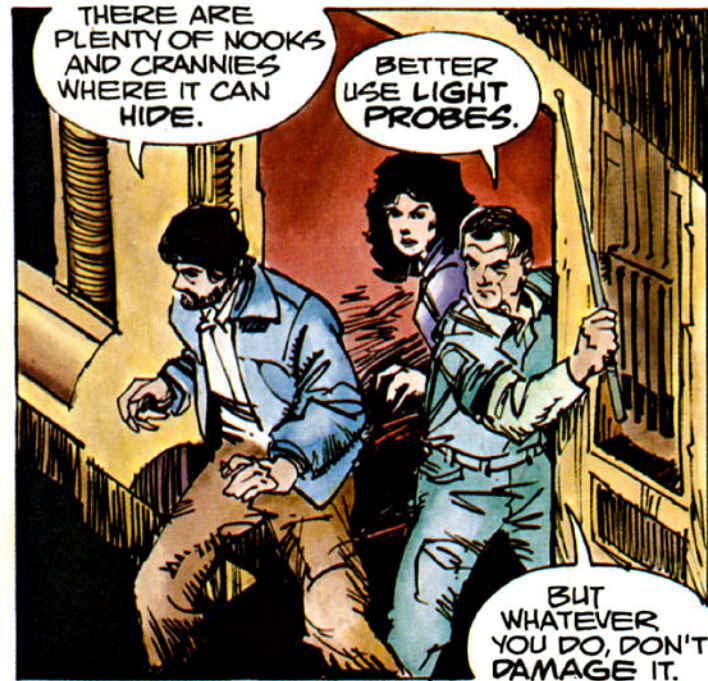
!-IT'S
GONE!

DOOR'S CLOSED,
DALLAS. IT MUST
STILL BE IN HERE.



THERE ARE
PLENTY OF NOOKS
AND CRANNIES
WHERE IT CAN
HIDE.

BETTER
USE LIGHT
PROBES.

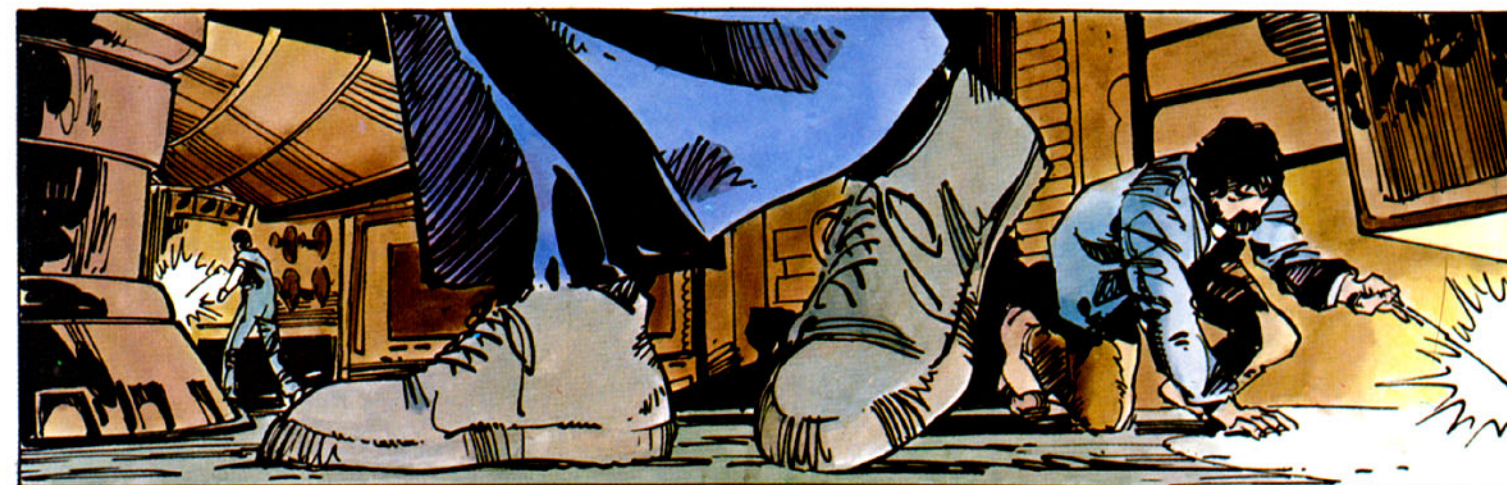


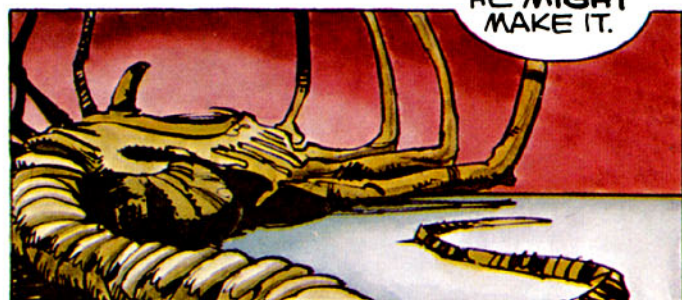
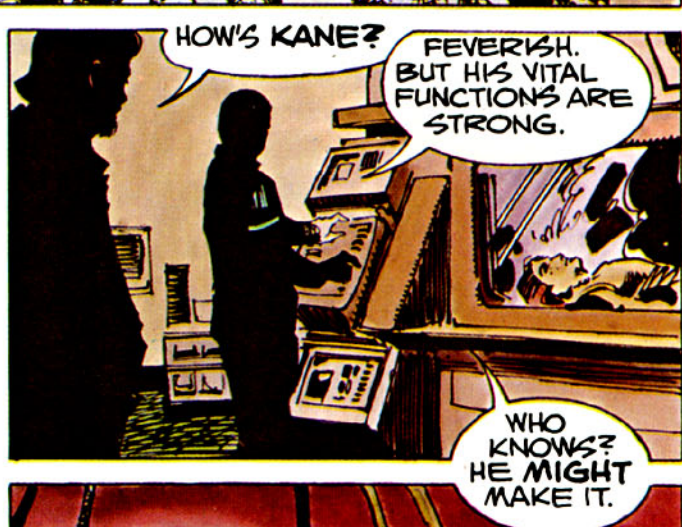
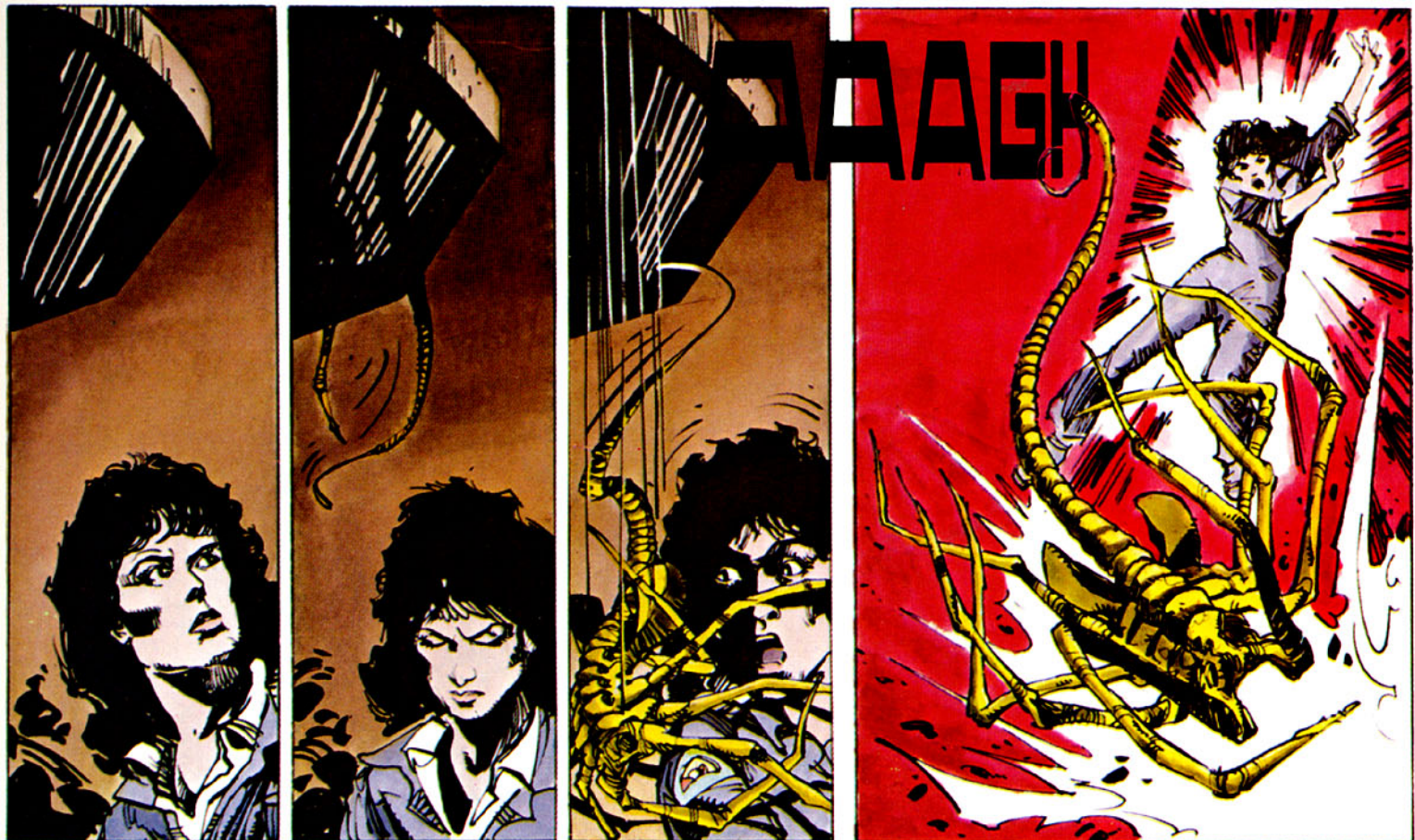
BUT
WHATEVER
YOU DO, DON'T
DAMAGE IT.

YEAH.
CAN'T GRAB
IT... CAN'T
KILL IT.



LET'S HOPE
TO HELL THERE'S
A WAY WE CAN
CATCH IT.





DALLAS, HOW COULD YOU LEAVE A DECISION ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH THE CREATURE TO ASH?

COMPANY ORDERS, RIPLEY. I RUN THE SHIP. ANYTHING TO DO WITH SCIENCE DIVISION... HE HAS FINAL SAY.

THAT NEVER USED TO BE STANDARD PROCEDURE. YOU SHIP OUT WITH ASH BEFORE?

NO. FIRST TIME.

HE WAS A LAST MINUTE REPLACEMENT. BUT SO WHAT?... SO WERE YOU.

I DON'T TRUST HIM.

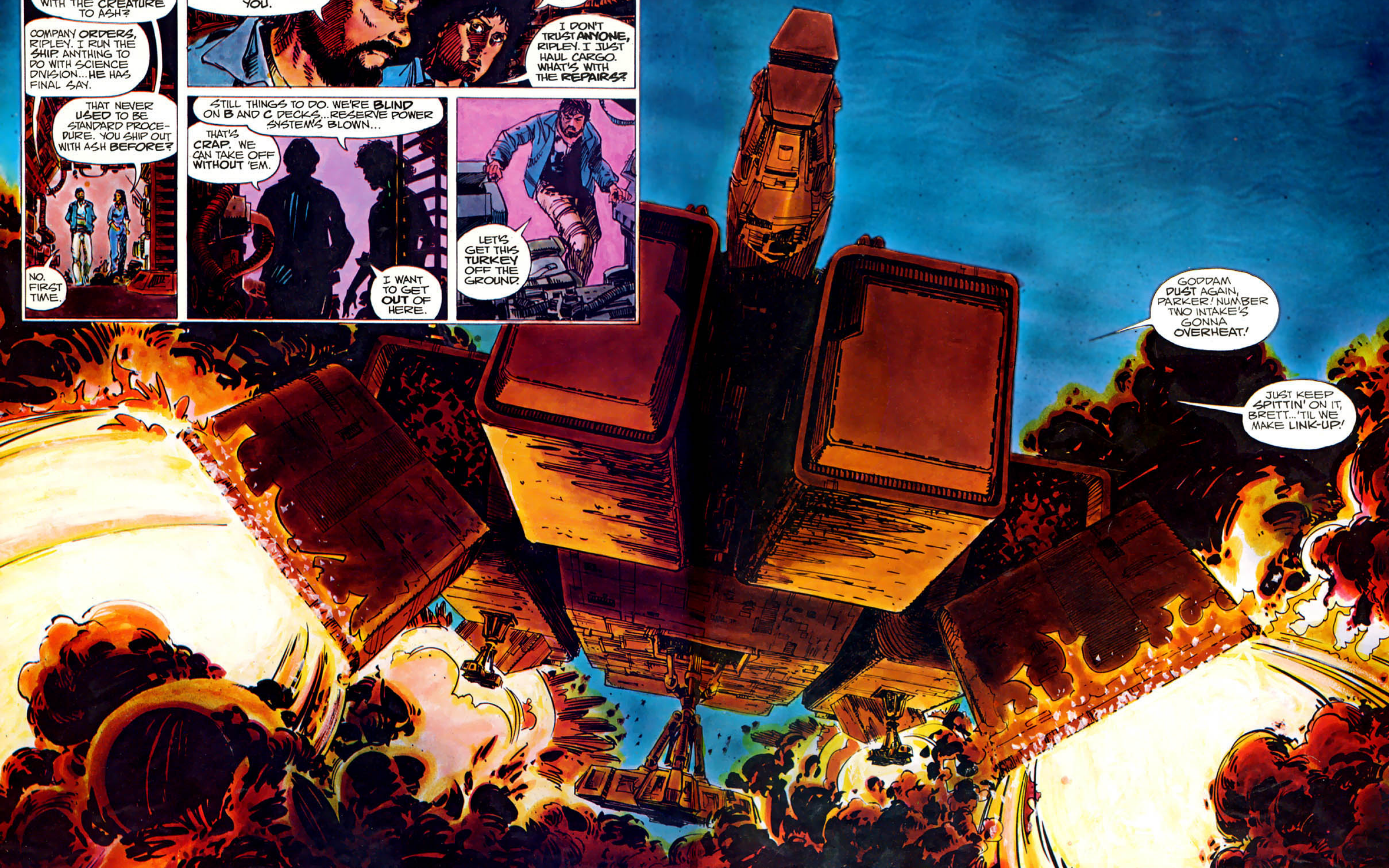
I DON'T TRUST ANYONE, RIPLEY. I JUST HAUL CARGO. WHAT'S WITH THE REPAIRS?

STILL THINGS TO DO. WE'RE BLIND ON B AND C DECKS... RESERVE POWER SYSTEMS BLOWN...

THAT'S CRAP. WE CAN TAKE OFF WITHOUT 'EM.

I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE.

LET'S GET THIS TURKEY OFF THE GROUND.



GODDAM DUST AGAIN, PARKER! NUMBER TWO INTAKE'S GONNA OVERHEAT!

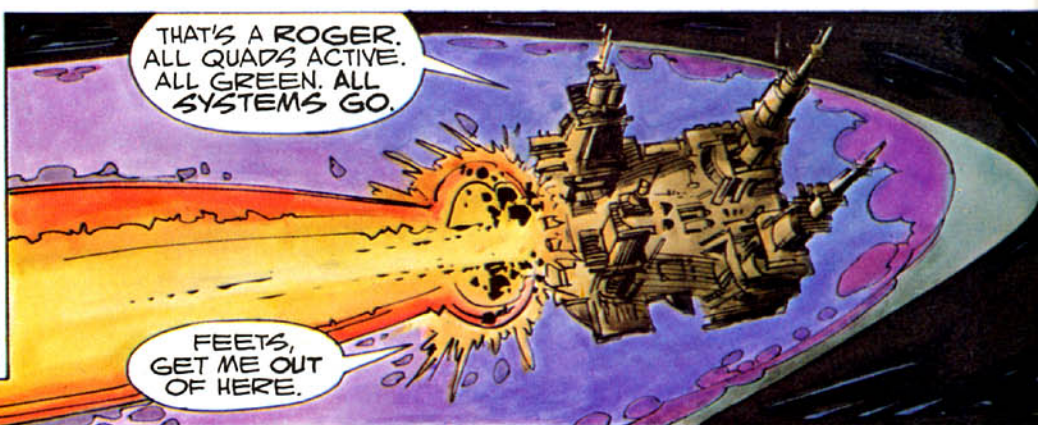
JUST KEEP SPITTIN' ON IT, BRETT... 'TIL WE MAKE LINK-UP!



WALK IN THE PARK, WHEN WE FIX SOMETHING, IT STAYS FIXED.



FIRE UP THE BIG ONES, RIPLEY. LET'S GO HOME.



THAT'S A ROGER. ALL QUADS ACTIVE. ALL GREEN. ALL SYSTEMS GO.

FEETS, GET ME OUT OF HERE.



WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN WITH KANE NOW, DALLAS? MAYBE BEST TO JUST FREEZE HIM. STOP THE DISEASE. LET THE DOCS ON EARTH LOOK AT HIM.

RIGHT.

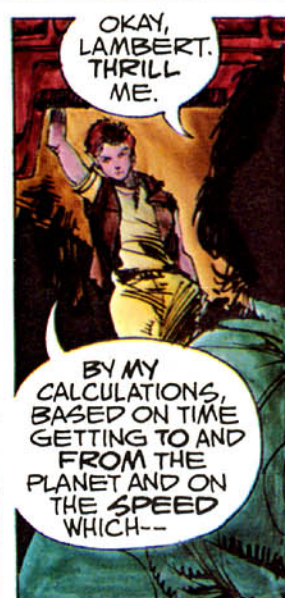
YOU KNOW, BRETT, WHENEVER PARKER SAYS ANYTHING, YOU SAY "RIGHT."

RIGHT.

KNOCK IT OFF. KANE WILL HAVE TO GO INTO QUARANTINE.

YEAH. AND SO WILL WE.

HOW ABOUT SOMETHING TO LOWER YOUR SPIRITS?



OKAY, LAMBERT. THRILL ME.

BY MY CALCULATIONS, BASED ON TIME GETTING TO AND FROM THE PLANET AND ON THE SPEED WHICH--



GIVE ME THE SHORT VERSION... HOW FAR?

TEN MONTHS IN THE FREEZER.

CHRIST.



THIS IS ASH, DALLAS. I THINK YOU CAN SET AN EXTRA PLACE FOR DINNER.



ERUPTION! A
SCARLET SHOWER.
OF FLESH. OF
BLOOD.



IT MOVES.

FASTER THAN
THE EYE
CAN FOLLOW...

...MORE THAN
THE MIND CAN
ACCEPT.

NO NO NO
NO NO NO

PARKER. PARKER.

TAKE BRETT AND
SEAL OFF THE
IMMEDIATE
AREA.

WE'VE GOT TO
FIND THE LITTLE
BASTARD.

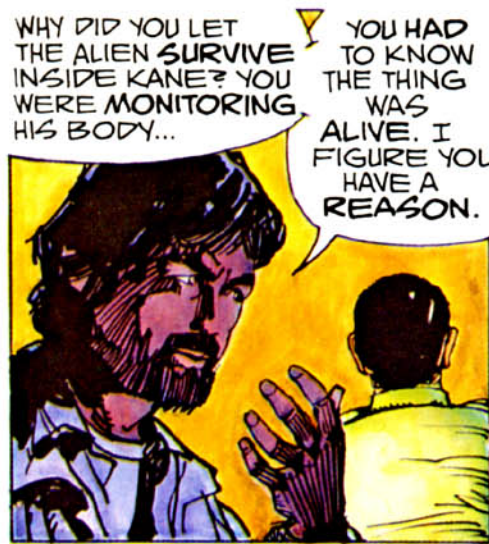
AND
KILL
IT.



WE'VE JETTISONED KANE. NOW I WANT TO TALK, ASH.

I'M A LITTLE BUSY AT THE MOMENT.

I DON'T CARE.



WHY DID YOU LET THE ALIEN SURVIVE INSIDE KANE? YOU WERE MONITORING HIS BODY...

YOU HAD TO KNOW THE THING WAS ALIVE. I FIGURE YOU HAVE A REASON.

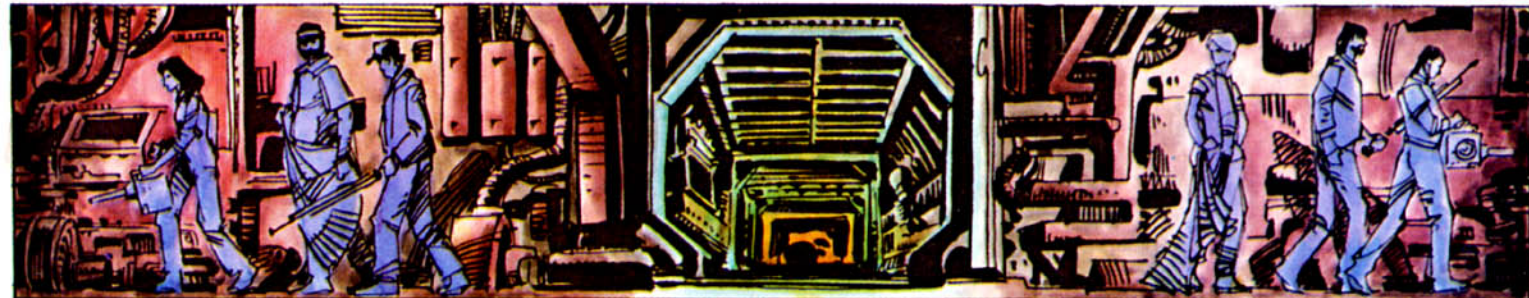


DALLAS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. THE ALIEN IS DANGEROUS.

I DON'T WANT IT ALIVE ANY MORE THAN YOU DO.

YOU'RE SURE?

YES. AND YOU SHOULD BE, TOO.

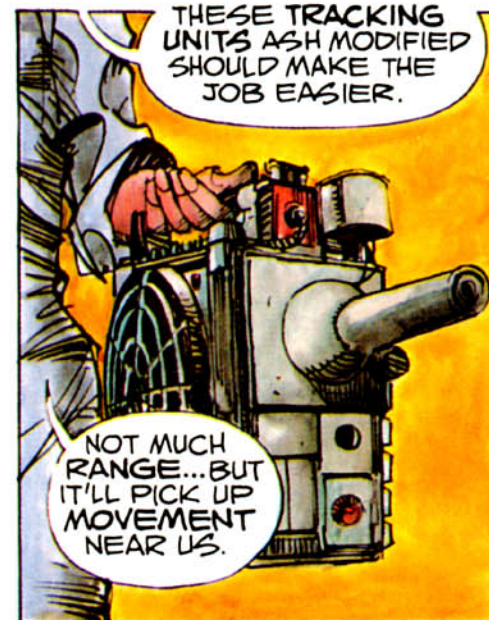


DAMN SEARCH COULD TAKE FOREVER, RIPLEY.

IT BETTER NOT, PARKER. OUR SUPPLIES ARE BASED ON A LIMITED TIME OUT OF HYPER-SLEEP.



STRICTLY LIMITED.



THESE TRACKING UNITS ASH MODIFIED SHOULD MAKE THE JOB EASIER.

NOT MUCH RANGE... BUT IT'LL PICK UP MOVEMENT NEAR US.



THEN WE USE THE PRODS. JOLT THE FUCKER INTO OUR NETS...

...THEN OUT THE AIR LOCK WITH 'IM!



THAT'S THE THEORY.

HOLD IT...



I'M GETTING SOMETHING DOWN THERE... C LEVEL.



SHIT. NO LIGHTS.

QUIET. IT'S WITHIN FIVE METERS.

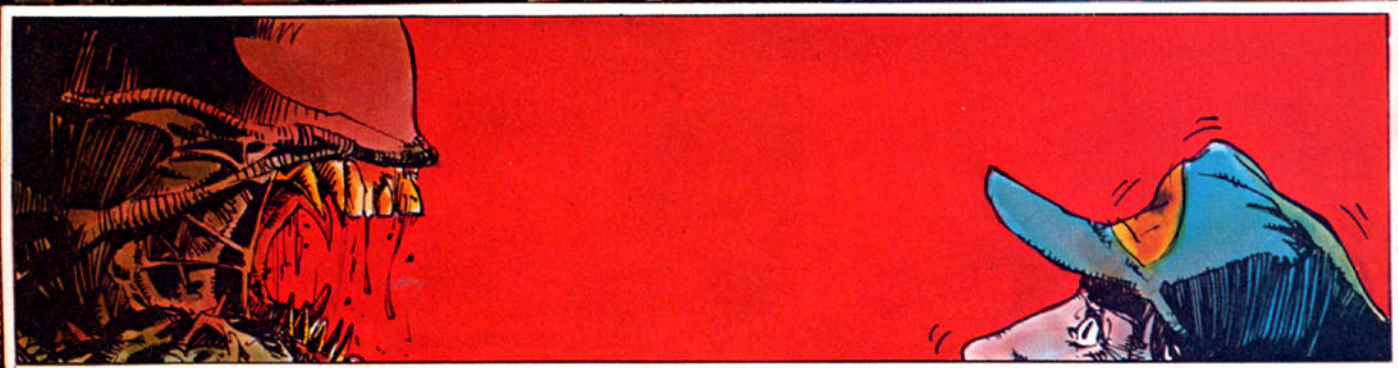


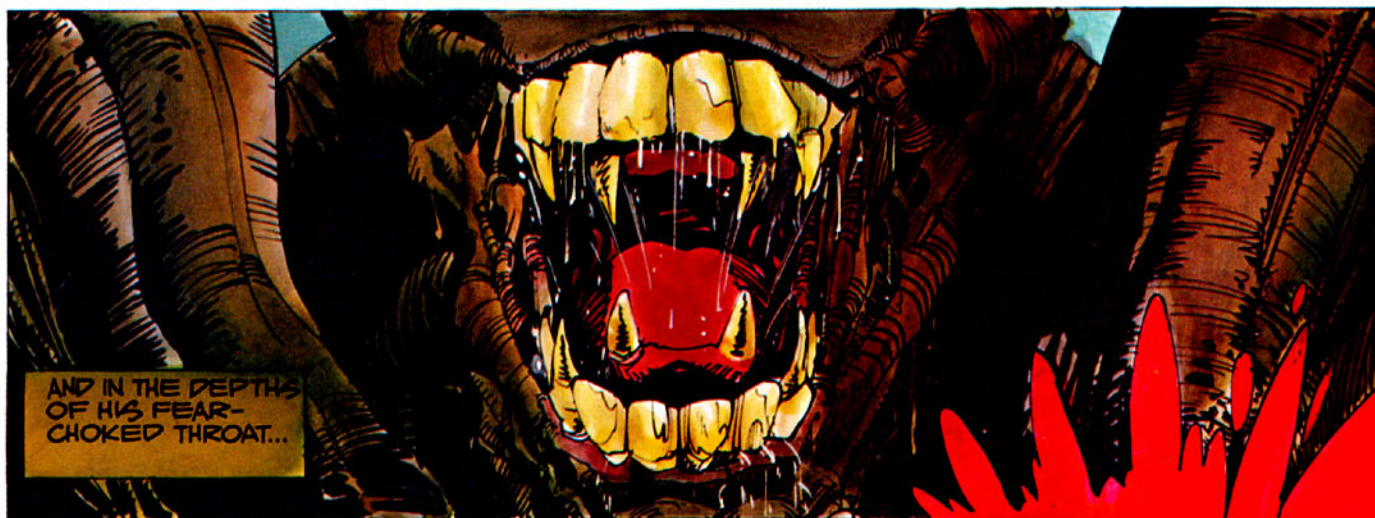
THERE. THE WALL LOCKER.





BRETT TRIES
DESPERATELY
TO SCREAM.
THE SOUND IS
NOT IN HIM.



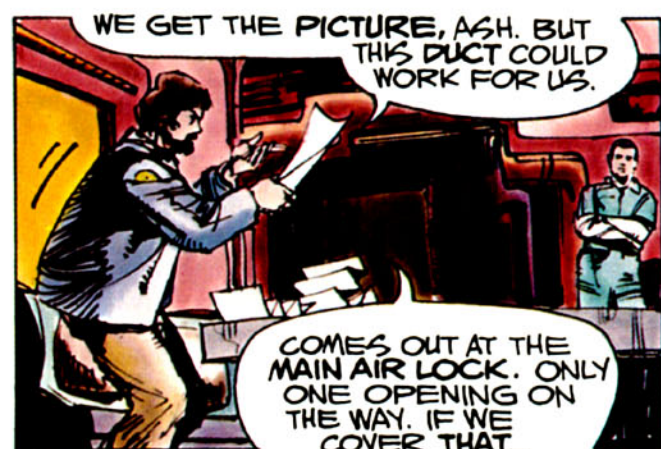


AND IN THE DEPTHS
OF HIS FEAR-
CHOKED THROAT...

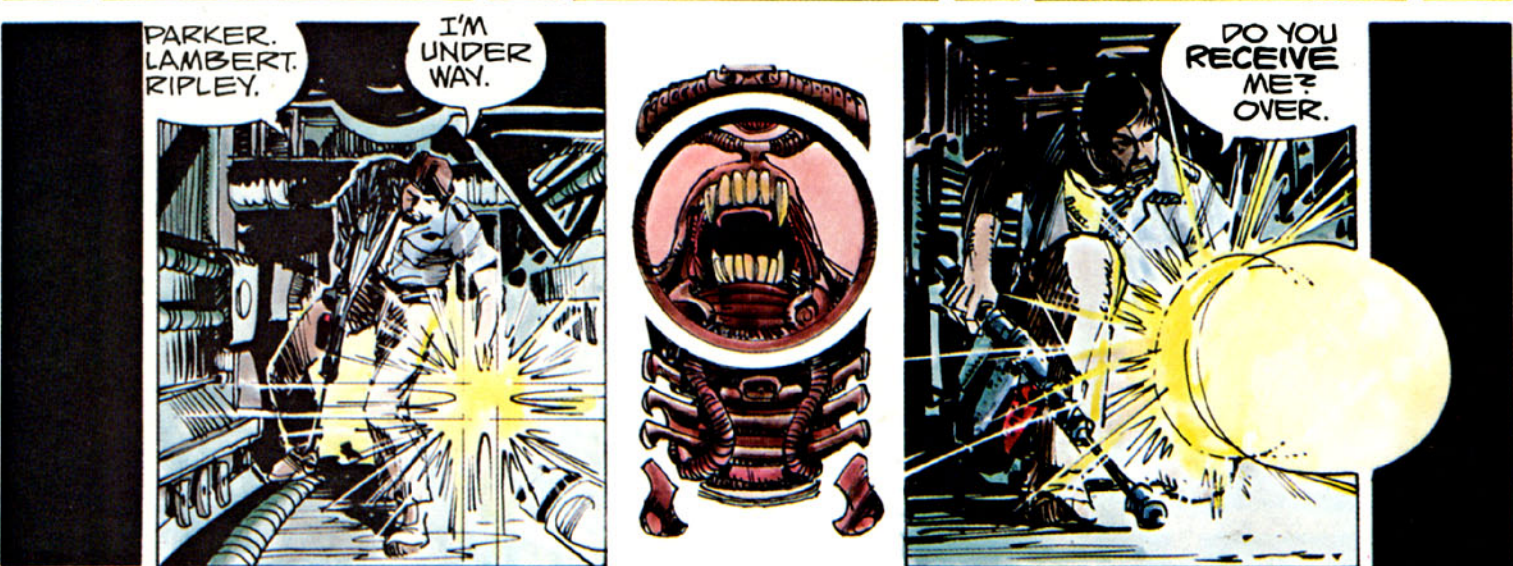
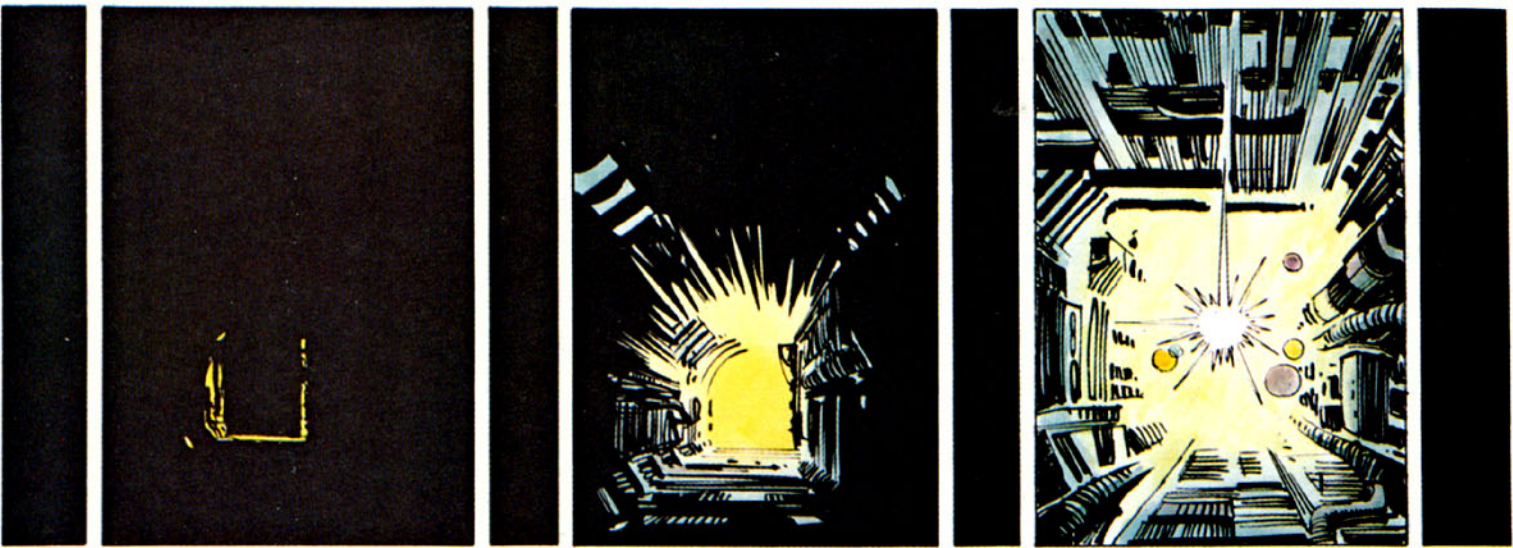
AAAAARRRG



...BRETT FINDS
THE SCREAM.



Request evaluation of procedure to terminate alien.
AVAILABLE DATA INSUFFICIENT.
Request options to procedure.
AVAILABLE DATA INSUFFICIENT.
What are my chances?
DOES NOT COMPUTE.





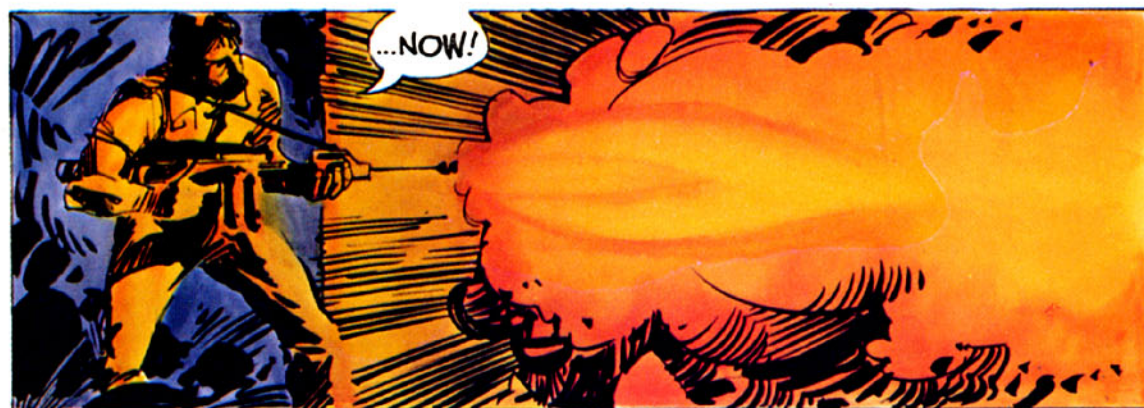
BEGINNING TO
GET A READING
ON YOU, DALLAS.



GOOD.
STAY WITH
ME.



I'VE REACHED A
CORNER. GOING
AROUND IT...



...NOW!



NOTHING.
MOVING
AHEAD.

YOU'RE
PASSING
OUR POSITION,
DALLAS.

RIPLEY?



READ YOU
CLEAR.

DON'T THINK
THIS SHAFT
GOES MUCH
FURTHER.

LAMBERT,
WHAT ARE
YOU GETTING
NOW?



MUST BE INTER-
FERENCE, DALLAS.

SEEMS TO
BE SOME KIND
OF DOUBLE
SIGNAL.

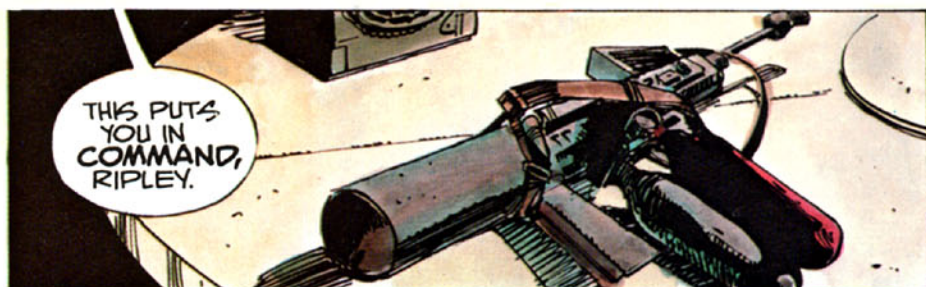


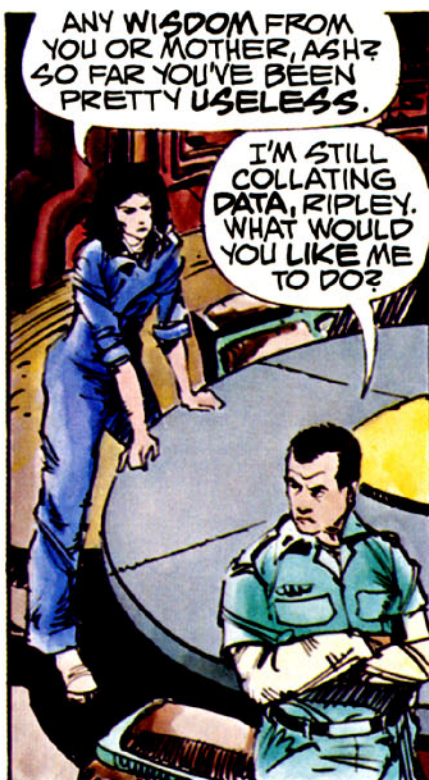
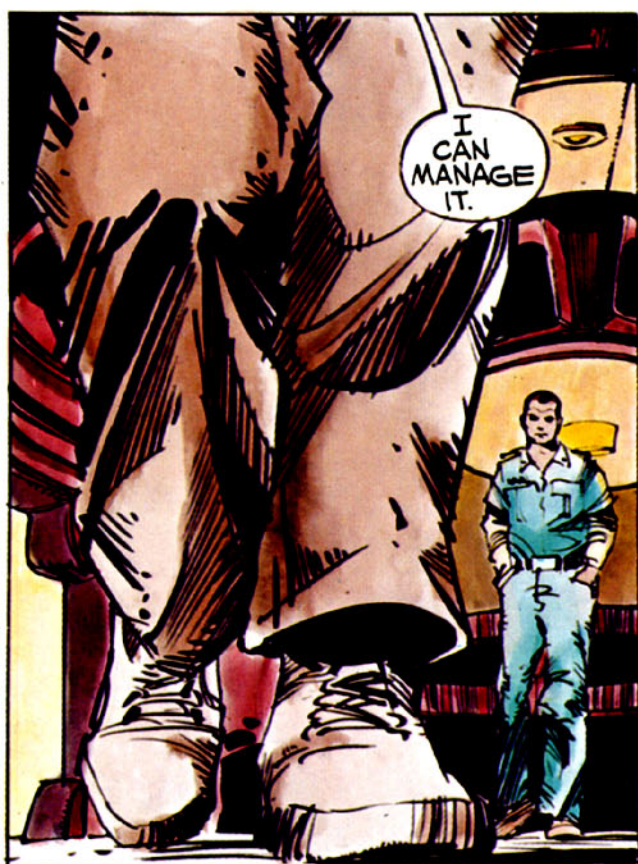
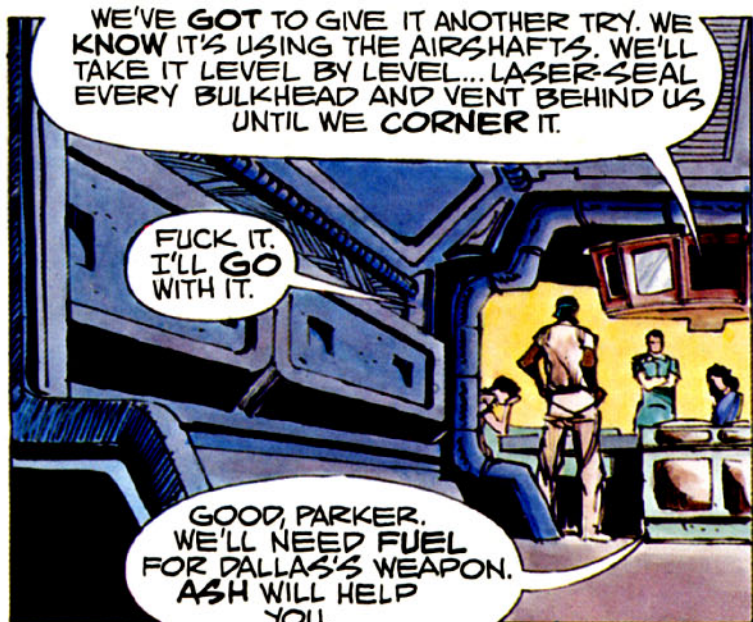
YEAH. WELL, ASH
IMPROVISED THOSE
TRACKERS PRETTY
FAST.

I'M AT A
REPAIR JUNCTION.
SHAFT HAS TWO
LEVELS. IS IT
CLEARER SINCE
I'VE STOPPED?

IT'S CLEAR,
ALL RIGHT. BUT
I'M STILL
GETTING TWO
SIGNALS.

NOT SURE
WHICH ONE IS
WHICH.

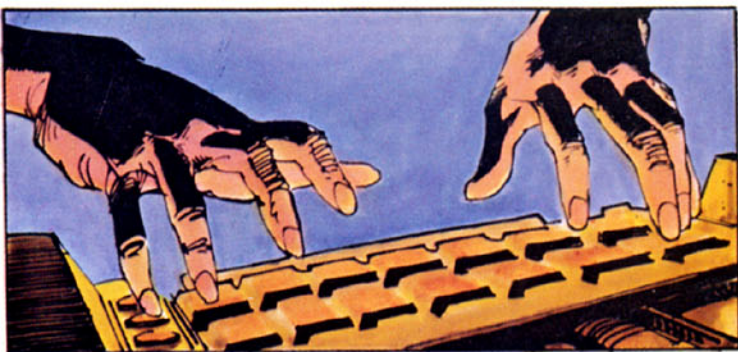






NOW, MOTHER. YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE HELPED DALLAS MUCH.

MAYBE HE ASKED THE WRONG QUESTIONS.



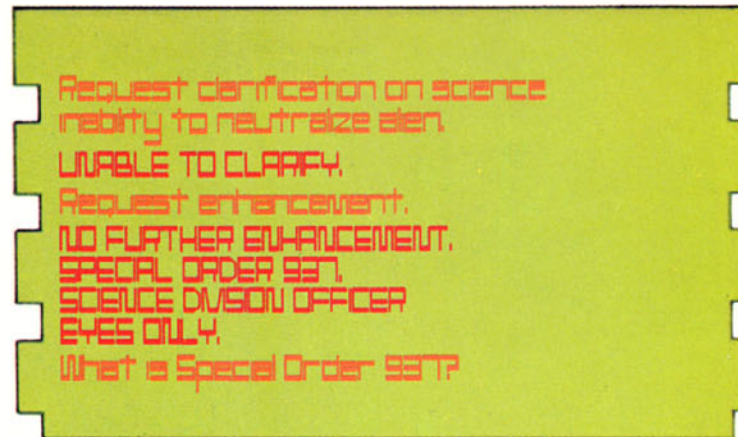
DAMN IT. NO ANSWER.



I'M GOING TO KEEP PUNCHING CODE COMBINATIONS...

...UNTIL YOU HAVE ONE.

FINALLY
...A
SCREEN
COMES
TO
LIFE.

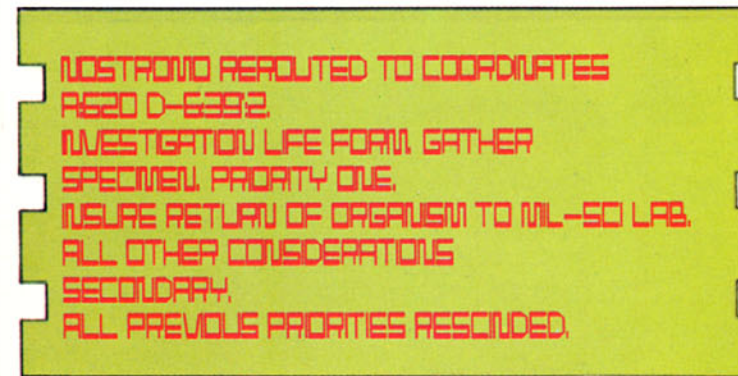


Request clarification on science
inability to neutralize alien.
UNABLE TO CLARIFY.
Request enhancement.
NO FURTHER ENHANCEMENT.
SPECIAL ORDER 937.
SCIENCE DIVISION OFFICER
EYES ONLY.
What is Special Order 937?



DON'T HOLD OUT
ON ME, MOTHER!
THIS IS AN
EMERGENCY
COMMAND
OVERRIDE.
10073.

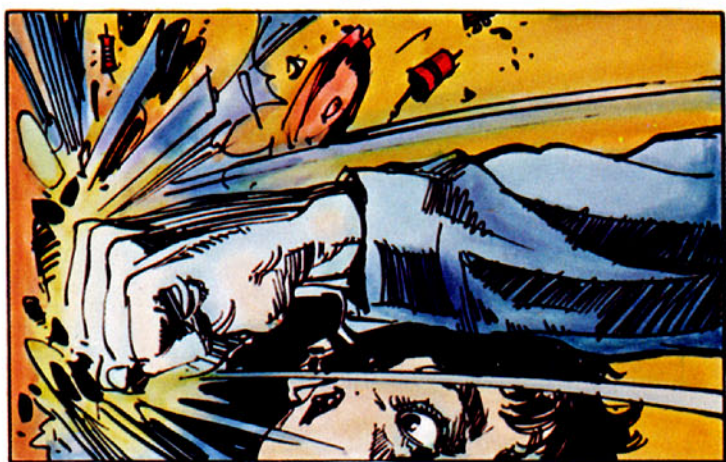
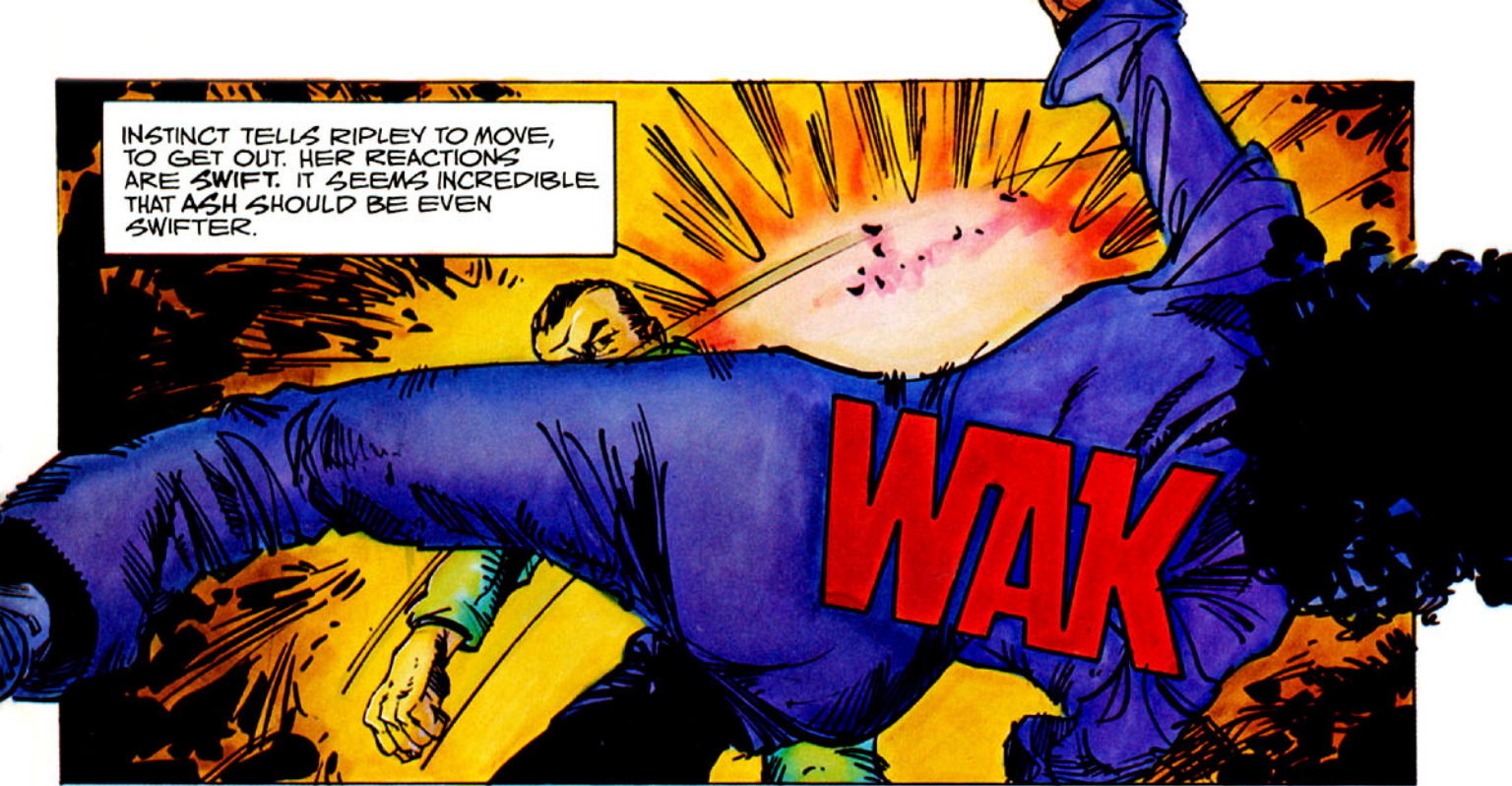
WHAT IS
SPECIAL ORDER
937?

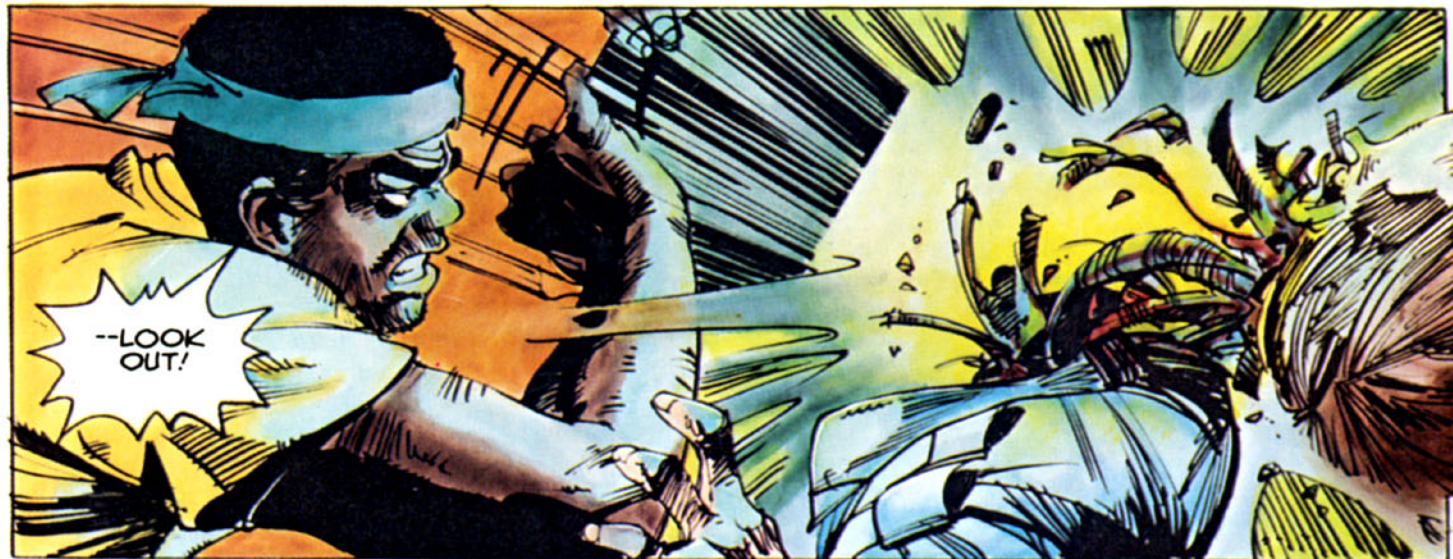
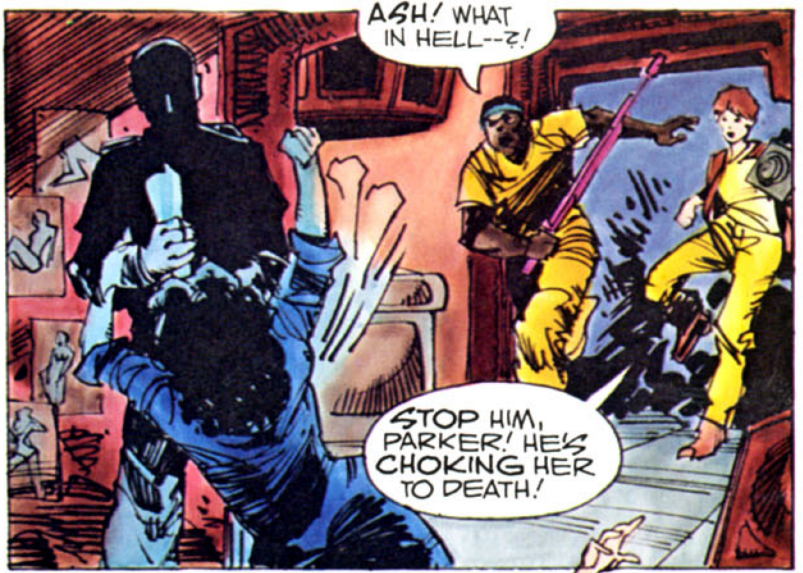


NUSTROMO REROUTED TO COORDINATES
R620 D-6332
INVESTIGATION LIFE FORM. GATHER
SPECIMEN. PRIORITY ONE.
INSURE RETURN OF ORGANISM TO ML-SO LAB.
ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS
SECONDARY.
ALL PREVIOUS PRIORITIES RESCINDED.



INSTINCT TELLS RIPLEY TO MOVE,
TO GET OUT. HER REACTIONS
ARE SWIFT. IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE
THAT ASH SHOULD BE EVEN
SWIFTER.





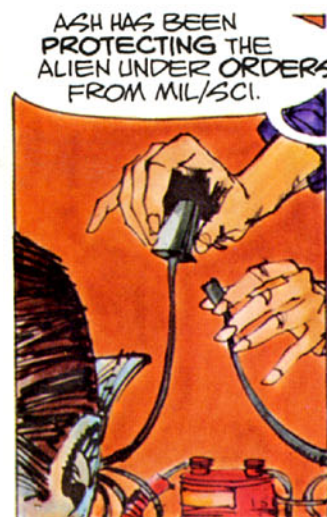
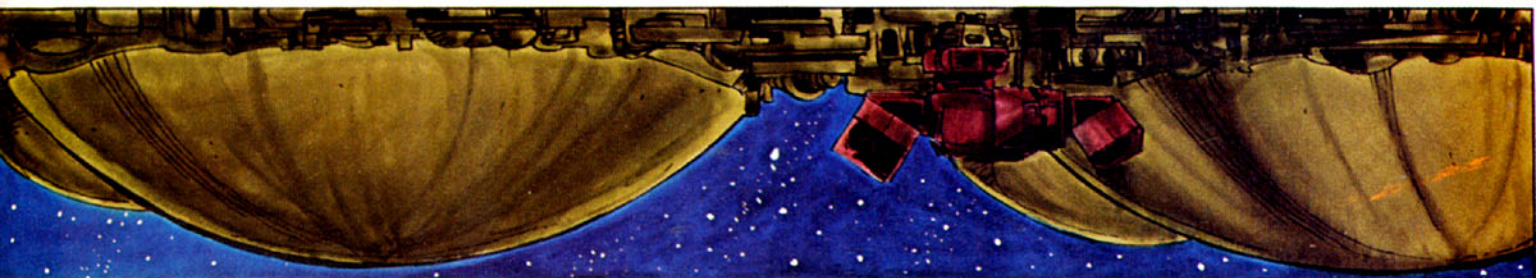


BLIND... IT STILL
FOLLOWS SOUND...

OH,
SHIT!



※G-GET...
FUCKING
THING...
OFF ME...
BEFORE
HT...
※



ASH HAS BEEN
PROTECTING THE
ALIEN UNDER ORDERS
FROM MIL/SCI.



PROBABLY
WANTED IT
FOR BIO-
WEAPONS
RESEARCH.

SOME COMPANY
WE WORK FOR!

ASH, CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

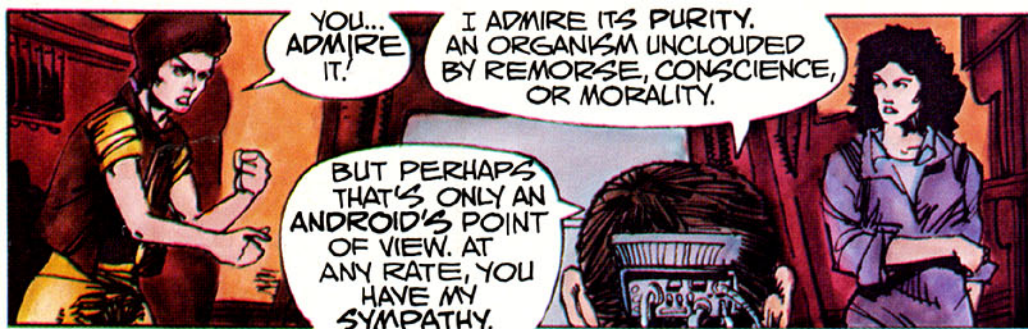
I
HEAR.

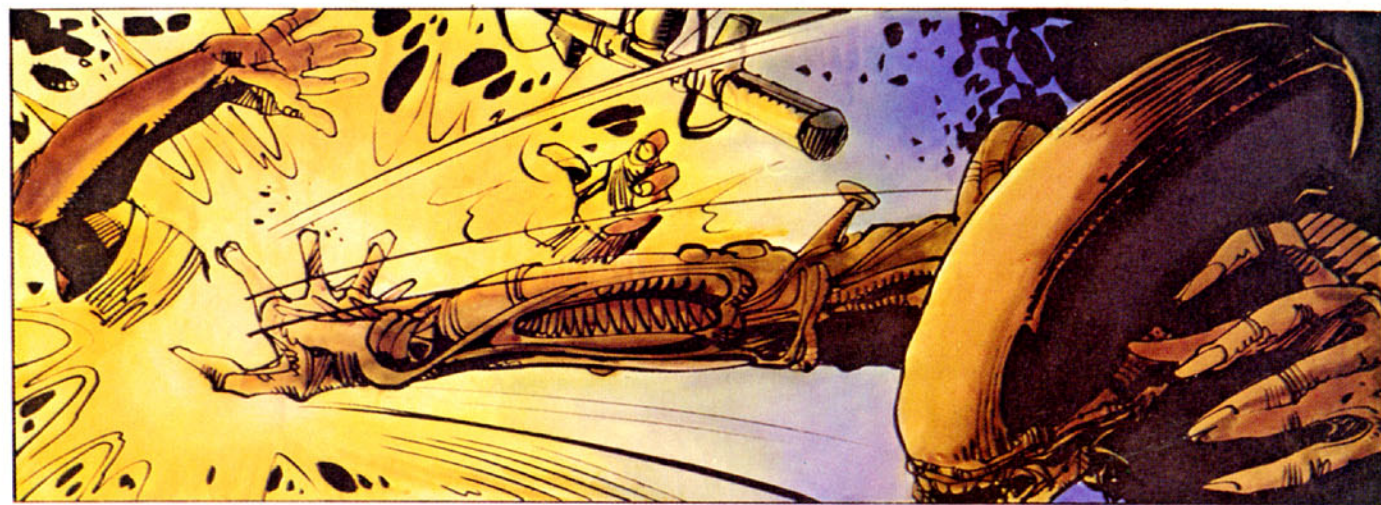
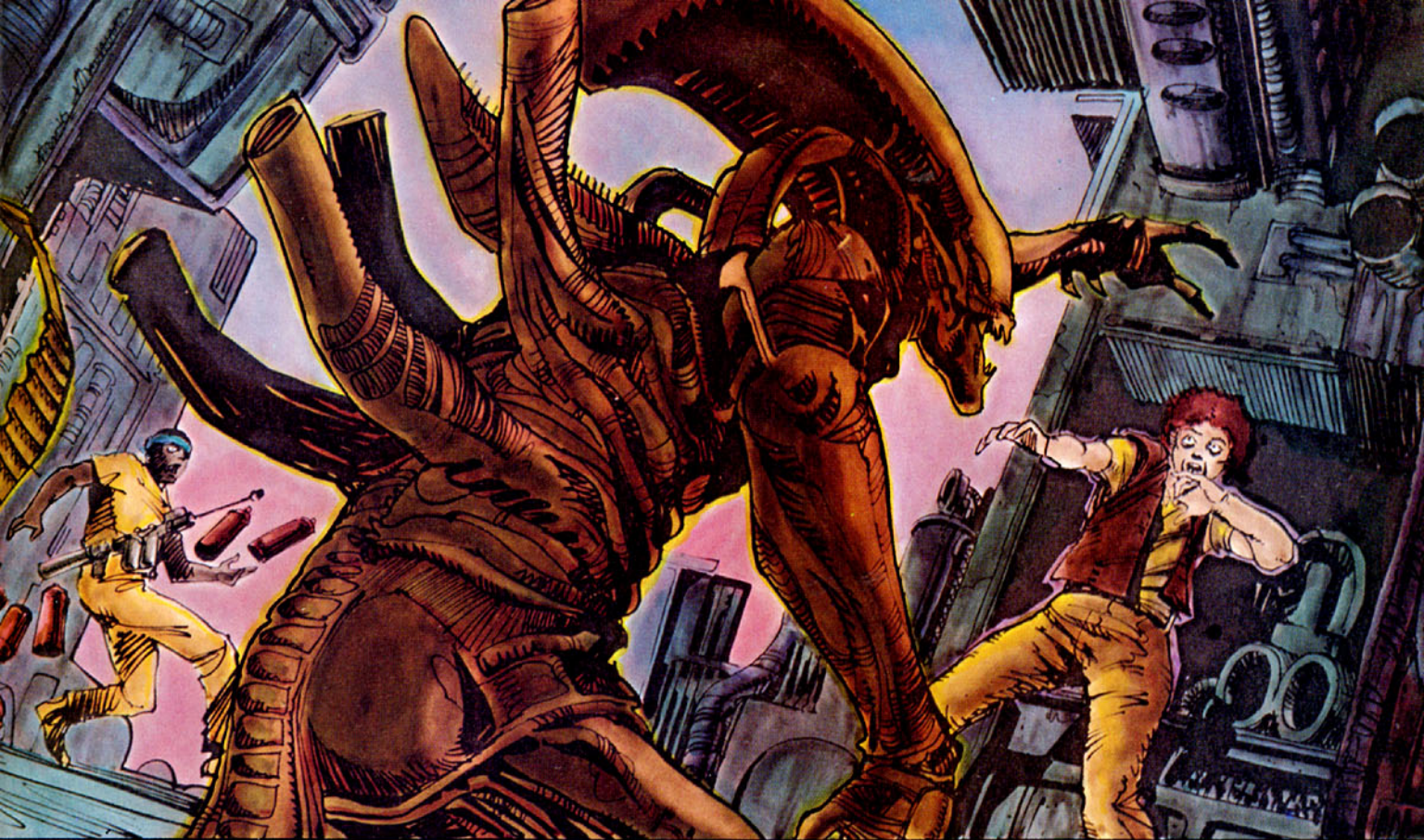
WE DON'T HAVE
MUCH TIME, ASH.
HOW CAN WE
KILL THE ALIEN?

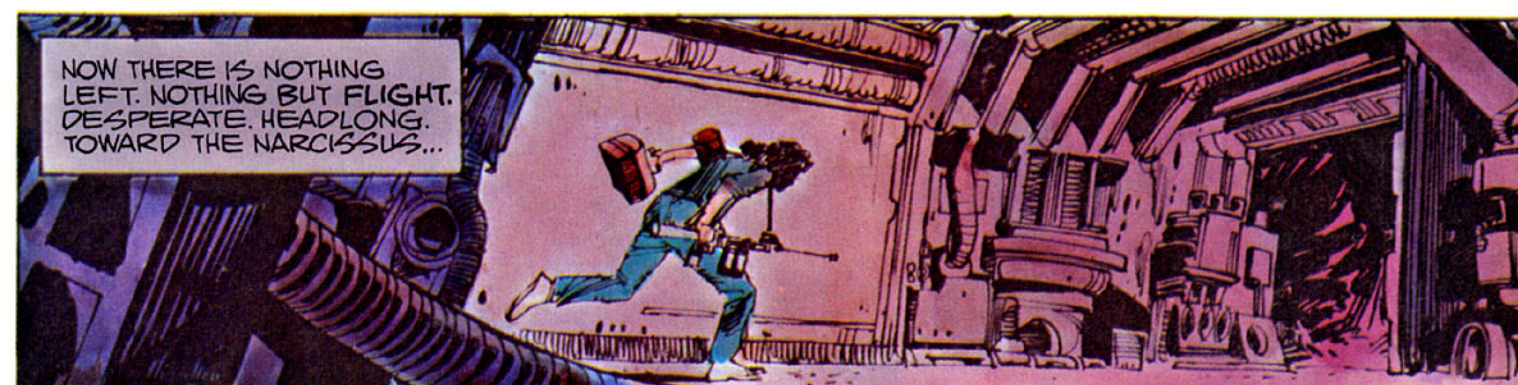
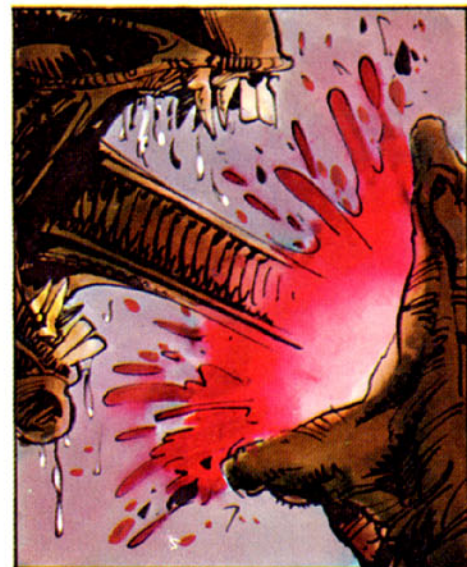


YOU CAN'T. IT'S A
PERFECT ORGANISM.
AND THAT STRUCTURAL
PERFECTION...

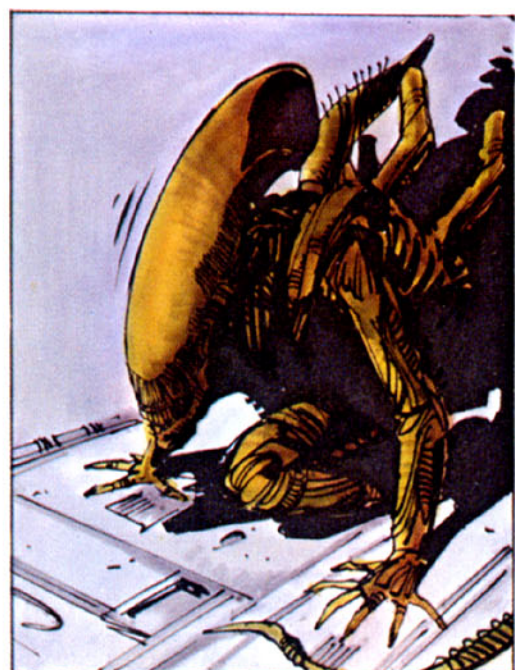
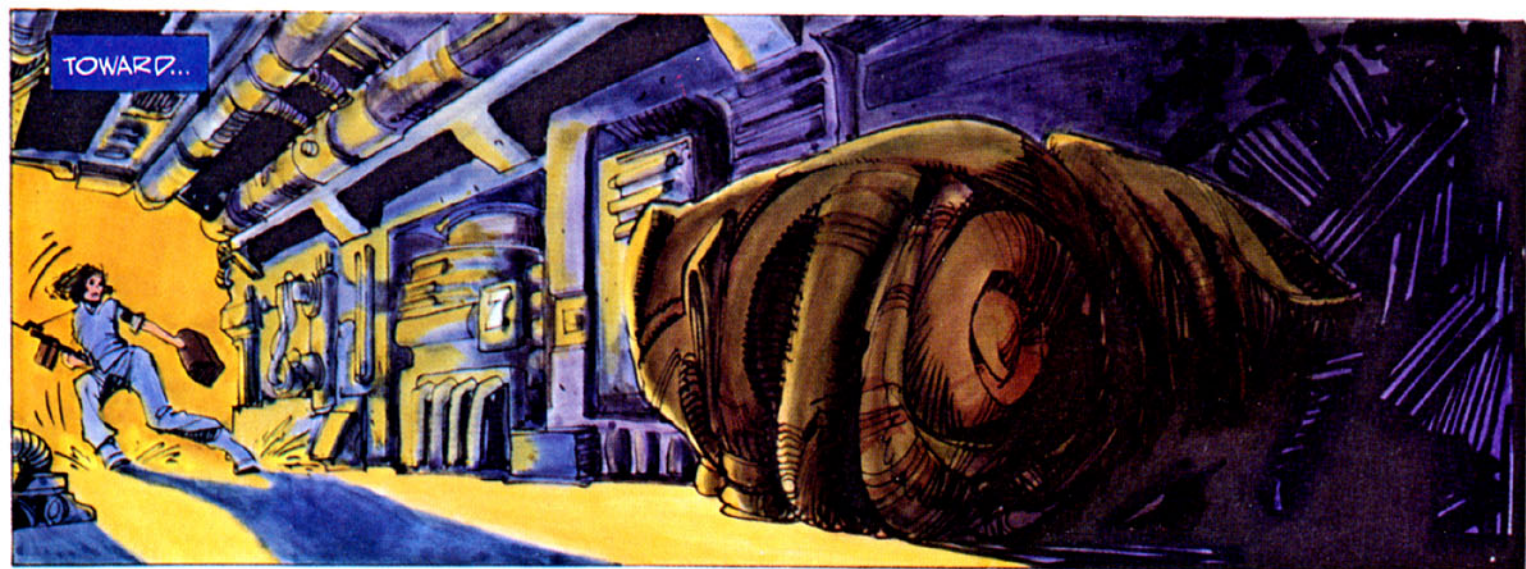
...IS
MATCHED
ONLY BY ITS
HOSTILITY.



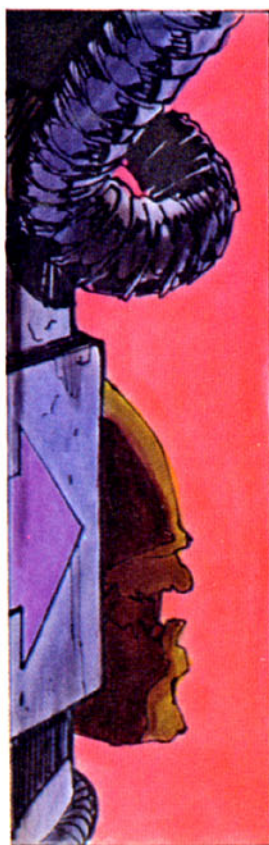
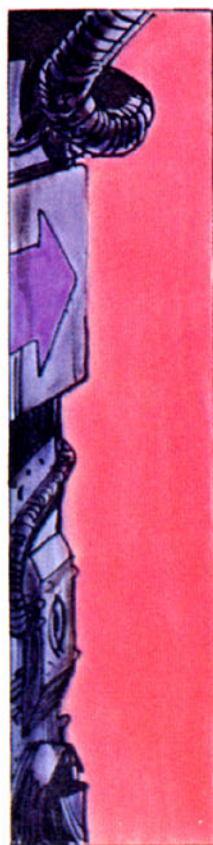




TOWARD...



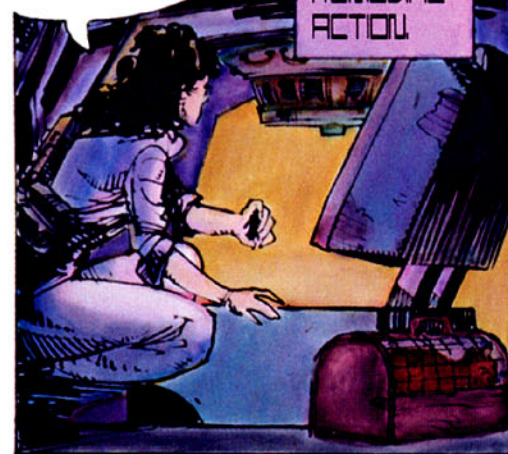
BACK INTO THE NOSTROMO, NOT DARING TO LOOK...AT WHAT MIGHT FOLLOW.





ATTENTION. THE
LIGHT-PLUS
ENGINES WILL
OVERLOAD IN
TWO MINUTES,
FIFTY SECONDS.

MOTHER, I'VE
REVERSED
THE SERIES.
STOP THE
COUNTDOWN.

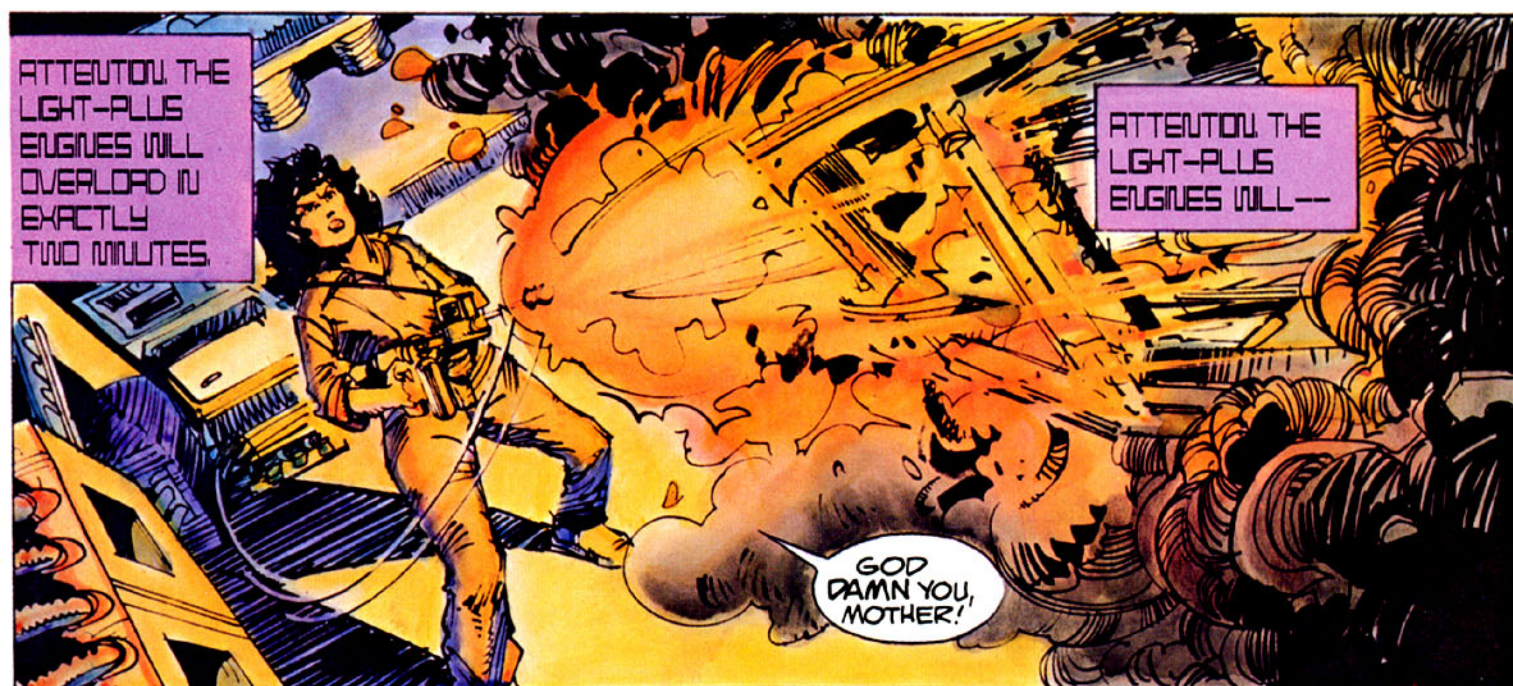


IT IS TOO
LATE FOR
REMEDIAL
ACTION.



THE
LIGHT-PLUS
ENGINES WILL
OVERLOAD IN
TWO MINUTES,
TEN SECONDS.

MOTHER...!



ATTENTION. THE
LIGHT-PLUS
ENGINES WILL
OVERLOAD IN
EXACTLY
TWO MINUTES.

ATTENTION. THE
LIGHT-PLUS
ENGINES WILL—

GOD
DAMN YOU,
MOTHER!

NOW BACK AGAIN. MOTHER'S
MADDENING COUNTDOWN
CONTINUING IN HER HEAD.



ONE
MINUTE,
FORTY
SECONDS
LESS.

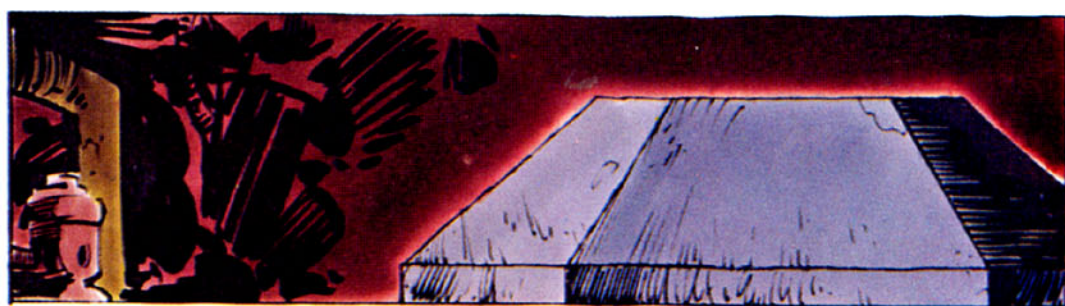
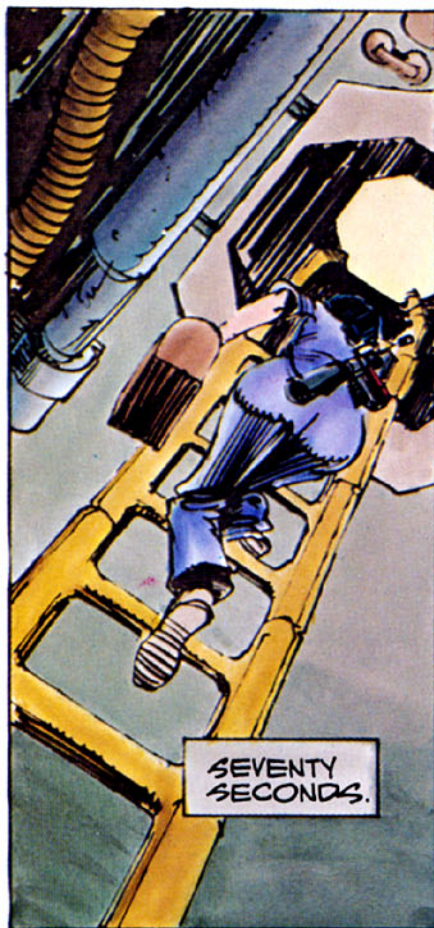
NINETY SECONDS. THE ACCESS CORRIDOR.



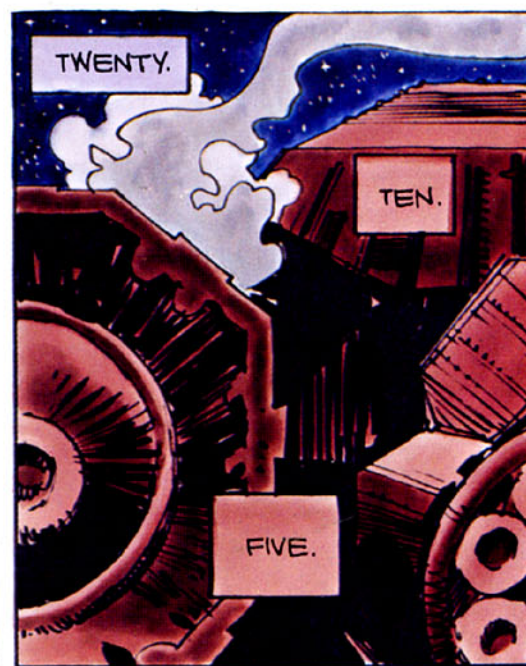
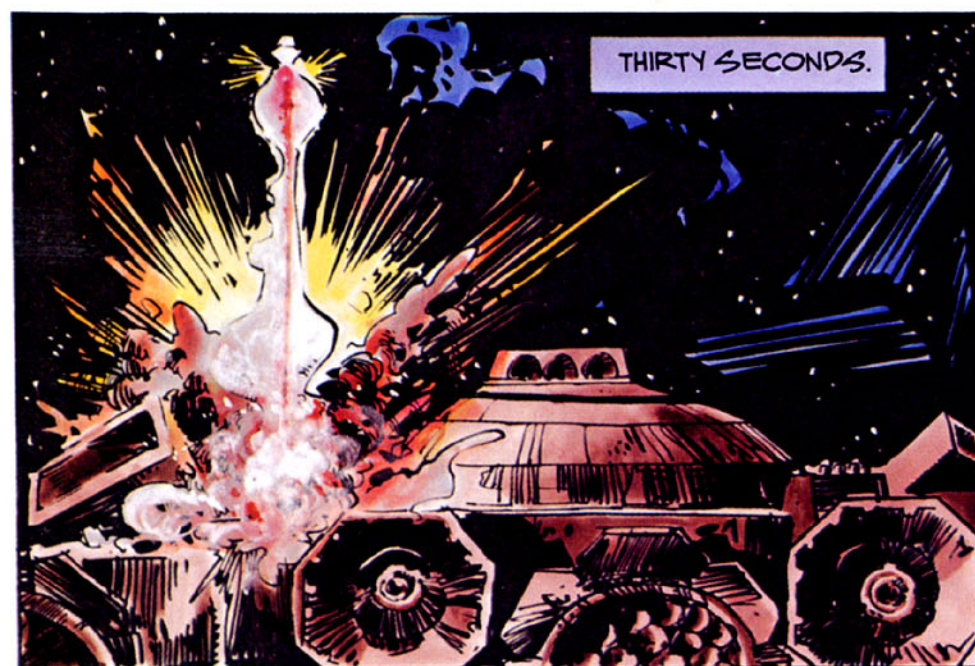
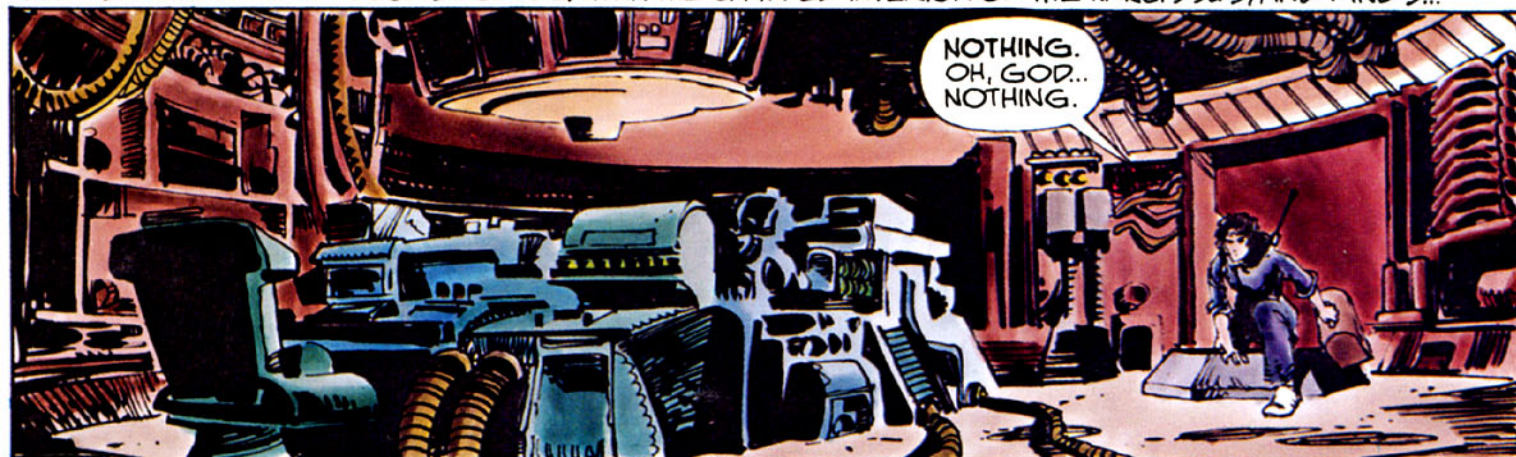
OH,
CHRIST.
NOW. GOT
TO BE--

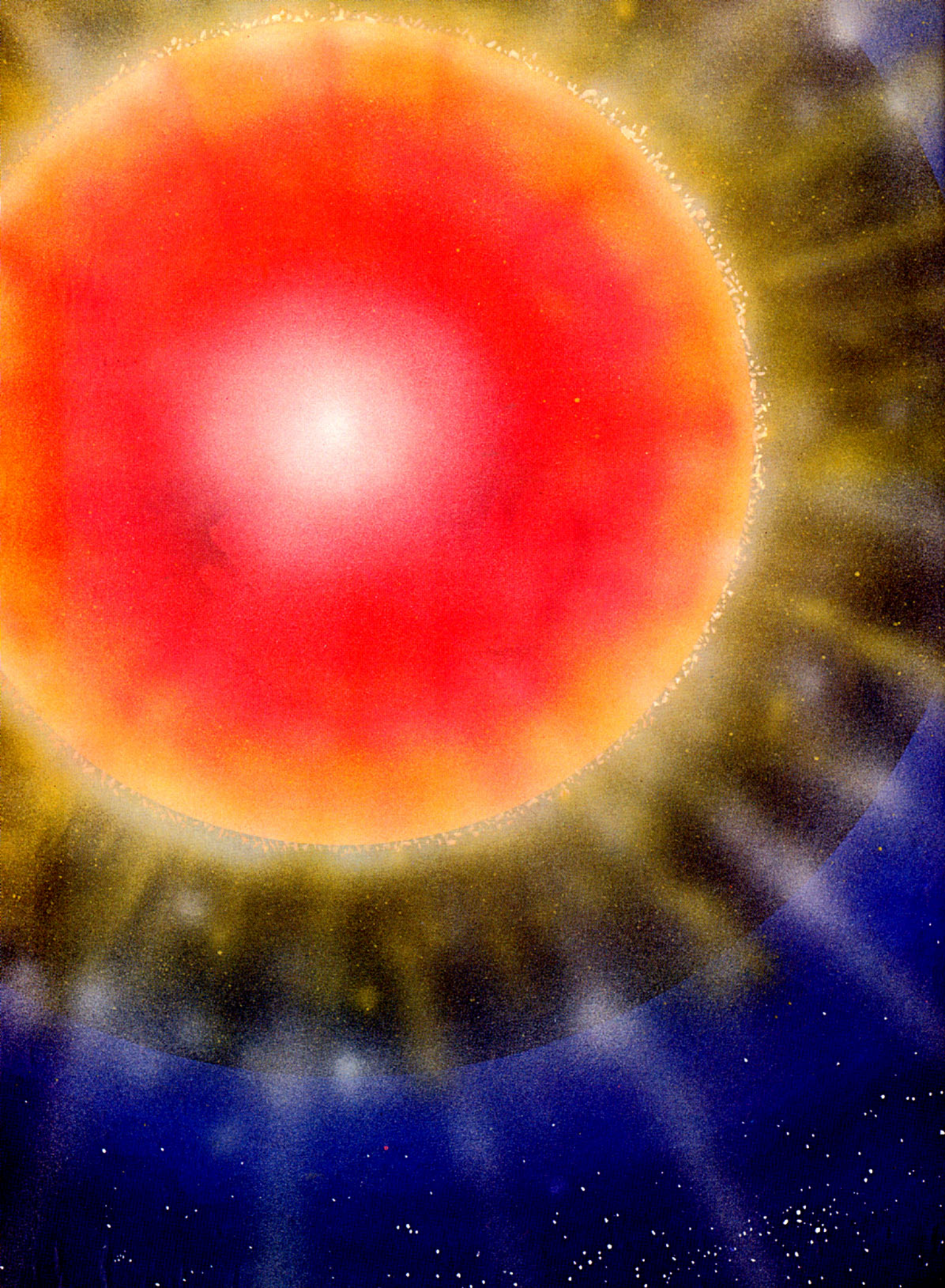


GONE!
EITHER IT CAME
BACK INTO THE
NOSTROMO AFTER
ME, OR...

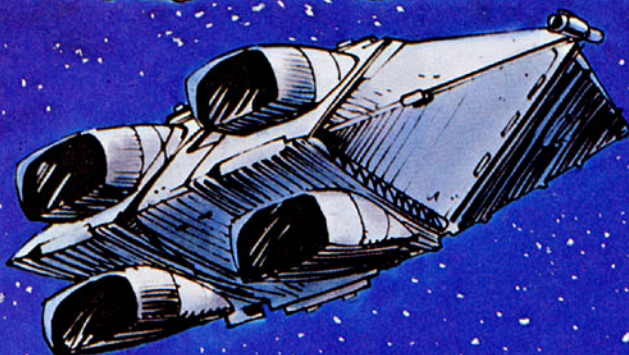


SIXTY SECONDS. RIPLEY LOOKS FOR DEATH IN THE CRAMPED INTERIOR OF THE NARCISSUS, AND FINDS...

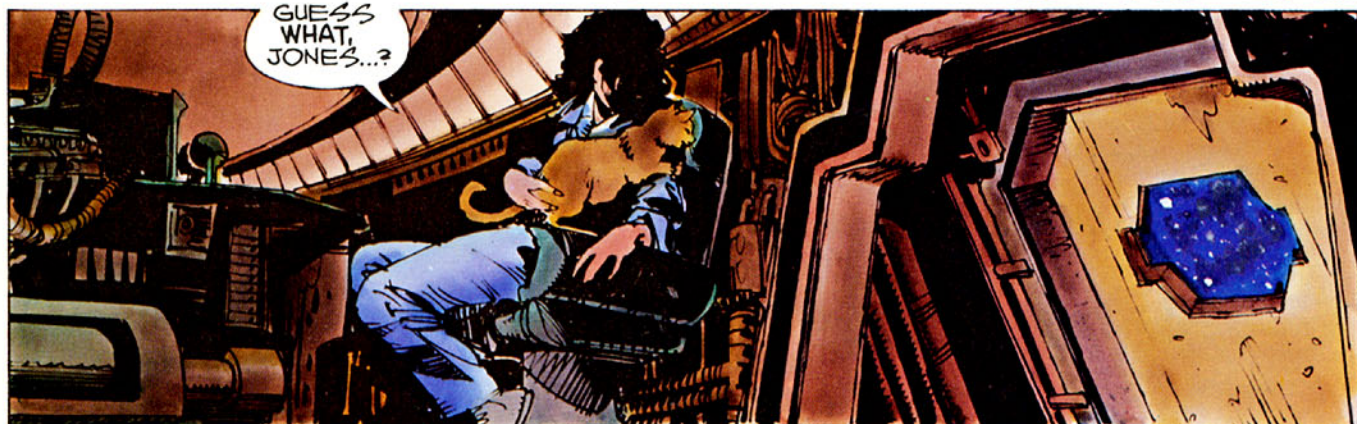




THE LIGHT OF TWO HUNDRED MILLION TONS OF FUEL FADES. THE SHOCK WAVES EBB, AND THE LIFEBOT NARCISUS SLOWLY DRIFTS.



GUESS WHAT, JONES...?



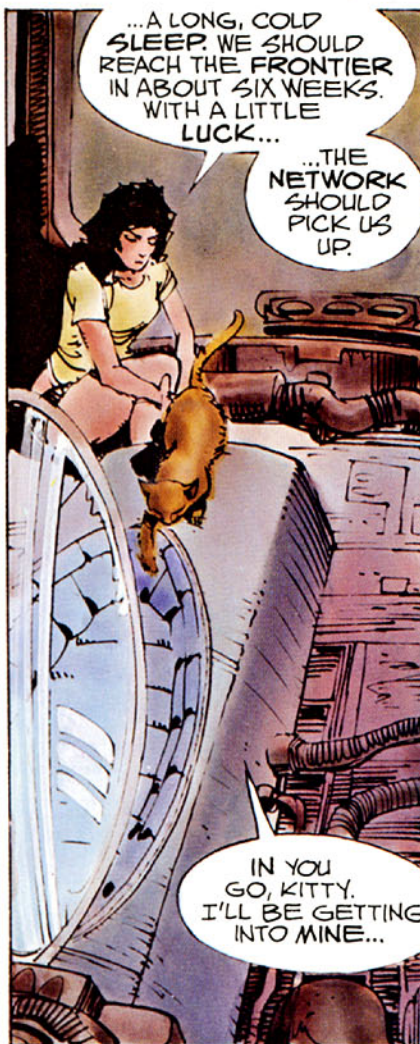
...WE MADE IT.



NOW WE GET OUR BIG REWARD...



...A LONG, COLD SLEEP. WE SHOULD REACH THE FRONTIER IN ABOUT SIX WEEKS. WITH A LITTLE LUCK...



...THE NETWORK SHOULD PICK US UP.

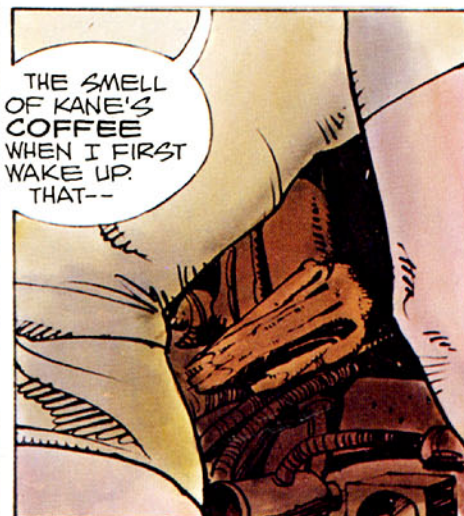
IN YOU GO, KITTY. I'LL BE GETTING INTO MINE...

...JUST AS SOON AS I FINISH SOME LAST MINUTE ADJUSTMENTS.

FUNNY, JONES. YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK I'LL MISS MOST?



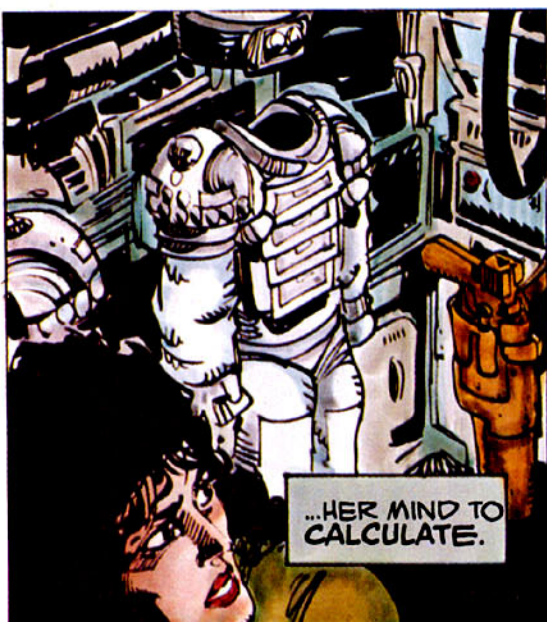
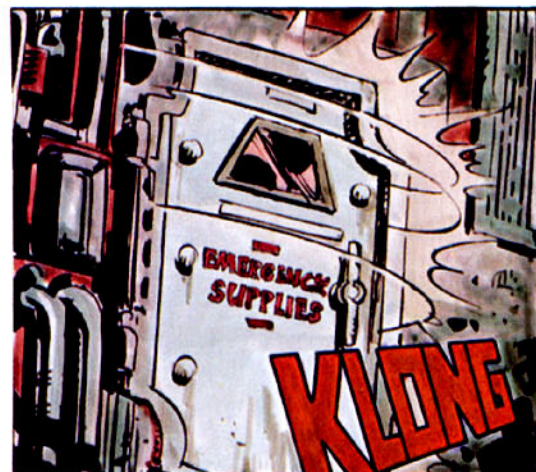
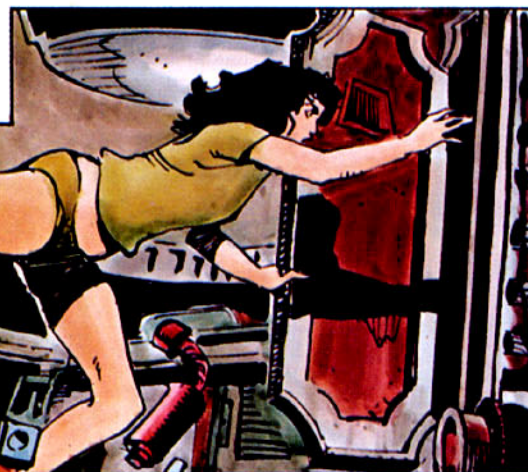
THE SMELL OF KANE'S COFFEE WHEN I FIRST WAKE UP. THAT--



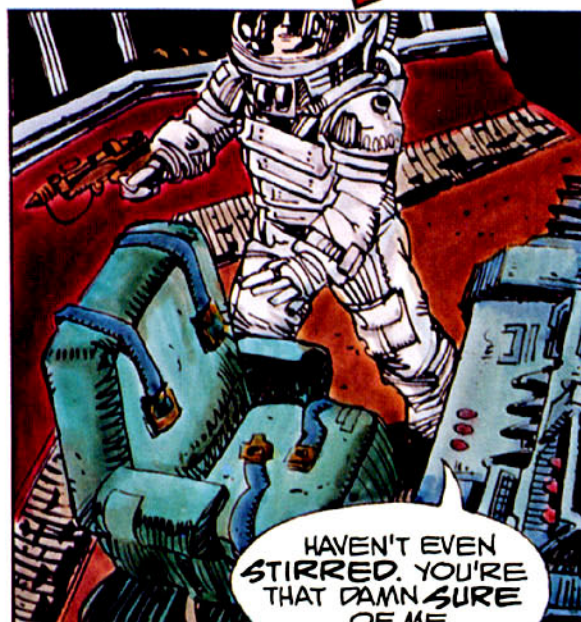
NO.

NO NO
NO NO
NO.

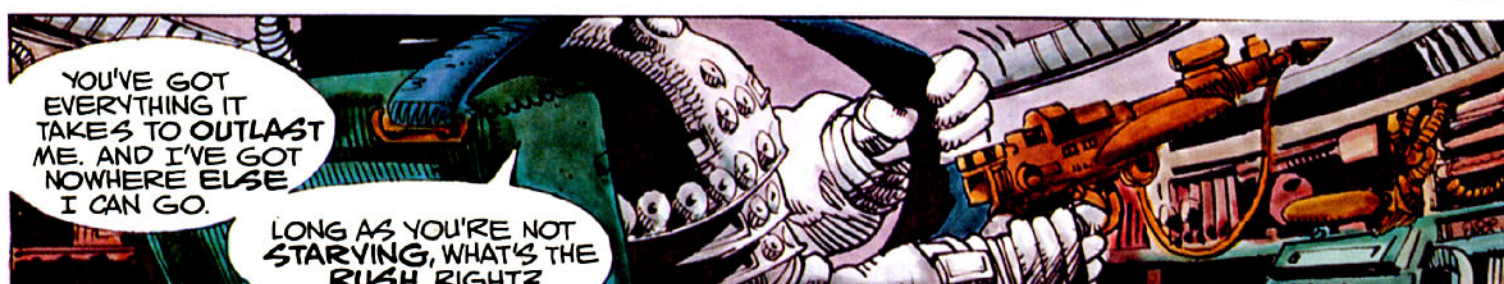
RIPLEY WANTS TO SCREAM,
TO CRY. INSTEAD, SHE
FORCES HER BODY TO
MOVE...



...HER MIND TO
CALCULATE.

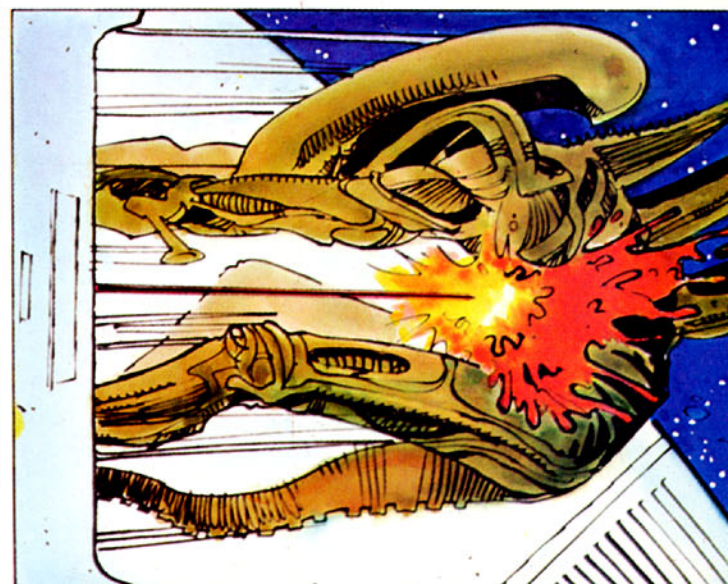
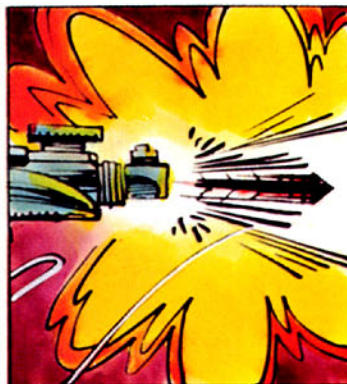
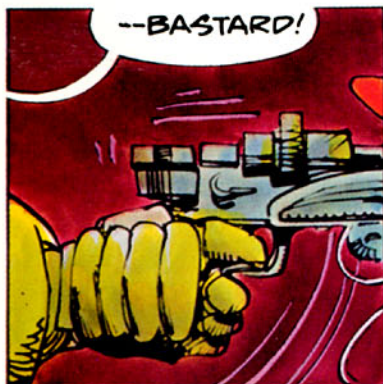
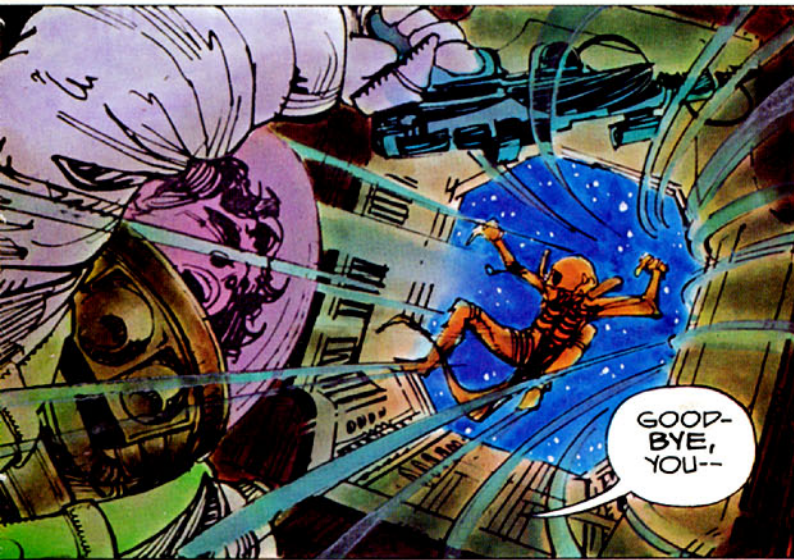
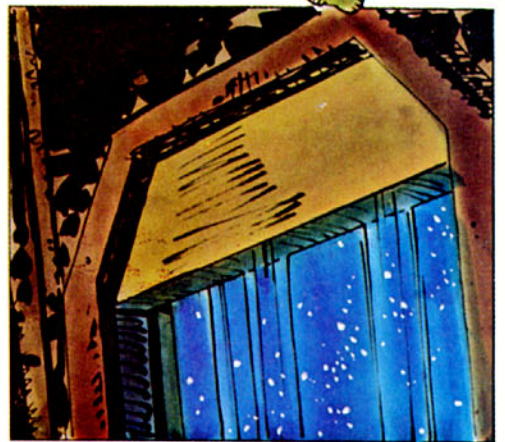
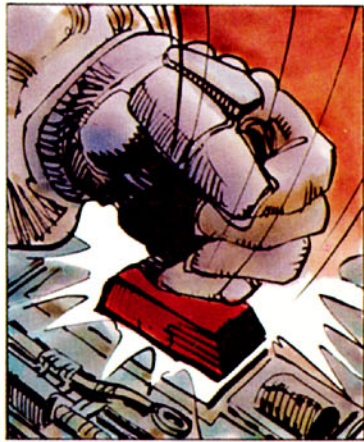
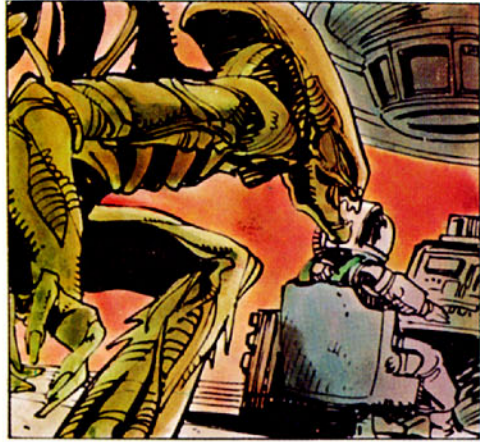


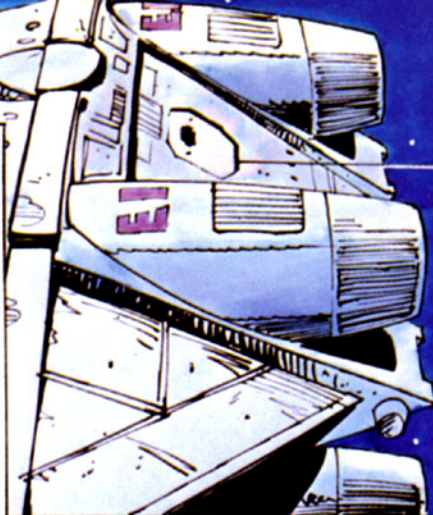
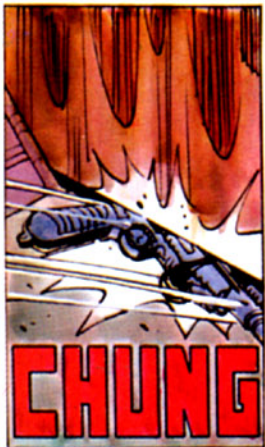
HAVEN'T EVEN
STIRRED. YOU'RE
THAT DAMN SURE
OF ME.



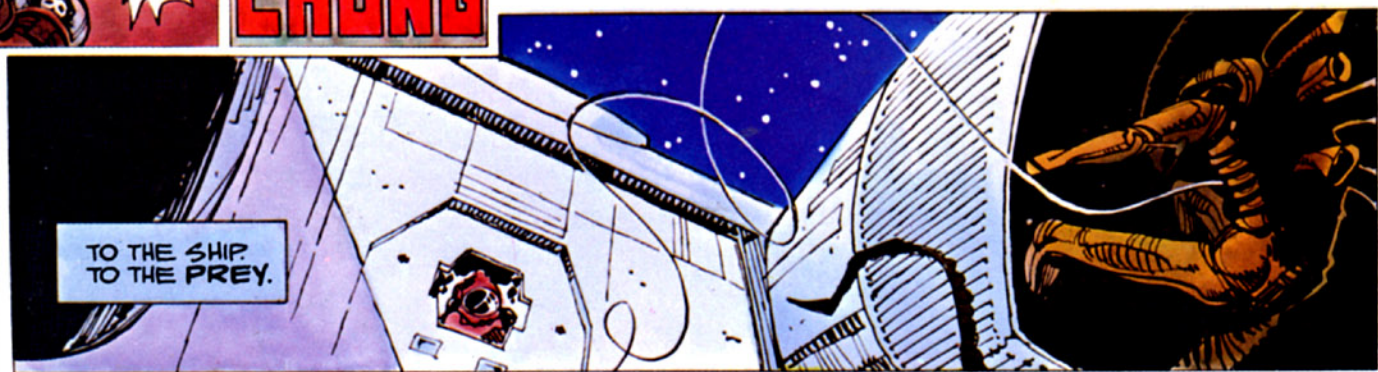
YOU'VE GOT
EVERYTHING IT
TAKES TO OUTLAST
ME. AND I'VE GOT
NOWHERE ELSE
I CAN GO.

LONG AS YOU'RE NOT
STARVING, WHAT'S THE
RUSH, RIGHT?





IT DOES WHAT IT DOES
BEST. IT SURVIVES.
AND SURVIVING...IT
WORKS ITS WAY BACK.



GUESS
AGAIN,
YOU SON
OF A
BITCH.



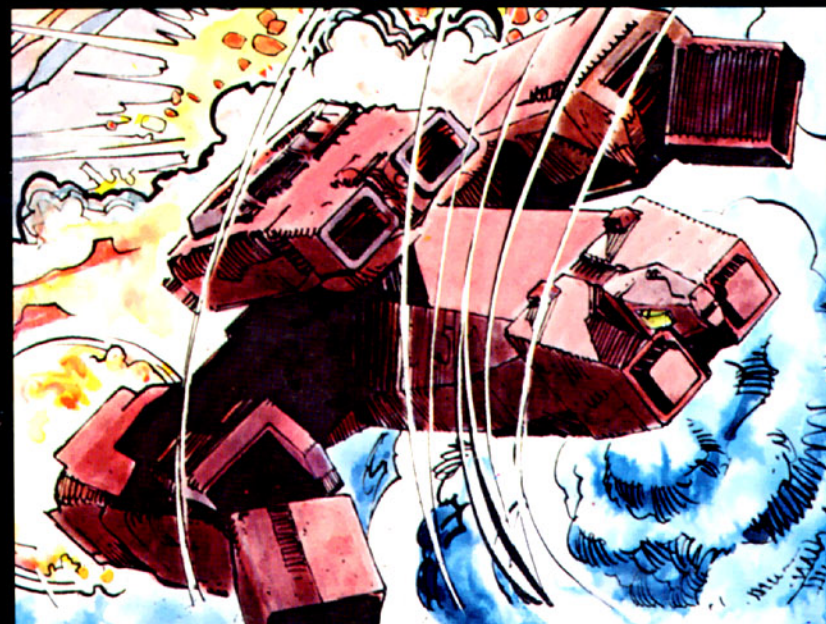
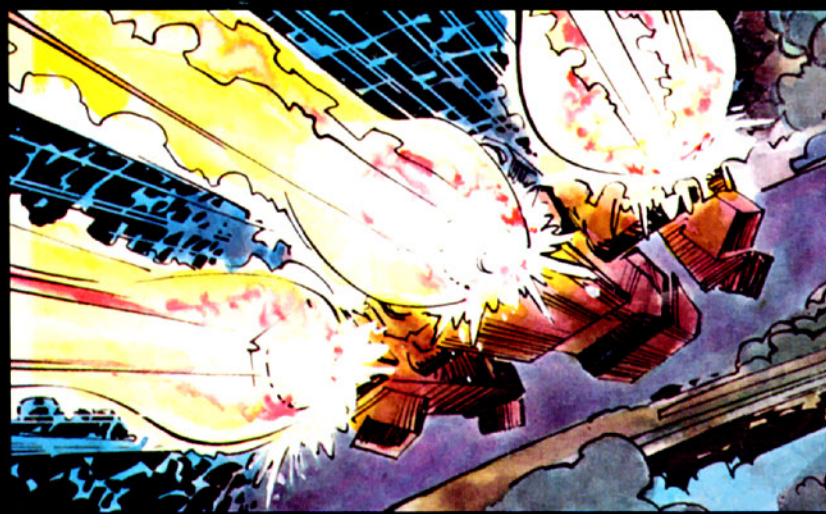
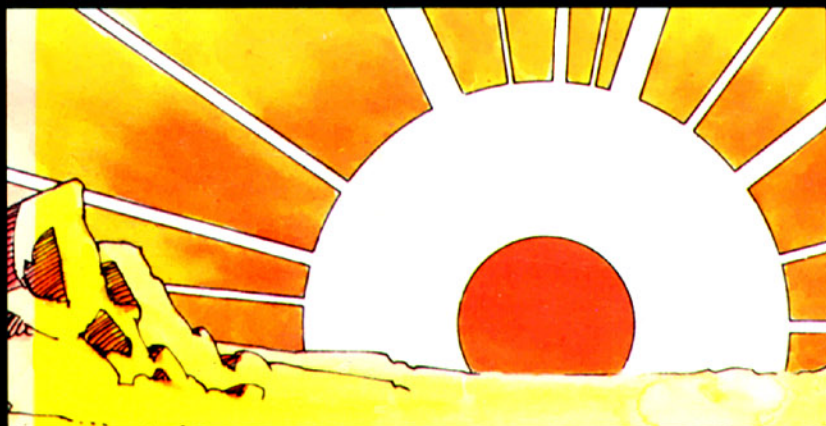
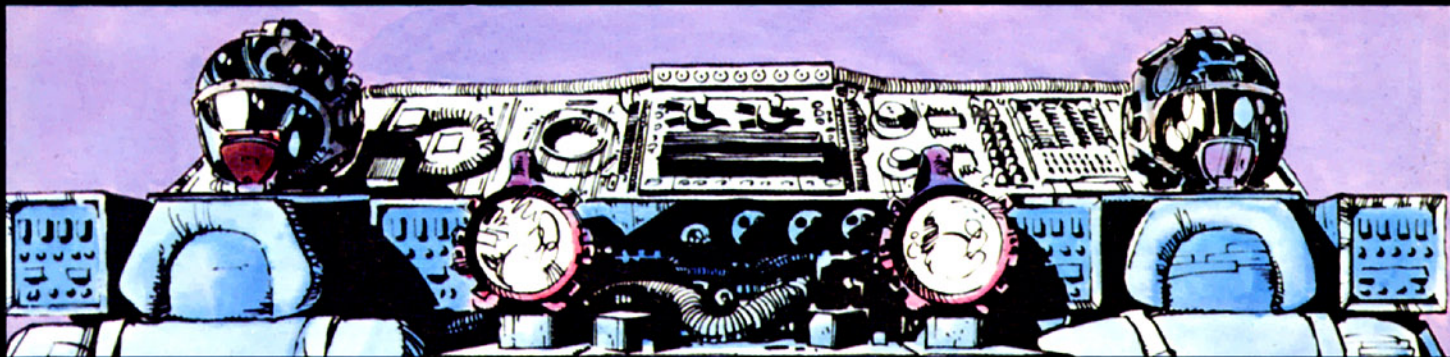
REPRESSURIZING THE CABIN, RIPLEY, LAST SURVIVOR OF THE NOSTROMO, MOVES TO HER SLEEP VAULT.

IT ENDS AS IT BEGAN. WITH THE SHIP...

THE SHIP... AND THE SILENCE.

THE
END





Vacant.

Two space helmets resting on chairs.

Electrical hum.

Lights on the helmets begin to signal one another.

Moments of silence.

A yellow light goes on.

Electronic hum.

A green light goes on in front of one helmet.

Electronic pulsing sounds.

A red light goes on in front of the other helmet.

An electronic conversation ensues.

Reaches a crescendo.

Then silence.

And when the silence is broken... the crew of the Nostromo must grapple with a terrifying life force they cannot leash, nor even comprehend—the Alien!

ALIEN

THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

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