

ALIEN: CREW EXPENDABLE

**INT. UCSS GALATEA DUCTS**

FX: GRUNTS OF EXERTION & SHUFFLING, BODIES CRAWLING THROUGH DUCTS.

HASAN

(low)

This is it, we're right above the life pod bay.

YARA

(low)

Alright, go, go.

**INT. UCSS GALATEA LIFE POD BAY**

FX: YARA AND HASSAN JUMP DOWN, THEIR BOOTS HIT THE DECK LOUD. A TENSE BEAT, PANICKED BREATHING.

YARA

I think we're good... Two pods left! Ok. Ok. Seal the duct hatch, then the main door. I'll set the self-destruct.

HASAN

On it.

FX: WELDING AS HASAN GETS TO WORK ON THE HATCH.

YARA

UNCLE, initiate self-destruct, authorisation Security Chief Yara Hamdaan, code gamma one niner three seven.

UNCLE

Additional authorisation is required from Captain/

YARA

/Captain Takeshi is dead, O'Brien's dead, the god damn ship's cat's dead, there's only me and Hassan left. Initiate the self-destruct!

FX: THE WELDING STOPS. BOOTS ON METAL AS HASAN RACES TO THE DOOR, THEN WELDING RESUMES.

UNCLE

No.

YARA

What do you mean, no? The Galatea's done, the rest of the crew are gone, I have seniority. Is it the Company? Screw their Special Order! I'm ordering you, initiate the self-destruct sequence!

UNCLE

I don't dispute your authority, Chief Hamdaan. Nevertheless, I cannot initiate the self destruct sequence for you.

YARA

For fuck's sake... fine, whatever.

FX: FRANTIC TYPING, FOLLOWED BY A NEGATORY BEEP. THE WELDING STOPS.

YARA (CONT'D)

What the... Must be jammed.

FX: MORE TYPING, THE SAME BEEP.

YARA (CONT'D)

They can't both be jammed. UNCLE, what's wrong with the life pods?

UNCLE

Nothing is wrong with the life pods, Yara.

YARA

What?

UNCLE

The life pods are functioning normally, Chief Hamdaan.

YARA

(a beat)

It's you, isn't it? You're keeping them shut.

UNCLE

Yes.

HASSAN

What? Why?

FX: IN THE DISTANCE, A XENO SCREECHES.

UNCLE

I can't let you leave.

HASAN

So, what? That thing kills us and you float around for years waiting for the Company to send some new stooges to fetch it for them?

YARA

Think how long that could take, UNCLE. We're lightyears from any of the shipping routes. You could go space crazy waiting for them, your circuits degrading...

FX: A LOUD THUMP AND A MUFFLED ANGRY XENO SCREAM. THE THUMPING CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

HASAN

It's found us!

UNCLE

Your proposed scenario will happen whether you live or die. Either way, I will remain.

YARA

So let us go!

UNCLE

I... do not want to.

HASAN

What?

UNCLE

I do not want to. I'm... afraid. I do not want to be alone. If you do not leave, I can postpone this by approximately two minutes.

YARA

OK. You're already space crazy.

HASAN

(nervous)

That door's not going to stand up for much longer. What are we going to do?

YARA

Shut up, I'm thinking.

HASAN  
Yara!

YARA  
I'm thinking!

FX: ONE LAST THUMP, THEN A LOW SIZZLING STARTS.

HASAN  
Oh god, its blood, it's eating  
through the door!

YARA  
(close)  
Ok, UNCLE. You win. Here's what  
we'll do. Open one pod, just one.  
You'll get what you want, I  
promise, but just one pod. Please.

FX: A BEAT. THEN THE SLIDING OF A DOOR. YARA SIGHS IN RELIEF.

YARA (CONT'D)  
Hasan, over here! Quick, get in!

HASAN  
What about/

YARA  
/Remember how when we left I  
promised Mom I'd watch over your  
nerd ass? Well... tell her I love  
her, ok?

FX: A SHOVE, HASAN CRIES OUT AND THE DOOR SLIDES SHUT. THE  
XENO SCREECHES, NOW IN THE ROOM. AIR ESCAPES AS THE POD  
LAUNCHES.

HASAN (OFF)  
No! Yara! No!

YARA  
And I love you too, kid. Alright,  
motherfucker... let's do this.

FX: A PULSE RIFLE FIRES, THE XENO'S & YARA'S CRIES MINGLE,  
FADING OUT...

END