

STEEL (CONT'D)

This is Steel Consulting of Boston, keywords are alien technology, Central America, thirty years ago, Major "Dutch" Schaefer, classified above top secret, CIA. Call us if you're interested.

He drops the phone down. Schaefer stares at his behaviour.

SCHAEFER

You're kidding.

STEEL

(grinning)

This is a corporation, we're not talking to the decision-makers but the robots are listening, they'll forward the message.

SCHAEFER

(smiling)

It'll take time.

STEEL

Ten minutes?

SCHAEFER

You betting on that?

Steel digs into his pocket with a grin.

Later. The phone rings.

STEEL

Ha! Nine minutes!

Schaefer hands over a bill as Steel picks up the phone.

INT. WEYLAND SPECIAL PROJECTS OFFICE - DAY

A smart young woman Alicia WARNE holds the phone at her desk before the windows looking out on the Pacific Ocean.

WARNE

Mr Steel, my name's Alicia Warne, Director of Special Projects at Weyland Industries, I believe you have a proposal for us?

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Steel winks at Schaefer.

STEEL

Yes Ms Warne, we have a proposal to acquire advanced technology material for you.

Warne's voice comes over the phone's speaker.

WARNE (O.S.)

And can you authenticate your offer?

Schaefer leans forward to the speaker.

SCHAEFER

My name is Schaefer. I was team leader for a special mission into Central America, if you have access to the Pentagon you already know this. I can verify everything.

Silence a moment.

WARNE

I can be there tomorrow afternoon, good enough?

STEEL

We could come to you.

WARNE

That will not be necessary at this stage and I haven't been to the East coast for months.

STEEL

Okay, we'll see you tomorrow.

The phone clicks off and both men lean back thoughtfully.

SCHAEFER

They know something?

STEEL

They're willing to come here, that's a sign of good will or they want to guarantee we have what we're offering. Or steal it.

SCHAEFER

You're secure here?

STEEL

Yeah, no problems.

INT. WEYLAND SPECIAL PROJECTS OFFICE - DAY

Warne leans back in her chair to gaze at the wall-sized computer screens, full of illustrations and artwork - Predators, Aliens, face huggers, alien eggs, a satellite image map of Antarctica flagged with blinking icons of ships and work in progress around one island.

She taps the intercom.

WARNE

Have an aircraft ready for Boston within the hour, and someone pack my winter wardrobe, it's cold there.
And I may take a show on Broadway, find me something amusing.

She leans back in her chair with a smile.

WARNE (CONT'D)

(softly)
It's a beautiful day.

Quickly she reaches forward and taps the intercom again.

WARNE (CONT'D)

And find out if Alexa Woods is available for a consultation. We'll pay all expenses as usual.

(softly)
We owe her that.

Her gaze again takes in all the detailed drawings and speculative notes on the huge screens.

WARNE (CONT'D)

And more.

EXT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

A Rolls Royce pulls up escorted by a Range Rover. A pair of bodyguards and a couple of assistants jump from the cars with Warne as they bustle her into the building.

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

Warne approaches Steel and Schaefer with a smile and open hand to shake theirs.

WARNE

Thanks for the invite I've not been to the East Coast for years!