







"...THEY'RE BACK.  
THEY'VE [REDACTED]  
WE'LL COME BACK."

"PLEASE, GOD, TELL  
ME YOU'RE JOKING."

"SORRY, KID. THAT'S  
THE WAY IT IS. I'M  
LOOKING AT ONE  
THROUGH MY SCOPE  
RIGHT NOW. A [REDACTED]  
ENGINEER."

"I CAN'T...I JUST...NOT  
AFTER EVERYTHING. I  
CAN'T FACE THEM AGAIN  
TOO. WE'RE SCREWED."

"C'MON, KID. BUCK UP.  
WE'LL GO TELL THE  
OTHERS. WE'LL MAKE A  
PLAN. YOU KNOW HOW  
GOOD YOUR CAPTAIN  
IS AT MAKING PLANS."

"I...I GUESS."

THAT'S  
MY GIRL. CHIN UP.  
WE'LL GO BACK, MAKE A  
PLAN, AND GET THROUGH  
THIS LIKE WE'VE GOT  
THROUGH EVERYTHING  
ELSE, OKAY?

"KAY."

HEY, HOW  
LONG HAVE WE  
STAYED ALIVE ON THIS  
ROCK, AGAINST ALL THE  
[REDACTED] ODDS, HUH?  
HOW LONG?

OKAY,  
OKAY. WE'LL  
GO TELL THE  
CAPTAIN.



THAT'S RIGHT, AND THEN WE'LL --

WHAT?



PEOPLE.

WHAT PEOPLE?



PEOPLE. GETTING OFF THE SHIP.

ARE YOU ME?

SWEAR TO GOD, I COUNT SEVEN -- NO, EIGHT. THEY LOOK LIKE...JESUS, THEY'RE COLONIAL MARINES.



MARINES? SERIOUSLY? WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

THEY'RE RUNNING, RUNNING FOR COVER, AWAY FROM THE SHIP. OH, CHRIST! NOT THAT WAY, YOU IDIOTS...