

SCHAEFER

She's a third your age and a hundred time richer. She'd eat you alive.

STEEL

I like a challenge.

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - DAY

The fax machine on Steel's desk buzzes, a sheet sliding slowly out. He snatches it, glances at it and grabs his phone.

INT. SCHEAFER'S WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

Schaefer's picking up a fax from his machine as the phone rings.

He looks down at the Weyland Industries headed paper.

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - DAY

Steel's standing by his desk, fax paper and phone in hand.

STEEL

(excited)

Have you got it!?

INT. SCHEAFER'S WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

Schaefer, phone in hand turns to look out of the office at his family and workers.

SCHAEFER

(quietly)

Yes.

He looks down at the fax, Warne's signature under the single word: Proceed.

INT. TRAINING HOUSE - DAY

Caption: Five Months Later.

A large converted hangar or something like it. Schaefer, Steel and a couple of others, a rangy, athletic older woman GILLMAN and an older wiry-looking man, THWAITE, stand in front of a crowd of about sixty, all calm, attentive, professionals, about a quarter muscle-bound men, and a quarter lean athletic women the rest a mix of lean ex-military types and keen-eyed technicians.

Large covered display stands form a main backdrop and three tall objects under covers stand behind the leaders.

Schaefer nods for Steel to speak.

STEEL

Okay everyone, let's get down to business.

Everyone's eyes locking on to him.

STEEL (CONT'D)

You're all here for a private mission, but normal special forces conditions apply. This IS dangerous and you've all be made aware of the hazards and

(a smile)
the hazard pay.

A few grins, but a lot more sober professional faces.

STEEL (CONT'D)

This is a unique search and destroy mission, and this is your target.

He pulls the cover of the first object, a transparent plastic statue of a Predator.

Steel ignores the noises and queries from the audience.

STEEL (CONT'D)

This is an alien, and he ain't no cute little grey UFO alien, he's a stone cold killer in a stealth suit. Most of the time this is all you'll ever see of him just before he kills you.

He steps to the second statue, pulling the cover off.

STEEL (CONT'D)

And this is what he looks like without the stealth.

Whistles and comments from the crowd while he gives them time to absorb the statue of the Predator in all its glory.

Steel moves to the third statue.