

# PREDATOR HUNT



## **Predator Hunt**

by

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Speculative script and writing sample to explore the options of creating a new Predator, or Predatory-style, story series : Predator Wars.

For additional information and contact details reach me via [Norfilms.com](http://Norfilms.com).

All original creative material, other than the Predator and related primary characters are the sole title of this writer.

-- *Michael Bond, Stockport, UK*

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

It's a clearing by a river, the high slopes of hills and trees a canopy under the night sky. A fire in the clearing illuminates the scene, a broad sandy bank on the curving sweep of a river under the trees.

A figure is sat on a rotten river-swept tree trunk facing the blazing fire. We begin to see this is strongly built man in simple army fatigues and dark string vest caked in mud, his skin, hair, face similarly matted and caked.

It's former Major "Dutch" SCHAEFER, exhausted staring across the fire.

There's no metal, nothing synthetic here, his clothes are simple cloth, his feet in rope sandals, a huge knife stabbed in the sand glistens like crystal, a double-curve longbow propped against the tree trunk looks like an ancient Mongol weapon alongside a score of arrows bundled in a leather quiver.

He reaches out to the flames, lighting the cigar in his hand, as he looks across the dancing fire.

There, thirty feet from him, mounted on a wooden stake stood up in the sand, is the head of a Predator. There are no other traces of it, its body anything, just the head and a man, waiting in the flickering firelight.

He takes a long slow pull on the cigar, letting its smoke out to swirl away with the smoke and sparks of the fire, swirling up into the night sky.

Behind him the air shimmers, a doorway opens mid-air, a ramp from an invisible craft dropping down to reveal a scarred Predator standing in the doorway.

SCHAEFER  
You took your time.

INT. SCHAEFER'S HOME - NIGHT

Caption: Three Year's Earlier

We move down a cluttered domestic hallway, signs of family life, children, the sound of moaning.

Through a door into a spacious bedroom a king-sized bed lit by moonlight through the open window sweat glistening on the man, Schaefer, tossing in the bed, sheets twisted as he moans.

Close in on his face, twisted in pain, we flash to a scene.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

We see Schaefer fighting shadows looming out of the dark, Predator faces snarling at him.

INT. SCHAEFER'S HOME - NIGHT

Schaefer's twisting in his bed as the hall light comes on, a figure, a woman, ANNA, enters to sit on the end of the bed.

ANNA  
Honey, wake up.

She reaches out carefully to caress him.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Honey, wake up, it's just a dream.

Schaefer's breathing calms a long sign, he turns, stretches, waking to stare at the ceiling then look down at Anna.

SCHAEFER  
Sorry. The kids?

ANNA  
They're still sleeping. Same dream?

SCHAEFER  
The only one.

ANNA  
It's past, there are no more aliens for you, you killed it.

SCHAEFER  
Hmm, killed one. There are others.

Anna smiles, crawling up the bed over his chest, looking down at him, a light kiss on his lips as he wraps her close in his arms.

ANNA  
Not tonight, it's gone now, you're safe here with me.

EXT. SCHAEFER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

A large truck repair workshop next door to Schaefer's home on the edge of town, a dozen men busy on as many machines. It's a bright hot day in some southern desert state in the USA, the heat haze shimmering everywhere.

Schaefer's standing on the edge of the site, ignoring most of the work, staring out across the open country beyond town to the horizon. He lifts a smartphone in his hand to speak.

SCHAEFER

Jimmy, we need to meet.

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP

Jimmy STEEL's on the other end of the call.

We see in the background a large workshop dedicated to high technology, exotic weaponry on racks, laboratory benches, computer displays, a couple of research assistants working on two machine benches.

STEEL

And it's nice to talk to you after so long.

I thought you were retired, what do you want from my expertise?

EXT. SCHAEFER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

SCHAEFER

It's not a government contract, I need to get your opinion about something. A private project.

He glances back at the house. No one's looking.

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP

STEEL

(cautiously)

O-kay, so, what, when and where?

EXT. SCHAEFER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

SCHAEFER

Your place, this weekend?

EXT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - DAY

It's a broad old-world industrial warehouse type structure. Winter on the East coast, snow everywhere as Schaefer climbs out of a cab with one holdall. Steel greets him with a grin.

STEEL  
Welcome to sunny Boston!

SCHAEFER  
Yeah, right.

He looks around at his location.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)  
I prefer the sun, open country.

STEEL  
So you can see them coming?

He leads the way into the building.

SCHAEFER  
Yeah.

Steel waves at the snow.

STEEL  
We get to see their footprints  
here.

And the security cameras over the door.

STEEL (CONT'D)  
And there's more.

Schaefer nods.

SCHAEFER  
Good.

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - DAY

The workshop's quiet, just the two men alone. They're both sipping hot drinks.

STEEL  
Okay, now tell me.

Schaefer pulls a thick military report from his holdall.

SCHAEFER  
Remember what I once told you about  
Central America thirty years ago?

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - EVENING

Steel rises from his desk and strolls back to Schaefer holding the report.

STEEL

That's tough. Almost unbelievable if I hadn't known you all these years. What happened afterwards?

SCHAEFER

Usual bullshit, CIA took over, suits covered it up, after a debrief they dumped me on the street. Told me to forget it all and walk away.

STEEL

And that was it?

SCHAEFER

Yeah.

STEEL

Yeah, normal for office drones.

He looks at Schaefer's face.

STEEL (CONT'D)

But not enough for you right?

SCHAEFER

No.

STEEL

So what do you have in mind?

Schaefer pulls another, much thicker, report and couple of computer discs from his holdall, dropping them on the workbench.

SCHAEFER

Ambush.

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Schaefer's sipping a spirit drink from a glass as he casually gazes along the racks of exotic weaponry on the workshop's wall.

Steel is busy flicking back and forth through Schaefer's second report, a computer workstation's three screens full of sketches, blueprints, etc..

Steel leans back with a sigh.

STEEL

This is a good plan, but it's going to be expensive.

(MORE)

STEEL (CONT'D)

There is no way I'd even endorse such a project without a Pentagon-scale black budget.

He gazes at the screens thoughtfully.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Hmm, maybe a private corporation?

SCHAEFER

They're as bad as the government.

STEEL

Yeah, but right now they have way deeper pockets.

SCHAEFER

The Agency did pay for the last mission, eventually.

STEEL

It's that eventually I worry about, and will they let you lead the mission?  
I assume you want to lead it?

SCHAEFER

You and me, a few others, I can't run with this alone, this isn't some stupid Hollywood story with the lone hero saving the world.

STEEL

Yeah. Well the government are broke and couldn't afford all the kit we'll need.  
I do know one company, big defence contractor.

He looks Schaefer in the eye.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Ever heard of Weyland Industries?

SCHAEFER

(nodding)

Satellite comms, we used to use them. Surveillance too. I guess they're booming with the Middle East?

STEEL

Yeah, Afghanistan especially, all the communications issues in those mountains and satellites tracking the Taliban.

(MORE)

STEEL (CONT'D)

They've got some really deep pockets, and I hear they've been involved in some weird work like this.

He waves at the screens.

SCHAEFER

Okay, we'll call them in the morning.

STEEL

(grinning)

No need to wait.

He reaches for his phone.

STEEL (CONT'D)

The corporation never sleeps.

He starts punching out a number.

SCHAEFER

What did you mean by weird?

STEEL

Huh?

SCHAEFER

Weyland, you said weird work?

STEEL

Oh yeah, a few years ago they called me, rush order for some exotic weaponry, rapid fire, wide spread against stealthed targets, and they wanted a mix of armour piercing and -

(into the phone)

Yeah, Special Projects Division.

(to Schaefer)

And, er, specialist armour, had to be bulletproof and acid proof, weird. I thought it was some anti-riot gear, for crowd control.

Schaefer looks at the racks on the wall.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Not there, they cancelled it a few days later, went quiet and I heard nothing from them.

(into the phone)

Hi, Special Projects?

(MORE)



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!

She lets an assistant take her coat as the two bodyguards take discreet alert positions near the door, radiating calm professionalism. Warne indicates her team.

WARNE (CONT'D)

I hope you don't mind, the family rarely allow me to travel alone nowadays.

SCHAEFER

Family?

WARNE

Weyland remains a majority family-owned company and we have to protect ourselves against, well, anyone.

STEEL

You're family?

WARNE

(smiling)

I'm a niece to the founder. After his death ten years ago I'm one of those in line to inherit some control over the board.

SCHAEFER

Okay.

STEEL

We checked you out, but -

WARNE

Didn't find anything online?

STEEL

No.

WARNE

Good, we spend millions a year keeping ourselves off the grid and out of the tabloids.

(to Schaefer)

It's very good to meet you Major Schaefer, I did read your report and if you have anything more to offer us we will be more than generous.

(to both men)

(MORE)

WARNE (CONT'D)

Most people think corporations like ours are cold heartless organisations, but my uncle and many in our family believe private companies are the best way to solve the world's problems, and if that includes extraterrestrial predators then we must be ready for them.

SCHAEFER

I think we can kill them.

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - EVENING

A huddle of people, Warne and her two assistants, a couple of Steel's staff, Steel and Schaefer, are sat around a large meeting table with papers scattered everywhere, computer screens live, the remains of a meal pushed aside.

Schaefer pushes one sheet of paper to Warne.

SCHAEFER

That's what we need.

Warne reads the list slowly, nodding over the items on the list.

WARNE

Okay, why three years?

SCHAEFER

They only come when it's hot, it's an eleven year solar cycle. The next peak is in three years.

WARNE

Okay, we put up the budget, including your profit, into escrow, you deliver we double it. Agreed?

STEEL

Sounds good we'll need to work though all the logistics.

WARNE

Of course. You'll find Weyland is very generous to our partners.

EXT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Steel and Schaefer are watching Warne's entourage drive away.

STEEL

I like her, she's hot.

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. SCHAEFER'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. SCHAEFER'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.

STEEL (CONT'D)

And this ladies and gentlemen,

He pulls the cover off. More whistles and quiet comments.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Is what he looks like with the mask off.

The unmasked Predator stares them in the face.

Steel motions to Schaefer.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Dutch killed one of these thirty years ago. We're going to teach you how to do it, and then we're going to track one down, ambush it and kill it. We've got two years to become professional alien hunters and save a lot of human lives.

Steel steps back and signals to a couple of assistants standing by the large covered displays and they pull the sheets off. Maps, chart, illustrations, weapons designs, more.

Schaefer steps forward, taking in the crowd, his eyes sweeping the room slowly, drawing everyone's attention.

SCHAEFER

This is the plan.  
He's a lone predator, we're the wolf pack.  
We'll hunt him, we'll corner him, then we'll tear him to pieces.

INT. TRAINING HOUSE - DAY

One section of the large room, a physical fitness training area, the athletic women sit on training mats. GILLMAN, stands in front of them.

GILLMAN

Okay ladies, you're the runners. You don't touch weapons, you don't fight, but you'll run for your lives.  
My job is to get you fit enough to run an Iron Man marathon through a jungle and evade him.

She nods at the Predator statue across the room.

One woman, PAREZ, raises a hand.



GILLMAN (CONT'D)

Yes?

PAREZ

We don't get any weapons!?

GILLMAN

That's what Dutch says.  
That thing,

Another nod at the statue.

GILLMAN (CONT'D)

enjoys the hunt, but only if you're  
armed.  
If you're not armed it leaves you  
alone.

Parez shrugs it off.

PAREZ

Personally I'd prefer to be sure I  
can fight back.

GILLMAN

Your job is to move light and fast  
and out run it.

Another woman, tall skinny, black, WASHINGTON raises a hand.

WASHINGTON

But it's got stealth, how can we  
avoid that?

GILLMAN

(smiling)  
Dutch has been working on that.  
I hope you all love a mud pack.

Later. Clothes have been handed out. The women's matt black  
mesh JungleSprint suits.

PAREZ

This!? You're kidding!  
Where's the cammo'?

GILLMAN

No camouflage, this -

She holds one of the shirts up, a skintight mesh top.

GILLMAN (CONT'D)

Is your cammo. The mesh binds the  
mud pack to your skin, and the mud  
blinds him.

Another nod at the Predator.

WASHINGTON

It's going to be difficult to move  
in this.  
I prefer free clean skin.

GILLMAN

You can always grow hairy-legs!

PAREZ

Hey, I might try that!

(to Washington)

No more shaving.

Washington nods.

INT. TRAINING HOUSE - SHOOTING RANGE

A darkened corner projection studio, jungle scenery projected on huge 3D screens wrapping around one man, MCLAREN, standing at the centre, glancing around at the scene onscreen.

Schaefer is standing at the back with a handful of other ex-Special Forces all watching calmly.

SCHAEFER

Don't try to stare, look for the  
differences in the patterns. It's  
not perfect camouflage.

MacLaren turns, eyes tracking around the projected scenery.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

And remember to look up.

MacLaren glances up at the projected trees. Two laser eyes blink low down and the energy bolt flashes from a corner. MacLaren's training suit flashed red.

MACLAREN

Oh fuck!

SCHAEFER

Bang, you're dead.

MacLaren swaps places with the next man.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

(to MacLaren)

It's okay, you'll learn.

On the warehouse wall far behind the men is the traditional special forces slogan in ten foot letters: TRAIN HARD, FIGHT EASY.

EXT. TRAINING HOUSE - DAY

An archery range, a dozen of the lean, athletic men in trunks and t-shirts. THWAITE, speaks out in a rich northern English accent.

THWAITE  
Right lads, this is your prime  
weapon.

He holds up an ancient war bow, common to Mongol hordes for centuries.

THWAITE (CONT'D)  
You're the archers, our stealth  
snipers.  
That lot,

A nod at the noise in the far background as the muscle teams blast things in the distance.

THWAITE (CONT'D)  
can make all the noise they want,  
but I want you to kill with a  
single shot, one he'll never see or  
hear coming.

He holds up an arrow.

THWAITE (CONT'D)  
This is hardwood and bone, nothing  
modern, nothing he can detect, we  
believe, but inside here.

The arrowhead.

THWAITE (CONT'D)  
Is a very modern nerve toxin.

Briskly nocking the arrow he lets off a single shot at the target a hundred foot away, it slices through the thick wood.

THWAITE (CONT'D)  
You see him, one shot, move and  
freeze

He makes a few steps aside.

THWAITE (CONT'D)  
He sees your heat, he sees your  
movement, you've only got one shot,  
take it carefully, then take cover.  
Shoot, move, cover. Shoot, move,  
cover.

He holds their attention for a long moment, catching each pair of eyes in turn. Nodding.

THWAITE (CONT'D)

Okay, now we drill, and drill, and drill.

They raise their bows to their own targets, arrows nocked and loosed, smashing into a dozen targets.

EXT. TRAINING HOUSE - DAY

High on a hill overlooking the Training House and it's huge grounds and ranges the women are racing over the crest, almost exhausted in the heat.

Gillman stabs at the ground.

GILLMAN

Remember, when you stop you take cover!

They're all crouching. One girl, VALENTA, a too-cute blonde unlike most of the hardened athletes, grins.

VALENTA

Cool!

Parez stares at her, gasping for breath.

PAREZ

This cool!?

Valenta grins, Parez shakes her head.

PAREZ (CONT'D)

What kind of athlete are you?

VALENTA

Cheerleader.

PAREZ

Fuck! You're kidding. I thought you were some kind of freaky Army girl.

VALENTA

No, I've never served. Thought about it, but things got in the way.

PAREZ

Then how the fucking hell did you land this job?

VALENTA

(shrugging)

I love running, and the money will pay for veterinary college and my own practice. It'll set me up for life.

Gillman leans close.

GILLMAN

Our hunter will be hanging your dead skinned meat from a tree by now if you keep this up on the mission.

(to Perez)

And for your information Miss Valenta is a Champion Triathlete. You're training to reach her standards.

Perez stares at Valenta, who grins.

VALENTA

Cool!

INT. TRAINING HOUSE - DAY

Schaefer is supervising another round in the indoor TV shooting gallery. Now several men are wearing 3D gaming goggles playing the game at the same time.

Their heads-up display results are being projected on huge monitor screens, one per man.

An ASSISTANT arrives to whisper a message in Schaefer's ear. He hands off to another team member and walks out of the hangar accompanied by the assistant.

INT. TRAINING HOUSE, OFFICE - DAY

Schaefer arrives in their management office to see Steel with Warne and a steely black woman, WOODS. His glance catches a scar on Woods's left cheek.

STEEL

Dutch, Ms Warne has brought us more information they've been holding on to.

SCHAEFER

Oh?

Warne introduces the other woman.

WARNE

Major, this is Alexa Woods. She's a special consultant of my Division. Alexa had a similar experience to yours when my uncle died. You need to hear what she has to tell you.

Later, evening.

The four of them are sat around a small conference table, large computer monitors show more information about the Predators, and the Aliens.

WOODS

I now your experience was difference from mine,

(shrugging)

it's just one of those things, and I won't say I'd ever want to meet another face-to-face, but this,

She strokes her scar.

WOODS (CONT'D)

gets you some respect from them, if you can earn it.

STEEL

Could we copy it, that could give us an edge?

WARNE

No. It has a chemical trace, something to do with these serpent creatures. We haven't been able to copy it's biochemistry.

SCHAEFER

A hunter will get pissed off if we try that kind of trick.

STEEL

Yes, okay, pissed off alien monsters aren't part of the plan.

SCHAEFER

Just dead ones.

He looks at the screen and all the details.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Hunting in teams of three. I planned everything for a solo target.

(to Steel)

We'll have to rewrite it all.

STEEL

We've still got two years. We'll game it all out again.

(to Warne and Woods)

The more information you can bring us the more chance we have of winning.

(to Woods)

Every weapon, tactic, everything you know.

WOODS

Weyland have everything I've given them and a full report on the events in Antarctica.

WARNE

We've also gathered reports from Los Angeles in nineteen ninety-seven, and something we suspect happened in Colorado a couple of days after Miss Woods's experience.

SCHAEFER

(to Warne)

If you have all this why do you need us?

WARNE

It's business. If we don't do this someone else will.

Also I prefer to gather so much evidence that no one will ever question this when we go public. I want the world to know that we can defeat this. Both you, Major, and Miss Woods have shown what we can achieve, now we have to do better.

We must prove this is not just blind luck, that we can kill them anytime they set foot on this planet.

WOODS

The government should really be doing this, but they're not interested in what we have to tell them.

SCHAEFER

Yeah, and they ignored all the warnings before nine-eleven.

WARNE

This is the best we can do for now.

STEEL

Agreed. At least we can be ready  
for them,

He motions at the screen.

STEEL (CONT'D)

and the politicians when they call  
us.

SCHAEFER

Okay. We'll rewrite the plan, for  
all of them.

He looks at the screen, two aliens stare back at him.

INT. TRAINING HOUSE, MEETING ROOM - DAY

Large tables set together in the centre of the room hold a large scale model jungle. Schaefer, Woods and the team leaders are gathered around the sides. Jungle and tactical maps fill the walls.

SCHAEFER

This is Alexa Woods, she's also met  
them and survived.

He give them a moment to look her over.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

We'll play the bad guys.

Woods lifts a short metal rod, her trophy from Antarctica, a squeeze and it snaps open startling everyone. She lowers one end to stand upright on the floor.

WOODS

If you think this is a game you're  
mistaken. We're going to eat you  
alive and use your heads as  
trophies.

SCHAEFER

Okay, let's start.

They all lean in to take their positions and begin the new war game.

EXT. TRAINING HOUSE, SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Steel is demonstration a modified SA80 assault rifle to the entire group. Holding one weapon, a couple of others on a table next to him.



STEEL

One shot is all you've got, so this is how you do it.

He points out the features of the rifle.

STEEL (CONT'D)

This is a twin grenade launcher.

He taps the double-barrelled grenade launcher under the forestock.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Double-capacity mag.

He taps the fat magazine at the back of the rifle.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Here's the fun part.

He spins round and fires the first grenade launcher. It shatters a Predator target a hundred foot away.

He turns back and lifts a round from the table holding it up for everyone.

STEEL (CONT'D)

This is not a grenade, it's flechette and armour-piercing bullets, with a few explosives thrown in. The flechettes are all poisoned with nerve and chemical toxin.  
Do not get in the way of this, we have no antidotes.

He spins again to fire the second barrel, obliterating the remains of the Predator target.

STEEL (CONT'D)

If you are very lucky you may get a second shot.

He flips the trigger, blasting the ground around the target with the rifle, burning off the entire mag in a few seconds, throwing clouds of dirt everywhere.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Alternate dum-dum and armour-piercing rounds, all poison tipped.

He pauses to see their reactions.

STEEL (CONT'D)

We've got more to come in the next year. Master it, it'll save your lives.

INT. TRAINING HOUSE - DAY

Schaefer is walking around with the modified assault rifle, sweeping the room with blue lasers glancing off the walls from a pair of slim boxes hanging off each side of the muzzle. A familiar motion-detecting beep, beep from the boxes.

Steel and a few others are watching him glance at the small monitor screen above the regular night sight.

The tone of the beeping alters as the lasers sweep over the near-transparent plastic Predator model.

With a grin he sweeps it over the crowd, beeps fluctuating as he sweeps them to their laughter.

SCHAEFER

Okay, but the aperture is limited.

STEEL

What? You expect miracles? It took me a year to invent this stuff. You've got about sixty degrees of scope, thirty each side, and ninety degrees of elevation, and we've got four guys to a team with this kit.

SCHAEFER

Okay, better than nothing.

He looks down at the modified rifle. With a grin.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Can you do something about the sound and light effects?

STEEL

What, you want pink?

Everyone laughs.

STEEL (CONT'D)

This is training mode. It's totally silent and invisible in the field.

Schaefer sweeps the plastic Predator again with pale blue lasers. Beep, beep, beep.

INT. TRAINING HOUSE, MEETING ROOM - DAY

A line of tables are displaying the different arrays of weapons as Schaefer enters. Steel's waiting for him.

SCHAEFER

Is this all of it?

STEEL

Yep. If we've forgotten anything we only have a few months to fix it.

I'm still working on new ideas, but-

He shrugs.

Schaefer walks along inspecting the different layouts of kit for the teams, Heavy Weapons, Primitive Weapons, No Weapons. He picks up what looks like a Hockey facemask, hefting it for weight.

SCHAEFER

Plastic? I thought we were facing acid.

STEEL

It's not plastic.

He waves at the long sleeved jackets on the Heavy Weapons table.

STEEL (CONT'D)

We found a way to make a lightweight armoured glass. Acid proof.

He waves at the Primitive table.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Can't do much for the other teams, but we'll use iron woods to give them a chance.

Schaefer nods.

SCHAEFER

Okay.

He selects a new battle helmet, inspecting the wide strip of LED lights around front and sides and the three tiny cameras at regular intervals around the strip.

STEEL

The lights with help at night, there are infrared dazzle lights in the mix, and the cameras will record everything.

SCHAEFER

Black boxes?

STEEL

Yeah, three day's recording. We can't broadcast anything but when we recover the cameras we'll have some information.

Schaefer nods then picks up a pair of pistols, Glock and Desert Eagle.

SCHAEFER

Two choices?

STEEL

You've got the option between really hard-hitting or just hard-hitting. You've got great Austrian technology for a fire fight, or American tech. for a one-hit killer.

He smiles at Schaefer.

STEEL (CONT'D)

You'll want them both of course?

SCHAEFER

Let the men choose.

He lifts an auto-shotgun, abundant spare rounds strapped to the sides, powerful torch underneath.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

This?

STEEL

That's your backup gun if the primary fails. The rounds are flechette and toxin, alternate with shaped-charge explosive packets.

SCHAEFER

Good.

He picks up the assault rifle inspecting it, a couple of new modifications on the laser boxes - a small torch on top each side.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

For night?

STEEL

Kind of, if he is sensitive to infrared, before he switches to anything else, we dazzle him with that.

Schaefer switches it on. Nothing.

SCHAEFER

Huh?

STEEL

You should see what that's doing in IR.

SCHAEFER

You've tested it?

STEEL

Yeah, it's blinding. It's just a backup, if the men have time to use it.

Schaefer picks up a Heavy Weapons jacket, covered and glittering with small plates of glass armour laced together over body, neck, sleeves.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Ceramic and glass armour, harder than steel very temperature resistant. Should give them a good chance of survival.

Schaefer passes the huge bandoliers of modified 40mm grenades and stacks of sixty-round magazines to inspect the Primitive Table looking at a jar of black goop with a grin.

SCHAEFER

The mud packs?

STEEL

Yeah, two pouches for everyone. We've got a new mix that will absorb light and more body heat.

SCHAEFER

Will it be detected?

STEEL

No, well it shouldn't be, it's just a ceramic powder mixed in with the mud. It's based on Space Shuttle technology from their heat tiles.

Schaefer nods, picking up a bow, turning it idly around and around admiring the elegant curves of the wood laminates.

SCHAEFER

I wish we could do more.

STEEL

They'll still have knives and we have the new crystal knives, snare wire, bone blowpipes, a few other tricks.

(MORE)

STEEL (CONT'D)

It didn't see your modern weapons when you were covered in mud. We'll do the same with all the packs, everything.

Dutch, we've done all we can for the last two years. I'm exhausted trying to double-think and game this creature. I know you are too, and the boys and girls want to get out of here and get on with the mission.

SCHAEFER

I know.

He puts the bow down.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Let's go.

EXT. TROPICAL JUNGLE - DAY

Caption: Guyana

We swoop over the jungle following a Huey helicopter as it races across the treetops to a large clearing, an airstrip resolving before us as the chopper dusts down next to an assortment of other helicopters and a couple of huge Russian transport aircraft.

We see a clutter of satellite dishes and the camp for Schaefer's team alongside a long hangar. A Predator drone aircraft standing under the shade.

A team of eight jumps from the copter, four muscle-men loaded with heavy weapons, two lean archers, and two women runners, all muddied and tired, they make their way to the camp.

We see a variety of activity around the camp as they approach. A couple of men practising their archery, others throwing knives, one practising with a slingshot.

Several of the women runners as practising and playing with short whistle/flutes, a whistling Morse code, with a couple of tones. One of the women from the copter chirps in with her own whistling, a couple answer back.

We see piles of small metal transport boxes, odd-looking modified wooden pallets, other piles under canvas covers.

A drone circles overhead on patrol. A couple of smaller ones fly around everyone's heads, flashing pale blue lasers.

INT. JUNGLE BASE - DAY

Schaefer turns from the window, looking around the open planning room, the floorboards squeaking under his movement as he crosses to Steel.

STEEL

They back?

SCHAEFER

Yeah. Anything?

He nods at the large monitor screens showing drone and satellite images of the territory for hundreds of miles.

STEEL

Not yet.

He waves at another screen showing the sun, an array of readings.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Solar max. isn't for a couple of weeks.

SCHAEFER

It shouldn't matter, the temperature's already high enough for one of them to be here.

Around them a couple of technicians are moving about, one leaving, one getting a drink, all the floor squeaking to their movement.

Schaefer nods at a separate screen Steel is working on, displaying technical drawings of eyeglasses, visor, technical specs.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Keeping yourself busy?

STEEL

Have to or I'll go nuts. I think there's a way to crack their stealth tech. We exploit the time delay in how their system changes to movement or flashing light. Problem is it will take us another year to build it.

EXT. JUNGLE BASE - DAY

One of the men in the newly-returned team strides onto the palletted paths around the camp, it begins squeaking to his tread.

TROOPER 1  
What's this?

TROOPER 2  
Didn't you get the memo?  
Nightingale boards, stops the  
monsters creeping up on you in your  
sleep.

Squeak, squeak go the wooden pallets as they walk on them.

TROOPER 1  
We going to get any sleep with  
this?

TROOPER 2  
Yeah, earplugs.

Squeak, squeak.

EXT. SPACE

A Weyland satellite observes the camp and the surrounding  
continent from its low earth orbit.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

A drone is flying thousands of feet over the jungle. Its  
mindless eye fixed on the land below.

INT. JUNGLE BASE - DAY

Seen through the windows the newly returned team are  
undressing and showering in the camp next to the hangar as an  
alarm flashes on one of the screens. Steel, Schaefer and  
technicians spin round as a second alarm sounds.

TECH. 1  
Drone detection!

TECH. 2  
Satellite confirmation.

SCHAEFER  
Where?

STEEL  
A minute.

Steel checks the data from the two observers Schaefer  
standing watch over them all.



STEEL (CONT'D)  
Four hundred and fifty miles.

TECH. 2  
Confirmed.

Schaefer spins round to check their wall charts. Maps of the countries. Many little blue pins

SCHAEFER  
Give me the location.

Steel joins him, stabbing the maps.

STEEL  
About here.

Schaefer scans around the map. He points to a blue pin nearest the location.

SCHAEFER  
We'll use that airstrip.

He checks his watch.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)  
Dawn tomorrow.

(to Steel)  
Get someone there.

Steel nods and heads out, calling out to the gathering crowd.

STEEL  
First liaison team, you're up now!

Schaefer continues staring at the maps as his team leaders gather round.

He points out a river bend.

SCHAEFER  
Here. We can use this river as our field base.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAWN

Five helicopters, four Hueys and one huge Sea Stallion with a heavy load slung in a net underneath, beat across the treetops at speed.

A drone buzzes past them and climbs high over the jungle as the Hueys split up, leaving the Sea Stallion hovering over a riverbank clearing to lower its load.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAWN

The camp, men and women are unloaded, the Sea Stallion lifting away from the treetops as Schaefer stands back to oversee his group, a dozen specialists and troops throw their camp together quickly. The archers and women are already painting themselves in a mix of river mud and their special goop from a big tub.

Lasers sweep the clearing, Nightingale pallets are laid out and covered with camouflage, tents set up behind tall canvas screens. Satellite dishes and aerial masts lifted up by technicians. A tethered balloon flutters up into the sky over the clearing high tech communications and cameras hanging underneath it.

Brush is cut and some piled into a fire on the river sandbank, smoke curling high in the sky.

A female technician, ZHAO, runs up to Schaefer.

ZHAO  
Comms are up Major, we're getting  
fresh feeds now.

SCHAEFER  
Good. Let's hunt.

They head back and disappear behind the screens, their passage sounding in the squeaking boards. A couple of men are laying squat blocks of tree trunk, testing them as stepping stones between the Nightingale pallets.

We see a little wooden sign someone has put up next to the entrance:

Bait Shop

EXT. JUNGLE (BETA TEAM) - DAY

A Huey beats away from the treetops as the eight Beta Team members crouch in the bush watching it disappear and scan the jungle around them. Lasers and eyes sweep around every angle.

We see Valenta and Perez are the runners, other faces masked in mud and armour. One of the armoured men, TURLEY rises.

TURLEY  
Okay, let's go.

They move off in staggered line, a heavy weaponsman, Turley, Valenta, an archer, two more heavy weapons, Perez and the last archer. Lasers sweeping, eyes alert they move slowly through and into the dark under the trees.

INT. BAIT SHOP - DAY

Zhao turns from a large HD monitor to Schaefer.

ZHAO

All teams down safe Major.

We see the hi-def images on the large screen, map, indicators, other data.

SCHAEFER

Okay.

Zhao turns back to her screen, Schaefer watching it calmly over her shoulder.

EXT. JUNGLE (BETA TEAM) - DAY

They're moving slowly, softly through the darkness in deep jungle. Light appearing ahead, the pointman, MACE, signals them to slow. Turley closing up on Mace who points ahead.

MACE

Its clearing.

TURLEY

Okay, slowly.

He signals everyone to keep their eyes on the trees.

They move forward into the lighter day and onto a thin trail.

Still sweeping everything they move onto the trail and, with a shrug, Turley points them one way forward.

Later.

Mace halts the line, waving Turley forward, crouching low, everyone automatically following suit as Turley joins Mace.

A gap in the bush beside the trail, the ground falling away into a valley. Mace points across the valley to another larger trail on the far side. Others have noticed and inched forward to look through the brush.

Across the valley we see a heavily-loaded mule train guarded by tough guerrilla fighters.

Turley pulls out binoculars. Scanning the train and surrounding trail.

TURLEY (CONT'D)

About two dozen mules, same fighters.

MACE  
Kind of thing our target would  
love?

TURLEY  
(nodding)  
Oh yes.

He turns to the others, signalling them, pointing out the train, how they'll keep eyes on them along their own trail.

One of the heavy weaponsmen, PARK, grins and peers back through the trees, leaning forward, easing branches aside, his foot skids on the edge, his weight twisting under him as he slips down, Perez leaping to snatch hold clutching Park in a struggle against his weight falling down the steep slope.

PAREZ  
(quietly)  
Fuck!

EXT. JUNGLE (PREDATOR) - DAY

Across the valley from Beta Team, peering down through the trees at the mule train through the eyes of a PREDATOR we see the targets lined up nicely when sudden movement catches his attention.

He snaps up to zoom in across the valley. Focussing on Park staggering upright, the other three heavy weaponsmen crouched down, a flutter of movement of branches, but nothing else. Four high grade targets.

He looks down at the mule train walking away from him, then up at the heavy military, and leaps through the trees towards them.

EXT. JUNGLE (BETA TEAM) - DAY

Park's back on his feet, dusting himself off, half the team with eyes on him, the archers and runners standing back in shadows, silent observers watching the activity and surroundings.

Harsh whispers all round.

PARK  
Sorry.

TURLEY  
Leave it!

He waves at the surroundings.

TURLEY (CONT'D)

Scan it.

The four men systematically sweep their surroundings with lasers, eyes on their infrared night sights.

Parez and the archers nervously are following their track, only Valenta calmly looking up at the trees as the rifles elevate to sweep with their lasers.

Nothing.

Turley turns to Mace.

TURLEY (CONT'D)

Check the train.

Mace looks out.

MACE

They're almost gone.

TURLEY

Okay, let's pick it up.

They resume their line-up and head up the trail, tracking the mule train.

Overhead the Predator looks down at the four figures moving away, unable to clearly see the other four masked by mud and bracketed by the armoured men.

He follows them through the trees.

EXT. JUNGLE STREAM - DAY

Beta Team are refilling their hydration packs, two men on guard as they fill water and mix with thick powders of mineral and food supplements.

PAREZ

Everything needed for a day.

MACE

Yes, but not steak.

PAREZ

Don't, please.

Nearby Valenta is quietly and carefully sealing hers, leaning against a tree watching the quiet scene.

Over her head the Predator is leaning around the trunk of the tree, only his head exposed as he looks down at the scene trying to make sense of the movements, eyes and sensors picking up the mud camouflaged figure with difficulty, movement without clarity against the forest background.

He flips his head a fraction, triggering other sensors in his helmet that begin to pick out the other four and ducks back as the lasers sweep across the tree.

TURLEY

Okay let's roll, Skyler take point.

The fourth armoured man, SKYLER, nods and begins sweeping ahead.

They move off and disappear amongst the trees.

The Predator drops to the ground and begins to follow them, silently closing in on their backs.

EXT. JUNGLE (BETA TEAM) - NIGHT

Beta Team are laying up, overlooking the mule train in the valley. Turley pulls back from his position with binoculars.

TURLEY

(quietly)

Okay, they're camped for the night,  
we'll do the same.

Everyone relaxes a fraction as they go about securing their own camp. Another sweep of the trees, laying down natural trip cords and alarms.

They form two loose groups, the four armoured men around a small stove. The four mud-covered ones to one side tucking themselves under and into cover.

With a grin Mace reached out a warm cup to Parez, who, with the other three muddied ones is nibbling on a small dark loaf of tough bread and a few dates.

MACE

Eat?

PAREZ

(silently)

Fuck off.

Mace grins. Turley eyes him and shakes his head. Mace shrugs.

MACE

I know, invisible men.

He glances back at the four-in-mud, shadows within shadows, watching without movement only their slow, careful eating.

TURLEY

(to Mace)

First watch.

Mace nods as the others settle down into watchful alert positions. A couple of lasers sweep the camp and beyond in regular pulses.

Mace snuggles down into his own hide, watchful, rifle at the ready, butt to the ground, his hand on the pistol grip. He makes sure the rifle's dead man's handle hair trigger is primed.

Later.

The camp is silent, a brief pulse of the lasers. The flicker of human eyes staring out of their hides, the faint gleam of starlight off weapons. Shadows off shadowed bodies.

The Predator is looking down at the camp directly below him. He drops silently to the ground in a blind spot for the lasers.

He pauses. Waiting. The current man on watch, Skyler, is looking the other way as the Predator takes slow, careful steps across the ground.

He pauses, standing over and looking down at one archer, barely visible through the Predator's vision. He leans closer to study the sleeping man.

Valenta's eyes flicker open. Squinting she slowly tracks her eyes around the camp. Nothing unusual, until she sees a faint movement.

The Predator picks up the archer's bow. Lifting it very slowly, turning it around, inspecting it.

Valenta is staring at the bow, floating in the air several feet away as it is turned around. Slowly she reaches a hand out to touch Perez, contacting Perez's hand already reaching for her. They sense each other, tensing.

Their fingers tap code to each other against their wrists.

Valenta reaches for a pull cord laid on the ground beside her as the bow is lowered.

The Predator leans closer, almost touching down on the archer, his blades sliding out from his forearm.

Valenta wraps her fingers around the pull cord.

The Predator slides the blades quickly into the archer's belly, gutting his chest almost silently. A final sigh from the archer.

Valenta's hand squeezes the cord, a tug that trips alarms.

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!

The Predator leaps, Valenta, squeezes Perez's arm to stifle her reaction as the Predator hauls the archer's body up and through the brush, while Skyler, catching the motion spins round.

The Predator hesitates a moment to turn, looking over his shoulder, his weapon tracking back as Skyler's rifle tracks towards him. Valenta tenses her legs, her free hand clenching her pack as both man and monster's weapons flash and blast simultaneously.

Skyler is thrown back with Predator's the blast coursing across his chest armour and face, while his 40mm grenade launcher blast rips the jungle apart and staggers the retreating Predator.

Valenta lunges up.

PAREZ

What -?

VALENTA

Track!

She leaps straight after the Predator, plunging into the darkness as the camp leaps awake, everyone spinning around to search, noticing Skyler, leaping to his aid and looking the way the Predator escaped, levelling guns.

PAREZ

No!

Waving the men down.

TURLEY

What!?

PAREZ

Valenta's out there!

TURLEY

Huh?

PAREZ

She's tracking it!



INT. BAIT SHOP - NIGHT

Alarms are flashing on screens. Zhao leaning over the screens as Schaefer rolls out of his bunk. Zhao tapping the location onscreen.

ZHAO

One energy spike here Major.

SCHAEFER

That's Beta team.

He turn to the radioman, PETTI.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Anything?

EXT. JUNGLE (BETA TEAM) - NIGHT

Turley is on the radio to Schaefer.

TURLEY

Major we have a confirmed contact.  
One man down, seriously injured but  
alive.

We suspect one man dead, missing,  
but dead.

(a beat)

Sir, we also have one missing  
Valenta, the runner. According to  
Parez she took off after the  
target.

I also think we hit it sir, we may  
have injured or marked it.

INT. BAIT SHOP - NIGHT

More people are awake and operating screens, scanners and other tech, a couple of muddied men passing through to the outside.

Schaefer's on the radio to Turley and waving instruction to Zhao and the others.

SCHAEFER

We'll airlift your injured at dawn,  
but we'll have drones there soon.

We see a hint at drone cameras on a couple of screens changing direction over dark jungle, infrared glowing in the dark.

EXT. JUNGLE (BETA TEAM) - NIGHT

Park is making Skyler comfortable, Parez and second Archer, TEAL are edging into the path left by the Predator and Valenta.

Parez is silently indicating the damage to the bush, the hint of a trail beyond. She looks up at Teal, his weapon poised. He shrugs, pointing to his eyes, they waving out to the darkness, shaking his head.

She nods agreement.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Overhead, with the dim glow of Beta team below, the small silent drones begin to take up position at high altitude.

They begin to circle the area, their cameras searching.

EXT. JUNGLE (VALENTA) - NIGHT

Valenta lunges through the blasted bush after the disturbance of the Predator her eyes squinting into the darkness, faint movement ahead, and the sparkling of the Predator's broken cloak.

She shrugs her light hydration pack on and silently pads forward, half crouching as she picks up the pace eyes never leaving the path ahead.

A few faint glows ahead show where fluorescent pellets had hit the Predator and a few surrounding trees.

This is the trail she follows.

Ahead the Predator pauses, Valenta halts and crouches low to the ground as the creature turns to eye its trail.

It stares at the bush, trees, ground, but cannot make Valenta camouflaged against the ground.

It cannot see her eyes looking straight back at it from fifty feet away.

It flicks its blades over the archer as it moves on, bounding through the bush, the flutter of leaves and branches marking its lightweight passage.

Valenta lunges after it. Her pace staggers suddenly as she sees the ground ahead, the archer's clothes and kit cut away in blooded masses, as she bounds over it, trying to avoid the blood. Anguish flashing across her face.

Ahead the faint outline of the Predator carries the archer's corpse into the darkness, Valenta following as silently as possible, almost dancing around and through the bush. Never more than a hundred feet back, keeping the pace despite the Predator's speed.

They pace through the jungle, Predator with its load of dead flesh, its trophy, Valenta the tacker her eyes rarely leaving contact with the alien.

The Predator pauses, Valenta freezes as it looks around again, slowly surveying the jungle as Valenta shrinks low to the ground, hugging close to tree roots, her eyes always watching.

The Predator tries to brush off some of the marker dye and slap its own fault tech, static sparks glittering across its skin.

It leaps up high, reaching out to grip and lunge higher up the tree.

Valenta tracks it all the way to a fork in heavy branches where the Predator makes its perch overlooking the jungle below.

Valenta glides silently away, slipping into her own position, half-concealed behind brush and tree trunk to watch the Predator high above a couple of hundred feet away.

It settles into its perch, pushing the archer's body up the trunk with one casual foot as it strips itself down.

The mask comes off, shaking its head free in the air.

It inspects the mask, looking for faults then laying it aside and turns to its shoulder harness.

Shrugging and twisting it pulls the weapon harness off, seeing the marker dye and the small needle damage.

It scratches its own shoulder with a grunt probing bullet and needle wounds.

Taking its medikit out it lifts a small spray over its shoulder, sealing the damaged skin. The other end of the spray it jabs into and injects itself with a dose of liquid and another grunt of discomfort.

Putting the medikit away it begins to work on the damaged equipment.

Later.

Inspecting the repaired weapon the Predator returns the harness to its place, shrugging the gear into position.

He flicks his knives out and leans forward to the archer's body.

Valenta perks up at the movement, eyes staring intently, face calm as the Predator hauls the carcass close, slicing into the spine, ripping it out, the head dangling free as the Predator casually kicks the carcass to the jungle below.

The thud of the corpse landing in the bush sends a momentary jolt through Valenta as the Predator stands upright.

A small tear trickles from Valenta's eye, her hand reaching down into her mudpack pouch.

The Predator stands proud astride the forked tree branch, bellowing a roar echoing its power across the jungle, raising the human trophy high in the air.

Valenta slowly reaches a fingertip to caress her wet cheek with fresh mud.

Another faint roar far away to her left, her eyes flicking that direction a moment.

Then a third answering roar far to the right.

Her eyes slowly come back on the Predator sitting down to clean its new trophy.

VALENTA  
(softly)  
Three.

She continues dispassionately watching the Predator work intently to clean out the skull of her comrade, polishing it lovingly.

EXT. JUNGLE (VALENTA) - DAY

Dawn rising over the treetops, Valenta still leaning against her shielding tree trunk, the Predator high above it refitting his facemask. The human skull now mounted over his shoulder opposite its weapon.

Valenta stretches slowly, sipping from the hose of her hydration pack. She looks around carefully, eyes flicking back to the Predator and then to the jungle.

Slowly she slinks back into the shadow. She takes a few careful paces, keeping to cover, then slips around another tree, and lunges forward.

Sprinting!

Fast, fast, leaping and bounding around over and between the trees, always the dance to avoid making too much movement as she dodges around leaves and lower branches, twisting and turning past obstacles.

The Predator catches a flash of movement and completes attaching his mask, then turns and leaps high through the trees in Valenta's direction.

As she runs Valenta clutches up her flute/whistle. She sounds off a loud sing-song of signals between the running pounding pace of her legs.

Overhead the Predator is searching for her, tracking the movement, pausing to flick vision controls and see her motion more accurately, but she's bounding far ahead of him between the trees. He leaps forward.

EXT. JUNGLE (BETA TEAM) - DAWN

Parez is standing in a small clearing, the rest of the team scattered around in deep cover, shadows in shadow.

She hears the faint song of Valenta's flute. Calling out without turning.

PAREZ  
She's coming!

She lifts her own flute to sing back. Her whistle carrying far through the trees.

From a mud-covered pouch she pulls a single grenade, pulls the pin and throws it away across the clearing.

A loud crack and stream of smoke as the flash-bang grenade echoes through the trees.

Deep in the shadows the surviving archer draws his bow, Turley and Mace settle their weapons under cover while Park crouches over Skyler on the fringe of the clearing.

SKYLER  
What's happening?

PARK  
We're the bait.

He looks around, shrugging down in his armour, fingering the trigger of his rifle.

EXT. JUNGLE (VALENTA) - MORNING

Valenta hears the echo of the grenade and changes direction, slowing to scramble through brush.

Overhead the Predator pauses and looks the same way, then down at Valenta, barely visible leaping away through the trees. The Predator leaps after her.

EXT. JUNGLE (BETA TEAM) - MORNING

A wisp of red from a smoke grenade swirls around the trees as Valenta zeroes on Perez's whistling and races across the small clearing.

Park rises up on the far side to signal Valenta over, she, runs straight past Perez who's crouching in the grass staring patiently back at Valenta's trail.

The Predator's weapon blasts across the clearing as Park leaps, the blast catching his shoulder and Valenta shouts in surprise at the sudden shock as Park falls away.

Behind Valenta Perez leaps into the air, screaming and waving her arms wide, pointing up at the empty sky.

PAREZ

Here!!

Valenta looks up.

The Predator follows Valenta's eyes, looking up, and misses the arrow from Teal punching through his shoulder, a swirl of remaining red smoke marking its passage.

The Predator leaps, but the arrow is a flag as Turley and Mace shoot from their ambush each side of the clearing.

The Predator spins on Teal in a stumble as a second arrow flashes past his head, thudding into a nearby tree trunk and the Predator's gun shoots back, missing Teal.

Bullets splatter around and over the Predator, his motions exposed in trails of swirling red smoke. Through his vision he cannot see the smoke swirling around him - it's invisible to him.

He slips, skids on a branch, bullets pounding his bulky body, his weapon seeking and blasting at Turley.

As the Predator struggles to turn away the red mist gives his motion away again, punctured by streams of bullets and a final arrow slamming through the mist into the semi-visible Predator's body.

Park is stumbling forward, his body armour smoking and his rifle adding to the fire, zeroing in on the Predator. He unleashes his 40mm launcher in a blast directly at the trees.

The blast catches the Predator's legs, skidding and knocking him off balance with a crash down into the trees.

A scream of fury and Park then Turley rush to the spot, Turley reloading as Park empties his mag into the Predator.

TURLEY  
Okay! Hold it!

They all pause, a sudden eerie silence broken by men's panting breath, Park swapping mags as they're joined by Mace, Teal hovering in the shadows.

Turley moves closer, finger tensed on his rifle trigger, the other men circling quietly to keep clear lines of fire. All eyes focus on the fallen Predator.

MACE  
Is it dead?

The Predator grunts, trying to reach its suicide bomb. Turley lets it have a short burst from his rifle partly severing the arm, then another burst into the body.

TURLEY  
Fuck yeah.

Teal closes up.

TEAL  
We've got to move!

He reaches out to Park's backpack, pulling off Park's battleaxe.

Valenta and Perez approach carefully from behind.

TURLEY  
We'll call for an airlift.

Slam! Teal chops the Predator's arm off, Park hauling it back and into a black zip-bag.

VALENTA  
No airlift!

MACE  
Huh?

TURLEY  
Why?

VALENTA  
There are three of them. The  
mission isn't over.

PAREZ  
Shit!

She glances around the clearing.

Slam! Teal slices the Predator's other arm off.

INT. BAIT SHOP - DAY

The techs are taking notes over the radio, Schaefer looking over their shoulders as the data is relayed on a large map display.

ZHAO  
Here.

SCHEAFER  
Okay.

ZHAO  
(into the radio)  
North West?  
Okay.

She taps the info. onto the screen icons flashing up.

ZHAO (CONT'D)  
And here.

Schaefer studies the map, then turns to the radio tech,  
PETTI.

SCHAEFER  
Warn Alpha and Gamma teams to  
expect contact.

PETTI  
Okay!

Schaefer turns to step outside, picking up a bow and quiver of arrows.

SCHAEFER  
I'm on the perimeter.

ZHAO  
Yes sir!



EXT. BAIT SHOP - DAY

Schaefer walks out of the tents, inspecting the quite clearing.

He raises his bow to wave at the surroundings.

We see the slight motion on the edge of the jungle as one man waves back, then fades into the shadows.

Schaefer steps away to begin circling the tents, inspecting the setting.

A flurry of soft electric motors as a pair of drones take off vertically and fly out over the trees, circling higher then away out of sight.

EXT. JUNGLE (ALPHA TEAM) - MORNING

A track leading from a small bridge across the river overlooked by surrounding hills and jungle. Alpha team are looking out through jungle cover scanning the scene.

Team leader KIM lowers her binoculars.

KIM  
Clear. Let's go.

She rises and leads the team out, across the track.

Eyes sweep everywhere, guns following eyes, up, around, down, back.

The archers and runners pad silently on soft shoes between their heavily armed teammates.

The only sound is the slightest rustle of their kit, the soft pad of their boots on the ground and the faint background noise of the jungle.

A few minutes and they fade into the jungle on the far side of the track.

They push through the bush slowly, climbing the terrain overlooking the track leading away from the bridge.

They continue to sweep the jungle with eyes and scanners.

Softly, carefully, they slide through the brush.

EXT. JUNGLE (ALPHA TEAM) - DAY

Later.

Alpha Team come to another trail crossing their path.

Their pointman, CHAVES, signals the halt. He's joined by Kim.

CHAVES  
No traffic Captain.

KIM  
Okay -

CHAVES  
But,

He nods at his scanner.

CHAVES (CONT'D)  
This is twitching.

KIM  
We know there's one out here.  
Think we can flush it?

CHAVES  
We're too tight here, we need room.

KIM  
Out there?

She nods at the open stretch of the path.

CHAVES  
It's the only place we've got.

KIM  
Okay.

She turns to whisper back to the others.

KIM (CONT'D)  
We move out, then Crazy Ivan.

She focuses on the runners.

KIM (CONT'D)  
Runners hang back. Go low.

She taps her 40mm cannon.

KIM (CONT'D)  
This.

The men push their triggers and check their scanners as Kim turns forward again and signals Chaves to move out.

EXT. JUNGLE CROSSING (ALPHA TEAM) - MORNING

PREDATOR 2, P2, is watching Alpha team from a vantage point across the trail as they step out from cover.

One human figure moves out, taking up a position looking up the trail. Another figure follows, looking the other way. Two more step out.

It sees other movement but cannot see the other humans as they move across the trail.

P2's weapon arms and it's laser sights come on.

KIM

IVAN!

The four humans spin out, flipping their IR dazzlers, sweeping the jungle with their lasers, scanners beeping.

P2's startled as his eyes are dazzled by the sudden burst of IR light blasting out from the group.

His vision is blinded for a moment.

He hesitates just as the human scanners sweep across him.

Alarms sound and Chaves open up with a full blast from his 40mm cannon.

P2 is stunned by the blast as the others swing their weapons his way and he leaps up to escape, his weapon shooting back through the dazzling IR lights, catching Chavez's chest full-on.

More cannon fire as waves of frag and needles rip through the jungle, many catching P2 in mid-leap.

He spins around a tree trunk, birds flying away and humans tracking him with their weapons as his cloaking flickers.

More bullets rip through and around the tree, a score tearing into P2 as he takes another leap away from the firestorm, his weapon firing another series of shots back, catching two more humans, their radioman and another gunman, one falling, his rifle spluttering fire away to the side.

Kim turns to the archers and runners. Waving them at the Predator.

KIM (CONT'D)

Track it, go!

They lunge forward to follow P2 into the jungle.

P2 is disoriented, bounding from tree to tree, looking back down his trail as the bush moves but the targets are indistinct.

He adjusts his vision, filtering out the IR dazzle through the trees.

He can barely see the four camouflaged stalkers behind him sliding through the brush.

Kim checks her gunmen. The radioman, GOLDBERG, waving her away.

GOLDBERG  
I'm okay, go!

KIM  
Alright, radio the situation to the Major.

She glances up.

KIM (CONT'D)  
We need drone cover here now.

Goldberg nods, pulling out his radio gear as Kim waves the remaining gunman, WEATHERS, who slams his reloaded 40mm closed.

KIM (CONT'D)  
Come on!

They lunge into the jungle after the others.

INT. BAIT SHOP - DAY

Petti is taking the radio call.

PETTI  
Contact! Alpha Team!

Zhao begins moving data on the big screen. Schaefer standing back watching it all.

SCHAEFER  
Get the drones over them.

A couple of drone operators nod and start redirecting their drones in that direction. We see the visuals of the jungle swerving across their screens.

Schaefer turns to another couple of drone screens.

Through their infrared we see a couple of human female figures running through the jungle under its thick canopy.

The images are marked "Valenta" and "Perez".

## SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Warn the other teams. The aliens are going to react to this.

## EXT. JUNGLE SKY - DAY

A pair of small drones arc across the canopy their camera domes sweeping the trees below.

Through their point of view we see the infrared images of the trees and jungle floor.

A moment and the first running human figures are visible on the ground.

One figure pauses to shoot.

The flare of heat blooms on the camera's view.

## EXT. JUNGLE (ALPHA TEAM) - DAY

Kim blasts a volley of bullet fire into the trees. Bullets splatter tree bark and bush.

Weathers slaps a fresh magazine into his rifle, Kim lifting hers out of the way as he leaps forward to take the lead as Kim reloads.

Beyond them the brush bursts, breaks and shifts as P2, the archers and runners race through it.

The humans duck out of the way when Weathers pauses to fire a couple of warning shots then unleash his next burst at P2.

P2 turns and blasts back, we see his limp, the damage to his body, bullet scars on his facemask.

His shots graze one of the archers, ARMSTRONG, who staggers into tree cover while the others duck around and weave through into closer positions.

P2 tries to track all the movement left and right, IR dazzle flicker from Kim and Weathers still masking human movements.

He blasts each side at any movement, missing his targets as they duck and freeze.

The second archer, WU, takes a stance, draws and shoots.

The arrow narrowly missing P2 to slice through the branches by its head.

He reacts with another burst of fire towards WU, who dives out of the way.

An arrow slams into P2's leg. Armstrong, injured but upright, leaning against his tree to shoot.

Another blast from P2 sends him falling back.

Bullets splatter P2's position while the two runners inch closer from behind cover.

P2 spins away, making a leap through the trees into a small clearing. Wu racing after him with another arrow thudding into the alien.

P2 falls as the surviving humans, Kim, Weathers and the two runners join Wu racing up to the alien lying face down in the thick grass.

It grunts laughter, its left arm twisting to show its suicide bomb counting down.

WU  
Fire in the hole!

He leaps on the arm, pulling it straight as P2 struggles.

Kim levels a blast of bullets into the arm while one runner, Taman snatches the battleaxe off Kim's back and tossed it to Weathers.

All his heavy muscle heaves the axe up and slams it down on the alien's exposed elbow, severing the forearm in a single blow.

Wu loops a non-synthetic cord around the dead hand and runs out unwinding the short length to yank the forearm into the air.

Kim stamps her foot down on the alien's head as she takes aim at its neck with a blast of her rifle.

Wu hauls the severed arm up around his head, spinning it faster and faster at the end of the cord as its clock ticks down and he steps away from the body.

Weather's chops the opposite arm off and the two runners stuff it into a sack.

The first woman runner, TAMAN, hauls it up and races away as Weathers slams the axe down on the alien's neck, once, twice.

Wu releases the spinning arm sending it flying away into the jungle.

The bomb's clock ticking down as it tumbles through the air.

One, two hundred feet through the trees, it lands with a thud in the brush.

KIM

COVER!

The second woman runner, COOPER, grabs her back sack with the helmeted head and dives after Taman.

She tumbles into the brush as everyone else dives to the ground.

A flare dazzles the jungle.

Both runners dive to the ground.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The flare of light dazzle across the jungle as its canopy blossoms with the small nuke explosion.

A shudder as a small circle of trees are blown apart, the shockwave rippling out across the treetops and a small plume of ash and smoke burst up into the sky.

INT. BAIT SHOP - DAY

Everyone is startled as the flare of atomic light shines through the tents.

ZHAO

What the-!?

SCHAEFER

(calmly)

Nukes.

He looks in the direction of the light.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Alpha team.

He catches the eyes of the drone pilots.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Search that area for survivors.

They nod and turn to their machines.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Two down.

EXT. JUNGLE (GAMMA TEAM) - DAY

PREDATOR 3 is watching a trail, on the other side, through the jungle cover he sees Gamma Team moving slowly, carefully.

His vision is enhanced, not infrared, he sees the camouflaged archers and runners as shadows in the team.

His weapons are primed, tracking the team, targeting the trailing team member.

The atomic flare dazzles his sensors.

His head flicks around as the small mushroom cloud begins to rise several miles away over the horizon.

The sonic boom hits, followed by the wash of air fluttering the trees.

He looks down at the human targets, all diving into cover, shrugs and locks his weapon down, turning to leap away towards the growing mushroom cloud.

EXT. JUNGLE (ALPHA TEAM) - DAY

The clearing is blasted, ash and dust, trees knocked over.

A few coughs and gasps as Kim, then Weathers and Wu struggle out of the trashed trees.

WEATHERS

(to Wu)

Next time throw it farther.

WU

Yeah, right, there'll be a next time?

The two men look at the grey-ashed circle cleared in the jungle before them.

Kim is looking back at the runners, waving their hands safely.

KIM

We need the drones.

WEATHERS

They could be in range for relay now?

Kim nods and pulls her satphone out.

Wu starts to uncover the remains of P2.



WEATHERS (CONT'D)

Careful.

WU

I know.

He moves carefully through the trash, pulling the ash, dirt, branches aside to reveal.

WU (CONT'D)

Well, look at you handsome.

The headless, armless corpse lies almost unharmed.

KIM

(on the phone)

We need the songbirds.

She waves up at the open sky as one drone flies low over them.

KIM (CONT'D)

Okay, we've got it.

The drone circles around and begins cheeping and singing like the whistles used by the runners.

Kim waves at the runners, pointing up at the songbird drone.

They wave back as the drone slowly flies towards the Bait Shop chirping and singing to guide them home.

The runners move away to follow it, disappearing into the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE (VALENTA) - DAY

Valenta is pacing herself through the jungle, a heavy lumpy pack of Predator body parts on her back.

Overhead she catches a glimpse of her songbird drone through the tree canopy, chirping for her to follow.

She glances back, Perez is a few hundred feet back, looking up for her own songbird. She catches a glance at Valenta, grins and waves Valenta to go on.

Valenta grins, her smile vanishes as she glances around, alert to danger and runs on.

Her pace is methodical, weaving carefully through the trees, around branches.

Nothing disturbs her as she flows through the jungle.

She keeps her eyes on the ground and the surroundings, her ears pitched to the songbird overhead.

There is nothing but her and the jungle, its sounds and warmth, relaxing her into the pace of her feet on the soft ground.

Her breathing is calm, a steady pace of soft breath matching her feet across the ground, almost hypnotic as one tree after another is passed with her pace.

Her eyes flare awake as she enters a patch of silent jungle.

The tension slows her, as she stiffens to sense everything around her.

Her eyes roll around, searching the silent trees, but she maintains her careful pace.

Slowly she turns her head left and right, eyes rolling up at the trees overhead.

The songbird drone turns around to pick her up again. Circling then pointing the way, circling again.

Her breath deepens, she slows to walking pace.

VALENTA

(softly)

You don't want me do you, you want  
my base camp.

She keeps pacing forward, her hand slipping into her whistle. She brings it to her lips, they're dry, she licks them wet.

A brief sound from the whistle, made louder in the surrounding silence.

The drone overhead changes its tone. A few hundred feet back Perez replies with her own whistle.

Valenta gives out another whistle. The drone lifts higher, its hum fades to the edge of hearing. Perez keeps moving forward.

The two women keep up their pace in the silent jungle, the two near-silent drones overhead.

Nearby, high in the trees P3 watches Valenta and Perez, his weapon tracking them as they move on.

His vision zooms on Valenta's pack. He can't see through it, it's just an indistinct lump of shapes.

The two women are moving away, disappearing amongst the trees.

He leaps forward to the next tree, following them.

INT. BAIT SHOP - DAY

Schaefer and Zhao are hunched over one terminal while a couple of very intense drone pilots are leaning into their own.

The rest of the tent has gone silent, everyone tense and watching from their seats, glancing back and forward from their own screens.

We see the infrared images of Valenta and Perez on the pilots' sets of screens. They're seen as small icons Zhao's larger tracking map displays.

SCHAEFER  
How far out is she?

ZHAO  
About five miles,  
  
(wan smile)  
as the drone flies.

SCHAEFER  
At least two hours to get here.

ZHAO  
If she survives.

DRONE PILOT 1  
We could give her fire support  
Major?

SCHAEFER  
No, we take the risk, bring them  
here.

He straightens, addressing everyone.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)  
You all know what to do. Get to  
your positions.

(to Petti)  
Tell all the teams what's  
happening.  
Recall Delta and Gamma.

The combat team starts moving out. Zhao move her rifle closer to-hand. Schaefer rests a hand on her shoulder.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)  
We've got plenty of time.

She nods, eyes glancing at the done screens. Valenta's infrared image jogging through the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE (VALENTA) - DAY

Silence surrounds Valenta.

The only sound is her feet pacing in a jog through the ground litter, her breathing and her body pushing through, around or under leaves and branches.

She paces on. The silence following her.

She weaves around trees with no straight line ahead of her.

Her eyes wide and tense at every shadow, every shape.

She picks up the pace, whistling a signal back to Parez.

Parez slows as Valenta increases speed.

The silence follows her.

Parez looks up at the jungle as the natural sounds of life begin to return. Valenta disappears in the distance.

PAREZ  
Good luck girl.

Valenta jogs on, breathing steadily, deeply, the silent jungle surrounding her.

Pace, pace, trees, one, another, more, blurring together, her tension in her movement and the fixation of her eyes, straight ahead.

The eerie silence.

We see the intensity in her eyes. Focussed on what lies ahead, with a brief glance up at her songbird's occasional faint cheeps.

Her breathing steady. Her pace to match her breath, the only sound to her is herself.

We see the movement of P3 behind her as she jogs on. We see the flare of his eyes from half-way up a tree trunk.

There's a shimmer of his leap to a tree branch. Again the flicker of his eyes watching her in the silence.

Later.

The colours of the jungle become more defined, lighter, as Valenta sees light ahead between the trees.

She begins to jog faster.

EXT. BAIT SHOP - DAY

The wider clearing by the river, the camp silent, a handful of camouflaged faces staring out from the grass and tree shadows.

Schaefer is one of those hidden, covered in camo.mud, the longbow in his hand, an arrow already nocked.

Far across the clearing Valenta jogs out of the jungle, the songbird drone wheeling overhead, whistling a message to her.

She leaps to one side as the drone slams into the ground, exploding and bellowing smoke and fire.

P3 is on Valenta's tail, bounding forward. His weapon and eyes flick from Valenta to the drone crash, as Valenta sprints to the tents.

P3 leaps into the clearing and bounds after her, a current of air following him and swirling smoke behind him.

P3's weapon tracks onto Valenta again, lasers marking her back.

A camp scanner laser sweeps across P3, alarms go off and weapons fire from the jungle either side of his back. The crossfire zips around him.

He leaps away from it, towards the shielded camp and the river bank beyond.

No trees, he has to leap across the ground, one foot landing on a Nightingale board, creaking.

A GUNMAN shoots a 40mm from behind cover to the direction of the creaking.

The 40mm blast shatters the boards and flickers P3's camouflage as his weapon blasts back at the Gunman.

P3 spins around, leaping high in the air, looking down at the camp, seeing all the boards, marking them out and landing to bound away from them.

He crouches to look around the edge of the clearing as another sweep of lasers scan him. Another alarm, another blast in his direction, speckling his stealth, and he leaps away again, the bullets scratching his legs as he leaps.

Valenta moves. He catches her motion and turns that way as she ducks into cover of the tents, his blasts shooting at her disappearing back, missing and puncturing through the fabric shield walls.

A BAIT ARCHER shoots from nearby, sitting up from the thick grass, nocking another arrow as the first glances off P3's arm.

P3 turns to shoot, wounding the Bait Archer, as a burst of bullets splatter the ground and slash the air around P3.

P3 leaps again, closing on the jungle by the river.

Schaefer tenses, seeing the shimmer of the alien coming his way, he tightens his grip on the bow, drawing the arrow back slowly.

Smoke canisters are triggered, low lying swirls of red smoke in the air reveal P3's movement.

Schaefer tracks ahead of the motion in the smoke with his bow and looses his arrow.

He kicks a wooden toggle to release a cord.

The cord frees a weighted log to swing away from the trees overhanging the river just as the arrow thuds into P3's body.

P3 grunts and shoots back, his sensors tracking the arrow and log.

His blast takes out the log.

Schaefer lunges out and swings around opposite the falling log. He's hidden at P3's back.

Another burst of bullets from a hidden gunman traces the space around P3's failing stealth, distracting P3.

Schaefer tumbles to the riverbank as P3's camouflage crackles. P3 turns to shoot back at the hidden gunman.

Schaefer nocks another arrow, draws and shoots at P3's back.

P3's vision is dazzled by IR flashers from the surrounding trees, distracting him from Schaefer's indistinct shape at his back.

The arrow stabs into the back of P3's left shoulder and makes him spin around, weapon blasting across the dirt and grass along the riverbank.

Schaefer tumbles away from the blast, grazed along his leg by the flare of energy.

Another gunman appears from cover, distracting P3, then Valenta shouts from the Bait Shop tents.

P3 makes to leap as another blast of bullets catch him. He staggers, hammered by bullets.

Schaefer picks himself up, less than a hundred feet away, pulling his crystal knife out and running forward. The distant gunman stops firing with Schaefer so close to P3.

Valenta sprints forward, converging on P3 with Schaefer. In the background Perez can be seen arriving, throwing her pack aside and racing across the clearing.

Turning and sensing Schaefer's movement in all the dazzle, P3 swings his right arm around, forearm blades flicking out straight at Schaefer, who's lunging at P3 with his own invisible blade.

Man and creature come into collision, but P3's stabbing arm is dragged back by Valenta, clutching it. It scrapes Schaefer's side but doesn't penetrate.

Schaefer snarls as his blade slams deep into P3's chest. We can see P3's left arm is sluggish in trying to stop Schaefer, the arrow sticking out the back of its shoulder. It roars in pain, but isn't stopped. Schaefer tugs at his knife.

P3 flings Valenta away with a flick of its right arm, its head snapping back to look down on Schaefer, its shoulder blaster tracking down on Schaefer. Target lasers blink on to light up Schaefer's forehead as the alien roars fury.

From behind, an Archer leaps on P3's back, yanking the blaster upwards and off its mounting as it fires, the burst punches the sky.

Simultaneously Valenta leaps again onto its right arm, pulling it back from a second stab at Schaefer, who twists his knife in again.

P3 squeezes Schaefer with its weakened left arm, while throwing Valenta away again and shrugging off the Archer on its back.

Frantically Schaefer, struggling in P3's grip, pulls his blade free, scraping and wounding the left arm, and stabs again, upwards at the alien's throat. The Archer grabs and twists the arrows stuck in the alien's back. Valenta again lunges up as Perez arrives with a crazed scream to join Valenta heaving the alien's blades back.

P3 chokes on Schaefer's blade in its throat, the scores of wounds and weight of four humans on its body is too much and it collapses to its knees, the Archer pulling its head back, the girls pulling the right arm away with all their strength and Schaefer pulling his blade free and back for one final lunge with a grunt to ram it through the alien's neck with force and fury. He screams down at the alien's facemask.

SCHAEFER

This is our world, not yours!

The alien is unresponsive, its dead facemask staring up, inches from Schaefer's face. A small breathing tube snaps apart with a final gasp and flutter of life.

Then stillness.

The Archer relaxes looking down the at back of P3's neck, Schaefer's blade sticking out the back between his legs.

ARCHER

Careful boss, I think you nicked me.

A moment of stunned silence.

And everyone starts sniggering, laughing and screaming with joy. The two women flopping back in the tall grass and laughing up at the sky, Schaefer grinning.

Others turn up wielding weapons pointed menacingly at the alien corpse.

Battleaxes are raised.

Schaefer steps back to watch the scene, Valenta and Perez pulling weakly on the alien arm as axes slam down, severing body parts.

Lying back in the grass Valenta stares up at her hand coated in alien blood, she turns to reach out carefully squeezing the end of the severed arm just before it's snatched up. She studies a tiny lump of alien flesh between her fingertips, then wipes her hand into her belt pouch, lying back and smiling to herself.

Zhao arrives grinning at Schaefer's side.

SCHAEFER

(to Zhao)

Call the base we need the transport now.

ZHAO

Yes boss!

She races back to the tents as Schaefer gazes around the scene, the smoke, the team working and grinning, the sky, eyes evaluating everything. High overhead a handful of drones circle around the camp and clearing.

EXT. BAIT SHOP - EVENING

The bulk of the camp has been cleared away as one of several helicopters is loaded carefully with a special padlocked high-tech anti-radiation, bio-hazard container by two strong men.

Schaefer is pulling on a cigar with Steel at his side.

STEEL

The truck convoys are making good time. Looks like we're getting away with it.



SCHAEFER

Maybe.

STEEL

Come on, thirty sample boxes on thirty aircraft, ships, armoured convoys to thirty labs around the world. They can't intercept them all.

SCHAEFER

If it goes to plan.

STEEL

And your final plan, still want to go through with it?

SCHAEFER

We've got no choice.

Steel picks up a small armoured pilot case.

STEEL

Well, here's my share of the deal.

He nods at a waiting Huey helicopter.

STEEL (CONT'D)

I'll be watching out for you back at base.

He grasps Schaefer's shoulder.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Good luck.

Schaefer nods.

SCHAEFER

Thanks.

Steel heads for his Huey, jumps aboard and is lifted away.

EXT. BAIT SHOP - EVENING

Schaefer is alone, still camo-dressed, walking along the river bank, inspecting the scene lit by the flickering of a large campfire.

He turns and walks across the sand towards the fire, passing a tall stake in the ground, P3's head mounted on it.

He pauses for a moment to look it in the eye. Shrugs and turns away.

He walks around the fire and takes a seat on a weathered tree trunk. He draws his crystal knife and plants it upright in the sand. He checks his bow and arrows nearby, close to-hand.

Next to his seat we see the predator's helmet. He glances at it.

He looks up at the sky, around the clearing, back at the fire and the head staring back at him across the flickering firelight.

He draws a cigar from a pocket, leaning forward to light it by the fire.

He takes a long slow pull on the cigar, letting its smoke out to swirl away with the smoke and sparks of the fire, swirling up into the night sky.

Behind him the air shimmers, a doorway opens mid-air, a ramp from an invisible craft dropping down to reveal a scarred Predator standing in the doorway.

SCHAEFER

You took your time.

He draws on the cigar and rises slowly, carefully, to turn and face a line of older, battle-scarred Predators standing in and around the entry of the semi-visible starship.

Their LEADER steps off the ramp, eying Schaefer then the head on a stake. It steps forward, intimidatingly close up to Schaefer, looking down at him.

He blows a puff of cigar smoke up in its face.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Yeah.

He waves at the head on a stick.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

That's you if you want it.

The Leader cocks its head at him.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

You understand?

This is OUR world.

You come back you're fucked!

The leader grunts.

LEADER

You're fucked.

It taps Schaefer's chest.

Schaefer waves his hand at the surrounding dark jungle, all the land.

SCHAEFER  
This is our world.  
You -

Pointing at the Leader.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)  
Fuck off!

He points at the ship and the sky.

The Leader cocks its head again, and raises a blade under Schaefer's chin, up, lifting his head, stretching his body.

It holds him there for a moment,  
until the sound of sizzling.

It looks down at Schaefer's cigar pressing lightly on its chest, singing the skin.

It grunts a laugh. Then releases Schaefer.

It looks around at the scene. Waves a signal to one of its crew who steps over to P3's helmet, plucking out a small plug then drops the helmet to the ground.

The Leader grunts a laugh again as the crew troop back onboard the starship.

LEADER  
You're fucked!

It laughs and turns away, back onto the ship.

A moment and the ramp closes, and, silently, the shimmer fades into the sky.

INT. JUNGLE HIDE - NIGHT.

Two team members are lying in a hide on a crest overlooking the river clearing miles away.

They're camouflaged, wrapped in mudpacks, mesh cages, sandbags, netting and more.

They're surrounded by dirt and logs, cables and pulleys lead out through pipes beside them. They're both looking out of a narrow viewing slit through powerful binoculars, one hand each gripping triggers for cameras with huge telephoto lenses wrapped in metal mesh and more camo-netting and mud.

HIDETEAM\_1  
 (softly)  
 You get all that?

His partner glances at a row of mechanical dials and counters connected to the cables and pulleys. They're clicking away to themselves, whirling at tens per second.

HIDETEAM\_2  
 I hope so.

HIDETEAM\_1  
 Hope the others got theirs too.

HIDETEAM\_2  
 Yeah, proof something's Out There.

They continue watching Schaefer far away.

HIDETEAM\_2 (CONT'D)  
 Boss has really got some big balls.

INT. JUNGLE BASE - DAY

Steel, Schaefer and a handful of techs are watching the video record of the previous night. Warne and Woods are seen in a window on a big screen, watching it on relay back at Warne's office as we see the replay of the Predator dropping the helmet to the ground.

WARNE  
 (to the screen)  
 So what do you think?

STEEL  
 Best guess, black box, a recorder.

SCHAEFER  
 They want to know how we did it.

WARNE  
 Will this deter them?

WOODS  
 No, they're hunters, they enjoy the hunt.

SCHAEFER  
 I agree, we've upped their game.

WARNE  
 Then they'll be back.

STEEL  
 And they'll know a lot of our tricks.

WARNE

So we invent new ones.

She focuses on Schaefer.

WARNE (CONT'D)

We can do that, up our game too?

SCHAEFER

Maybe.

STEEL

We've got all their tech stashed  
away around the world.

WARNE

Okay, I'll work on the politics at  
this end.

Thank you, everyone.

Your cheques are in the post.

She signs off and everyone relaxes.

EXT. JUNGLE BASE - DAY

Schaefer steps outside the tents alongside Steel.

A couple of aircraft remain, most of the jets and choppers  
are gone. A few team members are packing away the last of  
the their camp.

STEEL

If we get the okay, we'll be  
putting up more permanent hunting  
camps, or something we can use  
every eleven years.

SCHAEFER

They may change their tactics.

STEEL

Any thoughts how?

SCHAEFER

Maybe instead of coming to us  
they'll take us to them?

STEEL

Oh?

Schaefer looks up at the sky, taking a drag on a cigar, a  
drone circles overhead.

SCHAEFER

In the Roman Empire they used to take animals from Africa for their games.

STEEL

A fight arena?

SCHAEFER

Or their own hunting ground.

STEEL

Fuck, we need to hunt them down.

SCHAEFER

Yes, all the way.

He lets out a breath of cigar smoke to swirl up in the air, the clouds, the blue sky, the speckled darkness of space beyond.

EXT. SWISS AIRPORT - DAY

A business jet opens its door to two strong men, dressed in plain clothes. A couple of business-dressed men bracket the door, sunglasses, discreet earpieces, bulges under their arms, no smiles.

The two plain men haul a padlocked sample container to the back of a Land Rover, one of three identical blacked out cars.

One man slams the door and the convoy take off in a squeal of tyres.

EXT. SWISS CHALET - DAY

Against the backdrop of huge mountains in one Swiss valley the convoy of Land Rovers turn into the driveway of a luxury chalet.

They turn their backs to the chalet's garage door, which opens to a BLONDE COUPLE couple, man and woman, barefoot and dressed in simple throwaway paper fatigues.

They go to the central car and haul the container out and across into the large empty garage.

## INT. SWISS CHALET GARAGE

The doors close on the stark, bare white garage interior. The blonde couple carry the sample container to the back wall where a stainless steel access hatch opens onto something like a dumbwaiter.

They heave the heavy box into the waiter and slam the hatch closed, locking it with heavy bars and sealing it with vault-like camouflaged door that blends into the wall.

Automatically the lift begins to drop away.

The couple strip their paper fatigues off, leaving them naked as they bundle the paper up into a small furnace farther along the wall.

There is a flash of intense incinerating heat.

The couple step back from the wall.

He looks at her nudity, she looks at his. She winks, he smiles as a cleansing shower bursts from the ceiling, spraying them and the room. They begin to wash each other down with the soapy water flushing away through a floor drain.

## INT. SWISS MOUNTAIN CAVERN

A large domed cavern, a smooth circular floor as big as sports stadium the smooth rock and concrete walls arching overhead.

The hum of the dumbwaiter as it arrives in an alcove.

The hatch opens and a robot arm pushes the sample container out onto a robot trolly that trundles across the floor as the dumbwaiter automatically seals and locks itself down.

The trolly approaches a house-sized cube of mesh, metal, glass and other materials blended, fused and overlapping together in a single enormous vault-like structure.

A large vault door stands open for the trolly to enter and closes behind it, locking tight and shutting itself down.

Thick oily liquid begin to flood the cavern.

## INT. SWISS VAULT

Inside the vault the trolly stops in a sterile room to be bathed in steam and heat.

After a few moments of sterilisation a pair of robot arms lift the sample container onto an operating table.

The trolley is moved away and another partition seals it and the value door off from within.

The arms open the container.

We see a Predator's forearm control/self-destruct device laid inside, with a pool of blood.

The robot arms reach inside and lift it out as more arms reach forward to begin microscopic inspection of every angle, every shade of light, every frequency in the spectrum.

More arms reach in for blood samples.

We see there are scores of machines waiting their turn.

INT. HIGH CLASS RESTAURANT

It's a quiet corner where Steel and Warne face each other over the remains of a good meal, wine is sipped and savoured.

WARNE  
So, to business?

STEEL  
Why not, it's been a couple of years, time for the dust to settle.

WARNE  
(nodding)  
Yes, politics.

STEEL  
Your world not mine, we're the dumb grunts.

WARNE  
I suspect you're not that dumb, you prefer me to take the lead on that?

STEEL  
And the flak. You have all the resources.

WARNE  
Don't sell yourself short, you and Major Schaefer are shareholders now. What have you been doing with your samples?



STEEL

Sitting on them, waiting to see what you and the government will do.

WARNE

The government are trapped in their own dilemmas, do they keep it secret, do they go public?

STEEL

And Weyland?

WARNE

We have always looked beyond local politics, we have higher ideals.

STEEL

And your ambitions?

WARNE

Weyland will always serve its owners and shareholders where there's a profit.

STEEL

But is there a profit in this? I can see the technology will be profitable, but fighting them again or doing more, does Weyland have those kind of ideals?

WARNE

(carefully)

That might be a problem. The board is leaning towards handing much of the job to the government.

STEEL

I wouldn't hold out much hope for any long term action there. I believe we need a better solution.

WARNE

You and the Major have a new plan?

STEEL

What would you say to a close partnership? A special consultancy for a special job. Something with higher ideals. A small specialist group?

A waiter hovers nearby. Warne glances over him and past at her personal security detail lurking in various shadows.

WARNE

That would require a great deal of discussion.

STEEL

Your place or mine?

He lifts the wine bottle to top up their glasses as she smiles.

EXT. VALENTA'S HOUSE - DAY

A new rural house somewhere in the American West, new paint, new sign up front indicating Dr M.K. Valenta, DVM, Veterinary Practise. A couple of horses in a field beside the house. A wind turbine atop a radio mast stands over the house, huge solar panels on the roof overhanging the edges and satellite dishes to one side.

We approach closer to see a pair of heavily tricked-up vehicles. A brand new bright coloured, floodlight-mounted go-everywhere-offroad custom Ford Raptor pick up truck standing next to and dwarfing a cute little new open-top Jeep Wrangler, big radio aerials looped on both, power winches on the fronts.

Passing them we reach the house, the security cameras watching every angle, the subtle suggestion that this house has been modified, bulletproof glass, stone and concrete foundations, corners, columns, more. This is no typical little house on the Prairie.

INT. VALENT'S HOUSE - DAY

Inside the hallway we pass more security cameras, a state-of-the art reception and small animal treatment room, a modern office gleaming with high technology, to the rear of the ground floor through a secure glass door is a secure room - an airtight lab.

We see Valenta inside, peering over a high-powered microscope and watching a display on a large screen mounted on the wall.

We see a clean table laid out with instruments, tools, and a couple of pieces of clothing, her jungle kit, in a sealed glass box.

She's studying the readouts intently when the phone rings outside, repeated with a small bell just outside the door.

She crosses to the door punching a button on an intercom.

VALENTA

Valenta.

WARNE (O.S.)  
Miss Valenta, this Alicia Warne, we  
have a proposal for you.

EXT. SCHAEFER'S HOME - EVENING

Schaefer is watching the sunset, children playing in the background around a table. He's standing far enough away they don't get a sniff of the cigar he's dragging on.

Anna joins him.

ANNA  
Hey, wanna throw that away and get  
back to your children?

He smiles drawing her into his arms.

SCHAEFER  
Sure baby.

He flicks the stub of the cigar away, spinning into the dirt.

They turn and head back to the family around their supper table out by the house.

The phone rings in his pocket.

ANNA  
Is that it?

He checks the phone screen.

SCHAEFER  
Hu-huh.

He reads the text.

ANNA  
Well?

SCHAEFER  
It can wait for tomorrow.

EXT. SPACE

We see a Weyland satellite orbiting the Earth, a short burst of its attitude jets and it slowly begins to rotate, pointing its instruments out into deep space.

END...

=====  
Post-Credit Scene, because it's traditional now.  
=====

EXT. JUNGLE SWAMP - DAY

Caption: 4 Years Later.

Trees overhang and cover most of a foul swampy pond. Camouflage and metal mesh are suspended high over the water from the trees.

A camouflaged work team and portable machines are dragging through the mud, cables hauling something heavy out of the water.

Drones and cameras record everything as the torpedo-like pod appears. It's about twenty foot long and three or four foot wide, tapering round at the ends, shaped like a fishtail at one end.

INT. TECH. TRUCK - DAY

A huge offroad truck packed with computer and communications tech., doors wide open and fans on.

We see Steel, Zhao and Petti watching the scene remotely as the object is hauled out of the mud.

STEEL  
Close up please.

Zhao nods controlling one camera. It zooms in as a team member throws a bucket of water over the muddied object. Smooth, clear material is exposed. More water splashes over the object revealing a handful of glyphs.

STEEL (CONT'D)  
Gotcha!

END.

# PREDATOR HUNT



Friday, 10th, July, 2015

I hope you enjoyed the Predator Hunt script, because this is likely to be the only place you'll ever read it.

The script was an idea in my mind for many years, after seeing the first Predator film and, like many people, wondering "what happens next?". Unlike most people and all of Hollywood I believe Predator has the potential to expand in a new direction. Not a repetition of the same story over and over again, but opening the scope to a fully-fledged universe and all the reactions, opportunities and consequences of the Predators' ancient visits to our world, and how we will react when we come of age and have the power to say "No more, this is Our World!".

Predator Hunt is a speculation in how to relaunch the Predator universe and broaden it. If you read and enjoyed the script you will see the strong hints at much more to come as each side ups their game. In the long term that can only mean a face-to-face military confrontation. Will the lone Predators win with their endless combative society or will the human hunting packs of professional military wolves finally hunt them down and exterminate the Predators?

The plans for a new Predator film were announced last year. That was when I decided to publish my own ideas. It's taken me this long to complete and I'm sure the producers and the director Shane Black are busy with their own ideas. Mine will never be accepted by them, I'm sure they're inundated with endless offers of fan fiction and mine will be just another in a long list of ideas they must disregard to avoid all the legal issues of ownership and originality.

**PREDATOR HUNT**

**PREDATOR HUNT**

**PREDATOR HUNT**



This has been a good exercise for me to demonstrate my own writing to you and everyone else who has enjoyed this. Like most of the Hollywood system I don't publish my own original works (except for "Dragon's Vale" - [www.worldmaker.org](http://www.worldmaker.org) for that free SF story), so this is a good alternative way to show my skills to you and everyone.

Predator Hunt will never be produced for the screen, but perhaps I will be able to make use of some of my ideas in new forms. Perhaps one day we'll see the likes of "Dutch", Steel, Warne, Valenta, Parez and more in a new TV show or film series.

I do have a similar alien predators invasion concept from many year ago, perhaps... I'll mull it over for a few years.

Bye for now.

-- *Michael Bond, Stockport, UK*

**PREDATOR HUNT**

