

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 longbow propped against the tree trunk looks like an ancient Mongol bow with 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 in the sand, is the head of a Predator. There are no other traces of it, its body anything, just the head, a fire and a man, waiting.

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 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.