

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.