

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.