

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.