

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.