

INT. BAIT SHOP - DAY

Zhao turns from a large HD monitor to Schaefer.

ZHAO
All teams down safe Major.

We see the hi-def images on the large screen, map, indicators, other data.

SCHAEFER
Okay.

Zhao turns back to her screen, Schaefer watching it calmly over her shoulder.

EXT. JUNGLE (BETA TEAM) - DAY

They're moving slowly, softly through the darkness in deep jungle. Light appearing ahead, the pointman, MACE, signals them to slow. Turley closing up on Mace who points ahead.

MACE
Its clearing.

TURLEY
Okay, slowly.

He signals everyone to keep their eyes on the trees.

They move forward into the lighter day and onto a thin trail.

Still sweeping everything they move onto the trail and, with a shrug, Turley points them one way forward.

Later.

Mace halts the line, waving Turley forward, crouching low, everyone automatically following suit as Turley joins Mace.

A gap in the bush beside the trail, the ground falling away into a valley. Mace points across the valley to another larger trail on the far side. Others have noticed and inched forward to look through the brush.

Across the valley we see a heavily-loaded mule train guarded by tough guerrilla fighters.

Turley pulls out binoculars. Scanning the train and surrounding trail.

TURLEY (CONT'D)
About two dozen mules, same fighters.

MACE
Kind of thing our target would
love?

TURLEY
(nodding)
Oh yes.

He turns to the others, signalling them, pointing out the train, how they'll keep eyes on them along their own trail.

One of the heavy weaponsmen, PARK, grins and peers back through the trees, leaning forward, easing branches aside, his foot skids on the edge, his weight twisting under him as he slips down, Parez leaping to snatch hold clutching Park in a struggle against his weight falling down the steep slope.

PAREZ
(quietly)
Fuck!

EXT. JUNGLE (PREDATOR) - DAY

Across the valley from Beta Team, peering down through the trees at the mule train through the eyes of a PREDATOR we see the targets lined up nicely when sudden movement catches his attention.

He snaps up to zoom in across the valley. Focussing on Park staggering upright, the other three heavy weaponsmen crouched down, a flutter of movement of branches, but nothing else. Four high grade targets.

He looks down at the mule train walking away from him, then up at the heavy military, and leaps through the trees towards them.

EXT. JUNGLE (BETA TEAM) - DAY

Park's back on his feet, dusting himself off, half the team with eyes on him, the archers and runners standing back in shadows, silent observers watching the activity and surroundings.

Harsh whispers all round.

PARK
Sorry.

TURLEY
Leave it!

He waves at the surroundings.

TURLEY (CONT'D)

Scan it.

The four men systematically sweep their surroundings with lasers, eyes on their infrared night sights.

Parez and the archers nervously are following their track, only Valenta calmly looking up at the trees as the rifles elevate to sweep with their lasers.

Nothing.

Turley turns to Mace.

TURLEY (CONT'D)

Check the train.

Mace looks out.

MACE

They're almost gone.

TURLEY

Okay, let's pick it up.

They resume their line-up and head up the trail, tracking the mule train.

Overhead the Predator looks down at the four figures moving away, unable to clearly see the other four masked by mud and bracketed by the armoured men.

He follows them through the trees.

EXT. JUNGLE STREAM - DAY

Beta Team are refilling their hydration packs, two men on guard as they fill water and mix with thick powders of mineral and food supplements.

PAREZ

Everything needed for a day.

MACE

Yes, but not steak.

PAREZ

Don't, please.

Nearby Valenta is quietly and carefully sealing hers, leaning against a tree watching the quiet scene.

Over her head the Predator is leaning around the trunk of the tree, only his head exposed as he looks down at the scene trying to make sense of the movements, eyes and sensors picking up the mud camouflaged figure with difficulty, movement without clarity against the forest background.

He flips his head a fraction, triggering other sensors in his helmet that begin to pick out the other four and ducks back as the lasers sweep across the tree.

TURLEY

Okay let's roll, Skyler take point.

The fourth armoured man, SKYLER, nods and begins sweeping ahead.

They move off and disappear amongst the trees.

The Predator drops to the ground and begins to follow them, silently closing in on their backs.

EXT. JUNGLE (BETA TEAM) - NIGHT

Beta Team are laying up, overlooking the mule train in the valley. Turley pulls back from his position with binoculars.

TURLEY

(quietly)

Okay, they're camped for the night,
we'll do the same.

Everyone relaxes a fraction as they go about securing their own camp. Another sweep of the trees, laying down natural trip cords and alarms.

They form two loose groups, the four armoured men around a small stove. The four mud-covered ones to one side tucking themselves under and into cover.

With a grin Mace reached out a warm cup to Parez, who, with the other three muddied ones is nibbling on a small dark loaf of tough bread and a few dates.

MACE

Eat?

PAREZ

(silently)

Fuck off.

Mace grins. Turley eyes him and shakes his head. Mace shrugs.

MACE

I know, invisible men.