

EXT. JUNGLE (BETA TEAM) - NIGHT

Park is making Skyler comfortable, Parez and second Archer, TEAL are edging into the path left by the Predator and Valenta.

Parez is silently indicating the damage to the bush, the hint of a trail beyond. She looks up at Teal, his weapon poised. He shrugs, pointing to his eyes, they waving out to the darkness, shaking his head.

She nods agreement.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Overhead, with the dim glow of Beta team below, the small silent drones begin to take up position at high altitude.

They begin to circle the area, their cameras searching.

EXT. JUNGLE (VALENTA) - NIGHT

Valenta lunges through the blasted bush after the disturbance of the Predator her eyes squinting into the darkness, faint movement ahead, and the sparkling of the Predator's broken cloak.

She shrugs her light hydration pack on and silently pads forward, half crouching as she picks up the pace eyes never leaving the path ahead.

A few faint glows ahead show where fluorescent pellets had hit the Predator and a few surrounding trees.

This is the trail she follows.

Ahead the Predator pauses, Valenta halts and crouches low to the ground as the creature turns to eye its trail.

It stares at the bush, trees, ground, but cannot make Valenta camouflaged against the ground.

It cannot see her eyes looking straight back at it from fifty feet away.

It flicks its blades over the archer as it moves on, bounding through the bush, the flutter of leaves and branches marking its lightweight passage.

Valenta lunges after it. Her pace staggers suddenly as she sees the ground ahead, the archer's clothes and kit cut away in blooded masses, as she bounds over it, trying to avoid the blood. Anguish flashing across her face.

Ahead the faint outline of the Predator carries the archer's corpse into the darkness, Valenta following as silently as possible, almost dancing around and through the bush. Never more than a hundred feet back, keeping the pace despite the Predator's speed.

They pace through the jungle, Predator with its load of dead flesh, its trophy, Valenta the tacker her eyes rarely leaving contact with the alien.

The Predator pauses, Valenta freezes as it looks around again, slowly surveying the jungle as Valenta shrinks low to the ground, hugging close to tree roots, her eyes always watching.

The Predator tries to brush off some of the marker dye and slap its own fault tech, static sparks glittering across its skin.

It leaps up high, reaching out to grip and lunge higher up the tree.

Valenta tracks it all the way to a fork in heavy branches where the Predator makes its perch overlooking the jungle below.

Valenta glides silently away, slipping into her own position, half-concealed behind brush and tree trunk to watch the Predator high above a couple of hundred feet away.

It settles into its perch, pushing the archer's body up the trunk with one casual foot as it strips itself down.

The mask comes off, shaking its head free in the air.

It inspects the mask, looking for faults then laying it aside and turns to its shoulder harness.

Shrugging and twisting it pulls the weapon harness off, seeing the marker dye and the small needle damage.

It scratches its own shoulder with a grunt probing bullet and needle wounds.

Taking its medikit out it lifts a small spray over its shoulder, sealing the damaged skin. The other end of the spray it jabs into and injects itself with a dose of liquid and another grunt of discomfort.

Putting the medikit away it begins to work on the damaged equipment.

Later.

Inspecting the repaired weapon the Predator returns the harness to its place, shrugging the gear into position.

He flicks his knives out and leans forward to the archer's body.

Valenta perks up at the movement, eyes staring intently, face calm as the Predator hauls the carcass close, slicing into the spine, ripping it out, the head dangling free as the Predator casually kicks the carcass to the jungle below.

The thud of the corpse landing in the bush sends a momentary jolt through Valenta as the Predator stands upright.

A small tear trickles from Valenta's eye, her hand reaching down into her mudpack pouch.

The Predator stands proud astride the forked tree branch, bellowing a roar echoing its power across the jungle, raising the human trophy high in the air.

Valenta slowly reaches a fingertip to caress her wet cheek with fresh mud.

Another faint roar far away to her left, her eyes flicking that direction a moment.

Then a third answering roar far to the right.

Her eyes slowly come back on the Predator sitting down to clean its new trophy.

VALENTA
(softly)
Three.

She continues dispassionately watching the Predator work intently to clean out the skull of her comrade, polishing it lovingly.

EXT. JUNGLE (VALENTA) - DAY

Dawn rising over the treetops, Valenta still leaning against her shielding tree trunk, the Predator high above it refitting his facemask. The human skull now mounted over his shoulder opposite its weapon.

Valenta stretches slowly, sipping from the hose of her hydration pack. She looks around carefully, eyes flicking back to the Predator and then to the jungle.

Slowly she slinks back into the shadow. She takes a few careful paces, keeping to cover, then slips around another tree, and lunges forward.

Sprinting!