

Fast, fast, leaping and bounding around over and between the trees, always the dance to avoid making too much movement as she dodges around leaves and lower branches, twisting and turning past obstacles.

The Predator catches a flash of movement and completes attaching his mask, then turns and leaps high through the trees in Valenta's direction.

As she runs Valenta clutches up her flute/whistle. She sounds off a loud sing-song of signals between the running pounding pace of her legs.

Overhead the Predator is searching for her, tracking the movement, pausing to flick vision controls and see her motion more accurately, but she's bounding far ahead of him between the trees. He leaps forward.

EXT. JUNGLE (BETA TEAM) - DAWN

Parez is standing in a small clearing, the rest of the team scattered around in deep cover, shadows in shadow.

She hears the faint song of Valenta's flute. Calling out without turning.

PAREZ

She's coming!

She lifts her own flute to sing back. Her whistle carrying far through the trees.

From a mud-covered pouch she pulls a single grenade, pulls the pin and throws it away across the clearing.

A loud crack and stream of smoke as the flash-bang grenade echoes through the trees.

Deep in the shadows the surviving archer draws his bow, Turley and Mace settle their weapons under cover while Park crouches over Skyler on the fringe of the clearing.

SKYLER

What's happening?

PARK

We're the bait.

He looks around, shrugging down in his armour, fingering the trigger of his rifle.

EXT. JUNGLE (VALENTA) - MORNING

Valenta hears the echo of the grenade and changes direction, slowing to scramble through brush.

Overhead the Predator pauses and looks the same way, then down at Valenta, barely visible leaping away through the trees. The Predator leaps after her.

EXT. JUNGLE (BETA TEAM) - MORNING

A wisp of red from a smoke grenade swirls around the trees as Valenta zeroes on Perez's whistling and races across the small clearing.

Park rises up on the far side to signal Valenta over, she, runs straight past Perez who's crouching in the grass staring patiently back at Valenta's trail.

The Predator's weapon blasts across the clearing as Park leaps, the blast catching his shoulder and Valenta shouts in surprise at the sudden shock as Park falls away.

Behind Valenta Perez leaps into the air, screaming and waving her arms wide, pointing up at the empty sky.

PAREZ

Here!!

Valenta looks up.

The Predator follows Valenta's eyes, looking up, and misses the arrow from Teal punching through his shoulder, a swirl of remaining red smoke marking its passage.

The Predator leaps, but the arrow is a flag as Turley and Mace shoot from their ambush each side of the clearing.

The Predator spins on Teal in a stumble as a second arrow flashes past his head, thudding into a nearby tree trunk and the Predator's gun shoots back, missing Teal.

Bullets splatter around and over the Predator, his motions exposed in trails of swirling red smoke. Through his vision he cannot see the smoke swirling around him - it's invisible to him.

He slips, skids on a branch, bullets pounding his bulky body, his weapon seeking and blasting at Turley.

As the Predator struggles to turn away the red mist gives his motion away again, punctured by streams of bullets and a final arrow slamming through the mist into the semi-visible Predator's body.

Park is stumbling forward, his body armour smoking and his rifle adding to the fire, zeroing in on the Predator. He unleashes his 40mm launcher in a blast directly at the trees.

The blast catches the Predator's legs, skidding and knocking him off balance with a crash down into the trees.

A scream of fury and Park then Turley rush to the spot, Turley reloading as Park empties his mag into the Predator.

TURLEY

Okay! Hold it!

They all pause, a sudden eerie silence broken by men's panting breath, Park swapping mags as they're joined by Mace, Teal hovering in the shadows.

Turley moves closer, finger tensed on his rifle trigger, the other men circling quietly to keep clear lines of fire. All eyes focus on the fallen Predator.

MACE

Is it dead?

The Predator grunts, trying to reach its suicide bomb. Turley lets it have a short burst from his rifle partly severing the arm, then another burst into the body.

TURLEY

Fuck yeah.

Teal closes up.

TEAL

We've got to move!

He reaches out to Park's backpack, pulling off Park's battleaxe.

Valenta and Perez approach carefully from behind.

TURLEY

We'll call for an airlift.

Slam! Teal chops the Predator's arm off, Park hauling it back and into a black zip-bag.

VALENTA

No airlift!

MACE

Huh?

TURLEY

Why?

VALENTA
There are three of them. The
mission isn't over.

PAREZ
Shit!

She glances around the clearing.

Slam! Teal slices the Predator's other arm off.

INT. BAIT SHOP - DAY

The techs are taking notes over the radio, Schaefer looking over their shoulders as the data is relayed on a large map display.

ZHAO
Here.

SCHEAFER
Okay.

ZHAO
(into the radio)
North West?
Okay.

She taps the info. onto the screen icons flashing up.

ZHAO (CONT'D)
And here.

Schaefer studies the map, then turns to the radio tech,
PETTI.

SCHAEFER
Warn Alpha and Gamma teams to
expect contact.

PETTI
Okay!

Schaefer turns to step outside, picking up a bow and quiver of arrows.

SCHAEFER
I'm on the perimeter.

ZHAO
Yes sir!