

EXT. JUNGLE CROSSING (ALPHA TEAM) - MORNING

PREDATOR 2, P2, is watching Alpha team from a vantage point across the trail as they step out from cover.

One human figure moves out, taking up a position looking up the trail. Another figure follows, looking the other way. Two more step out.

It sees other movement but cannot see the other humans as they move across the trail.

P2's weapon arms and it's laser sights come on.

KIM

IVAN!

The four humans spin out, flipping their IR dazzlers, sweeping the jungle with their lasers, scanners beeping.

P2's startled as his eyes are dazzled by the sudden burst of IR light blasting out from the group.

His vision is blinded for a moment.

He hesitates just as the human scanners sweep across him.

Alarms sound and Chaves open up with a full blast from his 40mm cannon.

P2 is stunned by the blast as the others swing their weapons his way and he leaps up to escape, his weapon shooting back through the dazzling IR lights, catching Chavez's chest full-on.

More cannon fire as waves of frag and needles rip through the jungle, many catching P2 in mid-leap.

He spins around a tree trunk, birds flying away and humans tracking him with their weapons as his cloaking flickers.

More bullets rip through and around the tree, a score tearing into P2 as he takes another leap away from the firestorm, his weapon firing another series of shots back, catching two more humans, their radioman and another gunman, one falling, his rifle spluttering fire away to the side.

Kim turns to the archers and runners. Waving them at the Predator.

KIM (CONT'D)

Track it, go!

They lunge forward to follow P2 into the jungle.

P2 is disoriented, bounding from tree to tree, looking back down his trail as the bush moves but the targets are indistinct.

He adjusts his vision, filtering out the IR dazzle through the trees.

He can barely see the four camouflaged stalkers behind him sliding through the brush.

Kim checks her gunmen. The radioman, GOLDBERG, waving her away.

GOLDBERG
I'm okay, go!

KIM
Alright, radio the situation to the Major.

She glances up.

KIM (CONT'D)
We need drone cover here now.

Goldberg nods, pulling out his radio gear as Kim waves the remaining gunman, WEATHERS, who slams his reloaded 40mm closed.

KIM (CONT'D)
Come on!

They lunge into the jungle after the others.

INT. BAIT SHOP - DAY

Petti is taking the radio call.

PETTI
Contact! Alpha Team!

Zhao begins moving data on the big screen. Schaefer standing back watching it all.

SCHAEFER
Get the drones over them.

A couple of drone operators nod and start redirecting their drones in that direction. We see the visuals of the jungle swerving across their screens.

Schaefer turns to another couple of drone screens.

Through their infrared we see a couple of human female figures running through the jungle under its thick canopy.

The images are marked "Valenta" and "Perez".

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)
Warn the other teams. The aliens
are going to react to this.

EXT. JUNGLE SKY - DAY

A pair of small drones arc across the canopy their camera domes sweeping the trees below.

Through their point of view we see the infrared images of the trees and jungle floor.

A moment and the first running human figures are visible on the ground.

One figure pauses to shoot.

The flare of heat blooms on the camera's view.

EXT. JUNGLE (ALPHA TEAM) - DAY

Kim blasts a volley of bullet fire into the trees. Bullets splatter tree bark and bush.

Weathers slaps a fresh magazine into his rifle, Kim lifting hers out of the way as he leaps forward to take the lead as Kim reloads.

Beyond them the brush bursts, breaks and shifts as P2, the archers and runners race through it.

The humans duck out of the way when Weathers pauses to fire a couple of warning shots then unleash his next burst at P2.

P2 turns and blasts back, we see his limp, the damage to his body, bullet scars on his facemask.

His shots graze one of the archers, ARMSTRONG, who staggers into tree cover while the others duck around and weave through into closer positions.

P2 tries to track all the movement left and right, IR dazzle flicker from Kim and Weathers still masking human movements.

He blasts each side at any movement, missing his targets as they duck and freeze.

The second archer, WU, takes a stance, draws and shoots.

The arrow narrowly missing P2 to slice through the branches by its head.

He reacts with another burst of fire towards WU, who dives out of the way.

An arrow slams into P2's leg. Armstrong, injured but upright, leaning against his tree to shoot.

Another blast from P2 sends him falling back.

Bullets splatter P2's position while the two runners inch closer from behind cover.

P2 spins away, making a leap through the trees into a small clearing. Wu racing after him with another arrow thudding into the alien.

P2 falls as the surviving humans, Kim, Weathers and the two runners join Wu racing up to the alien lying face down in the thick grass.

It grunts laughter, its left arm twisting to show its suicide bomb counting down.

WU
Fire in the hole!

He leaps on the arm, pulling it straight as P2 struggles.

Kim levels a blast of bullets into the arm while one runner, Taman snatches the battleaxe off Kim's back and tossed it to Weathers.

All his heavy muscle heaves the axe up and slams it down on the alien's exposed elbow, severing the forearm in a single blow.

Wu loops a non-synthetic cord around the dead hand and runs out unwinding the short length to yank the forearm into the air.

Kim stamps her foot down on the alien's head as she takes aim at its neck with a blast of her rifle.

Wu hauls the severed arm up around his head, spinning it faster and faster at the end of the cord as its clock ticks down and he steps away from the body.

Weather's chops the opposite arm off and the two runners stuff it into a sack.

The first woman runner, TAMAN, hauls it up and races away as Weathers slams the axe down on the alien's neck, once, twice.

Wu releases the spinning arm sending it flying away into the jungle.

The bomb's clock ticking down as it tumbles through the air.

One, two hundred feet through the trees, it lands with a thud in the brush.