

KIM

COVER!

The second woman runner, COOPER, grabs her back sack with the helmeted head and dives after Taman.

She tumbles into the brush as everyone else dives to the ground.

A flare dazzles the jungle.

Both runners dive to the ground.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The flare of light dazzle across the jungle as its canopy blossoms with the small nuke explosion.

A shudder as a small circle of trees are blown apart, the shockwave rippling out across the treetops and a small plume of ash and smoke burst up into the sky.

INT. BAIT SHOP - DAY

Everyone is startled as the flare of atomic light shines through the tents.

ZHAO

What the-!?

SCHAEFER

(calmly)

Nukes.

He looks in the direction of the light.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Alpha team.

He catches the eyes of the drone pilots.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Search that area for survivors.

They nod and turn to their machines.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Two down.

EXT. JUNGLE (GAMMA TEAM) - DAY

PREDATOR 3 is watching a trail, on the other side, through the jungle cover he sees Gamma Team moving slowly, carefully.

His vision is enhanced, not infrared, he sees the camouflaged archers and runners as shadows in the team.

His weapons are primed, tracking the team, targeting the trailing team member.

The atomic flare dazzles his sensors.

His head flicks around as the small mushroom cloud begins to rise several miles away over the horizon.

The sonic boom hits, followed by the wash of air fluttering the trees.

He looks down at the human targets, all diving into cover, shrugs and locks his weapon down, turning to leap away towards the growing mushroom cloud.

EXT. JUNGLE (ALPHA TEAM) - DAY

The clearing is blasted, ash and dust, trees knocked over.

A few coughs and gasps as Kim, then Weathers and Wu struggle out of the trashed trees.

WEATHERS

(to Wu)

Next time throw it farther.

WU

Yeah, right, there'll be a next time?

The two men look at the grey-ashed circle cleared in the jungle before them.

Kim is looking back at the runners, waving their hands safely.

KIM

We need the drones.

WEATHERS

They could be in range for relay now?

Kim nods and pulls her satphone out.

Wu starts to uncover the remains of P2.

WEATHERS (CONT'D)

Careful.

WU

I know.

He moves carefully through the trash, pulling the ash, dirt, branches aside to reveal.

WU (CONT'D)

Well, look at you handsome.

The headless, armless corpse lies almost unharmed.

KIM

(on the phone)

We need the songbirds.

She waves up at the open sky as one drone flies low over them.

KIM (CONT'D)

Okay, we've got it.

The drone circles around and begins cheeping and singing like the whistles used by the runners.

Kim waves at the runners, pointing up at the songbird drone.

They wave back as the drone slowly flies towards the Bait Shop chirping and singing to guide them home.

The runners move away to follow it, disappearing into the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE (VALENTA) - DAY

Valenta is pacing herself through the jungle, a heavy lumpy pack of Predator body parts on her back.

Overhead she catches a glimpse of her songbird drone through the tree canopy, chirping for her to follow.

She glances back, Perez is a few hundred feet back, looking up for her own songbird. She catches a glance at Valenta, grins and waves Valenta to go on.

Valenta grins, her smile vanishes as she glances around, alert to danger and runs on.

Her pace is methodical, weaving carefully through the trees, around branches.

Nothing disturbs her as she flows through the jungle.