

She keeps her eyes on the ground and the surroundings, her ears pitched to the songbird overhead.

There is nothing but her and the jungle, its sounds and warmth, relaxing her into the pace of her feet on the soft ground.

Her breathing is calm, a steady pace of soft breath matching her feet across the ground, almost hypnotic as one tree after another is passed with her pace.

Her eyes flare awake as she enters a patch of silent jungle.

The tension slows her, as she stiffens to sense everything around her.

Her eyes roll around, searching the silent trees, but she maintains her careful pace.

Slowly she turns her head left and right, eyes rolling up at the trees overhead.

The songbird drone turns around to pick her up again. Circling then pointing the way, circling again.

Her breath deepens, she slows to walking pace.

VALENTA

(softly)

You don't want me do you, you want
my base camp.

She keeps pacing forward, her hand slipping into her whistle. She brings it to her lips, they're dry, she licks them wet.

A brief sound from the whistle, made louder in the surrounding silence.

The drone overhead changes its tone. A few hundred feet back Perez replies with her own whistle.

Valenta gives out another whistle. The drone lifts higher, its hum fades to the edge of hearing. Perez keeps moving forward.

The two women keep up their pace in the silent jungle, the two near-silent drones overhead.

Nearby, high in the trees P3 watches Valenta and Perez, his weapon tracking them as they move on.

His vision zooms on Valenta's pack. He can't see through it, it's just an indistinct lump of shapes.

The two women are moving away, disappearing amongst the trees.

He leaps forward to the next tree, following them.

INT. BAIT SHOP - DAY

Schaefer and Zhao are hunched over one terminal while a couple of very intense drone pilots are leaning into their own.

The rest of the tent has gone silent, everyone tense and watching from their seats, glancing back and forward from their own screens.

We see the infrared images of Valenta and Perez on the pilots' sets of screens. They're seen as small icons Zhao's larger tracking map displays.

SCHAEFER
How far out is she?

ZHAO
About five miles,

(wan smile)
as the drone flies.

SCHAEFER
At least two hours to get here.

ZHAO
If she survives.

DRONE PILOT 1
We could give her fire support
Major?

SCHAEFER
No, we take the risk, bring them
here.

He straightens, addressing everyone.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)
You all know what to do. Get to
your positions.

(to Petti)
Tell all the teams what's
happening.
Recall Delta and Gamma.

The combat team starts moving out. Zhao move her rifle closer to-hand. Schaefer rests a hand on her shoulder.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)
We've got plenty of time.

She nods, eyes glancing at the done screens. Valenta's infrared image jogging through the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE (VALENTA) - DAY

Silence surrounds Valenta.

The only sound is her feet pacing in a jog through the ground litter, her breathing and her body pushing through, around or under leaves and branches.

She paces on. The silence following her.

She weaves around trees with no straight line ahead of her.

Her eyes wide and tense at every shadow, every shape.

She picks up the pace, whistling a signal back to Parez.

Parez slows as Valenta increases speed.

The silence follows her.

Parez looks up at the jungle as the natural sounds of life begin to return. Valenta disappears in the distance.

PAREZ
Good luck girl.

Valenta jogs on, breathing steadily, deeply, the silent jungle surrounding her.

Pace, pace, trees, one, another, more, blurring together, her tension in her movement and the fixation of her eyes, straight ahead.

The eerie silence.

We see the intensity in her eyes. Focussed on what lies ahead, with a brief glance up at her songbird's occasional faint cheeps.

Her breathing steady. Her pace to match her breath, the only sound to her is herself.

We see the movement of P3 behind her as she jogs on. We see the flare of his eyes from half-way up a tree trunk.

There's a shimmer of his leap to a tree branch. Again the flicker of his eyes watching her in the silence.

Later.

The colours of the jungle become more defined, lighter, as Valenta sees light ahead between the trees.

She begins to jog faster.