

EXT. BAIT SHOP - DAY

The wider clearing by the river, the camp silent, a handful of camouflaged faces staring out from the grass and tree shadows.

Schaefer is one of those hidden, covered in camo.mud, the longbow in his hand, an arrow already nocked.

Far across the clearing Valenta jogs out of the jungle, the songbird drone wheeling overhead, whistling a message to her.

She leaps to one side as the drone slams into the ground, exploding and bellowing smoke and fire.

P3 is on Valenta's tail, bounding forward. His weapon and eyes flick from Valenta to the drone crash, as Valenta sprints to the tents.

P3 leaps into the clearing and bounds after her, a current of air following him and swirling smoke behind him.

P3's weapon tracks onto Valenta again, lasers marking her back.

A camp scanner laser sweeps across P3, alarms go off and weapons fire from the jungle either side of his back. The crossfire zips around him.

He leaps away from it, towards the shielded camp and the river bank beyond.

No trees, he has to leap across the ground, one foot landing on a Nightingale board, creaking.

A GUNMAN shoots a 40mm from behind cover to the direction of the creaking.

The 40mm blast shatters the boards and flickers P3's camouflage as his weapon blasts back at the Gunman.

P3 spins around, leaping high in the air, looking down at the camp, seeing all the boards, marking them out and landing to bound away from them.

He crouches to look around the edge of the clearing as another sweep of lasers scan him. Another alarm, another blast in his direction, speckling his stealth, and he leaps away again, the bullets scratching his legs as he leaps.

Valenta moves. He catches her motion and turns that way as she ducks into cover of the tents, his blasts shooting at her disappearing back, missing and puncturing through the fabric shield walls.

A BAIT ARCHER shoots from nearby, sitting up from the thick grass, nocking another arrow as the first glances off P3's arm.

P3 turns to shoot, wounding the Bait Archer, as a burst of bullets splatter the ground and slash the air around P3.

P3 leaps again, closing on the jungle by the river.

Schaefer tenses, seeing the shimmer of the alien coming his way, he tightens his grip on the bow, drawing the arrow back slowly.

Smoke canisters are triggered, low lying swirls of red smoke in the air reveal P3's movement.

Schaefer tracks ahead of the motion in the smoke with his bow and looses his arrow.

He kicks a wooden toggle to release a cord.

The cord frees a weighted log to swing away from the trees overhanging the river just as the arrow thuds into P3's body.

P3 grunts and shoots back, his sensors tracking the arrow and log.

His blast takes out the log.

Schaefer lunges out and swings around opposite the falling log. He's hidden at P3's back.

Another burst of bullets from a hidden gunman traces the space around P3's failing stealth, distracting P3.

Schaefer tumbles to the riverbank as P3's camouflage crackles. P3 turns to shoot back at the hidden gunman.

Schaefer nocks another arrow, draws and shoots at P3's back.

P3's vision is dazzled by IR flashers from the surrounding trees, distracting him from Schaefer's indistinct shape at his back.

The arrow stabs into the back of P3's left shoulder and makes him spin around, weapon blasting across the dirt and grass along the riverbank.

Schaefer tumbles away from the blast, grazed along his leg by the flare of energy.

Another gunman appears from cover, distracting P3, then Valenta shouts from the Bait Shop tents.

P3 makes to leap as another blast of bullets catch him. He staggers, hammered by bullets.

Schaefer picks himself up, less than a hundred feet away, pulling his crystal knife out and running forward. The distant gunman stops firing with Schaefer so close to P3.

Valenta sprints forward, converging on P3 with Schaefer. In the background Perez can be seen arriving, throwing her pack aside and racing across the clearing.

Turning and sensing Schaefer's movement in all the dazzle, P3 swings his right arm around, forearm blades flicking out straight at Schaefer, who's lunging at P3 with his own invisible blade.

Man and creature come into collision, but P3's stabbing arm is dragged back by Valenta, clutching it. It scrapes Schaefer's side but doesn't penetrate.

Schaefer snarls as his blade slams deep into P3's chest. We can see P3's left arm is sluggish in trying to stop Schaefer, the arrow sticking out the back of its shoulder. It roars in pain, but isn't stopped. Schaefer tugs at his knife.

P3 flings Valenta away with a flick of its right arm, its head snapping back to look down on Schaefer, its shoulder blaster tracking down on Schaefer. Target lasers blink on to light up Schaefer's forehead as the alien roars fury.

From behind, an Archer leaps on P3's back, yanking the blaster upwards and off its mounting as it fires, the burst punches the sky.

Simultaneously Valenta leaps again onto its right arm, pulling it back from a second stab at Schaefer, who twists his knife in again.

P3 squeezes Schaefer with its weakened left arm, while throwing Valenta away again and shrugging off the Archer on its back.

Frantically Schaefer, struggling in P3's grip, pulls his blade free, scraping and wounding the left arm, and stabs again, upwards at the alien's throat. The Archer grabs and twists the arrows stuck in the alien's back. Valenta again lunges up as Perez arrives with a crazed scream to join Valenta heaving the alien's blades back.

P3 chokes on Schaefer's blade in its throat, the scores of wounds and weight of four humans on its body is too much and it collapses to its knees, the Archer pulling its head back, the girls pulling the right arm away with all their strength and Schaefer pulling his blade free and back for one final lunge with a grunt to ram it through the alien's neck with force and fury. He screams down at the alien's facemask.

SCHAEFER

This is our world, not yours!

The alien is unresponsive, its dead facemask staring up, inches from Schaefer's face. A small breathing tube snaps apart with a final gasp and flutter of life.

Then stillness.