

The Archer relaxes looking down the at back of P3's neck, Schaefer's blade sticking out the back between his legs.

ARCHER

Careful boss, I think you nicked me.

A moment of stunned silence.

And everyone starts sniggering, laughing and screaming with joy. The two women flopping back in the tall grass and laughing up at the sky, Schaefer grinning.

Others turn up wielding weapons pointed menacingly at the alien corpse.

Battleaxes are raised.

Schaefer steps back to watch the scene, Valenta and Perez pulling weakly on the alien arm as axes slam down, severing body parts.

Lying back in the grass Valenta stares up at her hand coated in alien blood, she turns to reach out carefully squeezing the end of the severed arm just before it's snatched up. She studies a tiny lump of alien flesh between her fingertips, then wipes her hand into her belt pouch, lying back and smiling to herself.

Zhao arrives grinning at Schaefer's side.

SCHAEFER

(to Zhao)

Call the base we need the transport now.

ZHAO

Yes boss!

She races back to the tents as Schaefer gazes around the scene, the smoke, the team working and grinning, the sky, eyes evaluating everything. High overhead a handful of drones circle around the camp and clearing.

EXT. BAIT SHOP - EVENING

The bulk of the camp has been cleared away as one of several helicopters is loaded carefully with a special padlocked high-tech anti-radiation, bio-hazard container by two strong men.

Schaefer is pulling on a cigar with Steel at his side.

STEEL

The truck convoys are making good time. Looks like we're getting away with it.

SCHAEFER

Maybe.

STEEL

Come on, thirty sample boxes on thirty aircraft, ships, armoured convoys to thirty labs around the world. They can't intercept them all.

SCHAEFER

If it goes to plan.

STEEL

And your final plan, still want to go through with it?

SCHAEFER

We've got no choice.

Steel picks up a small armoured pilot case.

STEEL

Well, here's my share of the deal.

He nods at a waiting Huey helicopter.

STEEL (CONT'D)

I'll be watching out for you back at base.

He grasps Schaefer's shoulder.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Good luck.

Schaefer nods.

SCHAEFER

Thanks.

Steel heads for his Huey, jumps aboard and is lifted away.

EXT. BAIT SHOP - EVENING

Schaefer is alone, still camo-dressed, walking along the river bank, inspecting the scene lit by the flickering of a large campfire.

He turns and walks across the sand towards the fire, passing a tall stake in the ground, P3's head mounted on it.

He pauses for a moment to look it in the eye. Shrugs and turns away.

He walks around the fire and takes a seat on a weathered tree trunk. He draws his crystal knife and plants it upright in the sand. He checks his bow and arrows nearby, close to-hand.

Next to his seat we see the predator's helmet. He glances at it.

He looks up at the sky, around the clearing, back at the fire and the head staring back at him across the flickering firelight.

He draws a cigar from a pocket, leaning forward to light it by the fire.

He takes a long slow pull on the cigar, letting its smoke out to swirl away with the smoke and sparks of the fire, swirling up into the night sky.

Behind him the air shimmers, a doorway opens mid-air, a ramp from an invisible craft dropping down to reveal a scarred Predator standing in the doorway.

SCHAEFER

You took your time.

He draws on the cigar and rises slowly, carefully, to turn and face a line of older, battle-scarred Predators standing in and around the entry of the semi-visible starship.

Their LEADER steps off the ramp, eying Schaefer then the head on a stake. It steps forward, intimidatingly close up to Schaefer, looking down at him.

He blows a puff of cigar smoke up in its face.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Yeah.

He waves at the head on a stick.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

That's you if you want it.

The Leader cocks its head at him.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

You understand?

This is OUR world.

You come back you're fucked!

The leader grunts.

LEADER

You're fucked.

It taps Schaefer's chest.

Schaefer waves his hand at the surrounding dark jungle, all the land.

SCHAEFER
This is our world.
You -

Pointing at the Leader.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)
Fuck off!

He points at the ship and the sky.

The Leader cocks its head again, and raises a blade under Schaefer's chin, up, lifting his head, stretching his body.

It holds him there for a moment,
until the sound of sizzling.

It looks down at Schaefer's cigar pressing lightly on its chest, singing the skin.

It grunts a laugh. Then releases Schaefer.

It looks around at the scene. Waves a signal to one of its crew who steps over to P3's helmet, plucking out a small plug then drops the helmet to the ground.

The Leader grunts a laugh again as the crew troop back onboard the starship.

LEADER
You're fucked!

It laughs and turns away, back onto the ship.

A moment and the ramp closes, and, silently, the shimmer fades into the sky.

INT. JUNGLE HIDE - NIGHT.

Two team members are lying in a hide on a crest overlooking the river clearing miles away.

They're camouflaged, wrapped in mudpacks, mesh cages, sandbags, netting and more.

They're surrounded by dirt and logs, cables and pulleys lead out through pipes beside them. They're both looking out of a narrow viewing slit through powerful binoculars, one hand each gripping triggers for cameras with huge telephoto lenses wrapped in metal mesh and more camo-netting and mud.