

After a few moments of sterilisation a pair of robot arms lift the sample container onto an operating table.

The trolley is moved away and another partition seals it and the value door off from within.

The arms open the container.

We see a Predator's forearm control/self-destruct device laid inside, with a pool of blood.

The robot arms reach inside and lift it out as more arms reach forward to begin microscopic inspection of every angle, every shade of light, every frequency in the spectrum.

More arms reach in for blood samples.

We see there are scores of machines waiting their turn.

INT. HIGH CLASS RESTAURANT

It's a quiet corner where Steel and Warne face each other over the remains of a good meal, wine is sipped and savoured.

WARNE  
So, to business?

STEEL  
Why not, it's been a couple of years, time for the dust to settle.

WARNE  
(nodding)  
Yes, politics.

STEEL  
Your world not mine, we're the dumb grunts.

WARNE  
I suspect you're not that dumb, you prefer me to take the lead on that?

STEEL  
And the flak. You have all the resources.

WARNE  
Don't sell yourself short, you and Major Schaefer are shareholders now. What have you been doing with your samples?

STEEL

Sitting on them, waiting to see what you and the government will do.

WARNE

The government are trapped in their own dilemmas, do they keep it secret, do they go public?

STEEL

And Weyland?

WARNE

We have always looked beyond local politics, we have higher ideals.

STEEL

And your ambitions?

WARNE

Weyland will always serve its owners and shareholders where there's a profit.

STEEL

But is there a profit in this? I can see the technology will be profitable, but fighting them again or doing more, does Weyland have those kind of ideals?

WARNE

(carefully)

That might be a problem. The board is leaning towards handing much of the job to the government.

STEEL

I wouldn't hold out much hope for any long term action there. I believe we need a better solution.

WARNE

You and the Major have a new plan?

STEEL

What would you say to a close partnership? A special consultancy for a special job. Something with higher ideals. A small specialist group?

A waiter hovers nearby. Warne glances over him and past at her personal security detail lurking in various shadows.

WARNE

That would require a great deal of discussion.

STEEL

Your place or mine?

He lifts the wine bottle to top up their glasses as she smiles.

EXT. VALENTA'S HOUSE - DAY

A new rural house somewhere in the American West, new paint, new sign up front indicating Dr M.K. Valenta, DVM, Veterinary Practise. A couple of horses in a field beside the house. A wind turbine atop a radio mast stands over the house, huge solar panels on the roof overhanging the edges and satellite dishes to one side.

We approach closer to see a pair of heavily tricked-up vehicles. A brand new bright coloured, floodlight-mounted go-everywhere-offroad custom Ford Raptor pick up truck standing next to and dwarfing a cute little new open-top Jeep Wrangler, big radio aerials looped on both, power winches on the fronts.

Passing them we reach the house, the security cameras watching every angle, the subtle suggestion that this house has been modified, bulletproof glass, stone and concrete foundations, corners, columns, more. This is no typical little house on the Prairie.

INT. VALENT'S HOUSE - DAY

Inside the hallway we pass more security cameras, a state-of-the art reception and small animal treatment room, a modern office gleaming with high technology, to the rear of the ground floor through a secure glass door is a secure room - an airtight lab.

We see Valenta inside, peering over a high-powered microscope and watching a display on a large screen mounted on the wall.

We see a clean table laid out with instruments, tools, and a couple of pieces of clothing, her jungle kit, in a sealed glass box.

She's studying the readouts intently when the phone rings outside, repeated with a small bell just outside the door.

She crosses to the door punching a button on an intercom.

VALENTA

Valenta.

WARNE (O.S.)  
Miss Valenta, this Alicia Warne, we  
have a proposal for you.

EXT. SCHAEFER'S HOME - EVENING

Schaefer is watching the sunset, children playing in the background around a table. He's standing far enough away they don't get a sniff of the cigar he's dragging on.

Anna joins him.

ANNA  
Hey, wanna throw that away and get  
back to your children?

He smiles drawing her into his arms.

SCHAEFER  
Sure baby.

He flicks the stub of the cigar away, spinning into the dirt.

They turn and head back to the family around their supper table out by the house.

The phone rings in his pocket.

ANNA  
Is that it?

He checks the phone screen.

SCHAEFER  
Hu-huh.

He reads the text.

ANNA  
Well?

SCHAEFER  
It can wait for tomorrow.

EXT. SPACE

We see a Weyland satellite orbiting the Earth, a short burst of its attitude jets and it slowly begins to rotate, pointing its instruments out into deep space.

END...