

"PREDATOR 2" The Hunt

Continues...

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THIRD DRAFT
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SLOW FADE-IN FROM BLACK:

RUSHING FORWARD at ground level, mottled shapes racing past camera, slowly resolving into trees, CAMERA RISING into an AERIAL VIEW, speeding on, looking down on a jungle canopy. We slow and CRANE UP, cresting the treeline, the startling sight of the LOS ANGELES BASIN, appearing before us. Title artwork crashes onto screen: PREDATOR 2. On this the TITLE BLEEDS INTO:

Scanning the skyline. Attracted by a strange, distant SOUND, his vision STEPS IN, downward, through the canyons of steel, the distorted WHINE of a SIREN growing louder as the Predator's vision ZOOMS IN to rest on a bizarre scene below: a loping YELLOW wave of FLAME, accompanied by distorted SOUNDS of CRACKLING and POPPING, blood-red STREAKS of LIGHT darting across the street. Suddenly a mushrooming BALL OF HEAT rushes towards us...

As a BOB-TAIL TRUCK EXPLODES into flames, nearly enveloping a late-model CADILLAC abandoned nose-first onto the sidewalk. The keening WAIL grows louder as we DESCEND through the thick smog and shimmering air of a blistering heat-wave; into the midst of a raging BATTLEFIELD:

In the center of the street are two POLICE MOTORCYCLES, literally chewed to pieces by gunfire. Two OFFICERS lie in the street, both bleeding heavily and barely alive.

(CONTINUED)

The officer heads into the fire-zone, moving towards the downed officers, bullet hits raking the shield.

From behind the truck, a GUNMAN emerges to FIRE an M-79 GRENADE LAUNCHER at the cop, the EXPLOSION warping the shield, throwing the cop backwards into the street, leaving him unconscious.

EXT. POLICE LINE - MEDIA BARRIER - DAY

A block beyond the fire zone, where a DOZEN MINI-CAM CREWS are sequestered, the CAMERAMEN jockeying for position, training their telephoto lenses on the action. It could be a scene from the streets of Beirut.

We MOVE PAST FOUR REPORTERS, hunkered down behind CARS and VANS, offering frantic, running commentary to their live TV viewers, their dialogue overlapping.

REPORTER 1 As drought-ridden Los Angeles swelters into it's fifty-ninth day of 107 degree weather, yet another open confrontation between drug lords and city police has erupted...

REPORTER 2.
...Eyewitness-5, on the

scene. For the second time today, we're in a war-zone, Dave. Two officers down, heavy weapons fire, bullets everywhere, the police seemingly unable to gain control of the situation. What apparently began thirty minutes ago as a routine traffic citation has now escalated

REPORTER 3 ... just moments ago, as police were attempting a daring rescue of the downed officers, a tremendous explosion rocked the streets. Perhaps a grenade, we don't know, just that another officer is down...

We HOLD ON TONY POPE, the peacock of guerilla-journalism, the Geraldo Revera of the streets. Two ASSISTANTS, a Mutt and Jeff combo, dressed in 90's retro-hip threads, handle the VIDEO-CAM and the sound as Pope blazes away with his commentary.

POPE

Tony Pope, live with 'Hard-Core,' on the scene and in your home with another exclusive report. It's a scene from Dante's hell, blistering heat, fire and smoke, the screams of dying men filling the streets as vicious drug lords continue to terrorize Los Angeles, waging open warfare for control of the streets. Just who the hell is in charge? (more)

POPE (Cont'd) Certainly not the cops who are outgunned, outmanned and incompetent to handle the situation. Isn't it time the mayor, hiding out in his summer home in Lake Tahoe, declare marshal law, bring in the national guard and put an end to this slaughter...

(CONTINUED)

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4

The increasing WAIL of a SIREN overtakes the scene, as an unmarked POLICE CAR races towards the barricade. Pope pushes the camera, forcing it to track the car as it clips a NEWS RACK before leaping onto the sidewalk, accelerating towards the police line.

EXT. POLICE LINE - FIRE ZONE - DAY

5

Where a SERGEANT and several OFFICERS kneel behind the patrol cars, further protected by portable BALLISTIC SHIELDS. They turn as the patrol car SCREECHES to a stop.

Emerging from the car is DETECTIVE-LIEUTENANT MIKE HARRIGAN, mid-thirties, sweat-soaked white shirt, necktie askew, a huge, long-framed SHOULDER HOLSTER slung under his arm. Harrigan is the 'whip' of Metro Command, - the field commander.

Harrigan makes his way across the street towards the barricade, followed by LEONA CANTRELL, strong, handsome, the stride of an athlete, the purposeful countenance of one born and raised on the streets. She wears on her hip a SMITH and WESSON REVOLVER with a custom grip.

At her side is DANIEL ('DANNY') CUTTER, 37, a tall, raw-boned, man, Harrigan's childhood buddy and police partner for fifteen years.

Harrigan approaches the SERGEANT, crouching beside him. By the way his eyes scan the street, we realize this man's lifestyle has been forged in the no-quarter-given arena of the streets. This is one smart, tough, COP.

HARRIGAN

Don't keep me in suspense, Sergeant.

SERGEANT

Bad scene, Lieutenant. Two motors pulled over a truck, stumbled right into a narc stakeout. Ten Colombians, El Scorpios, armed to fuck all.

(more)

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT (Cont'd) They're trying to get inside that building, their headquarters. Keepin' 'em pinned down but those officers are bleedin' to death.

Harrigan looks over the top of the cars towards the wounded men on the street.

HARRIGAN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

5

Where the hell is Special Weapons?

SERGEANT

Still tied up in that shootout in San Pedro.
Bastards shot down one of our choppers.
Real mess. We're suckin' hind tit 'til they
get here. But Mills and Johnson won't last
much longer. We need an assault vehicle to
get to 'em.

Harrigan studies the fire zone for a moment, the dying officers, then
signals to Danny and Leona to approach.

HARRIGAN I'm gonna go
'chat' with these assholes...

He grabs a SHOTGUN from an officer, giving it to Danny.

HARRIGAN

When I give the signal, give me a
little cover.

Danny racks a round into the chamber.

DANNY

You got it.

Harrigan opens the trunk of his car, riffling through several CANVAS
BAGS, an arsenal of WEAPONS visible. He selects a cut-down ASSAULT
SHOTGUN, checks the action, and slams shut the trunk.

Harrigan jumps into his car, tossing the shotgun on the seat. Holding
the driver's door open, he PEELS OUT in reverse, over the sidewalk,
aiming the open door at a TELEPHONE POLE. The impact rips the door
off, which slides across the sidewalk.

PREDATOR'S POV OF SCENE

From his aerial vantage point as he LOCK-STEPS in to CLOSE-UP,
focusing on Harrigan inside the car as he peels out, racing through
the barricade...

6A EXT. STREET - DAY

6A

The car laying rubber as it blasts through the police line,
aimed at an oblique towards the burning truck and the downed
officers.

Leona swings over the car and OPENS FIRE, joined by Danny and
the police, a cover fire aimed at the Colombians.

6B EXT. HARRIGAN'S CAR - DAY

6B

(CONTINUED)

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6

Like a plains Indian attacking on his war pony, Harrigan, one foot on the gas, his right arm on the wheel, hikes out of the doorway, low to the ground, racing towards the burning truck.

6C EXT. BURNING TRUCK - COLOMBIANS POV - DAY

6C

Of the driverless car, flying towards them. They OPEN FIRE, bullet hits exploding into the car.

6D EXT. HARRIGAN'S CAR - DAY

6D

Bullets ripping through the car, exploding glass, shredding the dashboard and seats, Harrigan dropping even lower to the ground, bullet hits ricocheting off the pavement. As the downed officers come into view, Harrigan throws the gearshift into PARK.

6E EXT. STREET - DAY

6E

The patrol car locks up, sliding past the officers, jerking to a halt, providing cover between the dying officers and the Colombians.

Two POLICEMEN run from the street, dragging the officers to safety, Harrigan, shotgun in hand, sprinting low to the ground, heading for the Cadillac...

SIX of the Colombians, race for their headquarters, firing behind them, their escape covered by Harrigan's car. The officers on the street jockey for new positions, firing as five of the Colombians make it through the door, the SIXTH cut down in a hail of bullets from Danny and Leona, now charging down the street.

Harrigan rolls over the Cadillac, dropping down behind the open driver's door. He rises, catching the remaining four Colombians off guard. They swing their weapons to fire but Harrigan is faster, the 10 gauge slugs ripping huge holes through the door, the four Colombians blown off their feet.

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thru OMITTED
12

7
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12

PREDATOR'S POV OF HARRIGAN

ZOOMING-IN on him, standing in the alley, smoke pouring from the shotgun. But the Predator is attracted by a SOUND, turning upward to SEE a HELICOPTER, HEAT-SWIRLS flowing from the turbines, looking like some gigantic insect. A TRILL emerges from the Predator as suddenly he turns, HIS VISION ZOOMING IN on the doorway where the five Colombians escaped. Another TRILL as he MOVES...

(CONTINUED)

EXT. STREET - FIRE ZONE - DAY

Harrigan emerges from the alley, police rushing from every direction, looking at the BLACK HELICOPTER circling high above. Harrigan tosses the empty shotgun into his car, drawing the long-slide .45 MAGNUM AUTOMATIC from his shoulder holster. Danny and Leona race into view.

Leona
Mike, you okay?

HARRIGAN (all business)
Let's get the rest of 'em.

The sergeant joins them, out of breath.

SERGEANT
(panting)
Lieutenant, just got an order from Chief
Heinemann... 'Secure perimeter,
surround building and wait.'

HARRIGAN
(pissed) Wait? For
what?

SERGEANT
Some bullshit special team. Feds,
DEA, who knows... (beat)
Christ I'm out of shape... this
heat's killing me.

HARRIGAN (looks at building) We let
those bastards get dug in now, we'll
have to level the building to get 'em
out.

INT. LOFT - COLOMBIAN'S HQ - DAY

1

An ARSENAL, dingy, brick-walled, illuminated by skylights twenty feet above, windows shuttered by boilerplate, open steel CABINETS lining the walls, racks of WEAPONS inside. Cases of AMMUNITION are stacked on the floor.

The four Colombians, all wearing TATTOOS of SCORPIONS, are SHOUTING at each other in rapid-fire SPANISH as they break out a variety of HEAVY WEAPONS, an M-60 MACHINE GUN, M-203 GRENADE LAUNCHERS, AK-47's, H&K MP-5's and ASSAULT SHOTGUNS. The Colombians are enraged, crazed as they jam clips into the weapons. From a pile of BULLET PROOF VESTS, one of the men begins to suit up. This is going to be a fight to the death.

The leader, a scorpion TATTOO wrapped around his left eye and wearing a heavy gold SCORPION on a gold chain, slams a CLIP into his weapon. He bends the tail on the scorpion around his neck, revealing a cavity, filled with cocaine. He holds it to his nose, snorting heavily.

EL SCORPIO (screaming) Come and
get it, putos! El Scorpion is
ready!!!

But from overhead, an earsplitting CRASH fills the room, a shower of GLASS descending on the men. As stunned faces turn upward in SLOW-MOTION, we HEAR the chilling TRILL of the Predator's challenge.

EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

Suddenly the faint but distinct staccato STUTTER of AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE erupts from the upper stories of the building, a STEEL SHUTTER blown from the wall by a .40 MM GRENADE. Everyone takes cover except Harrigan, who looks up at the building.

HARRIGAN (quizzically) What
the... Sarge, any of your
people in the building?

SERGEANT
(puzzled)
No.

HARRIGAN
Let's go.

Danny and Leona are at his side, weapons ready.

SERGEANT (protesting)
Lieutenant, I can't send anyone
in there. Heinemann's on his
way now...

HARRIGAN
Well, Heinemann can kiss my
sweet ass.

As Harrigan, Leona and Danny head for the building, the sergeant, in frustration gestures to two of his OFFICERS, wearing 30DY ARMOUR.

SERGEANT
God damn-it, go with
him!

The two officers charge after the three detectives.

17 INT. WAREHOUSE - LANDING - TOP FLOOR - DAY

17

Dark, narrow corridors, blistered green paint clinging to concrete walls, stained and threadbare carpeting. Harrigan, Leona, Danny and the two officers, cautiously make their way up the stairs and onto the landing, weapons drawn, alert for any sound, faces dripping sweat.

Harrigan, the intense, highly tuned warrior, senses the air for some clue, some movement. He turns to Danny, their eyes

meeting, Danny's asking, 'Where?' Harrigan, aware of something the others haven't yet sensed, turns his eyes to a door on the left. He creeps forward, placing his hand on the wall, feeling. He nods.

Danny signals to the others who take up positions around the door. Danny gently tries the doorknob, indicating it's locked. Harrigan nods, leveling the huge .45. Danny, in one fluid motion, kicks open the door, hitting the floor as Harrigan swings in over the top, eyes searching the room, weapons bearing down on:

at least ten Latin WOMEN, huddling, terrified like rabbits, beneath their SEWING MACHINES, piles of UNDERGARMENTS in various stages of completion proclaiming the room a sweatshop.

A momentary look of relief as Danny gains his feet. And then, as if hit by a locomotive, the door behind them explodes open, one of the Colombians charging into the hallway, two AUTOMATIC WEAPONS, in either hand, FIRING back into the room.

(CONTINUED)

A moment of total confusion as the Colombian, covered in blood, SCREAMING INCOHERENTLY, eyes wide with panic, smashes into one of the officers, knocking him to the floor, the raking GUNFIRE as he spins, hitting the other officer, sending him down the staircase.

As the others hit the deck, Leona EMPTIES her revolver, several shots going wild, three hits impacting the madman's body armour, sending him reeling against the wall. He recovers, charging down the hallway and up a stairwell. Oblivious to the danger, Harrigan chases after him, shouting to the others.

HARR
IGAN Take the
room!

The other officer is on his RADIO, calling for backup.

OFFICER
Officer down, fifth floor. We
need backup.

IS EXT. WAREHOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

18

The madman rushes into view, running like a crazed animal.

19 PREDATOR'S POV OF MADMAN

19

seen from the top of the elevator housing, looking down on the Colombian, wildly looking from side to side, searching for the unseen. The Predator begins to move towards the edge...

20 RETURN TO SCENE

20

As Harrigan clears the doorway, eyes moving, scanning, seeing the fleeing Colombian. He runs after him.

The Colombian reaches the edge of the building, still unaware of Harrigan, nowhere to go, trapped. Harrigan approaches.

HARR
IGAN Drop it!
It's over!

In a panic, still hyperventilating, the madman turns, seeing Harrigan, but then something else, something moving, on the elevator housing behind Harrigan.

M
ADMAN No!
Get away!

He swings his weapons up... In a heartbeat, Harrigan FIRES, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, the hot-load, softnose .45 caliber slugs hammering into the man's body armour... carrying him backwards, three steps at a time, seven shots fired, until he hits the edge... a flash of crazed eyes as the madman rolls over the top and...

21 EXT. STREET BELOW - TACO STAND - DAY

21

slams face down through the canopy, a fatal belly-flop, dead-center into the salsa and mound of avacados.

22 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

22

Harrigan slams another CLIP into the .45 with a powerful thrust. He looks up at the sun.

HARR
IGAN Damn, it's
hot.

He starts to move gingerly towards the edge when suddenly he senses something behind him... Instantly he spins, releasing the slide on the .45, going into a crouch, eyes wide, finger closing on the trigger. Harrigan stares through the HEAT-WAVES, shimmering off the roof. He blinks, squinting, seeing nothing but the elevator housing, cables, fence, no sign of any human...

23 PREDATOR'S POV OF HARRIGAN

23

snapping IN-CLOSE to the huge .45, pointed directly at him. He senses that even though this hunter can't see him, his

instincts will cause him to fire the weapon if he moves an inch.

24 RETURN TO SCENE

24

Harrigan, scanning the roof, dismisses the feeling to nerves. He lowers the .45, starting for the stairway.

25 PREDATOR'S POV OF HARRIGAN

25

Now moving towards him at an oblique angle. The Predator moves forward, preparing to jump.

RETURN

TO

SCENE

26

As Danny, and a DOZEN UNIFORMED POLICE, heavily armed with SHOTGUNS, assault carbines, wearing FLAK VESTS, burst through the stairwell and onto the roof.

DANNY
(breathless)
Mike, you okay?

HARRIGAN
Yeah, fine.

Harrigan again moves carefully to the edge, a hesitant look to the street below, Danny casually leaning out over the edge, wincing at the sight of the body below. He absently fingers the gold ST. CHRISTOPHER'S MEDAL around his neck, a habit he does often. He looks back at Harrigan. Harrigan's look to Danny tells us he does suffer from acrophobia.

HARRIGAN I gotta
get down from here.
(to the officers) Search the
roof, work your way down... Check
every floor. There may be someone
else. Seal it off, no one leaves.
(to Danny)
Come on.

Harrigan and Danny push past the officers, entering the stairwell.

INT. ARMORY LOFT - DAY

27

Leona is moving slowly around the room, her face shocked, stunned at what she sees: the room is literally bathed in blood, the brick walls pock-marked and scared from hundreds of machine-gun rounds.

Three BODIES, in various positions around the room are briefly noted. A uniformed COP is standing guard beside the door, trying hard to ignore the scene. Leona, weapon at her side, is

staring at a BODY on the floor. Harrigan moves alongside her, unprepared for what he finds: one of the Colombians, blood-stained face barely recognizable, on his back, his body cavity erupted outward in a horrible rent, the edges fused and cauterized by the Predator's laser. In the b.g., Danny is searching the other end of the room for clues.

Leona looks up.

Leo
na
(aside)
So what happened to Juan Valdez?

CONTINUED:

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HARRIGAN He's out
front, having lunch.
(quietly) What the
hell is this?

Leona
(stunned)
They've been cut to pieces. But who?

Leona follows as Harrigan picks his way around the room, eyes taking in everything, bodies, bullet casings, hits on the walls.

HARRIGAN
Maybe somebody was waiting for them.

Leona
Jamaicans?

HARRIGAN
Their style... But where the hell
did they go?

Harrigan turns to the cop at the door.

HARRIGAN
Nobody gets in here until Forensics
arrives... nobody.
(to everyone) Okay, people, you
know the drill. Field strip the room.
I want the crime scene sketch done in
coordinates, lines from every bullet
hit, piece of glass, body, everything.

Danny, at the far end of the room, is studying the walls, recreating the firefight in his mind. He reaches an alcove, a door slightly ajar. Something wrong. Weapon raised, he slowly opens the door with his free hand, revealing a filthy, unkempt bathroom. His eyes go to the floor, a pool of BLOOD collecting near the toilet.

A single drop of BLOOD splatters into the pool... a slight WHISPER of SOUND from above... Danny wheeling, weapon raised... Against the grimy skylight, twenty feet above, a furtive MOVEMENT, nearly hallucinogenic, the glass and wall moving, then, stillness. Danny's eyes come to rest on the BODY, still clothed, hung upside down, the Achilles tendon pierced by the skylight handle.

Danny backs into the doorway.

DANNY
(urgent)
Mike.
Back here.

Harrigan appears in the doorway, seeing the blood, following Danny's gaze to the body. Danny, using a BROOMSTICK, reaches upward, pivoting the body, the same gaping chest wound, the scorpion tattoo on the face clearly indicating its...

HAR
RIGAN El
Scorpio.

DANNY
Must be twenty feet. No ladder,
no rope...

The uniformed cop appears in the doorway a quick double-take to the body before addressing Harrigan.

COP
Lieutenant. Deputy Chief
Heinemann is downstairs.
(uneasily) Wants you and
your people out of the building,
forthwith.

Harrigan pushes past the cop.

HAR
RIGAN Son-of-
a-bitch.

Harrigan exits, followed by Leona and Danny.

28 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

28

Harrigan and the two detectives emerge from the building. Across the street, DEPUTY CHIEF HEINEMANN, in dress blues, stands arms crossed, flanked by his DRIVER/BODYGUARD, the sergeant and several other OFFICERS.

Harrigan starts to cross the street, then notices the taco cart, body still in place. He walks to the display, lifting the dead man's head by the hair, studying the salsa-encrusted face, the TATTOO of two intertwining SCORPIONS on his shoulder. He turns to Leona.

HARRIGAN I
want a name on this
joker.

He drops the face back into the cart, which hits home with a SPLAT. He heads across the street.

28A INT. ARMORY LOFT - DAY

2SA

A lone POLICEMAN stands guard at the door. We DOLLY towards the bathroom door, PUSHING inside. As we CRANE UP, El Scorpio's body is suddenly snatched upward through the skylight, as if it weighed nothing.

OMIT (29)

30 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

30

Harrigan walks up, face to face with Heinemann, who, despite the sweltering heat, is in full uniform and feeling it.

HARRIGAN
Deputy-chief Heinemann.
What a pleasant surprise.
We don't see enough of you
down here.

HEINEMANN Save the
attitude for someone who gives
a shit, Harrigan.
(gestures) You disobeyed a
direct order to stay out of that
building. Why?

Harrigan takes a step forward.

HARRIGAN (conspiratorially)
Don't let this get out, sir, but
it's a fucking war down here.
Things happen, and when they do,
they go down hard, and frankly,
sir, I don't have the time to
decipher some bullshit order from
the 'Palace'...

HEINEMANN (seething)
Direct orders from a
supervising officer,
Lieutenant! You're in
violation of departmental
policy...

31 PREDATOR'S POV OF THE SCENE

31

watching as Harrigan, like a caged animal, suddenly lunges forward, his finger stabbing at Heinemann's chest. Now

snapping in TIGHT, analyzing Harrigan's speech, sensing the anger, the power of his voice.

HARRIGAN (filtered)
I got a slaughter up
there...

32 RETURN TO SCENE

32

As the bodyguard/driver rushes in, restraining Harrigan.

BODYGUARD For
Christ sakes, Mike. Come
on.

Over the bodyguard's shoulder, Harrigan thrusts his face forward in anger, shouting at Heinemann.

HARRIGAN (continuing) ...
which might have been stopped.
My 'policy,' Captain, is to
stop it where I find it. I
don't roll over for anybody,
Feds especially, without a God-
damned good explanation.

The bodyguard continues to ease Harrigan away from Heinemann, Harrigan and Heinemann glaring at each other. This one goes way back.

Harrigan is again distracted by the SOUND of a HELICOPTER, blades slowly THUMPING. He shakes off the bodyguard, looking up, SEEING the same BLACK HELICOPTER, circling far above the building.

Harrigan looks away from the helicopter, SEEING a team of SEVEN MEN, dressed in suits, a la FBI, carrying heavy SUITCASES, entering the building. A TALL MAN, his back to us, is giving orders to the men. He then turns and strides to a waiting DARK SEDAN. Harrigan turns back to the Chief.

HARRIGAN What
the hell is this
Heinemann?

Infuriated at this disrespect, Heinemann points a trembling finger at Harrigan.

HEINEMANN You
clear this area,
immediately, get back to
your cage at Metro... or
I'll have you up on charges.
(to
his driver)
Let's go.

Heinemann enters the car, which speeds off.

33
thruOMITTED 33
35 35

36 EXT. METRO STATION - DOWNTOWN LA - DAY 36

An imposing fortress of brick and steel bars, CONCRETE
PYLONS extending into the street to prevent car bombings.

The steps to the station house are swarming with every
description of CRIMINAL, HOOKER, PIMP, and their LAWYERS.
Nearby, an open FIRE HYDRANT gushes a torrent of water into
the street as a gang of KIDS takes turns, leaping into the
stream on INNER TUBES, shooting them into the street.

Harrigan and his team mount the stairs, entering the station.

37 INT. PRECINCT-HOUSE - DAY 37

CLOSE-ON a bulletin board containing a NOVEMBER 1997
CALENDER, WANTED POSTERS, retirement NOTICES, and two
departmental POSTERS reading: BE SAFE -- WEAR YOUR ARMOUR
THE ASS YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN; and GOD CAN'T BE
EVERYWHERE, THAT'S WHY HE MADE COPS.

We pick up and GO WITH Harrigan, Leona and Danny as they pass
through a METAL and EXPLOSIVES DETECTOR, moving with them
into the squad room.

38 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY 33

Huge, ringed by FILING CABINETS, COMPUTERS and in the center,
the inveterate STEEL DESKS,. DETECTIVES busily filing
reports, taking statements and interrogating WITNESSES.

Because of the heat-wave, the lights are off, but ELECTRIC
FANS are everywhere, circulating the hot, sticky air. At
the back wall is a series of glassed-in offices, one of them
reading: CAPTAIN PILGRIM.

We go with Harrigan as he passes through the sea of desks,
bored DETECTIVES taking statements, dealing with the phones.
In the b.g. we SEE several burly COPS, hustling a jabbering
OVERDOSE VICTIM through a doorway. He breaks free, the
cops, in a flurry, taking him to the floor.

Passing by several desks we HEAR snippets of conversation:

COP ON PHONE Lady,
you got a backed-up toilet,
call a plumber, not the
police.

From a DETECTIVE taking a statement from a PERSON of
questionable gender.

DETE
CTIVE
(bored)
Straight, gay, or ambidextrous?

At another desk, a line of HOOKERS talk shop, each holding an APPLICATION FORM and a LAMINATED HOOKER'S LICENSE, complete with picture, L.A. seal. A young COP is dealing with an irate HOOKER, dressed in a revealing, sweat-soaked fashion T-shirt and shorts.

COP

This license is expired...

HOOKER
Bullshit. I paid that fee six months ago.
(turns to friend) Tell this meathead, Charity...

At a DESK near the captain's office, a young man, JERRY LAMBERT, is draped over the edge, making time with an attractive FEMALE OFFICER, attempting to write a report. Though young and a bit cocky, his haircut and clothing a bit dorky, out-of-date, he seems confident, street-wise, tough. He pulls the paper from her typewriter, folding it into a HAND PUPPET, moving it close to her.

JERRY (puppet voice) So, what you're telling Jerry is that if the right guy came along, you might go out with someone else.

OFFICER
(laughing) I didn't say that...

Jerry spots Harrigan approaching and jumps to his feet.

JERRY

Lieutenant Harrigan...

Harrigan brushes him aside.

HARRIGAN
Yeah, kid, have a seat, be right with you.

Harrigan reaches the door and without knocking, opens it and enters.

INT. CAPTAIN PILGRIM'S OFFICE - DAY

39

A bank of VIDEO MONITORS on one wall, SILENTLY broadcast local news coverage of the war in the streets. We catch a glimpse of Pope as well.

CONTINUED:

33

CONTINUED:

Alongside, a SCANNER is tuned LOW, providing an up-to-the-minute accounting of the police action in the field CAPTAIN B. PILGRIM, early 50's, thick of limb, heavy paunch, an old bulldog veteran of the streets, is draped over his window AIR-CONDITIONING UNIT, suffering miserably in the heat An ELECTRIC FAN on the desk cools him from behind. Without turning, Pilgrim begins his lecture.

PILGRIM

(fuming)

Don't start with me Mike, Heinemann's already been up my ass so far I won't be able to sit down for a week.

He turns, face red, dripping sweat, huge stains under his arms, distracted by the monitors, he stares at the images.

PILGRIM

(sotto)

We're not winning this war.,

(turns)

And as much as it's going to piss you off, you're going to have to play the game on this one...

He punches the intercom on his TELEPHONE.

PILGRIM (shouting) Get me Sullivan at the D.A.'s. And no bullshit about he's in a meeting. Get him. And Where's today's operations report?

He turns back, picking up a MEMO from his desk, snapping it with his hand.

PILGRIM (reading) 'Effective immediately, a Federal task force, under the direction of Special Agent Peter Keyes, will be investigating criminal activities involving the trafficking and distribution of controlled substances'... And you will extend him your full cooperation...

HARRIGAN

Which means you're cutting off my dick and shoving it up my ass.

CONTINUED: (2)

39

PILGRIM

God-damnit, the Feds are callin' the shots. My hands are tied, so don't put me in the middle of this. I'm two years short and can't afford to lose you. Even if you

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

33

treat patrol cars like they were overhead.
That's three this month.

HARRIGAN

Had a bad muffler and the shocks were
for...

PILGRIM

Don't interrupt me.

Pilgrim sits down, turning the fan into his face. The female
officer from outside enters, handing him an OPERATIONS REPORT.

OFFICER Uh,

he's in a meeting.

A quick look to Harrigan as she beats a hasty retreat.

PILGRIM

Son-of-a-bitch-

(reads report) You've got a
shooting board inquest tomorrow at o-
nine-hundred. But our guys are gonna
pull through. Hell of a job, Mike.

(sigh)

Now, what can I do for you?

Despite this tirade, we sense immediately that Harrigan cherishes
this man, would go to the wall for him. He smiles.

HARRIGAN

Just wanted to make sure you and Ruth are
coming by Ray's tonight, we're doing a
little thing for Leona - it's her twenty-
eighth.

PILGRIM Yeah,

yeah, I'll be there.

The door opens and Harrigan turns, coming face to face with PETER
KEYES, tall, studious-looking but tough, early forties, hair
slightly graying, wearing a suit and tie - a consummate Fed. The
two men appraise each other.

PILGRIM

Lieutenant Mike Harrigan, Special
Agent Peter Keyes, DEA.

Keyes smiles warmly, extending his hand.

KEYES (sincere) Sorry about the
jurisdictional intrusion. Don't mean
to step on your toes but we're
attempting to tie the activities of
these people together on a national
level. I wish I could share more but

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

a large number of deep-cover operatives are involved. You know how it is, we've all got a job to do. I'm sure we can respect each other's situation and act responsibly.

Harrigan looks at Pilgrim and shrugs.

HARRIGAN
Cooperation's my middle name. See you around.

39A INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

39A

Harrigan emerges from Pilgrim's office. Jerry again getting to his feet. He's more aggressive this time.

JERRY
Lieutenant, I'm the new...

HARRIGAN
Like I said, kid, have a seat. I'll get to you.

JERRY
(backing off)
^ Okay...

Harrigan moves on, over to where Leona is filing a report at a stand-up, five terminal COMPUTER STATION. Harrigan pulls her aside.

HARRIGAN
Leona, I want you to stay on this thing. Get in touch with narcotics at Central. See who these feds are working with.

Leona
You got it, Mike. Soon as I finish this report.

A no-nonsense working office, serving as the detective's command center.

TACTICAL MAPS of the city bristle with multi-colored push pins, stacks of PAPER mound the desk, composite SKETCHES and WANTED POSTERS filling the walls.

Danny is slumped in his seat, fanning himself with a section of cardboard torn from a pizza box. On the desk is a disassembled ELECTRIC FAN, SOLDERING IRON, spare parts.

Harrigan is standing at the window air conditioner unit, which emits only a pitiful SQUEAK, as if on it's last legs. Harrigan tests the air flow with his hand.

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

HARRIGAN

Only thing I get from this is wind burn.

He moves to the desk, sitting. He pulls the heavy .45 from his holster,
THUMPING it down on the desk. He looks at Danny.

HARRIGAN

So, what have we got, Danny Boy? DANNY
The five Scorps make the building... the next
minute, they're all hammered.

HARRIGAN And not one
bullet wound...

DANNY

Sliced and diced. Wasn't for drugs or money,
there was a shitload for the taking. You
tell me.

HARRIGAN (reflecting) Remember that
psycho few years back. Bar on South Main?

DANNY (remembering) The
martial arts freak?

HARRIGAN

He killed eight people with his bare hands
before we could take him down, (beat)
Somebody with that degree of skill, maybe
better, knife, sword specialist...

DANNY

A hit? '

HARRIGAN (shakes his head) Pro
would have split when he heard the
action. More than one, we would have
seen them. This guy waited until the
last minute, took out four men armed
with machine guns by hand and then got
by us.

DANNY

And the only one who could tell the
tale did a header off the building.

HARRIGAN

The son-of-a-bitch was right there.
Missed him by seconds.

HARRIGAN

My guess, we've got a very skilled
psycho out there, bent on revenge.

CONTINUED:

4

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DANNY

One night stand?

HARRIGAN

No, I don't think we've seen the last of him, he likes his work too much.

DANNY

(wry)

Maybe we should put him on the payroll.

HARRIGAN

Yeah, but what if he decides to get a hard-on for cops? These are my streets, Danny Boy. I want this guy. This is a bad one. I can feel it.

Danny gets to his feet, looking out onto the squad room. He SEES Jerry, now with Leona at the computer station, obviously, talking about the wonder of Jerry again. Leona is listening patiently. Throughout the following dialogue we OBSERVE Leona and Jerry through the glass.

DANNY

I'll see what I can nose up.

(beat)

Oh, shit. Forgot to tell you. We got a replacement for Ferris, (more)

DANNY (Cont'd)

Jerry Lambert, Billy The Kid of Rampart Station.

Harrigan looks up, spots Jerry.

HARRIGAN

That's a cop? I thought he was here to fix the air conditioning.

(reflects) Lambert, Lambert.

I know the story. First week on the streets he walks into four heavies takin' down a bank. Instead of calling for backup, Kid takes 'em all out, gets a commendation from the Mayor himself. Got a real rep as a Lone Ranger. I don't need that.

DANNY

He's supposed to be one of the best black bag men in the department. Real whiz in surveillance and electronics. And that you do need (beat)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4

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Kid actually requested to come down here.

HARRIGAN That alone makes him crazy.

DANNY
Looks like he's puttin' the moves to Leona.

HARRIGA
N His first big mistake.

40A INT. SQUAD ROOM - TERMINAL STATION - DAY

40A

Leona, arms folded, is intently listening as Jerry regales her with a war story.

JERRY
... So, I said, lady, you're under arrest. And she said, 'why?' And I said, because, you're husband is dead, you killed him. And she said, 'I've stabbed that son-of-a-bitch plenty of times before, and he never died on me...'

She laughs, politely, moving in closer, placing a hand on Jerry's shoulder.

Leona
(pleasant)
That's funny,
(beat)
You know, I have heard about you...

Suddenly she steps in and with an unseen hand, obviously grabs him by the balls, Jerry reacting wide-eyed, gasping for breath.

L
eona
(mean)
- like your last three partners got shot. Try that cowboy shit with me, fucker, and you can kiss these good-by... got it?

Jerry gasps his acknowledgement just as Danny appears. He beams at the two.

DANNY
Well, I see you two have met.
Lambert if you're up to it, why

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4

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don't you limp on in and see the
Lieutenant.

40B INT. HARRIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

40B

Harrigan sits back in his chair, reflecting. A KNOCK at the door. Harrigan looks up as Jerry enters, still trying to collect himself. He looks back at Leona and Danny in the squad room.

JERRY

Is it her time of the month, or what?

Harrigan walks around to Jerry, placing a finger on his shoulder, pushing him down into a chair. Harrigan sits on the desk.

HARRIGAN

This is what I call the 'speech,'
kid. It's the only one I got, I
only give it once, so pay
attention, (beat)
Until now, it's all been fun and
games, cops and robbers and dunkin'
donuts. But you're in the shit,
now. Metro Command is a war zone,
(more)

HARRIGAN

(Cont'd) (beat)

You've got a gunslinger
reputation and that makes me real
nervous. We survive down here
because we're a team, 'cause we
think and act as one.

JERRY

Lieutenant, I know what I'm
gettin' into. I had to bust
my ass to get here.

HARRIGAN

And that scares shit out of me,
kid. No one requests to come down
here unless they're lookin' for a
reputation. There's no room
here for showboats, anyone
lookin' for somethin' to prove.
I won't stand for it.

(beat)

Don't get me wrong, kid. We
need good cops down here. And
they say you're good at what you
do. But the team comes first.
You live by that, you'll be okay
and we'll all be there for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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Remember, the door swings both ways. That's it.

He offers his hand. Jerry is a little blown away, but has an instant respect for this man. They shake.

HARRIGAN
Welcome to the war,
kid.

41
thru OMITTED
43

41

43

43AEXT. CITYSCAPE/APARTMENT - BUNKER HILL - NIGHT

43A

A sweeping PAN across the city, moving UP to one of the buildings, across a lavish patio and pool area, towards the expansive picture windows of the apartment. As we move closer, we can HEAR the faint sounds of MOANING;..

43B INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - BUNKER HILL - NIGHT

43B

Multi-leveled, garishly opulent, befitting the taste of a Colombian cocaine lord. In the dim light we see a COUPLE in bed, making love, their bodies covered by a sweat-soaked sheet. SALSA MUSIC plays softly in the background. From outside we HEAR a muffled SOUND, a dull thud against the floor. Instantly the man, RAMON VEGA, Colombian, muscular, intense face, piercing eyes, pushes away from the girl, his senses attuned to the sound from the foyer. The GIRL, 19, Latin, drop dead beautiful, pleads for Ramon to continue but Ramon lunges across the bed, reaching for an AUTOMATIC PISTOL on the nightstand.

The ornate double doors explode off their hinges as three JAMAICANS, carrying silenced WEAPONS, burst into the room, revealing a quick view of the foyer, a COLOMBIAN GUARD dead on the floor, blood splattered across the gold foil wallpaper.

One of the Jamaicans is on Ramon, smashing him across the face, knocking him to the floor. A second Jamaican yanks Ramon to his feet by his hair. The third Jamaican, huge, powerfully built, terrifying look, moves to the bed. He grins at Ramon, revealing a GOLD TOOTH.

Gold Tooth reaches out to the girl, cowering in the bed, wrapped in the sheet. He grabs her, pulling her to the end of the bed, looking down at her terrified face. He admires her body and then pushes her aside, looking at Ramon. He gestures to his men who close the huge doors, blocking our view of the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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43C PREDATOR POV EXTERIOR PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

43C

Moving swiftly up the side of the building, across the patio and towards the wall of windows.

44
4 thru OMITTED
45
5

4
thru
4

46 INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

46

Now in shambles. We MOVE towards one darkened end of the room, where we SEE eerie SHAPES dancing on a wall, cast from some flickering light source behind an alcove. As we GROW CLOSER, we see the shadow-form of a MAN'S BODY, hanging by his feet.

TIGHT ON the terrified, sweating face of Ramon, strange lights flickering upward. Around the bed, in an eight foot diameter, COFFEE CANS containing burning CANDLES, illuminate the scene.

A DARK FORM places a dented, galvanized BUCKET next to Ramon's head, and a one gallon PICKLE JAR, the lid quickly unscrewed. MOVING UP rapidly to Ramon's chest, huge HANDS use a BLOODIED CHICKEN'S FOOT to paint a strange symbol on the bared skin.

The terrifying image of Gold Tooth snaps into view, long dreadlocks, yellow, rheumy eyes. The huge man takes heavily on a ten inch SPLIFF, sparks and flames flying from the end. He passes the spliff to SOMEONE beside him, exhaling a huge cloud of smoke as he does. He grins, revealing again the gleaming GOLD TOOTH.

In the shadows we SEE, SIX other JAMAICANS, all heavily armed with SHOTGUNS, AUTOMATIC WEAPONS, and PISTOLS.

A long, wicked-looking CANE KNIFE is whipped from its scabbard, the razor-sharp edge glistening in the candlelight, Ramon pleading for his life, his macho countenance betrayed by his trembling voice.

RAMON
I can pay you... two million, in cash. Right now.

The gold-toothed Jamaican grins, holding up the knife.

GOLD TOOTH Ah, this not be 'bout money, mon... this be 'bout power. There's a new king of the streets. This is his message to your people - you be history, mon.

Another Jamaican VOICE from the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4

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JAMAICAN (laughing) Dat's
dread, mon, dat's dread.

GOLD TOOTH But the King says
it ain't enough to kill you, mon...

(holds up pickle jar) He wants
your soul. He walks in the shadow-
land...

(beat)
Voodoo-magic...

A chilling CHORUS of LAUGHTER from the others, as Gold Tooth leans
in close, placing the knife against Ramon's chest.

GOLD TOOTH But it don't mean shit,
mon, it's all the same to me. (beat)
I'll tell you what I believe...

47 PREDATOR'S POV CLOSE ON GOLD TOOTH
4

7

As the huge man leans in closer to the Colombian's face.

GOLD TOOTH (whispering;
filtered) 'Shit happens.' Dat's what
I say, 'Shit happens, mon.'

48 RETURN TO SCENE
4

8

Gold Tooth LAUGHS, chilling, terrifying. Suddenly his eyes go
cold as he drives the point of the knife into Ramon's jugular...

a gout of BLOOD splattering across the girl's chest and face. She
SCREAMS, horrified, backing into the wall, sliding to the floor.

A LASER BEAM silently FLASHES, the DOTS centering on one of the
Jamaicans' chest. His eyes roll down curiously and then towards
the source... as his chest cavity EXPLODES in a froth of blood.

A momentary pause before Gold Tooth SCREAMS, pulling a BARETTA 92
from his waistband, turning and OPENING FIRE in the direction of the
attack.

On cue, the others OPEN FIRE, the room erupting with the
stroboscopic THUNDER of GUNFIRE, continuing on for what seems like
an eternity, the bullets blasting away chunks of CONCRETE, PLASTER,
WOOD and GLASS from the interior walls.

(CONTINUED)

The firing stops, the room growing SILENT, floating on a heavy fog of gun smoke. The interminable silence presses on as the Jamaicans stare into the blackness, deadly, anxious faces probing the room, and then...

one of the Jamaicans is ripped off his feet, driven backwards at incredible speed, a NET of FINE WIRE, driving itself into the wall with SELF-DRIVEN BOLTS, the man trapped behind the taut wire, burying itself into his face, a lattice-work of bloodlines appearing.

Through the room, a BLUR OF MOVEMENT, now behind them, a Jamaican spinning around to fire, two DARTS thudding into his chest, a THIRD sticking in his forehead.

Another blur of movement, through the middle of the Jamaicans, one man turning to SEE the gleaming BLADES of the Predator's FIGHTING KNIFE as they erupt from another man's chest, the man pitchforked through the air.

CONTINUED:

The stunned Jamaicans OPENS FIRE where the knives were a second ago, but from his left, a TELESCOPING SPEAR rockets into view from near the floor, driving into his chest, the man also flipped through the air like a pole vaulter.

The room grows silent as Gold Tooth circles in and out of the light. He looks down, the breech of his Baretta open, out of bullets.

From the shadow-edge, the vague outline of the Predator resolves, now becoming VISIBLE.

The Colombian watches wide-eyed in fear as the Predator moves forward, crossing in front of him as he closes in on Gold Tooth, frantically trying to load another CLIP into his weapon...

the twin KNIFE BLADES flash into view...

PREDATOR'S POV OF GOLD TOOTH

in JUMP CUTS as we move in on Gold Tooth's face... OMIT (50-51)

EXT. STREET/PARKING STRUCTURE - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

One RADIO CAR is near the front entrance, an OFFICER standing beside an open door. Down the street, other CARS are beginning to block off the street.

A dark-colored CARGO VAN, dented and rusted, several antenna on top, is parked nearby, the side door open, Pope's crew frantically preparing their equipment as Pope uses a make-up kit to do a quick pancake job. The inside of the van is cluttered with CAMERA EQUIPMENT, CLOTHING, SLEEPING BAG and a RACK containing several POLICE SCANNERS.

(CONTINUED)

Harrigan's unmarked car accelerates down the street, skidding to a halt. As Danny and Harrigan emerge, another CAR approaches from the other direction, carrying Jerry and Leona

INT. JERRY AND Leona'S CAR - NIGHT

As they pull to a stop, they SEE Pope, followed by his crew, scuttling across the street towards Harrigan.

POPE (faintly heard) Lieutenant, is
this another gang massacre. The
Jamaicans... ?

Leona
Jesus, it's Pope. That parasite must
sleep in his car.

JERRY
I'll handle it. P.R.'s my specialty.

Leona (annoyed) Is there
anything that isn't your specialty?

As Leona exits and heads towards Danny and Harrigan, Jerry heads
for Pop*.

52A EXT. STREET - JERRY AND POPE - MIGHT 52
A

As Pope hustles across the street, Jerry slides in front of him, halting his progress. He begins a rapid-fire rap as he backs Pope towards his van, his crew standing by, dumbfounded.

JERR
Y Tony, my man!

POPE
Who the hell are you?

JERRY (rapid fire) Your biggest fan,
Tony. Catch you all the time.
'Dumpster Diving Mom Gives Birth To Rat
Baby;' 'Lap Dog Explodes In Microwave?'
'Adulterous Siamese Twins Marriage On the
Rocks, Split Imminent.' Love your shit,
Tony, love it.

POPE (protesting) You
can't do this, I'm a...

They reach the van.

JERRY
Listen, Tony, let me give it to you
straight. Me, I appreciate
aggressive, avant-garde journalism,
but those guys over there, they're
not too hip, you know.

(CONTINUED)

POPE
This is a violati...

52A CONTINUED:

52A

JERRY
Don't interrupt me, Tony...
(laughs; crazy) Why hell, they'd
just as soon shoot your ass. If I were
you, Tony, I'd go root for some garbage
somewhere else. Know what I mean? I
know you do.
(gestures) Tony, don't
disappoint ma.

He turns and walks before Pop* can respond.

52B EXT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

52B

Where Harrigan, Danny, and Leona are talking to the two
PATROLMEN. Jerry approaches.

PATROLMAN ... That's when
we took the call. Checked out the
inside for perps. Jesus, it's a
bloodbath.

Over the patrol car's RADIO, a DISPATCHER'S VOICE breaks in.

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)
(filtered) All units responding San
Pedro and Sth Avenue, be advised Federal
officers will handle investigation. All
units block off area between Flower and
6th Avenues. Do not enter premises,
Federal officers will handle.

Harrigan looks at Danny, then to the officers.

HARRIGAN You
didn't hear that.

PATROLMAN
You're the boss.

HARRIGAN
Let's go.

In a deft move, Jerry slides the patrolman's FIVE CELLED FLASHLIGHT
from his belt holster, handing it to Harrigan.

JERRY You
might need this.
(to the officer) I'll
guard it with my life.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

53

(CONTINUED)

The powerful BEAM of the flashlight sweeps through the apartment, playing across the once lavish walls, now rent with bullet hits, and on the floor, amid the debris, hundreds of spent CASINGS along with HANDGUNS, SHOTGUNS, and AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

HARRIGAN (grimly) Look familiar?

DANNY (uneasy) Where the hell are they?

As if in response, Harrigan's flashlight moves to his right, illuminating the grizzly sight of a MAN'S FACE, a mere two feet away, hanging upside down, stripped of skin, nearly obscured by the leaves of one of the potted trees.. A gleaming gold tooth...

Grimacing, Harrigan moves the light, discovering another BODY, hanging from the truss rods, and a few feet further, another BODY, in all, five bodies, in a row, as if in a meat locker. He plays his light into the room, over Ramon's body, still hanging over the bed, the bucket of blood overturned on the sheets.

HARRIGAN
Ramon Vega, the crack-king. One of the biggest operators in East LA. Hundred keys a week.

Leona studies the mark on Ramon's chest.

Leona
That mark. Jamaican voodoo. They were going to take his heart. Terror tactics. Use it to scare shit out of their enemies.
(beat) King Willie.

JERRY
Who?

DANNY
King Willie. Voodoo priest of the LA posses. Ran the terror gangs for Edward Seaga in Jamaica, until he got too powerful. The Jamaican chiefs won't make a move without his approval.

CONTINUED:

Harrigan, Leona and Jerry stare mesmerized at the incredible sight.

HARRIGAN So what the fuck happened?

Leona

Looks like someone crashed the party. From another part of the room, Danny calls out.

DANNY

Mike, over here.

Harrigan moves alongside Danny, who is training his pocket FLASHLIGHT on a dark FORM, sitting on the floor, against the wall. Harrigan's light plays across the scattered coffee ca: and candles, coming to rest on Ramon's girlfriend, eyes unresponsive to the light, catatonic. Harrigan leans down, listening, the girl MUMBLING something in COLOMBIAN, barely audible. He motions to Leona who knells, listening to the girl. She looks up.

Leona
She's not making any sense. Keeps saying, 'El
Diablo vena para ti...'
(translates) 'The devil came for
them'.

Harrigan gets close to her face, looking into the catatonic eyes.

HARRIGAN (softly)
I don't know why you're alive, but when you come
out of this, you're going to talk.

JERRY
If the Colombians did all this, why'd they leave him
behind, and the only witness?

Harrigan turns, moving the light through the debris, across the battle
scared walls. He looks at Danny.

HARRIGAN It wasn't the
Colombians.

DANNY
Our friend from the armory?

HARRIGAN Yeah, we got a new show in
town.

CONTINUED: (2)

53

Harrigan moves to the wall, examining a two inch SLASH, cut through the edge
of a support beam, cleaner than a saw cut. Following the trajectory,
Harrigan moves his flashlight to a beam, high above them. A faint glint
of something reflecting in the light. Harrigan looks at Danny who nods.

Just then a powerful LIGHT centers on the group, the four starting as a
VOICE calls out from the front of the warehouse.

VOICE (O.S.) Lieutenant, could
I see you a moment- in private?

Harrigan turns as the light is lowered, a FIGURE standing by the doorway.
Behind the figure, a TEAM of MEN, carrying SUITCASES, file past the figure
and into the room. Black UTILITY BOXES are placed on the floor which
instantly turn into powerful WORKLIGHTS, casting harsh shadows throughout
the room, revealing as well the face of Peter Keyes.

Alongside Keyes is his right hand man, GARBER, a colder, more mechanical
version of Keyes. Garber begins instructing the agents who fan out around
the room.

As Jerry, Danny, and Leona exit the room, Keyes walks Harrigan to the balcony.

KEYES (light)
They said persistence was one of your more outstanding qualities.

HARRIGAN
Look, I know this is your show...

Keyes turns, revealing an amazing change. In the harsh light another creature is before us, bristling with the cold-blooded anger and lethality of a pit viper.

KEYES
(hissing; menacing) You don't listen very well, do you, Harrigan? You've got a big nose and you've got it too far into my business.
(beat)
Well, maybe you can understand this, next time you cross me, you're going to turn up missing, the result of an unfortunate accident. Do I make myself...

The suddenly FLASH as a SUN-GUN is turned on. Keyes spins, SEEING Pope and his crew, who have somehow snuck into the building from the balcony, aiming their video cam at the scene.

KEYES (shouting) Get them out of here! Get that camera!

Before Pope can run, he is surrounded by two AGENTS, the video-cam SMASHED to the floor.

POPE
You can't do this! I've got my rights as a journalist. Stop...!

The two men hustle Pope towards the door. As he sees Harrigan, Pope struggles, halting the movement momentarily. As he does, Pope activates a tiny MINI-VTDEO-CAM in his hand, making a hurried sweep of the room.

POPE
This is a cover-up, Harrigan. You can't keep the press from this...

Pope is pushed through the door, still protesting. Keyes turns back to Harrigan, settles.

KEYES
I can make it happen, Harrigan. Believe me.

Harrigan stares back, an icy glare in his eyes.

HARRIGAN Who the hell are you, Keyes?

53 CONTINUED: (3)

53

KEYES

The last person in the world you want to
fuck with. Mow get out of here.

They glare at each other and then Harrigan exits, pushing past the
agents, now combing the room.

54
thruOMITTED
57

54

7

5

58 EXT. PENTHOUSE PARKING COMPLEX - NIGHT

58

Teeming with activity, VEHICLES everywhere, CORONERS and ASSISTANTS
waiting for instructions. At the unmarked car, Leona is talking
to Danny and Jerry.

CONTINUED:

Harrigan walks up, still seething with anger from his
encounter with Keyes.

They WATCH as the catatonic girl is taken from the building on
a stretcher, her eyes, even at this distance, cold, unseeing.
Harrigan pulls Jerry aside.

HARRIGAN

Wanna make me proud, kid? Stay with
'em, find out where they take her. Meet
me later at Ray's, (beat)

Be careful, these guys are good.

JERRY

Don't worry. Lieutenant, surveillance is my
specialty.

Jerry enters the patrol car, following after the ambulance
attendants.

HARRIGAN (to
Leona) So, how's he
doin'?

Leona
Under that slick exterior of macho
bullshit, there's more macho bullshit.

HARRIGAN You two
score anything at
headquarters?

Leona

(CONTINUED)

Keyes and his merry men set up
operations in the Tactical Wing.
Off limits. Nobody knows shit,
including the Chief, (beat)
The stiffs from the armory were confiscated by the
Feds as soon as they got to the morgue. Bringing
in their own people to do the work-ups. But
here's the weird part - only three bodies made it.

HARRIGAN

What?

Leona

El Scorpio is missing. No body, no
record of him.

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

A look to Harrigan.

DANNY

If the Feds don't have him...

HARRIGAN Call Nathan Caldwell, FBI,
in Washington. Tell him it's a
personal request from me. See what he
can find out about Keyes and the DEA.
While you're at it, have them run his
military records, (beat)
Not much more we can do tonight.
Come on, I'll take you home.

Leona (feigned shock) Mike, I'm
flattered. You're going to drive me
home? That's a new one.

HARRIGAN (to Danny,
aside) Danny Boy...

He steps away, Danny following.

HARRIGAN

We're going to have to play this real
cool. These guys sure the fuck ain't
DEA. But whoever they are, they've got
the Pope's blessing, (beat)
They should be here for a good four
hours. I'm taking Leona by Ray's. You
stick around, stay out of sight. See what
goes on. I'll meet you here at one o'
clock. I want to take a closer look at
that room.

59
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OMITTED

(CONTINUED)

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6

61 PREDATOR'S POV
61

The Predator's vision locks in CLOSE on Harrigan, analyzing, studying Harrigan's hand, lightly and affectionately placed on Danny's shoulder, the close bond between the two men apparent to the Predator.

HARRIGAN (filtered) But watch
your ass, Danny Boy.

62 RETURN TO SCENE

62

Danny slips him a TWENTY.

DANNY
Like it was my own. Buy a round for
me.

Harrigan walks to the car, enters, driving away. Danny stares at the penthouse and then turns to walk away. But something makes him feel spooked, uneasy. He stops, looking back at the darkened roofline. He turns and walks away.

62A INT. JERRY'S PATROL CAR - DARKENED STREET - NIGHT

62A

With a view of COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL. The paramedics van pulls to a stop at the emergency entrance. As the ATTENDANTS open the back of the ambulance, two ORDERLIES approach. The attendants sign an offered FOLDER. The orderlies then take the stretcher bearing the girl into the hospital.

Jerry leaves his car, moving across the street towards the hospital.

62B
thruOMITTED
62E

62B

62E

63

63

Occupying a corner location in a working-class neighborhood, a NEON SIGN flashing: RAY'S TAVERN, a darting ARROW indicating a basement entrance. Several PATROL CARS are parked on the street, off-duty POLICE OFFICERS entering the bar.

64 INT. RAY'S TAVERN - NIGHT
4 6

The official watering hole of Metro Division, dark wood, brass, mirrors, globe lights, walls filled with PHOTOGRAPHS of cops at

ceremonial and athletic functions, PRECINCT BANNERS and police MEMORABILIA.

The centerpiece of the room is a long mahogany and brass bar, at the moment, packed four deep in off-duty COPS, clamoring for drinks from FIVE BARTENDERS, including RAY himself, ruddy-faced, broad-shouldered ex-cop, now in his element, the best of all worlds, cops and booze.

Above the bar, a hand-painted BANNER reads: HAPPY BIRTHDAY 'BABYCAKES' -- 28 AND COUNTING. The banner has been signed by everyone and DOLLAR BILLS pinned to it, creating a make-shift Irish-Italian money tree.

CONTINUED:

But we find Leona emerging from the bathroom, looking ill, a bit unsteady, holding her stomach. Her HUSBAND early 30's, ruggedly handsome, hipply dressed, earring, takes her by the arm..

HUSBAND

You don't look so good, babe. Leona
Felt like shit all week. It's the damned heat.

HUSBAND You need a
drink.

Leona
Make it a club soda.

HUSBAND (shocked) Club
soda?

A WOMAN OFFICER pushes into view, toasting Leona.

WOMAN OFFICER Leona, didn't you turn 28
last year?

They LAUGH, embracing, Leona grimacing slightly.

At the far end of the bar, Harrigan and Captain Pilgrim are having a heated discussion.

PILGRIM

God-damnit, Mike, I'm trying to save your ass.
I don't like being told how to do my job anymore
than you, but this is the Fed's call.

HARRIGAN

Captain, if Keyes and his suits are DEA, then I'm
the Queen of England. I don't think these killings
have anything to do with the gangs.

PILGRIM

Make sense, Mike. What are you talking about?

HARRIGAN

I don't know, but whoever the killer is, Keyes wants him, for his own reasons.
(more)

HARRIGAN (Cont'd) And he's been given enough power to suppress an entire police department to do it. There's a lot more at stake here than any drug war.

PILGRIM

Then all the more reason to stay the hell out of it. (drinks)
I got to take a leak. You stay here, I'm not finished with you yet.

Pilgrim leaves, leaving Harrigan to contemplate the situation.

64A EXT. HELICOPTER LANDING PAD - NIGHT

64A

Situated on top of the hospital. A black JET RANGER sits idling on the pad. Two of Keyes' men are loading the stretcher, transversely, into the chopper.

64B EXT. BINOCULAR POV OF THE SCENE - NIGHT

64B

Seen from a nearby building. We SEE the doors to the chopper closed, the ship powering up. The men approach Keyes and hold a discussion. Keyes gives them instructions and then turns, returning towards the hospital.

64C EXT. TOP OF NEARBY BUILDING - NIGHT

64C

Where Jerry, binoculars in his hand, watches as the chopper lifts off into the night.

65 EXT. PENTHOUSE PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

65

The street is now quiet, the barricades removed, the last of the PATROL CARS pulling away.

From a darkened doorway, a block away, Danny steps into the light, crushing a CIGARETTE, joining five others on the street. He looks at his watch, only ELEVEN-THIRTY, an hour and a half to wait.

Quickly he makes his way to the penthouse door, carrying a nine-volt LANTERN.

The door has been sealed with a heavy strip of black and yellow plastic TAPE, stamped: FEDERAL EVIDENCE SEAL/IT IS A FELONY TO ENTER THIS CRIME SCENE WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION.

Danny contemplates the seal for a moment, then removes a SWITCHBLADE, cutting the seal. Using a LOCK-GUN he picks the lock, entering the room.

66 INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

66

Inside, Danny switches on the powerful LIGHT, orientating himself to the now empty room. He walks slowly forward, searching for clues, his body WIPING CAMERA...

67 INT. RAY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

67

Harrigan circulating through the crowd, acknowledging greetings from people, but his grim, sober face saying he's just passing time. He glances at his watch reading: TWELVE 'O CLOCK. Harrigan moves on, finding Leona at a booth, saluting her with his drink. She smiles back, pointing her finger at him accusingly.

68 INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

68

Danny is kneeling on the floor, examining bloodstains, finding smeared FOOTPRINTS left by sport shoes. He moves his light, passing over and then back to a strange SMEAR in another patch of blood. He moves closer, studying the outline of a bizarre PRINT, a BARE FOOT, bigger than both his hands, and on one end, the distinctive impression of TOES. Further on, into the wood he finds a partial track of the blood print and deep GOUGES into the wood - like claw marks.

He stands, playing his light up the wall, following the marks as they move upward, left to right, as if something ran up the side. He reaches the raftered ceiling, a look of total fascination and bewilderment as he plays the light across a thick support beam, tiny traces of torn wood visible on the top.

The light comes to rest at a spot twenty feet down the beam, the same GLITTERING object as seen before. Danny grins, placing the light on the floor, aiming the beam into the rafters. Finding a wall partially destroyed by gunfire, he tears away the sheetrock, exposing some of the studs and blocks.

Using them as handholds, he climbs to the top, lifting himself onto the wall, and from there, using the rafters for support, onto the beam.

Cautiously he makes his way to the location of the object. Lowering himself carefully onto one knee, he reaches down, and using his switchblade, digs something from the wood.

He holds it in his hand, puzzled - one of the Predator's DARTS.

Holding onto the dart he stands. As he turns, his foot slips on the splintered wood, going out from under him. Danny grabs an overhead beam, fighting to steady himself. He breathes a sigh of relief.

CONTINUED:

68

Pivoting on the beam he reaches towards another rafter for support, but before his hand can touch the wood, he GRASPS something above it, something invisible, organic...

Reacting in horror, Danny rears back, falling into space...

In an instant the Predator's arm materializes, his hand slamming onto Danny's ankle, claws digging deep into his flesh. Terrorized, Danny reaches for his weapon, swinging it around, but his fingers slip, the weapon CLATTERING to the floor. In the final seconds of his life, Danny sees something in the darkness that turns his blood to ice.

DANNY
(terrified) Mother
of God...

From the blackness, Danny HEARS the Predator's chilling MIMIC.

PREDATOR (V.O.)
(filtered) Mother of God...

Danny is pulled into the rafters.

INT. RAY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

69

Harrigan is standing at the bar, talking to Jerry. As he talks, Jerry is looking over Harrigan's shoulder at someone on the dance floor.

JERRY
(shouting over crowd) She
never made it. Feds were
waiting, hustled her off in a
chopper.

HARRIGAN Black Jet
Ranger, no markings?

JERRY
The very one. Your pal Keyes was
running the show.

Harrigan thinks this over a moment as Jerry scans the dance floor, making eye contact with the female officer seen earlier. She smiles beckoning, fortified by one shy of too many drinks. Harrigan notices the exchange.

JERRY
Now, Lieutenant, if you'll excuse
me, I've got some real police
work to do.

HARRIGAN Okay, kid.
You're off to a good start.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

68

But I got another job for you.
Tomorrow, start a tail on Keyes.
I want to know everything he
does, everywhere he goes. Just
maybe we'll get lucky.

Jerry looks out on the dance floor.

JERRY
Luck is my specialty.

Harrigan throws down his drink and moves away from the bar,
slipping into the crowd, WIPING FRAME...

70 EXT. LEDGE OF OLD BUILDING - NIGHT

70

Twenty stories high, overlooking a section of LA. In the
distance, THUNDER begins to roll, heralding a gathering
electrical storm, sweeping in over the city.

As we PAN RIGHT onto the ledge, the Predator, visible,
springs into frame and runs along the ledge, leaping...

70A EXT. BETWEEN BUILDINGS - NIGHT

70A

At the edge of the cornice on the building on the right, a
stone GARGOYLE stands silent watch over the city. From
above, the Predator, in camouflage, impacts the gargoyle,
pushing off, moving up the face of the building.

OMIT (71)

72 EDGE OF BUILDING - AERIAL VIEW - NIGHT

72

With powerful lunges, the Predator moves up the side of the
building, his claws tearing, grasping into the brick for
support as he scrambles twenty feet in mere seconds.

73 EXT. TOP OF BUILDING - NIGHT

73

Capped by a peaked, ornate copper roof, a towering LIGHTENING ROD
extending into the night sky. Suddenly the Predator rises into
view. He extends his spear, SCREAMING his cry of victory. The
electrically charged atmosphere CRACKLES with energy, drawn to the
spear, enveloping the Predator in the eerie GLOW of ST. ELMO'S FIRE.
As a tremendous THUNDERBOLT strikes the lightning rod, we begin a
slow PULL BACK to reveal the top of the building, the Predator,
proud and dominate, surveying his hunting ground below. He holds
up the HEAD and VERTEBRAE of Danny as we pull back farther and
farther until the entire skyline fills the frame, the Predator, now
merely a tiny GLOW of ENERGY atop the building.

(CONTINUED)

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 76 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 76

Played in WIDE ANGLE. Because of the heat wave, an early morning service - a full police, ceremonial funeral, with HONOR GUARD, MOTORCYCLES and PATROL CARS with RED LIGHTS flashing. The grave site is crowded with POLICE OFFICERS and FAMILY MEMBERS.

Close by, the HONOR GUARD of SIX OFFICERS, FIRE their RIFLES into the air, three times in rapid succession.

Almost immediately, a lone figure breaks away from the grave site, moving rapidly over the landscape. A second figure turns and follows.

77 EXT. CEMETERY ROADWAY - DAY 7
 7

Where a line of POLICE CARS and LIMOS are parked. Pope and his crew are set up, beginning an interview with himself.

POPE
 Tony Pope, live with 'Hard-Core.' A disquieting lull sweeps the city, momentarily halting the raging drug wars. Behind it, the twisted wrath of the Psycho-Vigilante... Now a cop-killer. Who's next? The man in the street, you, your loved ones?..

Harrigan moves rapidly into view, wrenching off his necktie, removing his coat, perspiring heavily in the rising heat. He looks like he's been on a two-day bender.

Pope grabs up his camera, moving alongside Harrigan, thrusting the camera into his face.

But Harrigan is oblivious to Pope's onslaught as he moves towards the cars.

POPE
 Detective Cutter. Why was he killed? Had he discovered something? Did he learn the identity of the killer... Any motive behind these grizzly killings? There are rumors you are up on charges of misconduct...

WHAM, Pope is knocked backwards by Pilgrim.

(CONTINUED)

PILGRIM (seething) Get the
fuck out of here!

Pilgrim catches up with Harrigan. He puts his arm on his shoulder.

PILGRIM Mike,
I'm sorry...

Harrigan turns, quiet rage burning in his eyes.

HARRIGAN Let's get
this over with.

Harrigan enters a patrol car, Pilgrim following.

78 EXT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

78

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the headquarters of the L.A.P.D. OMIT (79)

80 INT. HEINEMANN'S OFFICE - DAY

80

Elegant, wood panelled formality, in contrast to the gritty decor of
Harrigan's precinct.

Heinemann is seated behind a massive desk, severely organized,
reading from an open FOLDER. Beside him is his young Dobermann
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT, starring with smug contempt at Harrigan and
Captain Pilgrim, still in funeral attire, standing in front of the
desk.

Heinemann reads from the folder before him, Harrigan's PSYCHOLOGICAL
PROFILE.

CONTINUED:

HEINEMANN

'Violence-prone, obsessive-compulsive
personality, a history of excessive
physical force throughout his career as
a Los Angeles police officer...' Your
private life seems to be as catastrophic
as your career. Two divorces...

PILGRIM (interrupting) And ten
commendations for valor and the best
felony arrest record in the department's
history...

Heinemann closes the folder, handing it to the Doberman.

HEINEMANN Harrigan, your cowboy-
attitude and flagrant disregard for
policy is going to end. I am under
direct orders from the Chief regarding
this matter, and no one under my command
is going to impede the progress of the

(CONTINUED)

Federal task force, headed by agent Keyes. No one. (beat)
There will be an official investigation into this matter. If it were up to me, I'd charge you for Detective Cutter's death and suspend you right now. But I can wait, (beat)
In the meantime, you'd better find a hole to crawl into, because I'm gunning for you. That's it.

INT. HALLWAY - PARKER CENTER - DAY

Harrigan and the captain moving quickly away from Heinemann's office, both men silent and tense.

PILGRIM

You're too close to this, Mike, stay out of it. It's a police matter now, they can't keep us out. We'll find Danny's...

HARRIGAN (exploding) Danny and I came up together. Fifteen years on the fucking streets, (more)

HARRIGAN (Cont'd)

Whoever killed him is going to pay, and that ass-kissing little son-of-a-bitch isn't about to stop me. I'm going to finish this.

They reach a bank of elevators, stepping inside a waiting car.

PILGRIM

Well, when you find the mother fuck, shoot him once for me.

The door closes.

82 INT. LOBBY - PARKER CENTER - DAY

82

As Harrigan and Pilgrim leave the elevator and are walking across the lobby, Harrigan SEES, through the sea of moving BODIES, a brief glimpse of Keyes as he leaves an office, heading across the lobby.

Harrigan is already moving at a half-trot towards Keyes.

Across the lobby, Keyes is about to mount a stairwell when Harrigan seizes him by the coat, spinning him hard into the wall, his papers scattering across the floor. Keyes drops the file, his face terrified, heart pounding as he looks up into Harrigan's angry face.

(CONTINUED)

HARRIGAN (menacing)
Listen, shit-head, I don't give
a fuck who you really are, or
what you want with this
asshole, because now it's
personal, and he's a dead man.

KEYES
You have no idea what you're
dealing with. I'm warning
you...

Harrigan slams him against the wall.

HARRIGAN
No... You don't know what
you're dealing with. And I'm
warning you. Stay the fuck out
of my way.

Before Keyes can react, Harrigan has released him and is
gone. A look of anger flushes over Keyes' face. Garber
and another of Keyes' MEN rush into view, they look to
Keyes, waiting instructions. Keyes holds up his hand.

K
EYES
(col
d)
No, let him go. We're too close.

As Harrigan walks down the landing to the lobby, his attention goes
to a bank of VIDEO MONITORS, a barrage of SILENT images, from news,
weather, sports, fashion and commentary. PATRONS deposit coins
into a console, activating a single PHONE HEADSET, completing the
broadcast.

He stops, studying the screens on several NEWS SHOWS: PSYCHO KILLER
STALKS LA. A second reads: CITY PARALYZED WITH FEAR - WHO'S NEXT?
And a third: POLICE HELPLESS AS RITUAL KILLER RULES STREETS. On
every screen, the same blurred video FREEZE-FRAME of the hanging
body, taken by Pope at the penthouse.

As Harrigan moves across the lobby, he SEES, Leona and Jerry,
waiting at the door. Harrigan hesitates and then moves past them.

HARRIGAN (coldly)
Forget it. It's over.

He moves past them, down the sidewalk.

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86 EXT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

86

(CONTINUED)

82A INT. PARKER CENTER - LANDING/LOBBY - DAY

82A

As Harrigan moves down the steps, Leona explodes, running after him. She stops him, spinning him around.

Leona
(pissed)
God damnit it, Mike! You don't have the
right to do this! This isn't your
personal little war.
(beat) I loved
Danny too.

Jerry appears from the side.

JERRY
You told me, Lieutenant, the only way you
survive down here is because you're a
team. The door swings both ways,
remember.

Leona You
need us, Mike.

Harrigan stares at them, feeling their strength, their commitment. Slowly he begins to relent.

HARRIGAN
(quietly) All right. We
do it together.
(to Jerry) Talk to me
about Keyes.

86A EXT. PARKING LOT - ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

86A

Harrigan, Leona and Jerry as they move across the street and down the sidewalk.

JERRY
Been on 'em for three days, I been a
cabbie, a carpenter, a lineman, a postman.
They hit buildings all over the city,
sometimes a dozen a day. In for a few
minutes, out again. Sometimes they're
carrying little black boxes. I had
scanners on 'em but all their phones are
scrambled - equipment I couldn't begin to
touch.
(beat)

Then this morning, I lost 'em.

HARRIGAN
Lost them?

JERRY

(CONTINUED)

82A

INT. PARKER CENTER - LANDING/LOBBY - DAY

82A

Like they disappeared. Vernon and
Industry. Gone.

HARRIGAN The slaughter
house district?

JERRY

Yeah, and in this heat, woof.

HARRIGAN

So whatever he's been looking for, he's
found it - or damn close, (beat)
Leona, we're holding King Willie's big man
in South Central. Tell him I can make
certain evidence disappear if Willie will
meet with me, personally.

Leona

But why?

HARRIGAN I don't know what the
killer's connection is with Keyes,
but he's killing drug pushers, big
time operators, the heavies. If
these killings are revenge motivated,
the man who knows why is Willie,
(beat)
In the meantime, I'm going to see
what Danny's autopsy can tell us. I'm
meeting with the ME tonight at the
morgue.

JERRY

Edwards, the chief ghouless. That
place gives me the creeps.

Harrigan opens the door to his CAR.

HARRIGAN

She's a brilliant scientist, kid.
Solved more latent crimes than the
whole department put together, (beat)
Leona, set this thing with Willie.
(to Jerry)
You come with me.

Jerry enters, Harrigan driving away leaving Leona on the sidewalk.

87
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(CONTINUED)

86A CONTINUED:

86A

89 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

89

CLOSE ON IRENE EDWARDS, M.D., Chief Pathologist and Medical Examiner, City of LA. Early 50's, distinguished, highly intelligent face. A devoted scientist, Edwards has dedicated her life to forensic medicine.

Edwards snaps into place two X-RAY FILMS, the soft backlight revealing the SKELETAL PICTURE of a human form, dorsal and frontal views, the body missing its skull and spinal column.

EDWARDS

Death was the result of a massive intrusion of the chest cavity by an edged weapon, which nearly cleaved the heart in two. Death was instantaneous.

(more)

EDWARDS (Cont'd) The officer fell approximately 20 feet to the floor indicated by the massive hematomas and fractures to the left side of the body, (beat) The killer then removed the vertebral column and skull from the body. The muscles, ligaments and cartilage, attaching the spine to the rib cage, were severed all in one massive stroke, better than any surgical instrument could have. Boned like a fish.

(beat)

I've never seen anything like it.

She looks around at Jerry, examining the grizzly equipment and wares of human dissection.

EDWARDS Don't touch anything.

JERRY Don't worry.

HARRIGAN What kind of weapon?

EDWARDS

Double-edged, twelve to fourteen inches long, razor sharp but with some highly unusual properties.

Edwards removes from a small lab REFRIGERATOR a mounted GLASS SLIDE. She moves across the room, placing the sample into the stage of an ELECTRON SCANNING MICROSCOPE.

On a VIDEO SCREEN, the IMAGE switches through several fields of magnification, ending on the CELLULAR STRUCTURE of a bone sample, a light

(CONTINUED)

86A

CONTINUED:

86A

glaze of gray-black substance, partially obscuring one side of the cell-wall.

EDWARDS

This is a bone sample taken from what was left of the vertebral column. We're at 150,000 times normal magnification. That gray-black haze you see over the cell structure is some kind of residue left by the path of the weapon.

CONTINUED: (2)

89

JERRY

Like the metallic traces left by a bullet?

EDWARDS

Yes. But I believe this material is not from the weapon itself, but some kind of lubricant, adhering to the blade, creating a more efficient medium of cutting, like honing-oil on a sharpening stone. But the rest defies analysis.

Harrigan thinks a moment and then removes the Predator's dart from his pocket, handing it to Edwards.

HARRIGAN

I pried this from Danny's hand. This is what took him into the rafters. He died for it.

She takes the dart, fascinated at it's weight. A curious look from Jerry as he moves in for a closer look.

EDWARDS (astounded) It has almost no weight...

HARRIGAN But cuts like steel.

She slides the dart into the stage of the electron microscope, and throws a switch, an IMAGE appearing on the monitor as a COLOR BAND GRAPH, corresponding to atomic weights.

EDWARDS

Fascinating. Properties that almost defy description. It's not metal but a crystalline compound, similar to diamond but much, much harder. And it seems to possess the same self-lubricating qualities as the weapon that killed Detective Cutter.

(points to the screen) What you're seeing is the vapor of this material breaking down... Evaporating...

She moves away from the microscope, an incredulous look on her face. She looks at Harrigan.

(CONTINUED)

86A CONTINUED:

86A

EDWARDS

This material doesn't correspond to anything
on the Periodic Table.

CONTINUED: (3)

89

Jerry looks from Harrigan to Edwards.

JERRY

What the hell are you saying? Edwards
looks at him.

EDWARDS

I don't know what I'm saying. An awkward
silence, broken by Harrigan.

HARRIGAN

Doctor, what about the other victims, anything
there?

EDWARDS (distracted) The federal team
brought in their own forensic examiners.
I'm the Medical Examiner and the Chief
Pathologist for the city and they avoided
me completely.

HARRIGAN

Any way you can get a look at any of the
evidence the Feds have collected? They must
have run tests, maybe there's some record,
something left in the computer.

EDWARDS

I can try, but it won't be easy. I'll see
what I can do.

HARRIGAN Thanks, Doc. We'll be
in touch.

Edwards hands Harrigan the dart and Harrigan and Jerry exit.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

90

Harrigan and Jerry emerge from the morgue, standing in the light of a
street lamp. Harrigan opens his hand, examining once again the dart.

JERRY

Lieutenant, what the hell is that thing?
Really?

(CONTINUED)

86A

CONTINUED:

86A

HARRIGAN

I don't know. But you don't buy it in a hardware store.

90 CONTINUED:

90

JERRY

Military?

Harrigan looks up.

HARRIGAN

Good guess. Either something that got away from them, or something they want, real bad. (beat)
Keyes. We're getting closer.

Harrigan and Jerry move down the street, approaching a darkened corner. Suddenly, from the shadows, a FORM moves, Jerry yanked from his feet, Harrigan spinning, too late, a flash of steel- as a fist wearing BRASS KNUCKLES, slams into Harrigan's solar plexus, doubling him over.

Like a wildcat, Jerry breaks away from his captors, a side-thrust kick to one, a vicious head-butt to the other, his fists flashing, punching, fighting like a crazed animal. He spins free, going for his gun. But before he can clear leather, a SAP smashes into the back of his head, Jerry hitting the ground, his gun skidding across the pavement.

A mid-70's black CADILLAC pulls to the curb, Harrigan jerked upright by two huge JAMAICANS and manhandled into the back seat. The car speeds off as Jerry struggles to his feet, shouting after the disappearing car.

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thru
thru
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9

96 INT. JAMAICAN CADILLAC - NIGHT
96

Harrigan sits in the back seat, surrounded by two, huge, silent JAMAICANS, wild dreadlocks, wearing vests over bare skin, beads, feathers and amulets. The three men fill up the back seat, uncomfortably. Three other JAMAICANS sit in the front. REGGAE MUSIC is playing on the radio as a smouldering SPLIFF is passed around, filling the car with a cloud of smoke.

(CONTINUED)

86A CONTINUED:

86A

The Jamaican to Harrigan's left takes the offered spliff, jamming it into his cupped fist, puffing on it like a bellows, dropping sparks and ashes onto Harrigan's lap as he takes in a giant lungfull of the deadly smoke. Harrigan looks at him, the man's eyes glazed, cheeks puffed.

HARRIGAN
Trying to cut down, huh?

96 CONTINUED:

96

The Jamaican looks at him, exhaling a blinding cloud of smoke as the car draws to a halt. The back door is opened, revealing a long, box-canyon dead end of an alley. The Jamaican to Harrigan's left emerges, motioning for Harrigan to get out.

96A EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

96A

Harrigan emerges, staring down the darkened alley, a dim LAMP over a doorway near the end, beckoning. Harrigan cautiously enters the alley and then stops, eyes roaming up the walls to the top of the buildings. He senses something, but then shakes it off, moving forward.

Harrigan walks to the end, standing in the dim light of the doorway. From the darkness, a deep, booming VOICE seems to come from nowhere, everywhere.

KING WILLIE (O.S.)
(rumbling; chilling) They say you
want to talk to me. That you're offering
me favors. Tell me why, Mr. Policeman?

HARRIGAN I want
some information.

Slowly, from the darkness, a huge looming FIGURE steps forward: enormous shoulders, fierce eyes set in a massive, scar marked face, flowing dreadlocks over his shoulders, bound with beads and brass rings. For a fleeting moment...

At his belt he wears a long drop-point FIGHTING KNIFE, an UZI held loosely in one giant hand. He lays the uzi on a wooden crate, taking in Harrigan.

KING WILLIE
Information? About the one doin'
all this killin' in the streets?

HARRIGAN
He's killed your people and now mine. I
think you know who he is. I want
him.

(CONTINUED)

KING WILLIE (chilling laugh) I
don't know who he is... But I know
where he is... The other side.

Harrigan considers this rap for a moment.

HARRIGAN

(wary
What are you talkin' about?

KING WILLIE The spirit
world, mon. It's goin' to take us
all.

Willie opens his hand, revealing an assortment of burnished BONES.
He throws them on top of the wooden crate, studying them.

KING WILLIE You

see, always the same.

(looks at Harrigan) There's no
stoppin' what can't be stopped. You
know what I'm sayin' to you, mon? No
killin' what can't be killed.

(low; frightening laugh) This
thing be killin' your people and
mine is from the other side. I feel
him all around.

(beat)

There's no stoppin' this kind of thing,
mon. You can't see the eyes of the
demon 'till he come callin'. Dis be
dread, mon, real dread.

Harrigan looks into the Jamaican's face, neither the eyes of a crazy
man or a man afraid, but those of a man who has seen into a
different reality.

KING WILLIE Nothin' else for

you here, policeman. Time to go.
Prepare yourself.

Harrigan turns. At the mouth of the alley, backlit by street
lights, we SEE the Cadillac, doors open, the Jamaicans in repose,
smoking, machine guns in hand. Harrigan walks down the alley,
enters the car, which drives away.

OMIT (97)

98

EXT. REAR OF ALLEY - NIGHT

98

Willie stares into the darkness and again throws the bones, a look
of fear crossing his face as he sees the ominous configuration
before him.

From the space far above him he HEARS the sound of something MOVING
on the top of the building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

98

A small OBJECT falls, CLATTERING off the wall, hitting a TRASH CAN before rolling into the light: a fragment of BRICK and MORTAR.

Straining his eyes, Willie SEES an almost indistinguishable rippling, a movement in the night, moving down the alley wall. In the darkness, something leaps from the wall landing heavily on the concrete.

Willie reaches down, picking up his Uzi machine pistol, throwing the bolt. He cuts loose, raking the alley with a BURST of GUNFIRE. He jacks out the clip, slamming in another. Listening he HEARS a movement, no more than fifteen feet away. He FIRES again, sweeping the alley.

The bolt to the Uzi locks open, gun smoke wafting up from the breech, as Willie stares into the night. Unbelievably he SEES movement, something drawing closer, the Predator in camouflage, moving towards him.

His eyes go down to the alley floor, where he sees the incredible sight of the Predator's FEET made partially VISIBLE by the shorting out of the camouflage effect, BLUE SPARKS of electricity crawling over the outline of two gigantic feet and ankles.

We TILT DOWN into the puddles of water, where WE SEE the complete, reflected IMAGE of the Predator...

King Willie looks up from the feet, into the black shape he can only imagine is there. He reaches for his knife, as we GO IN TIGHT on Willie's terrified eyes...

INT. PREDATOR'S LAIR - NIGHT

99

In CLOSE UP of King Willie's HEAD, dead eyes staring at us. As WE PULL BACK, we see that the head is carried by the Predator as he walks down a long corridor, filled with a strange, brown-colored GAS.

The Predator arrives at a work station, where using a number of alien MACHINES, he strips the layers of FLESH, SINEW, LIGAMENTS from the head, until there is nothing but a gleaming bare skull, painted and aged, as if an art object.

In profile, we SEE a quick glimpse of the Predator's face, helmet now removed, pressing in close, examining his work. He fingers the dreadlocks, admiring them.

100 CLOSE ON A METALLIC PANEL

100

which slides away with a HISS, revealing a BLOCK OF GEL-LIKE MATERIAL, into which are embedded two HUMAN SKULLS, their vertebrae attached.

The Predator's hands press the newly processed trophy into the gel, pushing it inside, the gel flowing back to a smooth surface as the Predator removes his hands. A low,

CONTINUED:

98

satisfying TRILL is HEARD from the Predator as the metal panel closes with a HISS.

100A INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

100A

CLOSE ON a set of white doors which pneumatically HISS open, revealing an intense KEYES, red lights reflecting on his face.

IN CLOSE we move with Keyes as he walks down a narrow corridor, crammed with CONSOLES, SCREENS, COMPUTER TERMINALS, all bathed in red light, looking much like the command center of a nuclear submarine. White clad TECHNICIANS tend to the machines in rapt efficiency, studying microwave, video, radar, infra-red, waterfall, and oscilloscope images. On one of the monitors, we SEE a MAN, installing a VIDEO-CAM on a wall somewhere, the TECHNICIAN running a test with the installer.

Keyes arrives at a terminal command module, where Garber is compiling data.

KEYES

Status on the circulation

test? GARBER

Ambient temperature holding steady
at 23 degrees centigrade. Good
news, up to 87 percent saturation
on the Cesium 90, and rising.

Further down the console, an ASSISTANT, observing a bank of MONITORS, turns to Garber.

ASSISTANT Mr.

Garber, something on the news
feed you should see.

Keyes and Garber turn to the monitor where we SEE Pope, standing at a crime scene, red lights flashing, the alley way where Willie was killed, visible in the b.g. The assistant turns UP the VOLUME.

(CONTINUED)

POPE (filtered) ... in the string
of grizzly murders, attributed to the
psycho-vigilante-killer. But no one
will shed a tear over his latest victim,
King Willie, one of the most blood-
thirsty of the city's drug lords. His
brutally decapitated body was found in a

100A CONTINUED:

100A

putrid back alley way, early this
morning, somehow a fitting demise to
this...

The assistant turns DOWN the volume. Keyes looks up at another MONITOR, where a vague, gaseous, wraith-like FIGURE is seen for a moment before it disappears. A broad, satisfied smile spreads over Keyes face.

KEYES
We're ready for you.

101
thruOMITTED
116

101

116

117 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

117

Serene and quiet, empty but for two CARS, parked on the interior roadway, a battered '85 MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE, and 25 yards ahead, a late model STATION WAGON. Nearby, a MAN and WOMAN are placing FLOWERS around a GRAVESTONE.

In the station wagon, a YOUNG BOY, 6, is behind the wheel, playing cops and robbers. He pretends to screech to a halt, firing out the window an ELECTRONIC SPACE ASSAULT RIFLE, complete with sparks and SOUND EFFECTS. The kid leaps from the car, using it for cover from his make-believe attackers.

Suddenly he breaks into the open, dashing for a tree on a grassy knoll. He dispatches several attackers before sprinting to another tree, situated near the mustang. The kid fires several bursts and then stops, listening... He spins upward, ripping a BURST of laser fire into the tree.

Slowly his eyes travel up, wide with growing wonder as he reaches the top, staring awestruck, directly into the camouflaged presence of the Predator, staring back at him. The Predator's head moves slightly to one side, examining...

117A PREDATOR'S POV OF THE BOY

117A

WHIP-CRACKING onto the tiny human, staring upward at him.

117B RETURN TO SCENE

1173

The Predator's targeting LASER locks onto the plastic weapon, quickly scanning from left to right. The laser SNAPS off. The tiny warrior is of no interest to the Predator - perhaps someday.

The boy, mesmerized, unable to break away, slowly lowers his weapon. Being only 6 and having no other course of action, he reaches into his pocket, extending his open hand, revealing a half-eaten TOOTSIE ROLL.

100A CONTINUED:

100A

BOY (hesitant)
Want some candy?

A frozen moment as the Predator and the little boy stare at each other, broken by a harsh YELL from the boy's mother.

MOTHER (O.S.) Anthony! Get
over here. I told you not to leave
the car.

Anthony turns, SEEING his parents at the station wagon. He hesitates, looking back at the Predator.

BOY
(quickly)
Bye.

He runs to his parents, pointing back at the tree, beginning an animated conversation as he is ushered into the car. The car drives away, solitude once again returning. We MOVE OVER the knoll, to Danny's gravesite, covered in FLOWERS, the sod freshly replaced.

Harrigan stands before the grave - he's been there for a long time.

HARRIGAN
(softly)
It should have been me, Danny-Boy.
Should have been me.

He knells, placing a small leather bound, folding PICTURE FRAME amid the flowers. We GO IN CLOSE on the tattered frame: a PHOTOGRAPH of a much younger Harrigan and Danny, dressed in L.A.P.D. sweats, smiling, arms over each other's shoulders, their days at police academy.

117C EXT. TREE AND KNOLL - CEMETERY - DAY

117C

Harrigan approaches, as seen from the lower branches of the tree, where moments ago the Predator was seen by the boy. Harrigan grows closer and then stops, staring at the tree.

117D EXT. HARRIGAN'S POV OF THE TREE - DAY

117D

Where something glittering can be SEEN in the lower branches. Harrigan moves slowly towards the tree, a growing sense of apprehension as the glittering object grows closer, closer. Harrigan's hand goes to the small of his back, to his gun...

He arrives at the tree, staring at the OBJECT, a gold ST. CHRISTOPHER'S MEDAL. Harrigan turns the medal over in his hand, reading the inscription: DLC 'Be Safe From Harm'.

HARRIGAN (under his
breath) Danny...

100A CONTINUED:

100A

Harrigan pulls his .43, a chilling fear coursing through his body. But in every direction the CEMETERY is quiet, empty, the only SOUND that of BIRDS feeding on the lawn and trees. Slowly he returns to the medal, pulling it free. He stares at it, amazed, confused.

1.17E EXT. DOWNTOWN TRADE/GARMENT DISTRICT - LATE AFTERNOON 117E

Swarming with activity, TRUCKS coming and going, WORKERS loading and unloading garments and pallets of manufactured goods.

117F INT. PHONE BOOTH - TRADE/GARMENT DISTRICT - LATE AFTERNOON 117F

Harrigan is in the booth, punching in a number. He still seems shaken from his encounter at the CEMETERY. He stares into his open hand, holding Danny's St. Christopher's medal.

HARRIGAN (to
phone) It's me.

118 INT. MORGUE - EDWARDS'S OFFICE - DAY 118

Jerry and Leona, looking anxious and tense, are in the room, Leona seated, Jerry, wearing a black eye and a butterfly bandage over his eye, pacing the room. They LISTEN to Harrigan over a high-tech, medical VID-COM TELEPHONE DATA CENTER.

Leona
Jesus, Mike, where have you been? You
were supposed to be here three hours
ago. We've been scared shitless.

HARRIGAN V.O.) Long
story. What's the latest?

Jerry picks up a COLOR POLAROID from the desk, a quick image of King Willie's body on the alley floor.

JERRY
Case you haven't heard, they found
Willie's body this morning, an alley way
on South Adams.

118A INT. PHONE BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

USA

Harrigan, his back to the street, talking on the phone.

HARRIGAN
I know, it's all over the streets
(looks at medal) He was there, I
could feel him. He's close, real close.

118 CONTINUED:

118

118B INT. MORGUE LAB - LATE AFTERNOON

118B

Leona moves towards the phone console.

Leona

Mike, this is crazy - you've got to be careful.

HARRIGAN (V.O.)

We've all got to be careful.

(beat) What about Keyes?

JERRY

Still no trace. And a no show at Willie's crime scene.

Leona

Your FBI contact verifies he's head of a task force investigating gang related drug activity. Transferred out of the D.C. office, eight months ago.

(beat)

But the military records turned up something hinky. Seems there is a Peter J. Keyes, PHD in Physical Sciences, Cornell; worked with Strategic Defense Institute; two years later, commissioned as a captain in Air Force Intelligence. After that his records are classified.

118C INT. PHONE BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

118C

Harrigan knowing the connection is a certainty, another piece of the puzzle, but what does it mean?

JERRY (V.O.) You were right, looks like somebody's on the loose with a bag of their tricks.

HARRIGAN

And Keyes has been sent to get him back.

Leona (V.O.) Mike, this is a dead-end. We're way out of our league with this thing.

HARRIGAN I don't care how big this is, or who's involved. This guy killed Danny and he's goin' down.

Behind Harrigan there is a blurred MOVEMENT. Harrigan spins, coming face to face with a snarling MAW of gleaming FANGS, blood-red gums, a wild staring eye, inches away from the glass. Harrigan slams back into the booth, his .45 drawn. As he catches his breath,

118

CONTINUED:

118

he sees the creature, a huge STUFFED KODIAK BEAR, two WORKERS moving it towards a waiting DELIVERY TRUCK. Harrigan watches as the bear is placed on the lift and moved inside.

Leona (V.O.)
Mike, you still there?

HARRIGAN (watching) Yeah.
Anything from Doctor Edwards?

118D

INT. MORGUE LAB - LATE AFTERNOON

USD

Off to the side and at a nearby TERMINAL, Edwards has been quietly studying something on the screen.

EDWARDS I'm
here, Lieutenant.

On the screen we SEE a display of CHEMICAL NOTATIONS; an ADJOINING SCREEN shows a graph, a molecular breakdown of the chemical notations.

EDWARDS
I searched all the computer files,
The Federal authorities erased
everything.

(punches in data) Except for this - a
fragment of a chemical test on some sample
taken from the penthouse. It's mixed
with wood fragments, probably taken from a
wall or beam.

(reads from the screen) The sample
contains traces of N1 H3; ONO2 and N03, and
bovine hemoglobin laced with
Diethylstilbestrol

HARRIGAN (V.O.) You'll have to
translate that, Doc.

EDWARDS
Ammonia, nitrates, and cattle blood with
heavy traces of DES.

JERRY
DES. Steroids?

EDWARDS
Yes. They inject it into cattle just
before they send them to slaughter. It puts
on weight. Not exactly Kosher.

Edwards turns in her chair, facing the phone.

EDWARDS
I think whoever killed Daniel Cutter had
recently been in a slaughter house.

118 CONTINUED:

118

118E INT. PHONE BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

USE

We hold on Harrigan's face as he contemplates his first solid clue, leading to the killer.

HARRIGAN

That's where we'll find 'em. Take the metro, Long Beach line. I'll pick you up at the Vernon Station in an hour.

JERRY (V.O.) The fucking metro? What's wrong with the car?

HARRIGAN

Surveillance is your specialty, remember? Just because you haven't seen any of Keyes' boys, doesn't mean they aren't around. Slip out the back, make sure you're not followed, then hit the metro.

He hangs up, moving out of the booth to the display window of the taxidermist shop. He stares at the frozen, lifeless faces of once proud animals, now hunter's trophies.

OMIT (119-133A)

134 EXT. MORGUE/HOSPITAL - NIGHT

134

Jerry and Leona descend the stairs from an emergency exit, they look for tails and then move quickly down the street. Leona looks tired, bedraggled. Jerry looks behind them and then turns to Leona, looking at her.

JERRY

Uh, hope you don't mind me saying this, but you don't look so good
I mean, like your pilot light's out.

She looks back, at his black eye and puffy face.

Leona

Feel about as good as you look, Rocky. Brilliant strategy, leading with your face.

JERRY

Whoa, don't be so touchy. I just meant you look like you could use some rest. Where we're going is not exactly a rose garden. Smell out there would gag a rat. I don't think you're up to it.
(beat)

118 CONTINUED:

118

Lock, we're probably going to turn up
nothin' anyway, so why don't you go on
home, climb in the tub, have a cold
one. If we find anything, we'll
call you.

Leona looks at him, smiles. For all his womanizing posture, he's
suddenly caring, attentive.

Leona
Thanks. But it doesn't work that
way. Besides, I want to see this
through, for Danny.

JERRY
Okay. But don't say I didn't tell you.

Leona
You told me. Come on.

They move on, Jerry checking carefully to see if they are being
followed.

135 EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT 135

Jerry and Leona move wearily down the stairs leading to the station,
flowing into the press of COMMUTERS.

136 INT. SUBWAY STAIRS - NIGHT 136

Jerry and Leona BELOW US, making their way through the sea of bodies,
hurrying to make their train.

137 PREDATOR'S POV OF THE STAIRS 137

from the same perspective, the glowing heat-forms of bodies filling
his vision. His vision moves in, LOCKING ON two forms, moving
ahead of him, on the next level of stairs.

138 RETURN TO SCENE 138

as several COMMUTERS look abruptly around them as the Predator's
form, camouflaged against the tile wall, ripples past like a
subconscious wave. Did they see something?

As two MEN approach each other, the Predator crosses between them,
his camouflaged body jolting both men as he moves.

MAN #1
Hey!

MAN #2

118 CONTINUED:

118

Hey yourself, pal. Fuck you!

MAN %1

Fuck, you!

They continue on in their respective directions, hurling insults back at each other.

139 INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

139

A crowd of COMMUTERS waiting for the next car, Jerry and Leona among them. Jerry is telling another of his war stories.

JERRY

... and then there was the guy who robbed the S and L on Fairfax, wearing nothing but a grocery bag on his head, a G-string, and combat boots. Got away with twenty grand. An hour later, when we collared Leroy at his girlfriend's, we asked him why the disguise. He said, he didn't want to wear anything recognizable. A brilliant concept, except that Leroy, a three-time loser, has a twelve inch tattoo of a razor back hog on his ass.

Leona

(laughs)

No.

The train pulls in, they move forward with the crowd.

JERRY

True, true.

Leona God,

that's funny, (beat)

You really do like being a cop, don't you?

They enter the car.

JERRY

Couldn't live without it.

140 PREDATOR'S POV OF THE CAR

140

Watching the heat-forms press into the cold metallic boxes, the doors closing. He moves closer, past several PEOPLE, observing as the car pulls out, gaining speed. The end of the car flies past into the blackness, the rails GLOWING from the immense friction, the third rail white hot, a shower of BRILLIANT SPARKS flying off like a meteor shower as the train disappears down the tunnel.

141 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

141

118 CONTINUED:

118

Tired, exhausted FACES, dripping with sweat in the oppressive heat. Jerry is seated next to Leona, who seems lost in thought.

Jerry looks up to SEE, moving through the connecting doorway from the next car, a WOLF PACK of five STREET TOUGHS, prowling slowly through the cars, examining the passengers like a school of sharks, searching for prey.

As they pass, Jerry spots the handle of a SCREWDRIVER, nestled into a slot cut into the leader's pant leg. He nudges Leona, who looks up, watching as the toughs cruise through the car and into the next.

Leona
The shit never ends.

Jerry and Leona carefully move through the car, following the wolf pack as they disappear into the next car on the train.

142 INT. NEXT SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

142

Where seated at the very end is a tall, nervous-looking MAN, early 30's, high-strung, reading his newspaper. He looks up as the wolf pack enters the car, lowering his paper, a terrified look crossing his face. He picks up his BRIEFCASE, opening it on his lap, his hand reaching inside, face pouring sweat.

The LEADER of the pack makes eye contact with the man. He gestures to the others, they too locking in on the paranoid face at the back of the car -- a victim. Slowly they move towards the man, the other COMMUTERS, like a frightened school of fish, moving away from the man.

The pack closes in, surrounding the terrified man, the leader withdrawing the screwdriver from his pants, a fourteen inch long blade, sharpened to a needle point.

143 EXT. SUBWAY TRAIN - IN TUNNEL - NIGHT

143

A ROARING stroboscopic missile, rattling through the tunnel, illuminated by tunnel lights flashing by and the yellow glow from within.

Suddenly the blackness warps as the PREDATOR'S FORM races TOWARD US, gripping, tearing into the upper curve of the car, just above the windows, like some giant insect racing towards its prey.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - RETURN TO SCENE - NIGHT

144

CLOSE ON the point of the screwdriver, slowly running a furrow through the leather briefcase.

LEADER
Hey, you look like a sympathetic dude.
(beat)

118 CONTINUED:

118

My friend here needs an operation and he's a little short of cash, know what I mean?

Suddenly the man yanks his hand from the briefcase, holding a snub-nose .38 REVOLVER, pointing a trembling hand at the leader.

MAN (in panic) Get the hell away from me!

The leader backs off a step, smiling.

LEADER
Whoa, this dude means business.

He nods at the others, who on cue, begin to distract the man with movements and banter.

CLOSE ON the screwdriver as the leader's hand tightens around the handle.

WOLF #1
Look out, man, liable to shoot your dick off with that thing.

WOLF #2
He ain't gonna shoot us. Are you, dude?

WOLF #3 (a la roger rabbit) Pppplease, don't shoot me, man.

As he whips out a long barreled REVOLVER, pointing it at the man.

WOLF #3 (taunting) Bet mine's bigger than yours.

Suddenly, from ail around, we HEAR the SOUND of COCKING revolvers and automatics. The wolf pack looks slowly around to SEE, five COMMUTERS, pointing expensive handguns at them.

JERRY (O.S.) Hold it!
Police! Everyone put the guns on the floor.

Leona (O.S.) And you, motherfucker, drop the shiv! I said drop it!

Everyone turns, seeing Leona and Jerry in combat stances, BADGES out, heavy REVOLVERS pointed.

Leona
Everyone drop the weapons, now. I will use it.

The shiv CLATTERS to the floor, as the commuters lower their guns..

JERRY

118

CONTINUED:

118

You are all under arrest. We're
holding you until the next station for
the Metro Authority.
(starting Miranda) You have the
right to remain silent, anything you do
say...

From behind them, a HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEK of metal fills the car as one
entire corner of the car is ripped away, the lights SHORTING OUT in
an EXPLOSION of SPARKS.

Jerry and Leona whip around, SEEING in the flashing, stroboscopic
effect of the passing tunnel lights, a HUGE DARK FORM, drop to the
floor from the roof.

From the commuters, a deafening BARRAGE of GUNFIRE erupts. But
instantly, three of the commuters are ripped off their feet by LASER
BLASTS from the Predator.

The remaining GUNS CLATTER to the floor.

In the next flash of light, the form is gone, a moment later, they
SEE another flash of the terrifying form, moving, disappearing,
moving... Jerry and Leona back up, flashes of light in the blackened
car revealing their terrified faces, weapons raised.

Leona
(screaming)
Jerry!!!!

MUZZLE FLASHES from their weapons fill the frame.

As the train rushes through a series of outside lights, Leona SEES
in the strobing images, the wolf pack leader, stabbing forward with
the shiv. In an instant he is eviscerated by something which
SLAMS him against the window.

Jerry grabs Leona, pushing her behind him, protecting her.

JERRY
Get back!

As Jerry and Leona continue to back up, one of the other punks
SNAPS OPEN an evil-looking SWITCHBLADE. But before he can move,
his chest is impaled by something which drives him into the wall.
His body slams into Leona, knocking her to the floor.

She watches as Jerry leaps onto the seats, FIRING RAPIDLY, hurdling
the seat backs, continuing to FIRE as he goes, working his way to
the center of the car, attempting to distract the unseen killer,
luring him away from the passengers.

He jumps into the aisle, jamming a SPEED LOADER into his revolver,
FIRING again.

144

CONTINUED:

(2)

14

4

JERRY
(crazed)
Don't be shy, motherfucker, let's
dance!!!

He SEES a slight movement and FIRES into the darkness, a FLASH of the ricocheting bullet briefly outlining a huge, mottled image - another movement, he FIRES again emptying his weapon, more FLASHING HITS off the Predator's helmet and armour. He racks in another speed loader, the gun reloaded in a second.

JERRY (shouting) Leona,
get out, get out!!!

Leona, now on her feet, momentarily blinded by the blood and terrified out of her wits, begins backing up, SCREAMING to the passengers, huddled at the end of the car.

Leona
Get out! Get in the next car!
Move it!

The rippling shadow continues to move towards Jerry, who continues to FIRE, left to right, until his back hits the door, leading to the next car. While still FIRING, he reaches behind, fumbling for the release handle, pulling, yanking... the door is jammed. Trapped.

Jerry FIRES the last of his rounds, his revolver expended, useless. He stares into the darkness. Another movement before him. Holding the gun like a club he SCREAMS, and with a flying kick, leaps into the darkness...

INT. Leona - THE NEXT CAR FORWARD - NIGHT

Aiming her weapon into the darkness behind her as the door to the lead car is pushed open, the screaming passengers tumbling in on top of each other.

Leona
Keep moving, keep moving!

145

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

14

5

Where tired COMMUTERS wait on the platform for the next train. The train approaches but RACES ON PAST, as WE GO IN TIGHT on the faces of the screaming passengers inside the train.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - Leona'S POV - NIGHT
146

Looking out the window at the side of the train and the rushing wall, the next station drawing closer, closer... Leona sees that

(CONTINUED)

144

CONTINUED:

(2)

14

4

the train isn't going to stop. In the flashes, she looks up, SEEING the EMERGENCY STOP BUTTON. She lunges out, slamming the button. But the train continues on. She hits the button again, and again.

Leona

Stop, God-damn you, stop!

In rage she turns, pushing the panic-stricken passengers aside, covering the car with her weapon as she makes her way to the driver's door. She POUNDS on the door.

Leona

Police! Stop the train! Stop this
fucking train!

She stands back, FIRING three rounds into the lock mechanism and then body slams the door, springing it open.

In the flashing lights of the tunnel and wind rushing into the cab, she SEES the driver, dead, in one hand a SHOTGUN pointed at the blown out window, his other frozen shut on the DEADMAN CONTROL. She pries loose the driver's fingers from the throttle.

A screaming high-pitched SHRIEK fills the car as the train locks, sliding down the tracks. The train comes to a shuddering halt, the doors automatically opening.

Leona

Get out! Get out! Move it, now!

147

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

14

7

The passengers leap from the train onto the narrow outside access walkway inside the tunnel. A tiny spot of light is visible a hundred yards away, the next station. The passengers begin running towards the light.

The last to leave, Leona backs through the door, turning to run with the passengers. She stops, heaving for breath, looking back at the train.

Leona

(sobbing)

Jerry...

She hesitates a moment and then charges back through her fear, towards the train. Her weapon held in both hands, combat stance, she pivots around the opening of the car door, SEEING inside, in a flash of the SPARKING ELECTRICAL WIRES, a brief IMAGE of Jerry, his body, hanging from one of the check straps.

(CONTINUED)

144

CONTINUED:

(2)

14

4

Leon
a Oh, God,
no...

In total panic she turns and runs... headlong into the camouflaged Predator, leaping at her. The Predator grabs her by the throat, lifting her high into the air, Leona screaming.

147A

PREDATOR'S POV OF Leona
14

7A

As his heat-register scans her body we see the various areas of heat: face, heart, and lower, over her abdomen, where we SEE the blue GLOW of another life, deep within her.

A violent movement by the Predator WIPES the frame...

147B

EXT. COMMERCE STREET METRO STATION - NIGHT
14

7B

Harrigan's car pulls to a stop in front of the station, a dozen EMERGENCY VEHICLES in place, flashing lights exploding into the night. Harrigan, a look of panic on his face, runs into the station.

OMIT (148)

149

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT
14

9

Alive with POLICE, TRANSIT AUTHORITIES, FORENSICS TECHNICIANS, MORGUE ATTENDANTS.

Harrigan enters the platform, overwhelmed by the barrage of IMAGES that confront him: the obnoxious Pope, hurling QUESTIONS at him about more attacks from the 'Vigilante Killer'; the subway car, a giant rent where a corner of the roof has been torn away; the FLASH of strobe lights inside the car; BLOOD SPATTERS against the window; BODIES hanging from the ceiling of the car.

He passes by a team of PARAMEDICS, working over a RESCUE GURNEY, Harrigan SEEING the unconscious face of Leona. He grabs one of the paramedics.

HARRIGAN
Is she alive?

(CONTINUED)

PARAMEDIC #1 Yes. Deep
shock, but still alive.

The second paramedic is wearing a set of EARPHONES, connected to a SENSING HEAD, handles on either side. The stethoscope is attached to a portable DATA CENTER, an open SUITCASE of various readouts and monitors. The paramedic continues to scan Leona's body, a read-out of heartrate, blood pressure, registering on the tiny monitors in the case. He stops, listens.

PARAMEDIC #2 I'm picking
up fetal heart tones.
(removes earphones) This woman is
pregnant. Let's move, LA County,
stat.

They hurriedly pack up, pushing the gurney through the crowd. As they move past, Harrigan turns into the rigid, iron-lock expression on PILGRIM'S FACE.

PILGRIM
Mike...

HARRIGAN (numb)
Jerry?

PILGRIM
No sign of him.

An officer approaches, handing Pilgrim a MOBILE PHONE.

OFFICER
It's the Chief.

As Pilgrim takes the call, Harrigan turns, looking down the darkened tunnel, towards the front of the train, away from the investigation. Something pulls him forward and he walks into the tunnel and down the stairs, leading to the access walk, alongside the track.

He SEES a dark splotch on the floor. He kneels, his fingers touching BLOOD. He looks up, down the tunnel to the next elevated staircase, fifty yards away. He strains to see...

A BLACK FORM seems to be kneeling on the platform, backlit. Suddenly, the huge form rises, and in one powerful movement, rips the SKULL and BACKBONE from a BODY. An unearthly CRY rings out as the body is kicked into the tracks below. In an instant, the huge form has disappeared into the stairway alcove.

Harrigan screams, pulling his .45, charging into the tunnel, a man crazed, feet flying, breath coming in ragged GASPS.

Harrigan reaches the alcove, a flash of Jerry's bloody FORM in the tracks below before Harrigan rips open the doors inside the alcove, a set of stairs leading upward, blood stains on the steps.

Harrigan charges the stairs two at a time...

(CONTINUED)

149A EXT. STREET NEAR SUBWAY BUILDING - NIGHT
14

9A

Where several CARS are jammed in the street because of the turmoil at the subway. The Predator leaps..

149B PREDATOR'S POV
14

9B

springing onto the tops of the parked cars, crushing their roofs.

149C INT. PARKED CARS - NIGHT
14

9C

Reactions from the DRIVERS as the roofs are crushed inward.

149D PREDATOR'S POV
14

9D

Leaping, rushing, airborne through a tree, onto a building, up the face...

149E EXT. SUBWAY BUILDING - NIGHT
14

9E

The emergency doors crashes open, Harrigan charging into the street, looking in every direction. Where? He SEES the crushed roofs of the cars, and at the corner edge of a building, a block away, ascending, he SEES the impossible, a rippling form passing in front of a lighted BILLBOARD. Harrigan rushes forward, leaping onto the cars and across the street, IRATE DRIVERS SCREAMING at him.

Reaching the sidewalk and establishing the line of the creature's travel, Harrigan realizes he's being left behind.

HARRIGAN

Shit!

He charges through the streets, back towards the station and his car.

OMIT (150)

151 EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT
15

1

(CONTINUED)

Like a crazed animal, Harrigan, eyes to the roofline, pushes through the crowd of police and reporters. Suddenly, Pope is there, beside him, keeping pace.

POPE
It's the vigilante again, isn't it? How
many victims... more mutilations? Do you
think cannibalism is -

With a powerful sweep of his arm, Harrigan smashes Pope against the wall, knocking him to the ground.

Harrigan drives through the crowd, a mad man, reaching his car. With HORN HONKING, people scattering before him, he CRASHES through the police barricade.

152					1
52 thru					0
MITTED thru 153					15
3					154
154	EXT.	CROSS TOWN DRIVING SEQUENCE - NIGHT			154
		Harrigan driving like a demon, whipping his way through traffic, slides into a deserted intersection. He jumps from the car, looking frantically at the roofline. Nothing. And then, a block away, something rippling through the darkness between the buildings.			
		Harrigan ROARS off down the street on a parallel course with the Predator.			
154A	INT.	HARRIGAN'S CAR	-	NIGHT	15
4A		Screaming down an alley way, SMASHING into a dumpster, spinning it around behind him, Harrigan, eyes peering through the windshield, following the roofline.			
154B	EXT.	INDUSTRIAL STREET - HARRIGAN'S CAR	-	NIGHT	15
4B		Slides into the intersection, stopping.			
154C	INT.	HARRIGAN'S CAR	-	NIGHT	15
4C					

(CONTINUED)

Eyes searching the buildings, Harrigan pounding the steering wheel in frustration.

HARRIGAN
Come on you bastard!!

Harrigan PEELS out, racing down the street. He passes through an intersection, suddenly panic stopping. He throws the car into reverse, peeling backwards, looking down a narrow street, at the end of which is a SLAUGHTER HOUSE, the weirdly illuminated sign reading: REDWING SLAUGHTER...

Harrigan hits the pedal, tearing down the street towards the slaughter house. Harrigan accelerating faster down the street, buildings and parked CARS whizzing past.

From an alley, a BOBTAIL TRUCK pulls into the intersection Harrigan slams on the brakes in a full panic stop...

155
thruOMITTED 155
163

3 16

164 INT. HARRIGAN'S CAR - NIGHT 164

the car drifting sideways, smoking tires, smashing broadside into the truck. Momentarily stunned, Harrigan struggles to open the door, which is suddenly ripped open, DARK FORMS yanking him from the car, throwing him to the street, HANDCUFFS locked around his wrists, a COAT thrown over his head.

165 EXT. FORTY FOOT TRAILER AND TRACTOR - NIGHT 16
5

Parked near the slaughter house. Harrigan, coat over his head, is pushed, nearly carried forward by FOUR MEN up a ramp and inside the truck.

166 INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 16
6

The air-lock doors CLOSE with a HISS. Harrigan is yanked to a stop, the coat removed from his head. He looks around him in bewilderment, finding himself in the strange, high-tech command center.

At the consul, Peter Keyes, wearing a white coat over his suit, looks up from a monitor and then walks to Harrigan. He gestures to the handcuffs.

KEYES
You can remove them.

(CONTINUED)

One of Harrigan's abductors removes the cuffs. Harrigan rubs his wrists, his body shivering slightly.

KEYES

Sixty-five degrees. Computers like it cool.

HARRIGAN

(stunned) What is this?

Keyes studies Harrigan, looking slightly amused.

KEYES

I told you, Harrigan, you don't know what you're dealing with...

Keyes ponders the situation a moment, then leads Harrigan towards the console.

KEYES

But since we're going to be keeping you out of circulation for awhile... I think you'll find this interesting.

At the consul, Keyes punches in some commands on a keyboard. On one of the SCREENS, a tape begins to run, static, code numbers and then an IMAGE of the PREDATOR, seen in a gaseous, wraith-like state, undulating, moving, wisps of energy disappearing, reappearing.

Harrigan stares at the strange image, Keyes studying his reaction.

KEYES (proudly) That, Lieutenant, is your killer. Remarkable, isn't it? (more)

CONTINUED:

KEYES (Cont'd)

(beat)

What you're seeing is an image constructed from the pheromone signature left by his body. Scent molecules. We taped this earlier today. We have hundreds of sensors placed around the city. It's the only way he's visible.

Keyes punches up another screen, this one showing a tape of the BLASTED LANDSCAPE of the jungle clearing, the site of the final confrontation with Dutch Schaeffer and the first Predator. Teams of MEN in environmental suits, comb through the scorched, blasted earth with a variety of INSTRUMENTS.

KEYES

Ten years ago, one of his kind stalked and eliminated an elite Special Forces

(CONTINUED)

166

166

team on a secret mission in Central
America for the C.I.A.

(beat)

The explosion vaporized two hundred acres
of rain forest. The effect of a low-
yield nuclear blast, with no radioactive
fallout. A remarkable weapon.

The image changes to that of ANNA, the Central American rebel, in
her debriefing.

ANNA

(emotional; voice quavering) ... It used
the jungle to move. Very fast,
powerful. It was colored like the
chameleon, invisible... It was hunting
the men, like a game...

Keyes looks up from the console.

KEYES

Several weeks ago we determined that
another of his species had returned to
Earth. To Los Angeles. Picked a
wonderful time, insane violence in the
streets, hottest year on record, perfect
hunting ground.

A NEW IMAGE appears, that of Ramon's GIRLFRIEND, also in a
debriefing.

COLOMBIAN

GIRL (sedated)

El Diablo, a demon... He came
from nowhere... He was
everywhere...

(begins
to cry) He
killed them
all.

Harrigan looks around the room, humming in technical
activity, and then to Keyes. He's beginning to
understand.

KEYES (quietly) That's
right, Lieutenant. An O.W.L.F.
- other worldly life form.

Keyes punches a button. On the MONITORS we SEE, newsreel
footage of violence, streetfighting in the Middle East, Viet
Nam, Iwo Jima, South America, all locations of sweltering
heat.

KEYES

Iwo Jima, Cambodia, Negev Desert,
Beirut, Central America...
Records of strange, unexplained
deaths, dating back as far as

(CONTINUED)

166

166

seven hundred years ago. He's drawn by heat and conflict. Heat is his environment, conflict his passion. He's a being of pure hostility...

HARRIGAN

But with a sense of sport. Takes only the most dangerous - trophies. That's the game, isn't it Keyes?

KEYES

Yes. Because of our intelligence and violent nature. You're a hunter of men, like him. That makes you worthy, a first-rate trophy. He likes you. A lot.

HARRI

GAN Why can't we see him?

KEYES

His defensive adaptations are astounding, apparently possessing the ability to bend light around him, a perfect camouflage. A craft capable of interstellar travel, weaponry so far evolved as to make us seem Stone Age in comparison, (more)

KEYES

(Cont'd)

(beat)

As you've seen, the problems of getting close to one are astounding. They are fearless, yet in the event of compromise or capture, apparently will not hesitate to destroy themselves.

HARRIGAN You

admire this son-of-a-bitch.

KEYES

Not what he does, Lieutenant, but what he is. For what he can give us. To control such powers would be the greatest military and scientific achievement in the history of mankind. More potential than the atomic bomb. I've waited a lifetime for this.

One of the TECHNICIANS turns, calling out to Keyes.

(CONTINUED)

166

166

TECHNICIAN Mr. Keyes,
we're getting something on the
pheromone scanners.

Keyes approaches the monitors, SEEING the faint image of the
wraith-like presence of the Predator.

TECHNICIAN Target-one has
entered the outer ring at six
hundred meters. Keeping to the
normal track. He's stopped.

KEYES
It's taken us over two weeks to
determine his point of origin, his
lair. We know his ship is very
close. The samples from the
warehouse led us to the packing
house, where he comes to feed.
Seems he has a taste for beef.

HARRIGAN
(
wry)
What
else
?

TECHNICIAN
Target-one is moving again,
sir.

KEYES
We've prepared a little trap for
him in the packing house.

Keyes punches up a large MONITOR where we SEE in the forward
section of the trailer, SEVEN MEN, dressed in flat-black,
refrigerated ENVIRONMENTAL SUITS, are making last minute
checks to their equipment, a VIDEO CAMERA, and a wonderfully
strange looking WEAPON, a long barreled matt finished RIFLE,
a ventilated SHIELD covering most of the barrel and breech.

At the moment, one of the men is charging the gun from a
larger CYLINDER labeled: LIQUID NITROGEN.

HARRIGAN
Nitrogen? You're not going to
kill this thing, you plan to
freeze him.

As Keyes continues, he too begins to pull on a similar SUIT,
colored silver for I.D..

KEYES
Until we can get him into a
cryogenics chamber. We have to
capture him alive, isolate that
self-destruct device of his. A

(CONTINUED)

166

166

nuclear sized blast in the jungle is one thing, in LA it's quite another. The cost of life would be staggering.

HARRIGAN (bitterly)
Don't you think you've let enough people die already, Keyes?

KEYES
Harrigan, to gain the insight into this kind of knowledge is worthy of a few sacrifices.

HARRIGAN Sacrifice. The thought of what people like you would do with weapons like that scares the shit out of me. (beat) Tell me, if he camouflages so well, how can you see him?

KEYES
We've concluded he must see in the infra-red spectrum. He finds us by our heat register. (more)

KEYES (Cont'd) Block the body's heat, and he's blind. (beat)
Those suits are constructed to insulate all body heat, making us invisible to him.

In the cool room, the OWLF team begins to put on HOODS, covering their heads, pulling into place oblong-shaped GOGGLES, electrical cables running to their back packs.

KEYES (continuing) We've flooded the packing house with microscopic, radioactive dust, sensitive to ultra-violet light - cold light. The dust will adhere to his body, making him visible to the ultra-violet goggles our team is wearing.

TECHNICIAN He's coming in. Two blocks away.

Keyes hits a BUTTON on the console.

KEYES
He's on his way. This is go. Load up and prepare for infiltration. As soon as he's in, we roll, (beat) Enjoy the show, Lieutenant. This is history.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (5)

166

Keyes pulls on his hood, disappearing into an airlock. On the monitor, in the cool room, a door opens, revealing the inside of a VAN. Keyes and the OWLF team begins transferring from the room into the van.

167 EXT. ROOF TOPS - INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

167

Where on a gravel-topped roof, the Predator's camouflaged form drops into view, the rippling shape moving across the building.

168 PREDATOR'S POV - ROOF TOP

163

as he reaches the edge, leaping down to an adjoining building, moving on.

169 EXT. ROOF OF PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT

169

The Predator lands on the roof, moving towards a large VENTILATOR DUCT. The Predator COMES OUT OF CAMOUFLAGE.

170 PREDATOR'S POV

170

drawing closer and then entering the duct.

171 INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

171

An IMAGE appears on one of the monitors.

TECHNICIAN He's in the
building. Top floor.

Garber hits the intercom switch.

GARBER He's in.
Time to move.

172 EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

17

2

The heavy UTILITY VAN, blackened windows, heavy HEAT TRAPS attached to the exhaust pipes, rolls from the trailer, approaching the packing house, a block away.

173 EXT. PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT

17

3

The van pulls to a halt, the OWLF team deploying, entering the building through a sliding metal door which they unlock. The team consists of Keyes, carrying a heavy NITROGEN-GUN, a second NITROGEN-GUN OPERATOR, VIDEO CAMERAMAN, and five CAPTURE MEN, carrying a NET and other restraint EQUIPMENT. All the men are carrying heavy caliber SIDEARMS.

KEYES (V.O.) (filtered) We're in,
switching to ultra-violet. Radio
silence.

174 INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 17
4

Where on one of the screens WE SEE the low-light, intensified image from the VIDEO CAM, glowing green, revealing the team as they move into assault position. They move slowly through the bottom floor of the packing house.

175 INT. PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT 175

In the near darkness, we can barely make out the shapes of CONVEYOR BELTS, CUTTING TABLES, BAND SAWS and other EQUIPMENT, as well as the vague shapes of the OWLF team, moving towards a steel STAIRCASE.

176 KEYES' POV OF THE ROOM 176

SEEN in ultra-violet, the SOUND of labored BREATHING and rapid HEARTBEAT, two team members before us beginning to ascend the stairs, their suits glowing PURPLE from the radioactive dust, still swirling in the air.

177 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 177

Garber and Harrigan intently watching a SCANNER, indicating the positions of the OWLF TEAM and the PREDATOR.

TECHNICIAN They're moving to
the second level. The target is still
moving, heading towards the number two
stairwell.

GARBER (intense; on the
edge) Playing right into it.

178 INT. PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT 178

The dark forms of the OWLF team moving up the stairs, heavy CREPE-SOLED SHOES stepping soundlessly up the steel staircase.

179 OWLF TEAM POV 179

as Keyes reaches the top, stepping onto the next floor, the room around him swimming with billions of dancing, phosphorescent PARTICLES.

ISO INT. PACKING HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT 180

The vague form of the Predator, moving through the darkness. Suddenly his senses are alerted and he stops, turning his head slightly, concentrating.

181 INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT 181

IN CLOSE UP of a crepe-soled shoe, the SOUND AMPLIFIED a thousand times by the Predator's selective hearing. Through a sea of WHITE NOISE, we HEAR the distinctive SCRUNCH of the crepe-sole, moving on the steel.

182 INT. UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT 182

The Predator's form still listening. Curiously he moves forward, perching on the railing of a staircase, peering into the darkness below. From this vantage point WE CAN SEE the dark forms of the OWLF team, moving across the floor towards the second level staircase.

183 PREDATOR'S POV - SAME ANGLE - SAME VIEW 18

3

he can see NOTHING, the OWLF team heat register completely blocked by their suits.

184 RETURN TO SCENE - PREDATOR 18

4

cocking his head, curiously, a faint TRILL of excitement expressed.

185 INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 18

5

The IMAGES on the screen clearly showing the Predator within close range of the OWLF team.

TECHNICIAN They should be seeing him any moment now.

GARBER (quietly;
tense) It's working.

186 INT. PACKING HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 136

The OWLF team moving cautiously, stopping every few feet to look and listen.

187 INT. THIRD LEVEL - NIGHT
18

7

From the landing the Predator moves slowly, examining the floor below. He stops, listening.

188	PREDATOR 'S	POV
		18

8

still seeing nothing but HEARING below him, Clear SOUNDS of movement.

Suddenly his field of vision CHANGES, switching, strange SYMBOLS running up the margin of his vision as a NEW WAVE-LENGTH locks into view – holding for a moment before switching through several other ranges, including GEOMETRIC PATTERNS, WAVE LINES, finally locking in on an ULTRA-VIOLET RANGE.

Instantly he SEES the vague outline of six humans, moving below him, and from their helmets, intense BEAMS OF VIOLET LIGHT, projected out into the room like head lights.

189 RETURN TO SCENE - PREDATOR 189

The Predator draws back in surprise, his spiny appendages flaring outward like a cobra, a low TRILL of delight emerging from his throat.

190 INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 190

Garber, Harrigan, and the technician intently studying the monitor, showing the OWLF team and the Predator's positions.

TECHNICIAN Wait a minute--
He's stopped. He's moving back, against
the wall.

GARBER (concerned)
Bring up the schematic.

On the screen, a THREE-DIMENSIONAL BLUEPRINT of the building appears, showing floors, staircases and other structures. The OWLF team is on the second floor, still moving towards the staircase. The Predator's position, however, now shows he is moving out from and around the third floor landing, circling into a position behind the team.

TECHNICIAN He's backing up.
Moving away from them. It's almost
as though he might have...

HARRIGAN

He's seen them, Garber, your boys have been made.

Garber looks quickly from Harrigan, back to the screen.

TECHNICIAN He's circling
behind them, sir.

HARRIGAN

Get 'em out, Garber, they're walking into a trap! Get 'em out.

Garber panics, hesitating... Harrigan slams his hand down on the transmit button on the console.

HARRIGAN

Keyes, he's behind you. Third floor structure. He's right there!

KEYES(V.O.) (filtered) Who, what?
Who is that? What the hell's going on?

HARRIGAN

He can see the damn lights. Turn them off, turn them off!

On the VIDEO-CAM MONITOR, we SEE a rapid pan around the room and up the walls to the third floor structure, the TEAM MEMBERS reacting defensively, turning, searching above them.

HARRIGAN

Shit!

Harrigan is running down the trailer. Garber turns, SHOUTING for help.

GARBER

Stop him!

Two men rush to stop Harrigan, both of them taken out with a real display of street fighting skill from Harrigan: punches, head-butts, kicks, cross-body blocks and elbow blows. In seconds the two men are unconscious. Harrigan heads for the air-lock.

191 PREDATOR'S POV FROM THIRD FLOOR

191

Looking down on the floor below as he slips behind struts, and support beams, SEEING the violet beams from the team, sweeping the room.

192 INT. PACKING HOUSE SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

192

The dark forms of the OWLF team, moving, looking above them.

GARBER (V.O.) (filtered? rapid)
He's moving down on your position,
from the right...

KEYES (V.O.) (filtered)
Circle up, defensive position.

The team fans out, following their drilled behavior, forming a broad circle, their backs to each other, the leader and two back-up men drawing their WEAPONS.

192A EXT. SIDESTREBT - NIGHT
2A 19

Harrigan throws open the trunk of his car grabbing a SECOND-CHANCE BODY ARMOUR, sliding a plate of BALLISTIC ALLOY into a pouch; hefting an ASSAULT SHOTGUN in its holster; finally slamming a clip into a M-203, inserting a 40mm GRENADE into the breech, locking it.

Harrigan races down the street towards the packing house.

193 POV OWLF TEAM MEMBER 193

Seen in ultra-violet, the headlamps crisscrossing like violet searchlights as the men form into a circle, peering upward into the open structure of the third floor.

KEYES (V.O.) (filtered) Command.
Can't see him, can't see him. Where
is he?

From above, a VIOLET WATERFALL drops into the center of the circle. As the man spins, he SEES the terrifying image of the Predator, glowing with burning phosphorescence in the ultra-violet light. An instant later the Predator moves, the TELESCOPING SPEAR rocketing towards him-

194 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 194

Where on the video-cam MONITOR, we SEE the dim PRESENCE of the Predator, moving through the men as the camera darts to keep him in sight.

GARBER (panic)
He's right there...

We HEAR SCREAMS and SHOUTING over the speaker, SEE the FLASH of gunfire.

GARBER
My, God...

Suddenly there is a violent shock as the video-cam is hit, falling to the floor, the screen going to STATIC as the camera spins across the floor.

OMIT (194A)

195 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 195

In the midst of the circle, the four remaining team members, including Keyes and the NITROGEN-GUN OPERATOR, are firing blindly, swinging, trying to track the Predator's movements, BLASTS from the nitrogen-gun firing into the air.

Two men with pistols are taken out, almost at once by the samurai-like thrusts, slashes and lunges the Predator makes with the double-ended spear.

The nitrogen-gunner turns, taking a KILLING DART which cuts through his goggles and into his head, driving him backwards and to the floor.

Keyes, the last alive, terrified, his BREATHING ragged and gasping, presses on with the attack, a man possessed. Suddenly the Predator drops in front of him, moving forward.

KEYES
You can't do this! I own you!

195A EXT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE DOORS - NIGHT 195

A

Harrigan appears, leveling the M-203 at the entrance door, FIRING...

195B INT. PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT 195

B

The blast rips the sliding door off its track, sending it tumbling to the floor. Through the backlit smoke, Harrigan appears, jamming another grenade into the M-203.

HARRIGAN (shouting) You
want me, here I am!!!

195C INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 195

C

In response, the Predator spins... Keyes sees his chance and attacks, charging the Predator with the nitrogen gun, FIRING, a blast of nitrogen hitting the Predator's shoulder canon.

The Predator, with unearthly speed, the killing knives FLASHING downward, attacks, cutting Keyes in half on a diagonal at the shoulder... the nitrogen-gun JAMMING OPEN, sending a continuous blast of super-cooled nitrogen towards the ceiling.

196 CLOSE ON A WATER PIPE AND SPRINKLER HEAD 196
part of the fire-control system. The pipe, hit by the nitrogen, freezes, a SKEANING WHINE as the pipe bursts, water spraying into the room.

197 CLOSE ON SPRINKLER HEADS 197
THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE FLOOR, as they erupt, one by one, exploding into fountains of RAIN, flooding the room.

198 INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 198
Every monitor is now reading blank or filled with static, no sound coming from the SPEAKERS, except the torrent of RAIN, falling inside the building.
GARBER (stunned) They're gone. They're all dead.

198A 198
A
thru OMITTED
u thr
201 201

202 INT. PACKING HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 202
The Predator rears into view, his camouflage-effect SHORTING OUT heavily in the rain, pulses of blue energy CRACKLING over his body. He taps in a command on his ARM CONTROL, the effect ceasing, his body now in full view.
The Predator turns, ready to face his newest challenger, the one he's been waiting for..

203 PREDATOR'S POV OF THE ROOM 203
We now SEE that the Predator is faced with a new problem, the coolness of the water has impaired his vision, his field clouded with WHITE STATIC from the falling rain. Despite this handicap, he moves on.

204 INT. PACKING HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 204
Harrigan moving, darting through the rain-filled room, taking cover, moving.
Suddenly, from behind him, Harrigan HEARS the SLAM of a door. He spins and drops, moving for cover on the flooded floor.
Peering into the black rain, Harrigan SEES some furtive movement before him. He lowers the M-203, his finger touching the trigger.

He draws closer, setting, waiting. More movement. Harrigan is about to fire when out of the rain he HEARS Keyes' VOICE.

KEYES (V.O.) You can't
do this! I own you!

An incredulous look on Harrigan's face.

HARRIGAN (to
himself) Keyes?

Harrigan starts to move towards the source of Keyes' voice.

HARRIGAN (whisper)
Keyes, where are you?

Harrigan's eyes go wide with fear, diving for the floor as one of the Predator's KILLING DARTS flashes forward, missing his head by inches, punching through the top of a steel butcher's table.

Harrigan comes up, FIRING a full clip from the M-203, rolling to one side, slamming in another clip. He listens, eyes staring to see into the blinding rain. He runs...

205 PREDATOR'S POV

205

Through the confusion of the rain induced SNOW, the Predator SEES a faint, HEAT-IMAGE, moving across his field.

206 RETURN TO SCENE

206

As the Predator FIRES a blast from his LASER CANON, a fiery EXPLOSION as the hit tears into the opposite wall. From the blackness, more GUNFIRE flashes out, missing the Predator.

We GO IN CLOSE on the Predator's mask, the VOICE of KING WILLIE emerging.

CONTINUED:

KING WILLIE (V.O.) No
killin' what can't be killed. You know
what I'm saying' to you, mon?

The hideous LAUGH, mimicked from the Jamaican, uncola man, echoes through the room.

207 INT. PACKING HOUSE - HARRIGAN - NIGHT

207

In position behind a band saw, moving the M-203 from side to side, trying to get a lock on the Predator's position. Harrigan steps out, FIRING the GRENADE LAUNCHER.

88

88

208 PREDATOR'S POSITION

208

The grenade EXPLODES against the wall behind him, knocking over the BOXES he is climbing, flaming SHRAPNEL taking out his SHOULDER CANON, other fragments splattering into his back. The Predator's SCREAMS, raising his arm, where a smaller version of the LASER CANON POPS UP, FIRING...

209 HARRIGAN

209

The BLAST catching him directly in the chest, the impact lifting him off his feet, ripping him backwards twenty feet, a BURST of FIRE from the M-203 as it flies out of his hand.

Dazed, Harrigan struggles to his feet, looking down to see a smoking, gaping HOLE in his chest, the blast having burned through the flak vest, chicken plate and nearly through the second body armour, which is still smoking, on FIRE and melting, searing his skin.

Frantically, Harrigan rips off the flak vest, the still molten chicken plate and the body armour.

He looks up to SEE, a rush of the Predator's body, closing in on him...

Harrigan rolls, the KILLING KNIFES flashing by his head. He's to his feet and running for his life, racing head-long, arms pumping, heart pounding, through the blinding rain. Behind him he can HEAR the Predator, closing in on him.

210 PREDATOR'S POV

210

Through the rushing STATIC of the rain, SEEING faint glimpses, flashes of Harrigan's body, somewhere ahead of him.

RETURN TO SCENE

Harrigan running. Suddenly there is something, white and dangling, rushing towards him... He holds up his hands, hitting the VINYL STRIPS, forming a cold curtain between the packing house and...

212 INT. REFRIGERATOR ROOM - NIGHT

212

Harrigan slamming head-on into a BEEF CARCASS, hanging from overhead meat hooks. The blow knocks him to the floor, where he SEES a long corridor, filled with BEEF CARCASSES. He shakes off the blow, scrambling on hands and knees through the carcasses, the rain coursing down them, the floor awash in bloody water.

With a SAVAGE TRILL, the Predator tears aside the vinyl strips, ripping them from their supports. He pauses a moment and then, with powerful lunges, assaults the carcasses, swinging them violently to the side as he charges down the corridor, searching for his victim.

89

89

213 PREDATOR'S POV

213

hands lunging out, swinging the carcasses.

214 RETURN TO SCENE

214

MOVING WITH the Predator, his powerful arms swinging the heavy carcasses high on their chains. He reaches the LAST carcasses, ripping at them, the last one pulled aside, revealing...

Harrigan, backpedalling on the floor, hitting the wall. A look of terror in his eyes and then he whips forward the ASSAULT SHOTGUN from his hip, FIRING six rounds WHAM, WHAM, WHAM, WHAM, WHAM, WHAM...

Two rounds barely clipping the Predator's side, the other four, solid, THUDDING HITS into his chest and shoulder area, gouts of GREEN BLOOD erupting as

IN SLOW MOTION, the Predator is blown off his feet, hitting the floor in a tremendous splash, sliding backwards, coming to a stop, lying there, silent, unmoving, as if dead.

As the fire-control system runs its cycle, the sprinklers begin to SHUT DOWN, leaving the room in eerie SILENCE, except for the DRIPPING of water and the SWIRLING of drains.

Harrigan slowly gets to his feet, staring at the incredible beast, lying before him. He approaches, the shotgun leveled. Cautiously he prods the inert creature in the chest - no response.

He stands, looking down at the Predator's helmet. He has to see what is beneath it, see this killer...

He kneels, balancing the shotgun across his knee, studying the massive helmet, looking for a way to remove it. He grabs two HOSES, twisting them, a rush of GAS spewing forth. He grasps the helmet under the chin, feeling a slight resistance. Gritting his teeth he pulls harder, the SOUND of something pulling away from a WET SURFACE.

He clears the helmet from the Predator's face, repelled backwards, as the full impact of the alien's mottled, reptilian skin and the horrible maw of pincers and teeth, hits home. Yet he can't take his eyes off the incredible visage.

HARRIGAN
sweet, Jesus...

As he stares at the face, he SEES what appears to be a NERVE REACTION on the face, a slight twitching...

The Predator's arm flashes up from below, grabbing Harrigan by the throat, the shotgun falling, ripping him down, face to face with the terrible maw, now opening wide.

(CONTINUED)

90

90

At the back of the Predator's throat, the inner folds of skin, forming a second mouth, move, the mimic of a 6-year-old-boy - like you've never heard one before.

6-YEAR-OLD-BOY
(screaming) Have some
candy???!!!

With a powerful thrust, the Predator hurls Harrigan through the air, Harrigan clinging to the Predator's helmet. As he slams against the wall, the helmet flings from his hand, scudding down a funnelled BLOOD DRAIN, CLATTERING down the flue.

The Predator rises to one knee, Harrigan staring terrified, the shotgun between he and the Predator.

Deprived of his atmospheric regulator, the Predator labors heavily for breath, looking at the thick flow of BLOOD from his chest and shoulder. He staggers to his feet, looking down at Harrigan.

215 PREDATOR'S POV

215

His vision awash in out-of-focus shapes and colors.

216 RETURN TO SCENE

216

The Predator reaches down, grabbing for the shotgun, Harrigan gasping for breath, scared out of his mind, with one blow, the Predator SMASHES the gun against the wall, breaking it in two.

The Predator turns and staggers away, leaving Harrigan stunned, finally taking a breath. He looks down, SEEING the GLOWING BLOOD TRAIL left by the Predator.

217 INT. PACKING HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT
21

7

Where the OWLF team lies scattered on the floor, horribly mutilated. Harrigan searches through the bodies, finding a .357 DESERT EAGLE PISTOL. He moves on.

213 INT. VENTILATION DUCT - NIGHT
21

8

The glowing blood trail dripping down the sheet metal. Harrigan, using the seam-joints as hand and foot holds, pulls his way up the duct, panting and sweating from the exertion.

219 EXT. ROOF OF PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT
21

9

(CONTINUED)

Glowing CITYSCAPE in the b.g. Harrigan pulls himself out of the ventilation duct, gasping for air as he looks around him.

Harrigan, pistol out, moves across the darkened roof, following more blood trail. Clearing an ELEVATOR HOUSING, Harrigan SEES the Predator, twenty feet away, kneeling on the ground and holding something to his face.

Harrigan levels the pistol, squinting at the dark form before him. Before he can fire, the Predator suddenly turns, holding an EMERGENCY BREATHING UNIT to his face, part of his body equipment.

Harrigan FIRES, the bullet glancing off the Predator's amour and into the side of his head, the SLIDE to the weapon kicking open -- the last shot.

HARRIGAN

Shit!

Harrigan hits the ground hard as the Predator wheels and activates the spear, throwing it. The spear misses, tearing a huge rent in the roof top.

The Predator is up and running, to the side of the building where he leaps, landing on the roof of the next building.

CONTINUED:

Harrigan picks up the spear and runs to the edge, staring at the 15 foot expanse between the two buildings. He sees the Predator, exhausted from his leap, again kneeling, breathing from his emergency respirator.

Looking for a way to cross over to the opposite building, Harrigan looks down, seeing eight feet below him a series of WATER and STEAM PIPES, connecting the two buildings. He steps back, his mind swimming with dizziness and nausea. But he steels himself, breathing deeply.

HARRIGAN Maybe I'll get
lucky and fall...

Holding the spear he hangs over the edge, feet dangling, the pipes three feet below him. He lets go, his foot pushing right through the CRUMBLING INSULATION of the pipes, throwing him backwards, struggling, twisting to regain his balance.

Gingerly he gets to his feet, walking across the pipes, chunks of insulation falling away as he crosses the ten feet to the other side. Clinging to the wall he turns, facing the fire escape, still four feet away. Taking a breath he leaps, grabbing the escape. But the impact of his weight on the ROTTED BOLTS holding the ladder to the masonry, SHEAR, one side of the landing dropping several feet, Harrigan scrabbling for purchase.

Carefully he swings one leg up, climbing up the swaying, CREAKING ladder to the top of the building.

(CONTINUED)

220 EXT. TOP OF BUILDING - NIGHT
22

0

Reaching the top he recovers, SEEING the Predator, once again on the move, preparing for another leap to the next building. Harrigan, holding the massive spear like a broadaxe in both hands, charges.

HARRIGAN

Nooo!!!

The Predator turns.

OMIT (121)

PREDATOR'S POV

222

in his distorted field of vision, can barely make out the heat image moving towards him.

223 RETURN TO SCENE

223

The Predator removes the SMART WEAPON from his hip. A tapered disk of patined metal, engraved in strange runes, the edge a gleaming, razor edge. The Predator's fingers slip into a dished-out section, perfectly molded to his hand. His fingers sink home, fist closing, the weapon CHARGING TO LIFE, a high-pitched WHINE as the edge begins to glow RED FIRE. He throws the weapon overhand like a discus, the disk streaking towards Harrigan...

who instinctively ducks, blocking with the spear, which the weapon STRIKES, cleaving a foot off the end it like was butter, turning into a tight arc, returning to the Predator's hand.

As the Predator turns to move, Harrigan is to his feet, charging, swinging the spear from his hip, taking the Predator on his right shoulder and arm, the smart weapon knocked from his hand, dropping to the roof.

Instantly the Predator spins, the fighting knives slashing through the spear, cutting it in half.

Undaunted, Harrigan swings the remaining section of spear, hitting the Predator in the side of the face, recovering, smashing him again.

With a SCREAM, the Predator connects with a backhand to Harrigan's chest, knocking him off his feet and to the roof.

The Predator, gasping for breath, turns to leap.

Like an enraged bull, Harrigan charges, tackling the Predator around the waist, driving the Predator forward, the KILLING KNIVES slashing for Harrigan's body, just as he hits the edge.

As the Predator, off balance begins to topple over, he grabs Harrigan's arm, dragging him over the roof. The Predator drives the smart weapon into the brick, where it wedges, leaving Harrigan on the ledge of the building to his waist, the Predator dangling in mid-air, his glowing blood flowing heavily from his shoulder wound, his hand

(CONTINUED)

93

93

grasping Harrigan's forearm and the smart weapon. As the Predator's hand begins to slip, he buries his claws into Harrigan's flesh, drawing an agonizing SCREAM from Harrigan.

The Predator's wounds are now nearly fatal, his life ebbing away by the second, his BREATHING labored and gasping.

He releases the smart weapon, reaches down with his free hand, unable to grab the dangling emergency breather. The Predator looks up, meeting Harrigan's wild-eyed stare. Harrigan looks down the ten story drop, SEEING an iron fence, topped with heavy, ornamental SPEARS.

HARRIGAN
(gasping) Now what?

The Predator GASPS for breath, spitting up green blood. He looks at Harrigan, struggling, a VOICE forming in his throat.

GOLD TOOTH (V.O.) (basso
Jamaican) ... Shit happens,
mon!

As Harrigan watches, the Predator swings up his right hand, touching his ARM CONTROL unit, the cover flipping open, revealing the familiar THREE SCREEN COMPUTER. He begins to punch in the arming sequence to his destruct mode.

Harrigan is at first puzzled, and then remembers.

HARRIGAN
Jesus...

Straining, Harrigan looks down, SEEING the smart weapon, wedged into the wall. He reaches out, his fingers inches short of grasping the weapon.

Below him, the Predator continues, painfully, to punch in the destruct code.

With a SHOUT, Harrigan lunges, touching the weapon with his fingers. He struggles to remove the heavy weapon, still inert and inactive in his hand. He squeezes the weapon, but it fails to activate.

With terrified eyes, Harrigan looks down, SEEING that the countdown sequence is underway, a high-pitched BEEPING as the red indicators in each section click off...

In one final CRY OF ANGUISH and RAGE, Harrigan squeezes with every last ounce of his strength, the weapon _____ POWERING TO LIFE, the razor edge SIZZLING with energy, flying from the stone.

With a mighty swipe, Harrigan swings the weapon, cleaving through the Predator's ARM and COMPUTER CONTROL, the countdown freezing on the last red symbol!

94

CONTINUED:

22

3

With the suddenly release of tension, Harrigan flies backwards onto the roof as...

THE PREDATOR

falls, his right hand making a powerful swipe, the KILLING KNIVES embedding into the wall, leaving a SHRIEKING, double rent down the wall, SPARKS flying, slowing the Predator, his feet and toenails desperately digging for purchase.

The knives pull free from the wall, the Predator falling hitting a DRAIN PIPE, which rips away from the wall, falling across to the next building, the Predator crashing through a window.

225

EXT. ROOF TOP - NIGHT
22

5

Harrigan struggles to remove the Predator's severed hand, claws imbedded deeply into his flesh. In a CRY of pain, he rips free the hand, which twitches and dances along the ledge.

He struggles to the top of the roof, looking down, seeing the destroyed drain pipe but no sign of the Predator.

226

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
22

6

A tiny, cloistered space, filled with old and tattered furniture, a life-time of memorabilia decorating the walls, the home of RUTH and HERB.

Who at the moment are sitting in their stuffed easy chairs, Herb with his head back, SNORING soundly, Ruth deeply into an episode of JEOPARDY on television.

As the tension on the screen heightens, the audience SCREAMING, Ruth is distracted by a NOISE from the bathroom. Puzzled, she turn to Herb, poking him in the shoulder.

RUTH

Herb. Herb. Wake up. There's
somebody in the bathroom.

Herb continues his walrus-like snoring, the Jeopardy audience YELLING their heads off in the background.

227 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

227

Tiny, decorated with CRINOLINE CURTAINS, CERAMIC FIGURINES, and LOVE MESSAGES on the walls, GERIATRIC STOCKINGS hung from the shower rod.

95

95

The Predator's image REARS UP in the mirror. He leans forward, studying himself and then...

SMASH, he destroys the mirror, the SHARDS of glass falling into the sink.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ruth is now standing beside her chair. She HEARS more CRASHING from the bathroom. She pokes Herb again.

RUTH
Herb! Herb! Wake up. There's
somebody in the bathroom!

Herb SNORTS in his sleep, moving deeper into his chair. Left to investigate this mystery on her own, Ruth begins the long, slow trek to the bathroom.

229 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

229

The Predator tears up another section of CERAMIC TILE, dumping it into the sink along with the glass, other tiles and a COLD CREAM JAR.

Opening his thigh FIELD-KIT, he removes a small metal STRIP, eight inches long, a black knob at one end. He triggers the strip, which unfolds like a fan on a center point, forming a shallow DISH, the knob in the center containing three tiny PRONGS.

He places the dish on the toilet tank, touching its base, a BLUE FLAME leaping between the three prongs. He scoops up handfuls of the debris from the sink, dropping them into the mortar, which are instantly vaporized, forming a MOLTEN SLUDGE.

Into this the Predator breaks open a VILE, a blue LIQUID flowing into the mass, causing it to solidify and change color.

230 EXT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

230

Ruth still shuffling slowly towards the bathroom door, Jeopardy blasting away in the background, mingled with Herb's snoring.

231 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

231

Using a flat-bladed TOOL, the Predator scoops up the blue mass from the mortar, slapping it onto the exposed stump of his arm, instantly CAUTERIZING it, a skin-like texture forming over the wound. The Predator SCREAMS in pain.

Recovering, he applies more of the healing mixture into his shoulder and chest wounds. Removing a POWER-SYRINGE from his kit, he touches a switch, a long, gleaming NEEDLE appearing. Filling the syringe with a black liquid, he plunges the needle deep into his chest, pressing the plunger.

96

96

He puts the breather to his face, inhaling deeply -- a new source of power surging through the Predator.

232 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

232

Ruth has reached the bathroom and is extending her arm towards the knob... as suddenly, the entire door and casement are torn from the wall on the hinge side, the door pivoting on the latch towards Ruth, who disappears behind the door. The Predator passes frame, exiting.

As the door falls, revealing a terrified Ruth, she sees the front door explode, as something huge and dark tears right through it.

In his chair, Herb awakens with a start.

HERB

Ruth, there's someone at the door!

233 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

233

Harrigan flying down the stairs, carrying the smart weapon in his hand. He reaches the floor to Ruth and Herb's apartment where several RESIDENTS peer from their doors, ducking back in as they see Harrigan, wet, bloody, clothes in shards, a strange, Frisbee-like weapon in his hand.

Harrigan passes Ruth and Herb's apartment, a jagged HOLE where the door used to be. He stops, looking inside, making eye contact with a still shaken Ruth.

HARRIGAN It's all
right, I'm a cop.

Ruth looks at his tattered appearance and then to her demolished door.

RUTH

I don't think he gives a shit.

A MUFFLED EXPLOSION, welling up through the elevator shaft at the end of the hall, causes Harrigan to spin, his hand grasping the smart weapon.

Harrigan moves down the hall to the elevator, finding one door buckled and bent outward. He looks in, SEEING the car above, below him the exposed shaft leading to the pit. He SEES a faint GLOW of the Predator's blood on the counter-weight cables, attached to the wall. Further down the shaft he SEES another smear of blood.

Harrigan looks up, at the loop of cables, just out of reach, hanging from the bottom of the car above him. He hesitates a moment and then, placing the smart weapon in his waist band, he reaches outside, pushing the down button on the elevator, the elevator charging to life.

233A INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT/PIT - NIGHT

233A

(CONTINUED)

97

97

As the car descends, Harrigan leaps into the shaft, grabbing the loop, the descending car carrying him down towards the blackened pit.

Harrigan hits the floor of the pit, the elevator still descending. He desperately searches for the exit route the Predator must have taken, the car above continuing to thunder down towards him.

At the last second he SEES the faint impression of a hole in the side of the well, two feet above the floor. Harrigan dives...

233B INT. TELEPHONE CABLE ACCESS TUNNEL - NIGHT

233B

Harrigan tumbles into the narrow tunnel, just as the elevator car crushes to a halt on the other side, obscuring the hole.

Harrigan fumbles for a book of MATCHES, striking one. In the glow of the light he sees a hole, blasted through the concrete, twisted rebar and rubble scattered across the floor.

He turns, finding he is in a long, narrow tunnel, the walls and ceiling packed with telephone CABLE and RELAY BOXES. A low-level GLOW-LIGHT TUBE runs the length of the shaft, a work light, illuminating the scene. Traces of the Predator's blood are still glowing on the floor. Harrigan crawls along the tunnel, a few yards later, finding another hole, blasted through the floor.

Harrigan strikes another match, but a flow of air from the hole quickly extinguishes the match. Putting his ear to the hole, Harrigan can HEAR the faint SOUND of dripping water.

Grabbing the edges, he lowers himself gingerly into the hole, terrified at what might be waiting below.

234 INT. THE BLACK VOID - NIGHT

234

Harrigan's feet descend into the darkness, feeling for support - nothing. He lowers himself, fully, hanging on by his fingertips, finding himself in near total darkness, his feet still touching nothing but air.

Sweating, Harrigan frantically feels for something below, his hands beginning to slip on the jagged edges of the concrete. Unable to pull himself back, and finding nothing below, fingers slipping...

HARRIGAN Oh,
shit...

He lets go, falling-

Six feet, landing hard on a steel decking of some kind. He gets to his feet, trying to orientate to the darkness. By the SOUND of echoing, dripping water, he realizes he is in some huge, cavernous chamber.

(CONTINUED)

He removes the smart weapon from his waist. Using his free hand, he strikes a match from the book, one-handed, barroom style. He holds the match up, the faint glow only penetrating the gloom a few feet.

HARRIGAN Must
be the sewer...

He moves forward, along the metal floor, covered in water. As he proceeds, he realizes he is starting to descend at a gradual slope, the impression of walls and a ceiling beginning to form. He continues downward, a faint glow of LIGHT now visible some fifty yards ahead, revealing that the passageway is beginning to curve outwards in a gentle arc.

As he grows closer to the light, he sees that his feet are obscured in a fog of brown GAS, swirling higher as he descends. His breathing is starting to become labored and difficult.

HARRIGAN
(ominously) Methane...

With the light now closer, he sees that he is not inside some sewer tunnel, but something organic-looking, the membrane-like sections of the walls resembling the inside of a chambered nautilus.

HARRIGAN What the
hell is this...

The gas now waist high, he reaches the end of the passageway, opening into a LARGE ROOM, the convergence of many other tunnels, some descending, some rising. His eyes scan the room.

HARRIGAN (to
himself) Anybody
home...

Suddenly, from the mist, a hurtling MASS rushes towards him, Harrigan yanked off his feet by the impact of the Predator's NET, driving him backwards to the wall, the SPIKES on the net, burrowing into the ship's wall, the net tightening...

As the net begins to cut into his face and body, Harrigan squeezes the smart weapon which ENERGIZES, slicing through the net, Harrigan dropping to the floor.

On his hands and knees, Harrigan looks up to SEE the Predator, holding a futuristic MACE, pommeled handle, bristling with denticle hooks, slightly flexible for ripping and tearing. With a lightening movement, the mace drives towards Harrigan...

which is deflected by a nearly instinctual movement by the smart weapon, a FLASH of steel as the mace is intersected, the blow knocking Harrigan across the room, the Predator rushing in for another attack.

(CONTINUED)

234

CONTINUED:

(2)

23

4

Using the smart weapon as a shield, Harrigan encounters blow after blow from the Predator's mace, each hit blasting him off his feet, slamming him into the walls and floor of the alien spacecraft, Harrigan barely recovering before he is hit again.

His breathing now ragged and gasping, Harrigan is near the end of his endurance. He can't survive much longer...

Another powerful, sweeping blow from the mace hurls him backwards into the wall, the smart weapon flying from his bruised and trembling hand, landing several feet away.

As Harrigan starts to move towards the weapon, the mace flashes, the head blocking the way. Gasping for breath, terrified, Harrigan backs away. The Predator advances and stops, dropping the mace. Harrigan then hears the chilling mimic of his own VOICE.

HARRIGAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(filtered) Watch your ass, Danny
Boy...

The killing knives slash into position, the Predator advancing towards Harrigan, who can do nothing but wait for the final blow. Harrigan's terrified eyes go to the smart weapon, lying on the floor, then back to the Predator, his huge form now looming over him.

As the Predator lunges with a killing upper cut, Harrigan dives to one side, the knives, in a shower of sparks, raking across the wall. Harrigan grabs the smart weapon, energizing it and with a driving lunge with the last of his strength, lunges upward, the smart weapon slicing deeply into the Predator's exposed midsection, burying itself deeply inside...

With a deafening SCREAM and a flood of green BLOOD, the Predator staggers backwards. As the Predator turns and drops to his knees, Harrigan struggles to his feet, grabbing the mace.

Harrigan raises the mace, barely able to lift it's weight, stumbling forward, attacking the dying alien.

Like a hard-shelled cockroach that refuses to die, Harrigan pounds and pummels the creature with the last of his strength as the Predator continues to crawl towards a now activated LIFE-CHAMBER, that somehow will save the Predator.

Harrigan delivers blow after blow to the Predator, alternately kicking and shoving him but the Predator, near death, will not quit.

HARRIGAN (gasping)
Die you bastard, die!

The Predator reaches the chamber, a door sliding open, a waft of gas emerging... another second and the Predator will be inside.

(CONTINUED)

234

CONTINUED:

(2)

23

4

But as the Predator rolls to one side, Harrigan thrusts his hand deep into the green gore of his chest, activating and withdrawing the smart weapon. With the last of his breath he raises the weapon over his head.

HARRIGAN

That's right, fucker, shit happens.

Unbelievably, he HEARS the chilling SOUND of a heavy, clucking TRILL, coming from behind him. In disbelief he turns, paralyzed in shock as he SEES, materializing from the mist, the impossible sight of ANOTHER PREDATOR, turning from camouflage to visible? followed by ANOTHER, and ANOTHER, and yet ANOTHER, emerging from the various passageways, until there are TEN PREDATORS standing abreast.

Harrigan stumbles backwards in complete astonishment, dropping the weapon. He collapses to his knees.

As two of the Predators walk forward, picking up their vanquished comrade, the first Predator, larger and more ancient-looking than the others, his body festooned with TROPHIES taken from many kills, steps forward.

Dumbstruck with fatigue and shock, Harrigan watches transfixed as the grayback approaches, the gleaming fighting knives moving. The grayback raises his arm, holding. Suddenly the knives are withdrawn.

Reaching behind him, the Grayback grabs something, removing an OBJECT which he throws to Harrigan. Harrigan catches it, slowly looking down, seeing the engraved silver and wood forestock of a seventeenth century MATCHLOCK PISTOL. He turns it over in his hands, SEEING a NAME and a DATE engraved into the silver, the name in ITALIAN, the date: 1640.

Harrigan looks up, staring at the Grayback. Suddenly the hard floor below him changes, becoming nearly liquid, Harrigan dropping into the darkness in a controlled fall, blurred impressions of the SHIP'S bio-mechanical structure rushing by as a powerful, low-pitched WHINE builds to an ear-splitting crescendo.

235
thruOMITTED
237

235

7

23

238 INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

238

Harrigan is dropped to the wet ground. He looks up, above him, as a massive SHAPE begins to move at incredible speed. In a BLAST of energy, the SHIP races past overhead, disappearing in a huge EXPLOSION of light and SOUND, the concussion knocking Harrigan to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

234

CONTINUED:

(2)

23

4

Slowly he gets to his feet as a hurricane wind of dust and sand, fills the room, now illuminated by dim sunlight, streaming in from a hole, at the far end. Holding the pistol, Harrigan moves painfully towards the light

BEGIN END CREDITS.

239

EXT. ABANDONED SUBWAY EXIT - DAWN
23

9

The site of a projectile of tremendous weight and power leaving at incredible speed, giant, still smoulder trenches cut through the earth.

From the tunnel opening, Harrigan appears, picking his way forward, looking like a man returned from hell, his clothes nearly torn from his body, his skin dusted with a fine layer of ash, dust and sand. Harrigan, barely walking but still on his feet, moves into the opening.

Harrigan turns, started by the THUMPING WHINE of a HELICOPTER, flaring into view, holding over the scene.

In the swirling wash of the rotor, Harrigan shields his eyes, looking upward, SEEING Garber, framed in the doorway of the black Jet Ranger. Garber seems overwhelmed, defeated. Garber looks up into the sky, at the diminishing VAPOR TRAIL. He looks back at Harrigan.

HARRIGAN (to himself) Don't
worry, they'll be back.

As a flood of EMERGENCY VEHICLES, lights flashing, descend on the scene, Harrigan looks into the dawn sky to the track of a MOVING POINT OF LIGHT, outbound.

OMIT (240)

END CREDITS ROLL

THE END

(CONTINUED)