

PREDATORS

by

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EXT. AERIAL SHOT OVER AN OCEAN - DUSK

The screen is filled with the image of a rolling sea as we rocket over it in a HELICOPTER, heading toward a mountainous, galleon-style BATTLESHIP, that's cutting through the ocean with alarming speed as if trying to outrun an UNSEEN FORCE.

The ship has clearly seen it's share of action, the canvas of the sails worn and red with the blood of the ship's men that fight valiantly. It's hopeless.

On deck, men wearing an advanced-looking set of CHAIN-MAIL and other PROTECTIVE ARMOR are battling against barely visible shapes that seem to BLUR the air around them in a queasy mirage. We'll call these shapes the INVISIBLES...

The weapons the men use to fend off their attackers are a mix of the primitive and the new. State of the Art firepower and musket cannons fire simultaneously at the Invisibles. All might be useful if they could see what they were fighting.

But they seem little match for the Invisibles...

The Fight is BRUTAL.

A MAN scrambles across the deck, firing blindly. He leaps over the side, diving into a lifeboat filled to capacity with escapees from the ship. He SMASHES the small boat IN HALF with his weight.

The men SPILL INTO THE WATER.

As the men surface, they see the INVISIBLE SHAPES DROP ONE BY ONE into the WATER AROUND THEM.

The Man who jumped into the boat dives under to see what he can see... An INVISIBLE SHAPE comes right for him.

Red blood spreads across the water as men are sucked below the surface, fighting the Invisibles in a GLORIOUS UNDERWATER BATTLE.

The Captain of the ship, dressed more regally than the others in PURPLE and GOLD, backs away from an Invisible closing in on him. At the edge off the ship, he looks over the side and SEES FIVE MORE INVISIBLES crawling up THE ROPES.

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He tries to climb up one of the ropes of the sail to the observation post, but changes his mind when he spots the FIVE MORE INVISIBLES DESCENDING DOWN on him.

CUT TO:

One of the Invisibles enters the hull of the ship.

INT. HULL

As he reaches a closed door a sweating GUARD appears from behind a corner, blocking the entrance to the door, a primitive Musket in his hand aimed dead on at the Invisible. His gun hand shakes nervously.

In a FLASH, the triad of light-points from the Invisible's shoulder-weapon finds the Guard's forehead and FIRES! The Guard's head snaps back, leaving a gaping hole in the door.

Through the hole we can barely see what lies beyond the door in the other room. The Invisible kicks the door open.

INT. OTHER ROOM

Inside, a group of CAMOUFLAGED SOLDIERS lie strewn about the floor, methodically executed. All recent kills.

The Invisible is suddenly attacked from behind by a large PIRATE whose face is obscured. The Pirate breaks the Invisible's neck. The invisible hits the ground. With our dead invisible in the low angle Foreground, we see the pirate duck into a large storage room.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

The Pirate tears through a case of assorted weapons and arms himself... He backs all the way against the wall, guns aimed at the door, ready to fire...

We know this Pirate after all: It is DUTCH. Older, weathered, but mean as hell. A SERIES OF NUMBERS TATTOOED down the side of his face.

A CREAKING SOUND from above. Dutch stares at the ceiling. Dust falls like thin silt from the ceiling in small wisps.

An EXPLOSION and a HUGE HOLE appears in the ceiling.

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Something FALLS through the hole, but Dutch doesn't take a second to look. Lifting his SAWED OFF SHOTGUN, Dutch blows three HOLES in the WALL and barrels through into the next room.

INT. WAR ROOM

It's the ship's WAR ROOM. A large table with maps and coordinating devices lie about. Dutch leaps over the table as laser fire tears the room apart.

Dutch makes another leap, firing all the way, through the last wall leading back out to the DECK.

EXT. DECK

Dutch lands on the DECK, landing hard onto the corpses of the rest of the crew.

He lifts his BLOODY HEAD. An INVISIBLE is coming straight towards him.

The Invisible stands before him, as three LASER BEAMS form a TARGET MARK on Dutch's forehead.

The Invisible is joined by HALF A DOZEN other INVISIBLE SHAPES.

The LEADER stands only a few feet away from Dutch as it begins to MATERIALIZE. At first glance, it would seem to be a PREDATOR in ARMOR.

The LEADER reaches up to remove its HELMET-MASK.

It is WILSON, a HUMAN SOLDIER in PREDATOR-ARMOR!

The other Invisibles begin materializing. THEY ARE ALL HUMAN SOLDIERS. Three of them surround Dutch, aiming their SHOULDERMOUNT weapons at his head. These are BUELL, PINES and VEGAS.

The CAPTAIN of the ship we saw earlier is dragged over to Wilson. Some tough guy soldier must have been working him over, cause he's bloody and looks like shit.

WILSON
(to Captain)
This your ship?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Captain looks at Dutch, then back at Wilson.

CAPTAIN

Y-yes.

WILSON

You were harboring a fugitive and killed some of our men. You will return to Earth where you will be tried for your crimes.

CAPTAIN

Anything. Just please don't kill me.

Wilson speaks to the Captain, but his gaze bores right into Dutch, unmoving.

WILSON

Then again, you know what they say.

(beat)

The captain always goes down with his ship.

Still meeting Dutch's stare, Wilson's SHOULDERMOUNT spins 90-degrees and BLASTS the Captain's head into a spray of blood, bone and brain. The soldiers let the body fall over the side of the ship. Just as smoothly, the shouldermount slides back into place. A soldier approaches Wilson. This is DAK.

WILSON

How many?

DAK

Five. Maybe six.

WILSON

Who.

DAK

Jelly, Muldoon, Nix, Sanchez and Ebsen. I don't know if Pendleton's gonna pull through. Hardwick's seeing to him.

WILSON

It's a small price to pay for what we got in return.

The men look at their leader, a little confused at that last remark.

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WILSON
(motioning to Dutch)
Gentlemen, you're looking at a legend.

Dutch says nothing.

WILSON
Pines, Vegas, put this him in containment. If he so much as scratches his balls, I want to know about it.

PINES AND VEGAS
Yes sir.

WILSON
Buell!

BUELL
Yes, sir!

As Wilson passes him...

WILSON
Burn it.

BUELL
Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF THE GALLEON

The men board what seems to be a FIGHTER SPACESHIP hovering over the water beside the Galleon. The Hatch closes and it lifts high over the water. Three METAL CANISTERS drop from the Ship as it flies off. The camera follows the canisters, chasing them down as they drop onto the Spanish Galleon.

On impact the canisters EXPLODE into the camera. The frame is filled with bright orange flame.
Through this the Main title:

P R E D A T O R S

From out of the flames we fly into outer space, following the fighter ship again. We are approaching A HUGE VESSEL.

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IT IS THE MOTHER SHIP. We coast right into it's opening bay doors.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY ON THE MOTHER SHIP

The screen is filled with the constant SLAP-TAP of bootsoles on the shiny metal floor as DUTCH is led through the hallway by a group of uniformed soldiers.

Dutch is flanked in the front by GONZALEZ and MOLINEAUX, and by VEGAS and DAK from behind. Captain WILSON leads the troop through the hallway.

Dutch walks straight, his head doesn't even pivot on his neck, but a close-up of his eyes reveals he's watching EVERYTHING around him: SIGNS on the wall, DOORS in the distance, what another group of SOLDIERS are doing down a side hallway. If you stared into his eyes, he'd give himself away. But otherwise, Dutch isn't making a SINGLE MOVE.

Up ahead, ROCKO is working on some wiring on one of the access doors.

DAK

Prisoner coming through!

Rocko looks up, sees the oncoming entourage and slides the access panel quickly and somewhat haphazardly into place. He squirms to get out of the way of the traffic.

As the group passes, Rocko watches Dutch, but only Dutch's eyes move as he glances at the access panel Rocko was working on.

Dak gives a short ZAP to Rocko's arm with a small ELECTROCHARGE GUN.

DAK

Heads up, Rocko.

ROCKO

(rubbing sore spot)

Sonofabitch...

They pass CADILLAC. A large man munching on bread sticks, standing in the hallway staring down Dutch.

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CONTINUED:

DAK

How's it hanging, Cadillac?

Cadillac's eyes never leave Dutch.

CADILLAC

It's damn near scraping the ground.

Dak smiles widely.

WILSON is the obvious hard ass in the group. He turns around to Dak as they walk and gives him the dead eye.

Dutch's eyes have not stopped slowly scanning his surroundings through his long bangs of hair.

WILSON

(to Dutch)

A teletribunal is being assembled which you will attend within the hour.

MOLINEAUX

As if he deserved one, the fuck.

WILSON

(to Dutch)

If I were you I'd get some rest and start thinking up a long list of good lies...

As the group turns a corner, we come to DUTCH'S CELL.

WILSON

Vegas and Dak here will keep an eye on you.

Wilson steps aside and opens the cell door by punching in a sequence on a wall-mounted keypad.

WILSON

If you need anything, anything at all...

Dutch walks between the four guards and Wilson stands in front of the door.

WILSON

Don't ask...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dutch spins on around and knees Wilson before delivering a severe HEAD BUTT squarely on Wilson's nose.

Wilson screams and goes down as Dutch barrels through the other soldiers. Wilson shoots a hand out to CLUTCH at Dutch's fleeing ankles but only grabs at air.

WILSON

(screaming, holding his bloody broken nose)

Get him, goddammit!

Gonzalez and Molineaux stand with their weapons drawn, but Dak pushes them out of the way as they're about to fire.

DAK

Don't fuckin' SHOOT inside the ship. Are you fuckin' nuts?

Dutch ROCKETS through the ship, as the alarms and lights blare red and angry.

It's an amazing escape. Dutch uses everything he just picked up about the ship to his advantage, remembering where everything was, and just how to do it. With an access band he stole from Wilson he slips back out every chamber door he had entered through.

Down the hall, Rocko looks up only to see Dutch's TIGHT FISTS, still handcuffed, coming straight at his face like a battering ram, knocking him out.

Everyone is scrambling after Dutch. Dak leading the way. Up ahead, a LARGE METAL GATEWAY is closing from ceiling to floor.

Dutch dives for it, rolls into a ball and barely makes it out from underneath the gateway as it slams shut. He continues running.

DAK

(yelling into open ship monitors)

Open the fuckin' gateway!

Dutch makes it through the last few chamber doors. The door to the cruiser is up ahead. He smashes into it and swipes the access band across it when he feels the heat of three red lights on his temple. He stops dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He turns to see who's trained the shoulder mount gun on him. It's CADILLAC. The Big dude who was down the hall earlier. Munching on his bread stick as if it were a cheroot.

CADILLAC

Hello.

His other hand reaches up with an electrogun like the one Dak had... only this one is set to full sting. With a BLAST-Dutch drops to the ground.

CADILLAC

Goodbye.

Dak, Wilson and the others arrive from around the corner.

DAK

You kill him?

CADILLAC

(holds up electro gun)

Nah. Just put him out.

WILSON

Then this won't hurt him none.

Wilson kicks Dutch in the gut repeatedly. Dutch has curled up into the fetal position, looking weak.

CUT TO:

INT DECK OF SHIP

Camera follows a pair of cowboy boots as they walk down a set of stairs and meet up with Dutch's face. Dutch sees the snake skin boots and follows them up to the wearer.

The boots belong to JACK CARVER, a large authoritative looking man with patient eyes and a don't fuck with me temperament.

JC

Do you like my boots?

Dutch is groggy from the electroshock hit and Vegas' kicks.

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CONTINUED:

Dutch grabs the ankle of the boot with whatever strength he has. He reaches up for JC's throat. Fast. But JC is faster, clamping Dutch's FOREARM in his vise-like grip. Dutch gets another electro hit to the head and is out cold again.

JC

Welcome aboard, Dutch.

JC nods and they drag Dutch away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DECK - DUTCH'S TRIAL

Dutch stands in a shaft of light, shackled. This is a strange mix of futuristic and medieval methods of containment. We notice that all around the ship. Weaponry and details remind us at once of the future, things unseen, and things remembered. Older methods that were abandoned but then reintroduced. For instance, The RING surrounding Dutch FLOATS without reason. It probably is a HIGHLY CHARGED ELECTROCUTER. But his wrists are SHACKLED.

There s a BANK OF VIDEO SCREENS arranged in an arc in the communications room which doubles as a COURTROOM for Dutch.

The FACES on the video monitors look stern and angry.

Dutch's head is bowed down in quiet disgust.

The main face, the SUPERIOR, reads off a list of charges.

SUPERIOR

For the crime of desertion... for the crime of assaulting a superior officer... for the crime of theft of a transport... for the crime of illegal trafficking of weapons... for the crime of murder...

JC turns to Dutch.

SUPERIOR

Do you have anything to present in your defense?

For the first time, Dutch raises his eyes to meet the gaze of the face on the video screen. He gives a dead eye stare. Superior coughs away his nervousness, and looks to the next screen.

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SUPERIOR

What say you all?

One by one, the faces on the video monitors mouth the words "GUILTY!"
"GUILTY!" "GUILTY!"

The Superior nods to JC. JC nods back.

JC

Lock him up. Everyone else on deck.

Several well armed soldiers escort Dutch out of the communications room.
Molineaux and Turkey, Gonzalez, Vegas and Lamb proceed to the deck.

Wilson enters with a BANDAGED nose and eyes Dutch as he's escorted off
deck.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL

TWO GUARDS stand outside a small holding cell where Dutch is kept. One
of the guards is DAK, the other KNAPPER. They stand at-arms outside the
cell watching through the glassy steel bars of the door as DUTCH, head down,
is being chained to the metal bench in which he sits.

Dak takes a pack of cigars from inside his vest and offers a smoke to Knapper.
As Knapper takes his, he silently motions to Dutch, as if asking who he is.

DAK

Name's Dutch.

KNAPPER

So that's the legendary sonofabitch.

DAK

That's him.

KNAPPER

He don't look anything special.

DAK

Not anymore. But he used to have medals coming
out of his ass...

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CONTINUED:

PINES walks by, a quiet sort of soldier. His regulation uniform jacket has had the SLEEVES artfully ripped off it, revealing Pines' well-muscled upper arms. He carries two TRAYS of FOOD for Dak and Knapper.

DAK
That our food?

PINES
That's one word for it.

Dak and Knapper give Pines their lit SMOKES to hold. Dak and Knapper tear at the trays, eating the microgrub laid out in miniature, modular portions. Pines takes a drag off both smokes at the same time.

DAK
Hey Pines.

PINES
Yea.

DAK
Dance for Knapper here.

Holding both SMOKES in one hand, Pines shows them a TATTOO on his upper arm of a Frazetta-esque scantily clad woman wearing an Indian headdress with a long white SNAKE draped around her neck. Pines flexes his muscles and it looks like the woman's body and the snake are undulating in harmonious rhythm.

KNAPPER
That's beautiful, man.

PINES
Cost me a month's pay.

The soldiers that strapped down Dutch exit.

SOLDIER
There's no smoking on the ship Dak, you know that. Put it the fuck out, now.

DAK
Just spreading a little good will around, this being our last leg and all... Help forget our past differences.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dak digs another smoke out of his pack, breaks it in half and hands a piece to both soldiers.

DAK
We're going home, jack.

They smile slightly and light up their cigars.

KNAPPER
(enjoying his)
Now that's a fucking smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. DECK OF SHIP

JC is standing in front of a bank of computer screens. One monitor is filled with the fuzzy digital impression of a high ranking officer, SADLER. When he speaks, Sadler talks with the Southern drawl of a Good Ol' Boy. He's all charm and smiles.

SADLER
Congratulations, Commander. Your recon mission went off without a hitch.

JC
We lost six men, sir. I'd call that a hitch.

SADLER
Only six *and* you captured Dutch? Soldier you got off easy...

JC
We estimate our arrival time back at home base is roughly 21 days. We have ample fuel for our return-

SADLER
(interrupting)
Hold your horsepower, coach. Dutch isn't coming home.

JC
Sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SADLER

We don't want him here. He's going to Arkus 6.

At the mention of "Arkus 6," some members of the crew look up from their tasks to the screen. Their faces are full of confusion.

JC

Say again?

SADLER

Dutch is going to Arkus 6. Never dumped one off there before, have you? Well, that's understandable. It's a vastly underused facility. Never realized its full potential as a dumping site for unwanted debris.

WILSON addresses the computer screen.

WILSON

Sir, this was to be our last mission, beside the fact it's not the normal procedure.

SADLER

No, it's not. But then it's not a normal situation we're dealing with here, either. You can call Dutch a whole long list of names, but "normal" isn't one of them. Just leave him in the custody of the site supervisor. He'll be there to meet you when you arrive.

JC

We're nowhere near Arkus 6.

Sadler checks on a computer-generated map.

SADLER

Where you at? Shit, commander. You're no more than a frog's hop away from Arkus 6. You'll be there in no time.

JC waves Wilson over.

JC

We'll reset our coordinates. Just transmit the new codes, along with authorization.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SADLER

Will do, commander. The ship will land on a strip roughly five miles from the base. Site supervisor has already been alerted of your arrival. According to my information, you can refuel there at the strip.

JC turns to Parish who is secretly plugging into a console for information on different solar systems. ARKUS 6 appears on his screen with details and coordinates.

PARISH

(quietly to JC from across room)

Arkus 6 is a preservational facility. Protected animal species reside on the planet.

JC nods and turns back to Sadler on the screen.

SADLER

Wish I could make it easier for you, commander, but life has its tough shit times and this is just one of them. Sides, if Dutch gives you trouble, your doc will juice the boy up with a squirt of sleeping serum. Just tell him to make it a double. Do that and Dutch oughta be good to go.

JC

Was Arkus 6 his original destination?

SADLER

Come again?

JC

Before he jumped Transport to seek sanctuary on Amboria? Was his original destination the Arkus 6 system?

SADLER

Your orders are simple, commander. Get Dutch to Arkus 6

JC looks around at his men.

JC

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Most nod "no." Others simply shrug.

MOLINEAUX

This was supposed to be it, JC. On our way home.
What the fuck should we think?

SADLER

Compensation will be doubled from the original
specified amount.

Parish nods "Yes."

JC

We accept the mission.

SADLER

Very well.

Molineaux and some of the others shake their heads in disappointment.

MOLINEAUX

Goddammit, JC...

JC

Proceed with the flight pattern transmission.

TURKEY

Who wants to tell Dak?

MOLINEAUX

Not me...

SADLER

I am to advise you to suit up in full armor for this
mission.

TURKEY

(surprised)

Full armor?

The screen goes momentarily blank. Then flashes: LOADING FLIGHT
PATTERN. Then: VERIFYING FLIGHT PATTERN. Then: INITIATE.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO THE HOLDING CELL - ON SHIP

Hardwick and her assistant, a large black man named SAMSON, are at the entrance of the holding cell. Dak and Knapper block their entrance.

KNAPPER

Can't go in there, missy.

HARDWICK

I'm a doctor, and your superior. Move the fuck out of the way.

Knapper looks at Dak.

SAMSON

I'd do what the lady says.

DAK

Lighten up there Knapp. Let's coast out of here smooth. No more bitchin.

Dak shrugs and types a series of numbers on a keypad by the door. The barred door to Dutch's holding cell opens.

HARDWICK

There's no coasting around here Dak. Not anymore.

DAK

What?

HARDWICK

Haven't you heard? We're going to Arkus 6.

Hardwick and Samson walk in. Samson stops in the doorway.

SAMSON

(to the guards)

There's no smoking on this ship.

Knapper and Dak put their smokes out. Fast.

DAK

(serious)

What the fuck's she talking about...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL

Samson enters the cell, the door slides SHUT behind him. Dutch is still chained and bound to the table. Hardwick has stepped away from the table, and set down her bag of tricks on a small stand against the wall. Hardwick's look betrays her interest in Dutch. She flashes her eyes at Samson.

HARDWICK
(to Samson)
Watch him...

SAMSON
(stepping in)
Yes ma'am.

Hardwick opens her bag with a loud UNZIPPING and CLICKING of buttons.

Dutch doesn't move, or say a word. Hardwick moves in on Dutch with a syringe.

HARDWICK
Commander's orders. They want you sedated.

DUTCH
Should I turn over so you can stick me in the ass?

HARDWICK
That won't be necessary.

Hardwick lifts Dutch's sleeve and injects -- the foley makes the sound of the puncture sound painful -- but Dutch sits unmoving.

HARDWICK
This'll calm you down when we go to Arkus 6.

Dutch gazes up at her on mention of Arkus 6.

DUTCH
Arkus 6?

Samson is working to clamp a CODED METAL BAND around Dutch's ankles.

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CONTINUED:

HARDWICK

(re: band)

This is so you won't run away. There's a small but potent charge in there. It'll blow off your feet at the ankles. I suggest walking slow.

Dutch gazes up into her eyes.

HARDWICK

I wouldn't even dare to trot.

Dutch follows her out the door with his eyes. Eyes that grow heavy. But there's a buzzing sound, and Samson is coming closer and closer. The door closes and Dutch rests his chin on his chest.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CELL

Dutch wakes up. JC is seated at a TABLE, his boots propped up. And he's playing some kind of solitaire cardgame, with oval-shaped cards.

A small lock of Dutch's HAIR falls on his face. Dutch moves and the hair falls to the ground. Dutch has a new made to order Prison Deluxe BUZZ CUT.

JC

I guess personal hygiene isn't a top priority when you're hiding from top brass, is it?

JC makes a mime of scissors cutting with his fingers. Dutch is quietly sizing JC up and down, trying to get a read on him.

JC

(tossing the cards down)

Hey, you don't have to be sociable. You don't have to answer my questions. You don't have to do a damn thing.

DUTCH

How long was I out?

JC

You've been knocked flat on your ass for thirteen days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUTCH

Thirteen days. Long enough to be near Arkus 6.

JC raises his eyebrows. He walks in an arc around Dutch, pulls out a pack of smokes and slowly fingers one out the pack. He flicks the butt-end of the smoke into his mouth. JC is cool as shit. Dutch should be his ally, but there is too much mistrust right now. Dutch is biding his time.

JC

What do you know about Arkus 6?

DUTCH

I know your medic can't keep a secret. If it was a secret.

JC

The crew knows where we're headed, if that's what you mean. They're a little pissed at you for screwing up their plans. They were all headed home.

DUTCH

They can all go to hell.

JC

And here I thought you had respect for the uniform.

DUTCH

I lost it when mine was taken from me.

JC

You know your rank doesn't surprise me and neither does the level of secrecy surrounding your records. I respect you, Dutch.

DUTCH

(a little groggy)

Is that why you drugged me?

JC

You didn't seem to be ready to cooperate. This stuff is known to make some people more.. agreeable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUTCH

Yea, well... I don't agree with you. I guess it's not working.

JC indicates the tattoo down Dutch's face.

JC

You want to tell me about that?

DUTCH

Your orders are to take me to Arkus 6. And that's all you need to know.

JC

There are really only two rules these days as far as I'm concerned.

He puts his boot on Dutch's chair for emphasis.

JC

A military man should expect to be fucked over. That's the first rule. The second rule is to pay attention when it happens. I'm paying attention right now cause I expect something's up. I want to know why you, why now, why Arkus 6.

DUTCH

I'll tell you when it's too late.

JC smiles and removes his boot.

JC

Okay, Dutch.

He walks to the door then adds...

JC

By the way. We checked it out. Arkus 6 is a preservational facility? Something like that. I know this mission is bullshit as well as you so talk to me later. Before it's too late.

He goes. Dutch examines his cuffs.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORY ROOM

The crew is suiting up in their full battle gear. Full PREDATOR gear. that is. It's a strange sight. Shoulder mount guns, camo netting, wrist computers. The works. There is a mix of futuristic laser guns, tracking devices, knives and ammo belts strapped across their chests.

Samson has what looks like a rabbit's foot but it's as big as his hand. He kisses it and puts it on his belt.

Vegas slips on some cool shades.

Dak notices Wilson's collar isn't pulled up to his neck. There's a RED HICKEY on Wilson's neck. Dak sees this and smiles. He nudges Knapper, who looks up.

KNAPPER

What?

Without a word, but with a sense of quiet, Dak directs Knapper's gaze to Wilson's neck and the RED HICKEY there. Dak whispers into Knapper's ear.

DAK

See? I told you he was boning the doc.

KNAPPER

Sonofabitch.

(To Wilson)

Hey Captain, let me smell your finger.

Wilson turns around not quite hearing him. He looks at him confused. Wilson's bandaged nose looks almost COMICAL.

WILSON

(slightly nasal)

What?

Knapper and Dak laugh.

KNAPPER

Nothing.

DAK

(to Knapper)

I don't trust that motherfucker.

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CONTINUED:

KNAPPER

He's your superior officer. You're not supposed to trust him.

Wilson grabs the rest of his gear then stands on a bench.

WILSON

(addressing the room)

Okay people listen up. This, luckily for you, is a cakewalk. In and out. We dump this piece of shit Dutch off, sign on the dotted line, thank you very much. We're home free. So you can quit pissing and moaning about your lost off-duty time.

DAK

We should be home now, chief.

WILSON

You can be a lot of things right now, Dak. So I suggest you pipe down and stick with it.

(to the group)

Prepare to move out.

Wilson leaves the armory.

DAK

(mumbling loudly to himself)

I'm sick to shit of all of you.

Vegas slaps his hand hard on Dak's back as he walks out.

VEGAS

Yeah, we hate you too, Dak.

Dak just shakes his head. Stuck on another mission with these losers. This is the first sense we get of their cabin fever.

CUT TO:

SICKBAY

Samson walks through the door and sees Hardwick. She's wearing white surgical gloves and sticking a needle into her arm.

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CONTINUED:

SAMSON

I guess when you're a doctor, you can get all the junk you want.

Hardwick is startled, but upon recognizing Samson's voice relaxes.

HARDWICK

This isn't junk. Some levels of venereal disease are airborne now, didn't you know that?

SAMSON

Yes. I did.

HARDWICK

Well I don't want to catch anything. What's so irrational about wanting to stay alive?

SAMSON

We're about to land. Sergeant wanted me to advise you.

Hardwick drops the syringe and juice into a waste box.

HARDWICK

Thanks.

As Samson leaves we linger on the image of Hardwick rubbing the syringe entry point and bandaging it, then washing her hands thoroughly, obsessively.

CUT TO:

CONTROL ROOM

The ship is preparing to land.

Cadillac enters carrying something looking like a sandwich.

WILSON

(to Cadillac)

You're late. Here.

Wilson hands Cadillac a GOLDBAND RING.

Cadillac sticks the sandwich under his arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADILLAC

What's this?

WILSON

Tracking device fed by remote to a terminal Parish carries.

Cadillac looks at Parish who nods.

CADILLAC

How does it know me from any other of the guys?

PARISH

Programmed into the ring. It'll show up on my monitor as Officer Gerald Seville.

CADILLAC

That's Cadillac to you, Preacher.

Cadillac slips the ring on his finger and swoops up his sandwich. The crew prepares to land. Cadillac sits in his seat up front and man's the controls.

KNAPPER

What you got there?

CADILLAC

Sandwich.

KNAPPER

Look again.

Cadillac looks at his sandwich. A big COCKROACH walks out from between the bread, covered in mayo and mustard. Cadillac swoops the roach up, holds it in the air with two fingers, and gingerly bites its head off.

KNAPPER

That's fucking sick, Cadillac.

CADILLAC

That's protein, Knapper.

Cadillac grins through roach-stained teeth.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP FLOATING THROUGH SPACE

The ship is sailing for Arkus 6. It looks like Jupiter. A big orange looking beast of a planet, swirling to the circular rhythms of space.

After a few seconds of cool floating shots, the ship prepares to land.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHIP LANDS ON ARKUS 6 - DAY

On an overcast day, the ship lands on a small strip. Its boosters slowly and softly lay the ship down. A large HATCH slides open on the ship's side, and one by one the crew falls out into position.

EXT. LANDING STRIP AND BUILDINGS

A small metal kiosk stands near one end of the strip. But the kiosk is burnt, blackened and vacant. It looks gutted by fire. The small strip and metal kiosk are the only apparent signs of "civilization" in the jungle.

The crew deplanes and disperses.

DAK

Nice landing there, Knapp. Softer than a virgin's--

HARDWICK

(interrupting)

Shut it, Dak.

DAK

Just an observation.

Knapper laughs to himself.

PINES carries a communications device that clamps on to his helmet and has all sorts of dials on it. Parish carries a monitor used for tracking. At the moment, it's blank. He clicks it on, and we see everyone's position outlined in GREEN LIGHTS. Dutch's light is BLUE.

The soldiers are perplexed by the empty vacant hull of the buildings. Everything torched and charred.

BUELL

Been dead awhile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dutch is on edge. The viper is ready to strike when it sees its chance. Vegas and Cadillac. Dutch's GUARDS, sense this. They exchange a glance.

CADILLAC

Just stay cool, troublemaker.

Away from the burned space, Hardwick has ventured into the edge of the thick trees. Hardwick takes a leaf from a plant and holds it up to the sky.

HARDWICK

I haven't seen a specimen like this since the academy.

KNAPPER

Spare me the trip down memory lane, Hardwick.
Just tell me which leaf I can roll up and smoke.

Dak laughs at Knapper's funny.

GONZALEZ walks ahead of everyone else while fingering his rifle. His eyes dart about casually... scoping out the surroundings. He spots something and the smile fades from his face.

JC

Where's the contact?

PARISH

No signal of anyone else in the area sir.

JC

Pines radio the post.

PINES

Already trying, sir. There's nothing.

PARISH

I've got something, sir. Not a large facility, about 3.5 miles North.

JC

That should be it. We can wait or we can trek.

PARISH

It's not very big, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JC

It could be an underground facility. It being a prison. I'd say that sounds about right.

WILSON

Maybe we should...

GONZALEZ

Over here Major!

The men come around the foliage. Cadillac directs Dutch towards the others, following him.

CADILLAC

Nice and easy.

There stands A HUGE METALLIC TOTEM POLE, covered in arcane hieroglyphs and icons.

Dutch seems to know what he is looking at. Samson checks out the pole with Turkey.

VEGAS is a beast of a man with more equipment on than anyone. Of particular note is the HUGE RIGHT ARM he appears to have with extra flaps around it. His back to the others, he stands guard off to the side.

TURKEY

It's beautiful.

JC

What is it?

Gonzalez stares at it, lost in thought. At JC's questions, he offers an answer, but his eyes continue to scan the totem.

GONZALEZ

Don't know, sir. It's not ours.

DAK

Tell us something we don't know.

GONZALEZ

A relic maybe. Whoever was here before. But it's definitely a message.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUELL

Yeah? What's it say?

GONZALEZ

I got no fuckin' idea. But glyphs on a pole like this are traditionally a warning.

BUELL

Glyphs?

GONZALEZ

The markings. It might say "Low Clearance," "Watch For Falling Rocks" or "Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here."

(shrugs)

It's hard to say.

DAK

(glaring at Wilson)

Did somebody say Cakewalk?

Wilson's eyes dart around the area.

WILSON

What, you scared there, Dak?

Turkey reaches up and touches a glyph on the pole.

SUDDENLY

the ground OPENS UP, a CHASM beneath his feet, and Turkey plunges down.

In a lightning-fast move, Dutch falls to his knees and leans over the edge of the precipice. He has caught Turkey by the neck with both clamped hands.

Just as suddenly, all the soldiers TRAIN their guns on Dutch.

WILSON!

Don't you fucking move, asshole.

DAK

Let him go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DUTCH
If I let him go, he falls.

TURKEY
Don't let me go! Don't let me go!

Vegas and Cadillac grab Turkey and lift him up.

CADILLAC
(to Dutch)
Stand up. Slow.

Dutch stands slowly, as he's told. Turkey catches his breath. Exchanges a look of thanks with Dutch.

JC
(to Wilson)
We're not waiting. Round em up.

Wilson steps away from the kiosk and gathers the others.

WILSON
Alright, we're about 3 miles away from our destination. Parish!

Parish looks up.

PARISH
Sir!

WILSON
Parish is the man with the box. He knows where we're going, so we follow Parish. We drop this asshole off, then backtrack to the ship. Let's get moving.

Buell's interest is growing on the totem pole.

BUELL
What is this shit?

MOLINEAUX
Forget it, man. It's a museum piece. Bet you 20 New Dollars jailboys brought it over and put it up. Something to make the front yard look nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

TURKEY

Yeah, Buell. It's nothing.

DAK

Shut up, Turkeyneck. Hero shoulda dropped you straight to the bottom of hell.

JC

Enough. Let's move on.

JC moves on ahead and the rest of the crew follows suit.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE OVERHEAD SHOT

The men trek through the jungle. The camera glides above them. Almost as if it's someone's floating POV, looking down on their prey.

Dak's shoulder-mount gun AIMS with an ELECTRONIC ZIPPING SOUND, over towards Knapper.

KNAPPER

Watch where you're pointing that thing, asshole.

Knapper smacks Dak's shoulder gun. It slides back into neutral... A few steps later Dak's gun zooms back out at Knapper. Dak smiles.

Close on Dutch. His eyes calmly scan the area. Alert.

Dak notices Dutch eyeballing.

DAK

You want a smoke, hero?

Dutch doesn't answer. Dak plays him.

DAK

It's the real thing now, none of that reconstituted lung-clogging crap they sell the grunts. This is high clearance level Cubo-Dominican contraband. This is primo shit.

Dak takes one out for himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNAPPER

High level clearance? How many dicks did you
suck to get that?

Dak spins a glance at Knapper, then holds up TWO FINGERS.

DAK

(to Dutch)

Last chance, buddy.

He lights up.

CLOSE ON the flame lighting the cigar in PREDATOR HEAT SEEKING POV
FROM ABOVE.

DAK

(exhaling)

Your loss, pal.

Dutch looks up to the trees. Dak follows his gaze.

BUELL

For a natural preserve, this place is pretty quiet.

DUTCH

Nature takes more forms than animal. Look
around you.

Their POV

Nothing Trees.

DUTCH

The trees are alive.

Dak BREAKS a dead looking BRANCH off of a nearby TREE... He SWINGS it
in front of Dutch's face before tossing it aside.

DAK

Looks dead to me...

We push in on the STUMP from where the Branch was pulled.... IT BEGINS
TO OOZE a yellow green PUS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

We realize it's a rather LARGE INSECT that camouflages itself as a large branch. It's BONY HEAD lowers and turns to the departing Dak as it's arm stump drips it's strange colored life blood onto the ground below.

CLOSE ON PARISH

Parish's monitor lights up like Christmas.

PARISH

I've got something, sir.

WILSON

What is it?

PARISH

I don't know. It's moving steadily in this direction.
And it's keeping low to the ground.

The crew is alert. JC nods at Wilson, who gives the crew the order to circle out. They prepare to face whatever might be out there.

Dutch stands stock still. His nostrils start flaring as he recognizes a scent. Cadillac sees Dutch sensing something.

JC motions to Parish. Parish points in one direction, a bank of HEAVY GREENERY. Thick. JC motions to Wilson, and Wilson keeps the crew on mark. The TENSION is almost excruciating.

Then a WET RAT races out from between the trees, zigzagging its way towards the crew.

Knapper aims his weapon at the rat.

DAK

What the hell are you doin'?

KNAPPER

I can take him out.

DAK

You're drawing a bead on a fuckin' rat.

The crew loosens up a little, but Dutch is still ready. Parish glances down at his monitor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARISH

No. I still got something.

Suddenly, some kind of LARGE ANIMAL LEAPS OUT. Its HUGE JAWS OPEN exposing rows of RAZORSHARP TEETH. The THING is LEAPING through the air.

It was headed for the rat, now its mouth is ZEROED in straight for PINES.

Pines is stunned as the beast ROCKETS towards him. The thing's TEETH are headed straight for PINES' ARM and the LOVELY TATTOO.

Pines lets out a terrified SCREAM as Cadillac plugs the beast with a BLAST from his shoulder mount gun. The creature's jaws CLAMP SHUT a fraction of a millimeter away from PINES' ARM and the TATTOO.

PINES

Holy shit! That thing almost got my tat!

Dak and a few others start to laugh.

DAK

Thing almost made off with your arm, jack! Never mind the goddamn tattoo!

PINES

(checking tat for damage)

A month's pay...

As Pines and Dak continue their banter, Hardwick examines the animal. Its guts are quivering.

Using a LASER LIGHT-PEN she pulls from her bootstrap, she slits open the animal's midsection.

A slick, shimmering SAC falls out, and through the slice, three almost-formed EMBRYOS slide out.

KNAPPER

That really sucks when you kill the pregnant ones.

BUELL

(to Hardwick)

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARDWICK

A Pegasus. Rare.

DAK

They're as dumb as the deer we used to blast back home.

HARDWICK

Just because they don't plan on some asshole shooting them for no reason doesn't mean they're dumb.

CADILLAC

That's right, you should only kill what you eat. What's wrong with you Dak?

DAK

Hey, spare me the tree hugger, save the whales crap all right? That shit died out years ago.

TURKEY

Yeah man, get with the times guys.

Cadillac checks it out more closely.

CADILLAC

Is it edible?

HARDWICK

It spits acid, so I'd say no...

BUELL

(to Cadillac)

Don't you ever think about anything else?

CADILLAC

Momma always said that a man who don't like eatin ain't no man at all.

DAK

I'd eat my mom before I'd take a bite of that thing.

KNAPPER

You'd have to beat Hardwick to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The other guys kind of laugh. Hardwick SMASHES HER ELBOW into KNAPPER'S FACE expertly. He drops to the ground.

All the other guys laugh at him.

Knapper's shoulder gun WHIZZES AND SPINS over until it is pointing DEAD CENTER at Hardwick's FACE.

Hardwick's shoulder gun WHIZZES AND AIMS AT KNAPPER when suddenly...

Wilson's shoulder gun whizzes and levels at HARDWICK'S TEMPLE.

WILSON

Drop it, Hardwick.

HARDWICK

Him first, sarge.

JC

Drop it all of you.

Pregnant pause. Then everyone's guns WHIZZ BACK into neutral and Knapper jumps to his feet. Gives Hardwick a dirty look and walks away. He wipes the blood off his nose.

KNAPPER

Bitch.

HARDWICK

Dick.

JC

We're almost out of here, people... Let's stick with the mission at hand.

Dutch is calm. His face does not betray his thoughts, the plotting going on his mind.

WILSON

Pines, anything?

PINES

Not a goddamn thing. Waves are blank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JC

We move to the prison.

DAK

(to Dutch)

What the fuck are you staring at?

Dak looks back into the trees like Dutch is doing.

JC and Wilson start scanning the trees, too. In the background we hear Turkey and Pines arguing.

TURKEY

What have you got there?

PINES

Nothing, there's nothing.

TURKEY

Check again.

Turkey begins keeping a record of frequencies Pines has checked.

TURKEY

You missed one.

PINES

I didn't.

TURKEY

No. I saw. You missed one. You skipped right over it.

PINES

It stops automatically on each frequency, Turkey. I'm not controlling it or guiding it.

TURKEY

But it skipped right over.

Pines thrusts the radio device into Turkey's hands.

PINES

Here you go, smart ass. You find something.

CONTINUED: (3)

Turkey takes the device from Pines, who walks away. The crew plods along on their journey. The jungle is a deep, green tapestry around them.

Strange sounds start coming from the trees. Overhead shot of the crew walking towards a thick section of forest. Beyond which is a clearing.

Suddenly a bee like BUZZING sound is getting CLOSER.

GONZALES

Do you hear that ?

SAMSON

Yeah what the hell is it ?

VEGAS

I think it's mosquitoes. I heard the same thing over on Riker 9 in the Thai Quadrant. We shouldn't be sticking around here to find out.

BUELL

They must have been some bad ass motherfuckin mosquitoes to spook you like that.

The buzzing gets louder.

VEGAS

They were.

Parish's monitor detects an object in the distance.

PARISH

Commander.

IC looks and sees what Parish is silently motioning to on his monitor. They continue in that direction.

Vegas continues on his own mosquito tangent as the crew pushes through heavy brush. Turkey listens intently.

VEGAS

I knew this guy, Sam. They used to call him Bent Dick Sam, on account of his male member and the way it kind of twist-curved off to one side...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Gonzalez checks out Parish's monitor, then follows his own lead again and pushes through some heavy brush into a clearing.

They all follow Gonzalez.

VEGAS

...You know, on Riker 9, Thai or no Thai, you bathe in the river. Bent Dick Sam didn't give a shit. He'd strip down to nothing, bent-dick hanging out and everything, and dive right the fuck in like a pig wallowing in mud. He began soaping himself up with that cheap Thai cake, and a Thai girl walked by and flashed him her boobs.

One of the other soldiers takes notice at Vegas' incredulous story, and looks back at him, even as the crew progresses into the jungle.

VEGAS

No shit, man. True story. Little bouncy banana titties. Pretty soon his pecker started to stiffen up -- and to the side.

HARDWICK

Do we have to listen to this?

VEGAS

Then all of a sudden, he heard this buzzing sound. Just like the sound here... And a whole flock of these monster-size skeeters zeroed in straight to where the blood war -- his DICK. When they pulled him out of there, his prick was all swollen up like a big yellow squash. A few days later, after the swelling went down... it was like a miracle had happened, cause his prick was as straight as--

Vegas looks up, and can't believe what he sees.

VEGAS

Sonofabitch

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

They see in the middle of the clearing is a GIANT CROSS made of TREE TRUNKS in the SHAPE OF AN X.

We can see that there is SOMETHING ATTACHED to the other side of the cross.

Gonzalez rushes over to the other side of it.

Hardwick is next to go around to see what he's found on the other side. The rest all follow suit.

They are all STUNNED SILENT.

Dutch and Cadillac are the last to make it around the cross.

(We follow Dutch's reaction, intercutting the reveal of the thing on the cross with his POV of it.)

Stretched out on the cross is a PREDATOR CRUCIFIED.

It hangs helplessly, making no sound. It is bleeding a FLUORESCENT GREEN BLOOD, and is obviously past any threshold of pain man could endure. Its helmet is off, head slumped and looking dead.

It's been baking in the sun. It's SHOULDER MOUNT GUN is smashed and dangling. It's wearing the exact same armor that the crew is wearing. If not for the amphibian head they'd swear it was one of their own.

PARISH
(taking it all in)
Sweet Lord...

JC
Keep away from it, Turkey.

Turkey steps back. (He was about to touch it.)

JC
All of you, stay back. Doctor.

JC motions for Hardwick to check it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARDWICK

I've never seen anything like it before.

PINES

It's wearing our gear...

JC simply shakes his head, deep in thought. Eyes glued to the Predator.

Hardwick is monitoring it with her laser pen.

HARDWICK

It's dying, sir.

Samson tries to lift the Predator's head with his flash rifle. IT WAKES.

Dutch freaks at the sight of his old foe and tries to escape, Samson grabs him, but Dutch THROWS Samson off himself and INTO THE PREDATOR

The PREDATOR instinctually sinks his mighty jaws into SAMSON'S NECK.

BLOOD SQUIRTS like a geyser from his throat as he falls to the ground screaming.

The crew is taken off guard and wrestle to get the guns ready but DUTCH IS OFF RUNNING.

The blood drenched Samson spins and fires at Dutch... Ripping several trees to shreds. One bullet tears a RIP through the top of Dutch's SHOULDER.

JC stops Samson and shoves him aside. He almost goes back into the Predator, who snaps his jaws again at Samson.

JC

Alive! We need him alive. you stupid son of a bitch.

They tear off after Dutch, leaving the CRUCIFIED PREDATOR behind them like a mysterious fading image in a rearview mirror.

JC picks up Dutch's ankle bracelets, which lie on the ground. He can't figure out how he got em off...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JC

(beat)

Parish, keep track of everybody. Hardwick. Wilson,
let's spread em out...

HARDWICK

It was wearing our gear, sir.

JC

I know Hardwick. I know.

They take off running. Hardwick stays behind to patch up Samson. Samson
pushes her off and tears after Dutch.

EXT. JUNGLE

They arrive in another clearing... Wilson gives Parish the code for Dutch's
metal arm band. Parish types it into his monitor and his BLUE light appears.
Dutch is moving swiftly through the trees.

PARISH

He's running towards the prison. Away from the
ship.

Samson is stalking, his face a bleeding mess... angry as hell.

JC

Pines, try to radio the prison, again.

Pines starts turning knobs and dials when an EAR-SPLITTING SHRIEK
erupts out of Pines' earphones, loud enough so that we can hear it. Pines
yanks the equipment off his head.

PINES

Sonofafuck!

A small trickle of blood runs out of Pines' ear.

JC

What is it?

PINES

(loud, as if deaf)

I can't hear a fucking thing. All communications
are down. Goddamn.

CONTINUED:

Pines touches his bleeding ear.

JC

Turkey?

Turkey stops looking at his gizmo.

TURKEY

Something's scrambling the frequencies.

DAK

The fucker is sly, man. Sly.

PINES

I don't need no tracker. I can sniff the fucker out.

PINES tears into the jungle leaving the others behind.

WILSON

(to the others)

Spread em out.

The crew is fanning out as directed.

CUT TO:

JUNGLE WITH PINES

Pines is close on Dutch's trail. Thinks he has him. He slows down and walks stealth like through the jungle. He can feel something up ahead. In the dark of the trees. He can almost taste it. We can hear the others off in the distance.

BACK WITH THE OTHERS

JC

What is it?

PINES

Something out where Pines headed. He was onto him.

JC

Let's follow Pines.

JUNGLE WITH PINES

Pines is locked in on a target. Then he just STOPS.

First he feels the heat. Then he looks down and notices a RED BEAM on his wrist. He stops dead in his tracks.

As THE BEAM moves up his arm he FOLLOWS IT with his eyes. The beam goes up his arm then moves over to his chest... -

Joining the TWENTY OTHER RED BEAMS that are SPREAD OUT ACROSS HIS CHEST.

Pines looks up and sees the HORRIFIC SIGHT of TWENTY PREDATORS in the trees, all with their SHOULDER GUNS trained on him.

Pines doesn't scream. He simply watches as they FIRE into the camera all at once.

CUT TO:

THE CREW

They hear Pines' BLOODCURDLING SCREAM and come running together.

VEGAS

Where's Pines?

Parish checks his monitor. Pine's little green light is still ticking.

PARISH

This way.

They run after him into the thick of the forest, wild eyed and alert. Panic is setting in. The pace is quickening.

Around a corner, the crew discovers Pines' ARM, sticking up in the ground. PINES' SNAKEGIRL TATTOO is plainly visible, even though it's streaked with WET BLOOD. The ring tracer is on his finger.

DAK

Sonofabitch.

Turkey almost yaks. Vegas picks the arm up and looks at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JC looks disturbed. A few steps away, they find Pines' other arm.

DAK

He got Pines.

SAMSON

That motherfucker did this.

The crew is primed, but shocked. JC eyes Vegas.

JC

We're in trouble Vegas. I need to find this man
and get us out of here safely.

Vegas gives him a stone look and steps forward. In one move he pulls OPEN HIS ARM FLAPS, and ACTIVATES the ROWS OF AUTOMATIC GUNS that are his RIGHT ARM. The weapons begin SELF ACTIVATING creating verses of tinkering and metal slapping together. He stands ready.

JC

Preferably alive.

TURKEY

(eyeing the huge gun)
It's on stun, right?

Hardwick approaches Samson, and he finally agrees to let her bandage his wound. She washes it out with some liquid that foams up around the wound. Samson winces in pain.

Vegas leads the way as they set out into the jungle.

WILSON

Where the fuck is Molineaux?

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE

The camera circles the place where the dead MOLINEAUX lies slain. With a clicking sound, a BLUR fills the screen then another Predator materializes out of thin air. He looks bigger, impossibly stronger, and wears a full set of jet black armor. We'll call him BLACK PREDATOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLACK PREDATOR stands before the dead soldier. He slices through the body with his razorsharp claws, and reaches in to take the soldier's skull, which he yanks out with a loud RIPPING SOUND, bringing the spine along with it. He lets out a roar.

Intercut reaction shots from the rest of the crew.

CUT TO:

Parish's monitor lights up. Dutch's little blue light is suddenly surrounded by a fleet of red lights.

PARISH

What in God's Name?

Wilson looks over Parish's shoulder.

The red lights have swarmed entirely over the blue light. The blue light flickers for a minute, then vanishes.

PARISH

It's gone.

Suddenly, the blue light reappears faintly. But more importantly, the red lights are moving towards the crew.

PARISH

There's something out there. And it's headed our way.

JC has been watching this on Parish's monitor. Wilson looks at JC who pretends not to notice him.

JC

Full arm.

The crew gets totally armed: Weapons fly out of compartments, are checked for ammo, cocked and readied.

PARISH

(covering his panic)

Commander, we need to get back to the ship.

Parish realizes the red lights are not directly pursuing them. The red lights are arcing around, circling the crew, surrounding them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PARISH

Sir!

Dak glances at Parish's monitor. But the lights tell him nothing he didn't already know.

DAK

Sonofabitch! How can they move so fast?

Suddenly all the lights disappear. All power in the trackers simply die with an electronic DRAINING SOUND like a fading, sinking DRONE.

The crewmembers stop dead in their tracks. Close-up of their eyes and BREATHLESS MOUTHS.

Everyone's senses are on red alert. No one breathes. Then suddenly...

The familiar Predator CLICKING SOUND begins, one voice at a time until it sounds as if a hundred individual Predators have invisibly surrounded the entire crew like flickering HALLUCINATORY IMAGES.

The Crew begins to visibly shake as the Clicks reach louder and louder decibels in full-on THX MONSTER SOUND.

The Predators SURGE FORWARD into the crew.

WILSON

Move Out!!!!

Wilson makes for a window of opportunity past the clawed invisible hands of the Predators that clutch at AIR. The crew is sitting in and out among the trees in serpentine fashion, trying desperately to get away from the pursuing Predator horde. To no avail.

CUT TO:

PREDATOR ATTACK

All crew are now throwing defense fire as they run blind from their invisible and visible attackers.

Dak and Knapper stick together. A Predator drops down behind them. Sensing it they split. The Predator whips into action pulling a THICK DOUBLE BARRELED PRED RIFLE. It FIRES sending a golf balled sized NET BALL that sails into Knapper's back. It immediately expands WRAPPING A

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

METAL BARBED NET AROUND Him and pins him to a tree. He screams in pain as the barbs SLICE into his skin.

Quickly the Predator FIRES the other barrel. Dak ducks as the net ball sails past. The Predator ACTIVATES his gun causing the ball to EXPAND BETWEEN TWO TREES. Dak runs right into it WRAPPING himself in the BARBS.

THREE Predators drop to the ground and FIRE their NET RIFLES. Wilson and JC are taken down. Parish gets it in the face so hard it DRIVES him back till he runs into a small tree. The net WRAPS twice around his face and TIGHTENS HARD against it. The wires SINK into his skin drawing blood in streaks.

The crew are being rounded up like cattle. Gonzalez is running as fast as he can, but he makes the mistake of looking behind him. His shouldermount spins 180 degrees, firing from his back. He takes a fall off a cliff and into a mudpit below. The ships pass overhead.

Only Vegas left. He stops from running and spins around putting that arm of his into overtime action. A few Predators step out of the line of fire finding protection from behind some trees. MULTIPLE ROUND AFTER ROUND FIRES OUT creating a glow from the flying shells and smoke coming out from his body. An outline of his fire is visible from above as the jungle crumbles from his force. Branches, leaves, dirt, bark, and dust send a cloud into the air till finally his arms kick out the last shells.

A few Predators slide out from behind the trees. And FIRE before he does sending a series of HOOKS his way.

He fires back too late as the HOOKS wrap around him causing his arms to fold into himself. The hooks are attached to a flying vehicle which comes out of the forest, dragging and then lifting Vegas into the air like a fish hanging from a hooked line.

The Predators round up all the days catch throwing them over other invisible vehicles like sacks of potatoes and flying them high through the jungle.

CUT TO:

PREDATOR SCREECH

A QUICK MONTAGE of FIFTY Or more PREDATORS in various CLOSEUPS screeching a VICTORY CRY at ear splitting decibels.

DISSOLVE TO:

AN OVERHEAD SHOT OF THE LAND

We see the treetops, the landscape. We see billows of SMOKE up ahead. The sound of the screeches echoing out over the trees. Closing in on the smoke, we glide over an awesome CAMP SITE.

A series of dissolves shows us HUTS and BONFIRES, OCTAGONAL CAGES, TORTURE DEVICES and ARENAS of all sizes that make up this camp.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKED CAGE IN THE JUNGLE - DAY

The camera cranes down and pushes into this particular cage where JC stirs, wakes. He's in an octagonal metal cage. Big enough for him, and not much else...

Stretching sore muscles and wincing in pain, JC tries to stand. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Parish's head from the side.

Parish looks beat up. A trickle of blood runs down from Parish's LEFT EYE in a slow, runny drip.

JC

Parish. You're bleed--

He seems about to say something else, then is struck with the realization that Parish has been DECAPITATED, his head impaled on a SPIKE. Camera pans around Parish's head -- the SPIKE has gone through Parish's RIGHT EYE, pointing to the heavens and covered in slick eye JELLY.

JC

Parish.

JC looks down at himself, and sees he's no longer wearing the Predator-armor.

He looks through the bars.

CUT TO.

EXT. PREDATOR CAMP SITE

The SITE is enormous. STEAM rises from primitive KETTLES burning over fires all around the site. HIDES and UNIDENTIFIABLE SKINS hang from the trees, drying in the wind. PREDATORS roam the site, keeping their prisoners

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

in check. Athletic displays of strength and PHYSICAL COMBAT seems to be the purpose. PRIMITIVE SPEARS and WEAPONRY seems to abound, but on closer inspection one can see the highly detailed and unusual makeup of these weapons. Made of METALS unknown to man.

A CEREMONY is taking place. There seems to be a celebration underway in thanks for the captured human – and alien – prey.

One Predator SKINS AND DRAINS One of the PEGASUS creatures the crew discovered earlier. It BLEATS uselessly as its gutted. Another Predator assists in collecting the drained GREEN FLUIDS into METAL JARS.

A MAKESHIFT STOVE Is set up there, too, as another Predator processes the fluid into a JELLY LIKE SUBSTANCE.

The SKIN from the alien is thrown into a heap where another Predator removes the skin and hangs it.

INSIDE THE CAGE

SAMSON

(shaken)

There must have been some mistake.

JC turns around sharply to the next cage.

The right side of Samson's FACE has been eaten AWAY and despite Hardwick's medical attention, looks to be seriously infected. He looks awful.

SAMSON

We shouldn't be here. Where's our meet? Where's the base?

Samson speaks quietly, like someone who has lost their mind.

JC

I don't know.

Dak appears behind the bars of his cage, off to the side.

DAK

Don't you see what's going on out there? That animal we shot up earlier? It was their sacred buffalo for christ's sake. They're pissed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAMSON

Who? Who's pissed? What are those fucking things?

DAK

A bunch of high-tech lizard men.

BUELL

We're fucked up a tree ain't we commander?

Beyond the cage wall, JC can see the layout of the cell he's in. The adjoining cells, including his own, are situated around a wide, spiked, metal PILLAR, in a kind of a donut layout.

Buell and Knapper are in the first, then pairs of two with Vegas and Cadillac, Hardwick and Turkey, Vegas and Wilson.

DAK

No, Buell. Everything's just fine. We just get out of these cages, find sonofabitch Dutch, then hop back on the ship in no time, right Wilson?

WILSON

That's some attitude, Dak.

DAK

Fuck you, ween.

SAMSON

Did you see Gonzalez? Has anyone seen Gonzalez?

BUELL

No. It was all happening too fast.

JC can see that they're not alone in the camp. There are other creatures besides the Predators in cages surrounding the camp.

Apart from what looks like giant RED and YELLOW MANTIS, other alien creatures sit in chains in their respective cages.

Some are big, some are small, some bipeds, some on four or even eight legs. But all seem to be gifted with: ANGER, MEANNESS and TENACITY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The SALAMANDERMEN are scaly and amphibious, but their red tongues show their bloodlust. They are caged on the other side of the pits from the humans.

In another cage we have the TEETHGNASHERS. They look like they sound.

In a far cage, HUMANOID creatures with COCKROACH-LIKE WINGS and SERRATED LEGS crackle with intense electric nervousness. They seem to want to fight as much as the PREDATORS do.

Other creatures so fierce and determined as to be indescribable, keep the crew's eyes locked in an almost hallucinatory trance.

CAGE

JC is carefully examining his cage. The construction and layout of the cage, like everything else around here, is a mix of the high tech and the primitive.

JC

These things aren't exactly air tight, you know...
Almost as if they want us to escape.

TURKEY

Who'd want to. I think we're a lot safer in here
than out there, wouldn't you say?

HARDWICK

Yea but for how long...

JC sees something half buried in the dirt about a yard outside his cage bars.

JC

That's Parish's box.

DAK

A whole lot of good it does us out there.

JC

It can point us in the direction of the prison.

TURKEY

Are you kidding, we can't get through these things.

DAK

What no one's got a hacksaw?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Hardwick exchanges a glance with JC. She holds up her finger, signalling him to watch and wait.

The Predator watching their cage passes to assist with the ROACH EVENT.

When it's far enough away Hardwick bends down and digs into her ankle pack. She pulls out the LASER LIGHT PEN she used earlier to slit open the pregnant PEGASUS.

CADILLAC

Holy mother. Where you been hiding that?

She looks at JC.

HARDWICK

This what you're thinking about Commander?

JC

Go to it, soldier. Just make it fast, and keep it towards the back.

Hardwick flicks the pen device on and brings it to the metal. She watches out for the Predators as the lightpen begins to make a dent.

The sound of UNHOLY GNASHING and the SCREECHING BATTLECRIES of the alien creatures alert the crew.

BUELL

Something's up.

A fight is taking place between two COCKROACHMEN and a smaller PREDATOR.

EXT. ARENA

In the arena, two COCKROACHMEN take on the one Predator. It's a slice-and-dice affair, with the Roach's brown mucky legs holding BLADES while circling the Predator.

ROACH 1 lunges and slices the Predator's leg open. Green blood seeps out in steady neon trickle. The Predator produces a strange FISTFUL OF SPIKES that he uses to SLICE THROUGH the offending creature's leg like butter. It falls to the ground, still clinging it's Blade.

The surrounding Predators HOWL AND SCREECH in feral approval.

INT. CAGE

Cadillac watches from behind the cage's bars.

CADILLAC
Goddamn roaches.

Buell looks at Cadillac, who stares straight ahead with a look that is at once sick and scared.

KNAPPER
Let's see you bite the head off of that, Cadillac...

EXT. ARENA

ROACH 2 can't help himself and dip it's head immediately into the fallen green Predator blood on the arena floor with a SICK SUCKING SOUND.

Predator takes the opportunity to PIN the Roaches head to the ground with his FIST OF SPIKES, squishing it around as a sick yellow SHIT begins to blurp out of ROACH 2's skull.

The onlookers CHEER.

But Roach 1 LUNGES for Predator's open midsection and takes a FLESHY CHUNK out of his GUT with his serrated RAZORSHARP front PINCER-JAWS. Green Blood flies in meaty chunks.

Predator collapses on the floor in a gaseous heap. The Crew makes sick noises and even the other Predators fall deathly silent at the sight of Roach 1 FEEDING on Predator AND Roach 2.

CUT TO:

CAGE

Cadillac is watching the battle intently.

CADILLAC
Won't be long before these sports fans start using us for training...

JC is watching Hardwick's Progress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JC

How we doing, Hardwick?

HARDWICK

Almost there.

DAK

What do we do when we get outside?

JC

We head back to our original destination.

DAK

Back to the prison? Fuck that, I get out of here, I'm going back to the ship

JC

Forget it, even if they haven't seized the ship by now they'll be crawling all over it..

HARDWICK

He's right. Back at the prison there could be supplies, weapons, even surviving prisoners...

DAK

Surviving prisoners? Are you all fucked up or what? Anybody who's ever stepped foot on this planet will have gone toe to toe with one of those crocodiles by now and not lived to tell about it.

HARDWICK

Draconia Ostracodermis Not crocodilia, Dak. The Draconia has been a top secret candidate for years as a prime extraterrestrial breed thought suitable for trade.

DAK

Well, get out your knick knacks, they're trading now.

Rocko pipes up.

ROCKO

Whatever they are, they must have set up camp here without Internal Command knowing. It

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROCKO (cont'd)
doesn't make sense. They'd know about it,
wouldn't they?

DAK
They know about it, alright.

Knapper is checking out all the different ALIEN PRISONERS in the adjoining cells.

KNAPPER
Who are those guys?

BUELL
I don't know, but they're in the same boat as us.

Buell takes a step back for in the adjoining cage is a SEVEN-FOOT-TALL RED AND GREEN FEMALE PRAYING MANTIS looking thing. Its jaws open and shut exposing its gaping maw. The mantis' legs are chained but as Buell makes eye contact with its BULGING YELLOW EYES, the MANTIS SCREECHES.

TURKEY
Just stay away from it. It's tied up. It can't hurt you.

BUELL
Not yet.

A FAT BLACK CRAB-LIKE SPIDER ABOUT THE SIZE OF A MAN'S FIST crawls along the cage floor. Buell and Rocko watch as it crosses the floor in that erratic, spider pace. It crosses the threshold into the MANTIS' CAGE.

In a lightning flash move, the MANTIS SWOOPS DOWN on the SPIDER and slugs it down its throat with a crunching gooey sound.

Dak looks around for the other soldiers. He sees PINES on the OUTSIDE of their cell.

DAK
Jesus.

CUT TO:

EXT. PINES OUTSIDE OF CAGE

PINES is being DRAGGED into camp by his shirt collar. He seems lifeless. Not putting up a fight at all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The huge, menacing BLACK ARMORED PREDATOR is dragging him.

He DUMPS Pines in front of a tree trunk.

Pines is ARMLESS. The steaming stumps have been seared shut and a florescent green jelly covers them.

The Black Predator walks right up to JC's cage and looks JC over. He then proceeds to Wilson's cage and does same. He turns and heads back into the camp.

WILSON

I guess they can sniff out commanding officers.
We'll be first.

JC

Or last.

Dak leans into the cage as much as he can.

DAK

Pines! Hey Pines!

Pines begins to moan and groan.

DAK

Come on man talk to me, jack.

PINES

Just fuck off okay.

DAK

Man, you've got to get it together so we can get out
of here.

PINES

Why don't you just shoot me out here?

DAK

We don't have any weapons. I couldn't do that
even if I wanted to.

PINES

I'd shoot you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAK

Well you're a fucking asshole.

(beat)

Take a look at your waist. They barely tied you up,
just drop down through that belt and go for it.

Cadillac checks it out. Looks conceivable.

CADILLAC

Can you do it ?

PINES

I can't. My arms man. My fucking arms.

DAK

What arms?

CADILLAC

Get to the ship and send out a distress signal.

DAK

With your teeth or something...

CADILLAC

Someone's gotta find out what's going down!

PINES

You fucking idiots, look at me. I can't do anything.
Find someone else to be your hero.

WILSON

Leave him alone, people... Look at him, he's beat
like a shitbag! If you were him the last thing you'd
want to hear is this bullshit.

DAK

Yeah, well excuse me if I don't give a rat's ass about
what you think, captain. Aren't you the genius
who led us out here in the first place?

JC steps up to the bars separating his cell from Dak.

JC

You're out of line, Dak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAK

Fuck off. What are you gonna do, court martial me? Go ahead. It'll be a trial-by-combat.

HARDWICK GETTING CLOSE

Dak has grown increasingly hostile, and angry. Now that he sees an out, he wants to take it himself.

DAK

Gimme the knife, bitch. You're going too slow.

JC

That's enough out of you, Dak.

DAK

This is our last chance, asshole. I'm not about to leave it up to that frigid bitch.

HARDWICK

This frigid bitch is about to save your ass.

Hardwick's CUTS are so clean, the bars of the cage are sliced through but unmoving. Before she pushes them out and runs for it she picks someone in the other cages to toss the pen too. Dak is clearly the closest.

DUTCH

Come on, toss it to ME.

HARDWICK

Samson...

Samson pokes his hand out of his cage.

Hardwick TOSSES it to Samson, instead.

SLO MOTION

as we follow the pen spin through the air heading straight for Samson's eagerly outstretched HAND.

A split-second after the pen lands in Samson's hand, a BLAST from a Predator's SHOULDERMOUNT across the camp BLOWS Samson's HAND into ground meat. Samson screams in burning agony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JC
Hit it, Hardwick!

Hardwick pushes out the bars and makes a run for it.

Predator FIRE tears up her cage and everything behind her.

Hardwick scrambles to pick up Parish's box. It's beat up, but the dim, flashing light indicates it still works.

Samson is shot to bits as he was left in her wake... Cadillac grabs Samson and tries to hold him together. The pen is just within reach outside his cage.

He's about to risk reaching for it.

With a LOUD CLANG, the doorway to Cadillac's cage is OPENED.

A Predator pulls Cadillac out by the scruff of the neck. Cadillac tries to fight, and the Predator has to knock him on his ass.

The Pred grabs Cadillac by the BOOT instead and drags him out of the cage.

CUT TO:

JUNGLE

Hardwick sidewinds through the jungle, keeping a low profile. But she can't disguise the fear in her breath as trees behind her explode with Predator fire.

She holds Parish's box close to her, tries to get it to work. It lights up. She sees the direction she needs to go to reach the prison.

BLACK PREDATOR POV

From a treetop, Black Predator sees Hardwick make her way through the jungle floor. Heat Seeking Vision. We know she's up shit creek.

CUT TO:

CADILLAC AND THE ROACHES

Cadillac is dragged kicking into the ARENA where Roach 1 is waiting for the next contestant. The clumpy remains of the Previous Predator are being carted off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roach 1 gets ready for Cadillac, GNASHING its teeth, showing its claws and evil eyes.

Cadillac swallows painfully in his dry throat as a PREDATOR SPEAR is tossed to him. He can't believe the weight of it. Light as a feather.

He swoops it down to the ground and cuts a slice into the rock they are standing on. He's impressed.

CADILLAC

Goddamn roaches.

Cadillac and the Roaches dodge and parry and lunge at each other. Striking occasionally, drawing blood. Cadillac gets sliced up pretty bad, just as the Predator did.

Cadillac swipes at the eyes, slicing them open, letting all that vitreous clear shit OOZE out. Roach 1 is blind now. An easy kill.

Not a moment passes before ROACH 1 has CADILLAC on his ass, but Cadillac sticks the blade on it's foot and SLICES Roach 1 open from nuts to neck, spilling the same YELLOW PUKE all over himself.

The onlookers CHEER.

The humans are cheering on Cadillac.

CADILLAC

Aw shit... nasty...

Cadillac YACKS. A PREDATOR'S ARM reaches in and grabs him, lifting him in the air as the PUKE drips from his body.

CUT TO:

BLACK PREDATOR POV

Through the heatseeking POV, we see that the black Predator is closer to HARDWICK now, stumbling among the trees. He's stalking her.

She falls, gets up and runs again.

BLACK PREDATOR leaps to another tree...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Hardwick stands stock still and breathes coolly, steeling herself. She hears something running to her from in front, now.

Then the sound: that familiar eerie foreboding CLICKING. Hardwick scans the area, trying to figure out where the sound is coming from. That sound seems right behind her. But then suddenly a figure appears in front of her.

It's GONZALEZ, the only missing survivor of the initial attack and he is running straight for her. Most of the mud he fell into has been wiped off his body. He obviously never put two and two together.

Hardwick opens her mouth as if about to scream.

Suddenly a MUD-COVERED HAND blocks her mouth. Hardwick recoils, tasting mud, but another HAND has grabbed her torso and dragged her into a MUDPIT.

Hardwick struggles, cranes her neck to see her attacker and sees DUTCH, covered head-to-toe in MUD. His eyes shine. Hardwick can hardly believe it.

DUTCH

Under! Now!

He pulls Hardwick under into a mud pit.

Gonzalez, in the same moment, looks up as the BLACK PREDATOR comes PLUMMETING DOWN from the treetop above him, a Predator SPEAR in one hand with a hooked PROJECTILE CURVED BOOMERANG in the other. Gonzalez makes a mad dash. The Black Predator throws the Boomerang out past Gonzalez. It hooks around and heads straight back for him. Seeing the thing coming straight toward his midsection, Gonzalez makes a leaps up into the air, grabbing a branch from a tree, his legs dangling, then watches in horror as the boomerang SEVERS HIS LEG below the HIP.

The BLACK PREDATOR Harpoons Gonzalez and is harnessed somehow to the treetop and snaps back, lifting Black Predator and Gonzalez up into the tree. Gonzalez's gun fires haphazardly, hitting nothing but air. A few sparks fall down to the mudhole, where Hardwick is.

The Black Predator surveys the scene in his HEATSEEKER vision. Sees nothing.

Black Predator unhooks his cord from the treetop, and carrying Knapper over his shoulder, makes his way from tree to tree, back to the camp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Dutch and Hardwick burst out of the mudhole, Hardwick coughing up brown muck.

HARDWICK

Goddammit! What the hell are you doing to me?

DUTCH

Quick. Get out.

HARDWICK

You're the asshole who pulled me in here, why are you in such a big rush to pull – OUT!

Hardwick screams the last word as she sees the MUD is crawling with EEL-LIKE MUD LAMPREYS, skimming the surface. Dutch pushes her out of the mudpit to safety. One of the MUD LAMPREYS leaps up like a cobra, baring its round jaw full of fangs.

Dutch narrowly misses being bitten.

DUTCH

I don't know what they are, but they're ugly as shit.

Hardwick struggles to catch her breath.

HARDWICK

Mud lampreys. Extinct on earth. But these are some kind of hybrid. They'll suck the blood right out of you.

DUTCH!!

Come on. They'll be back.

HARDWICK

Why are you saving me?

DUTCH

I'm not saving anyone. I need another person to man the ship. Now let's go or we're both dead.

CUT TO:

CADILLAC'S CAGE

CADILLAC is dropped into his cell by a couple of big bouncer type Predators.. Vegas steps away from him.

VEGAS

You stink like roach shit, Cad.

CADILLAC

Fuck you, man.
(wiping spit and puke away)
I'm alive.

TURKEY

Maybe that's all we have to do. Win. Then they'll let us go.

Dak takes a leather wrap of cigars from his right boot, lights one up and offers the wrap to Buell.

DAK

Fat fuckin' chance. ..

Buell takes two cigars out, hands one to Knapper and offers the pack to Cadillac.

CADILLAC

No thanks.

Rocko lights up, inhales and flicks an ash on the ground. Something glints there and he moves the earthen dirt floor around with his fingers. He lifts up three chains and three DOGTAGS.

ROCKO

(reading the names)
Notzon, R. ... Orthmann, C. ... Pirotina, F.

Rocko tosses them to Dak.

ROCKO

We're not the first.

KNAPPER

(to JC)
Hey, boss. Take a look out there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JC strains to see.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAGE

Gonzalez is walked through the main area, and the crew can see he's been fitted with a METAL LEG that looks too painful to believe.

Gonzalez is totally LOST. His eyes dart about wildly. He's really scared.

INSIDE THE CAGE

Rocko runs to the barred entry of his cage.

ROCKO

What are they doing to him?

Dak reaches up to hold him back.

OUTSIDE THE CAGE

Gonzalez is strapped to a totem-pole-looking TRUNK with thick, leathery straps.

A Predator takes a syringe-like instrument and fills it with the green alien juice from the green-glass jars.

Approaching Gonzalez, whose eyes dart back and forth MADLY, he injects the stuff into Gonzalez's pulsing JUGULAR.

Gonzalez shakes, foams at the mouth, vibrates madly, then stops.

INSIDE THE CAGE

TURKEY

Why'd they just kill him like that?

IC

I doubt he's dead.

OUTSIDE THE CAGE

Gonzalez's jugular begins to PULSATE WILDLY. His eyelids FLAP open with the sound of a cracking whip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the blink of an eye, Gonzalez ATTACKS one of the smaller predators. He pulls out his heart and SHOWS IT TO HIM.

Before anything else can happen, he takes off at rapid speed through the camp, amazingly agile on his prosthetic LEG.

Pines can see that the madman Gonzales is making a beeline for him.

Suddenly the armless Pines STANDS and goes DASHING across the camp.

DAK

Sonofabitch! He's after PINES!

Gonzalez zeroes in on Pines. The other Predators give chase as well.

CADILLAC

Shit!

DAK

Man, Pines better pick up the pace.

CADILLAC

Run mother fucker run!

Pines is running as fast as only his legs can take him.

GONZALEZ SPEEDS THROUGH THE CAMP INCREDIBLY FAST, RIPPING HIS FLESH ON BRANCHES AS HE PASSES BY.

He finally reaches Pines and POUNCES ON HIM again and again with his METAL LEG. He tears at Pines face and neck and then FLINGS him into a tree. Pines is out cold or dead. His unconscious body drops to the ground, limp and twisted.

Predator grabs Pines by his feet and DRAGS HIM ACROSS THE CAMP.

TURKEY

Poor Pines.

Gonzalez continues to run in a MAD RUSH.

A train of six Predators follows him, shooting their assorted weapons, barely missing him as he circles the camp at lightning speed.

Suddenly he heads towards the camp edge...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A Predator steps out into the middle, pulling out what essentially is a PREDATOR SLING SHOT. Predator pulls out a golf size SPIKED BALL. Gonzalez is almost to the edge of the camp.

Predator aims and SHOOTs , sending the SPIKED BALL FLYING through the air. Gonzalez is pegged in the back of the head with a meaty THUD. He FALLS FACE FIRST onto the ground. The crew is quiet.

There is a roar of CHEERS from the Predators as Gonzalez is taken down.

His skull and spine are brought back and cleaned. The flesh eaten away by the green powdery substance. A close-up reveals the eyeballs FRYING.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CAGE

Wilson and JC stand looking through the bars. The crew looks shaken by Gonzalez's death.

KNAPPER

One by one. That's the way they're going to do us.
Until there's no one left.

Buell looks out over the arena. The whole mess of it. His eyes scan for a moment. then he's found it.

BUELL

Look at that.

(re: guillotine)

That's *French*, goddammit. That's a goddamn guillotine if ever I saw one.

CUT TO:

Predator pushes Pines' bleeding head down into the old Guillotine straight out of medieval times and locks it into place.

Pines WAKES in time to feel the brace lock around his neck. Through blurry eyes he looks down and sees A BASKET FULL OF HUMAN HEADS mixed in with VARIOUS SPECIES HEADS. Mostly human and they all seem to be looking up at him. The shock of death frozen on their dead faces...

A younger Predator starts pulling the HUGE BLADE UP the vertical guides.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Some men in the cage turn away from the action.

The BLADE COMES RACING DOWN.

BLOOD SPLATTERS the other heads in the barrel as PINES HEAD FLOPS DOWN to join them.

CUT TO:

BUELL AND KNAPPER

Knapper shakes his head in disgust. Buell stares straight ahead. Thinking.

BUELL

That recruiter screwed me good man. Go to exciting new lands and meet new people. Fuck.

Knapper watches a Predator use his SHOULDER GUN to scare up the other prisoners in the cages. Firing near them.

KNAPPER

They must have stolen our gear from the base.

BUELL

I don't think so, partner.

The others look over at Buell. He speaks slow and sure.

BUELL

I mean let's admit it. Our shit is fantastic no doubt about it, but we're just not smart enough to invent shit like that. Not yet, anyway.

KNAPPER

You saying we got it from them?

BUELL

Or traded for it. That fucking guillotine is the proof. They've been to earth. That's what they got from us. Primitive. Human.

KNAPPER

We traded guillotines for shoulder mounts, I can't believe that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUELL

Not traded for guillotines. For us.

KNAPPER

You smell a rat.

BUELL

A smell a big fucking rat...

KNAPPER

Who'd know about this?

Everyone is paying attention now. Wilson is paying attention the hardest. He's also nervously scratching the red hickey on his neck. It's getting inflamed.

BUELL

JC. Sadler....

KNAPPER/BUELL

WILSON...

They turn to Wilson. He starts backing away into his cage.

WILSON

Leave me the fuck alone, you fucking idiots. the enemy is out THERE.

BUELL

Is it?

Two Predators use the pulleys to open the doors to the cages. The doors to one of the alien warriors across the camp opens. The alien is led out by Predator guards.

The other cage that opens is BUELL AND KNAPPERS.

Buell and Knapper look at each other.

BUELL

We run, we're fucked. We stay in here, we're fucked. Either way—

KNAPPER

We're fucked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUELL
It's better to burn out--

KNAPPER
Yeah.

They take off running.

INSIDE THE CAGE

JC looks over and sees a Predator giving two smaller Predators their first drink of some kind of homebrew.

SAMSON
Is this like basic training?

DAK
They're smaller. They're like teenage warriors-in-practice.

SAMSON
I'd hate to be what they're gonna practice on.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN THROUGH THE JUNGLE

Knapper and Buell run into the jungle. In a sad, pathetic chase, they have nowhere to run to, but run anyway, as fast as their legs will carry them.

The TEEN PREDATORS follow quickly. Buell and Knapper look back and see what's happening.

BUELL
I'll race you.

KNAPPER
To where?

BUELL
To the other side, buddy.

KNAPPER
(beat)
You're on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The TEEN PREDATORS follow quickly, using the trees and the foliage of the jungle to their advantage, sometimes blurring and blending in with their surroundings.

Up ahead, Buell and Knapper meet a "fork in the road" as a huge tree separates two "paths" in the jungle. In an instant, they look at each other, realizing this is the last time they'll see each other. They follow separate paths and hope one of them is the road to freedom.

The pursuing TEENS race close behind and they each follow the separate paths of the fork.

Buell takes a moment to look over his shoulder. Teen 1 is catching up to him fast. Up ahead, Buell sees what could be his means of escape: There's a LONG, THICK VINE hanging from a tree. His eyes give his plan away: He wants to pull a Tarzan and swing away.

EXT. JUNGLE WHERE KNAPPER'S AT

Meanwhile, Knapper takes refuge in the base of a tree. Teen 2 is slowly walking around a group of trees, looking for his prey. Knapper keeps absolutely still, only his eyes move, looking for any sign of his attacker.

EXT. BUELL'S LEAP

Buell sees the vine and as he's running, makes a deathdefying LEAP into the air. The teen is right on his heels. While Buell soars into the air we come closer to this "vine" and see that it's actually a HUGE, SCALY SNAKE. Buell grabs a hold of it, and the thing's EVIL-EYED HEAD spins around to clamp down on Buell's hand with its long, pointed SNAKEFANGS. Buell lets out a loud yelp, but his cry is silenced when he falls to the ground and into the claws of the awaiting Teen Predator, who decapitates Buell by drawing out his skull and spine with one clawed fist. The sound of the decapitation echoes through the jungle to where Knapper's at.

KNAPPER

His eyes close slowly for a moment, out of respect for his comrade.

Frustrated that Teen 1 already has his skull and spine drawn like Mortal Kombat, Teen 2 sends out his homing missile.

It chases down Knapper.

CONTINUED:

Peering around the corner of the tree, Knapper sees the thing coming straight for him. He takes off running, barely keeping ahead of the missile's tip.

Thinking quickly, he dives down and the missile passes.

He jumps up and quickly ducks behind a huge tree.

Up ahead, the missile has made a U-turn and is headed straight for him. Knapper sees this, and presses his back against the tree, shutting his eyes tight for the last time.

In a FURIOUS SMASH, the missile tears him and the tree in HALF.

CUT TO:

JUNGLE

Hardwick and Dutch plunder down the pathway through the thick trees.

Suddenly Dutch stops.

HARDWICK

What is it?

Dutch holds up a mudcaked finger to his lips. Hardwick gets the message. Dutch points up at a distant tree.

In the branches, we can make out the figure of the BLACK PREDATOR. Black is scanning the area. Hardwick and Dutch don't move a muscle.

The Black Predator is looking right at them as we

CUT TO:

BLACK PREDATOR POV

The jungle. Outlines of Hardwick's and Dutch's body. But NO HEAT.

SUDDENTLY from behind Hardwick's head we see the TREE MOVE

It's a large TREE CREATURE like the one Dak broke an arm off earlier. It camouflages itself like the tree with its spindly branch-like body, but actually seeks the MEAT of Hardwicks NECK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bad timing, though, cause the Black Predator senses it's movement and BLASTS it's rod-like head to bits. The rest of it falls ON TOP OF Hardwick, who wants to SCREAM.

Dutch holds the mudcaked finger to his lips again.

Hardwick holds it in.

The Black Predator takes off down another set of trees.

DUTCH

Keep low. We're almost there.

Hardwick peels the stiff, STICKY CORPSE off herself.

She looks to her monitor and sees that the PRISON is off to the right a mile or so... She reluctantly follows Dutch.

CUT TO:

DAK'S CAGE

The Soldiers watch as Teen brings back Buell's head.

ROCKO

Maybe Knapper got away.

Dak hears a noise. He looks up and out the back bars of the cage. Something's RUSTLING in the leaves on the perimeter of the jungle, just a few yards away from the cage. Rocko hears it too, and comes over to see what it is.

Just then, a PEGASUS leaps out half-a-step away from the trees.

DAK

You thinking what I am?

ROCKO

Acid spit for the bars?

Dak levels his gaze at the Pegasus. Rocko nods.

ROCKO

Here, kitty, kitty. C'mere you fuckin' wrinkly bitch.

The Pegasus pauses then looks like it's actually going to come forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILSON

Careful. He can rip your flesh right off.

Rocko is luring the Pegasus near with singsongy voices, and smiles.

DAK

Come on, now, baby. Come to Daddy.

The Pegasus is really close now. Only a few more steps..

Dak tosses his cigar butt at the creature and it pegs it in the head.

The Pegasus RECOILS ITS NECK and launches out a stream of biting ACID, spraying Dak's cage and also sprays some on Turkey's.

A good shot of spray flies up towards Dak's face. He tries to block the spray, but misses the first dash that peppers his eyes.

DAK

Fuck, my eyes! It's burning me!

Rocko backs away into the corner of his cage. The Pegasus leaps away into the jungle. JC looks to see if the situation has gained the attention of the Predators, but they're busy watching a pitfight between alien species.

The bars start sizzling away, the acid eating through. The hole is big enough for Dak to get out.

Turkey crawls through the small hole in his cage, thanks to the fact he's a skinny motherfucker.

DAK

I can't see a fuckin' thing.

JC

Get to the Prison and join up with Hardwick.

TURKEY

What about the rest of you?

JC

Get the rest of us if you can... first find Hardwick and see what's going down at the prison.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TURKEY

C'mon, Dak. You're coming with me.

DAK

Turkey? Aw, shit.

Turkey pulls Dak and they stumble through the jungle for several yards. Dak is almost helpless. We can see the acid eating into his face.

Turkey stops by a small wet puddle and sinks Dak's face into the water. When he pulls up, we see the horrid grotesque mask his face has become. His eyes are BONE WHITE behind all that blistered skin.

TURKEY

Let's go.

CUT TO:

LANDING SITE

Dutch is standing in the middle of the landing site. The ship is gone.

DUTCH

It was here. I saw it just before I found you.

HARDWICK

I know you don't want to hear this but JC thinks we should go to the prison. That's where I was headed.

DUTCH

I have my own suspicions about JC.

Dutch looks up at her. Thinking.

CUT TO:

JUNGLE

Turkey and Dak plod along. Something is above them.

BLACK PREDATOR HEAT SEEKING POV

DAK

Wait a minute, Turkey you fuck. You're getting us lost, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURKEY

No way.

DAK

My eyes burn like a bad piss. I'll cut you to pieces if you get us lost in this fucking jungle.

TURKEY

I'm telling you, we go this way we get back to the ship.

Turkey TRIPS and FALLS into the mud. Dak stands still.

DAK

NOW WHERE THE FUCK YOU GO?

Turkey tries to wipe the mud from his eyes.

Dak stands trying to use his other senses to tell what's going on.

DAK

Turkey? Answer me you sonofabitch.

Turkey watches in sudden amazement as the BLACK PREDATOR MATERIALIZES RIGHT IN FRONT OF DAK'S BLIND, SEARCHING EYES.

Turkey takes a breath and holds it for dear life.

DAK

I said speak up, shithead!

Black Predator MIMICS Dak's voice.

BLACK PREDATOR

Shithead.

DAK

What'd you call me?

Turkey watches in awe as BLACK PREDATOR uses an EXTENDED CLAW on his wrist over his knuckles to slice Dak across the neck.

Dak clutches aimlessly at his neck as the blood runs from the wound like a small red river. Dak GURGLES nonsense.

CONTINUED: (2)

Turkey shuffles back in the trees, turns and runs.

Black Predator senses Turkey go, but finishes his business on Dak. He sticks his claw in under Dak's jaw, and the points come out through Dak's dead eyes. With one solid RRRRRRIIIIIPPPPP! He's pulled Dak's skull off his body.

CUT TO:

TURKEY

running in the jungle. Mud dripping off him as he runs. Soon he'll be visible again. In a few yards, he bypasses the crucified Predator, not stopping to look at it.

He runs quickly, not seeing the stretched vine-like branches in front of him as he trips over it, flying into the air and hitting the ground with a solid THUD.

Hardwick comes out of hiding and runs towards him. Kneeling by Turkey, a million questions spill out of her mouth like agitated butterflies.

HARDWICK

Turkey!? Where are the others? How did you escape? Where's JC?

Turkey looks up to see Dutch, looming above him. Turkey scrambles up, a little scared.

HARDWICK

(re Dutch)

It's alright. He saved my life.

TURKEY

That's aiding and abetting, Doc.

The Clicking sound starts up again. At least three different ones.

HARDWICK

You wanna charge me, dickweed?

Turkey leaps to his feet and follows Hardwick and Dutch as they head back into the forest.

HARDWICK

Were you heading to the prison?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURKEY

I was heading for the ship. I'm getting the fuck out of here.

HARDWICK

(calmly)

Ship's gone, Turkey. They took it.

TURKEY

What?

HARDWICK

Listen to JC next time.

TURKEY

Oh, that's just fucking swell, now what do we do?

Dutch aims his gun at Turkey.

DUTCH

You can go with us and live... or stay and die right now. You choose.

TURKEY

(beat)

I'll hang.

DUTCH

We go back to the Camp. Someone there knows where the ship is.

HARDWICK

You think one of our own sold us out?

DUTCH

I have my suspicions...

HARDWICK

I agree something's fucked up, but it's not necessarily one of ours...

DUTCH

You think there could be someone else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARDWICK
(thinking)
Maybe. Unless...

DUTCH
JC.

HARDWICK
I was thinking Wilson. He did have you tagged
from the beginning.

DUTCH
Then we get it out of Wilson.

TURKEY
Get what out of the Wilson? What's going on.

HARDWICK
The ship.

CUT TO:

WILSON'S CAGE

Wilson is scratching the red hickey on his neck nervously. His pulse quickens as he sees a PREDATOR heading straight for his cell.

WILSON
Not me... NOT ME, you idiot...

The door to Wilson's cage opens and the Predator DRAGS Wilson out.

SLAM! Wilson's chest crashes down onto the thick wood of the GUILLOTINE Nearly knocking the breath out of him. An older Predator holds him down while a Younger Predator sets the neck brace over him.

The camp is pretty much bare since all the other Predators went searching for the escaped ones. Wilson is in agony knowing what is to come.

WILSON
Not me you fucking morons!!! NOT ME!

The Young Predator is having a little trouble pulling the huge blade up.

Dragged out for maximum suspense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE ROPE SLIPS through Young Predators hands.

The BLADE COMES RACING DOWN.

Wilson begins to scream at the sound of the blade falling.

A bigger Predator steps in and grabs the rope. THE BLADE STOPS JUST SHORT OF WILSON'S NECK.

The Predator helps Young Predator get a better grip on the rope. The young Predator starts pulling it up again. Slowly. Wilson moans.

WILSON

Jesus!

Young Predator kicks a wooden switch that LOCKS THE BLADE IN with an echoing CLICK sound.

Wilson looks down into the basket below noticing that it's full of human heads. PINES'S HEAD is staring up at him with dead, vacant eyes, and a nest of FLIES scurry over his eyes, nose and mouth, coming in and out of the nostrils like they own the place, which they do. Wilson screams.

CUT TO:

JUNGLE OUTSIDE THE CAMP

Dutch. Hardwick and Turkey are on the OUTSIDE of the camp. Dutch sees the CAGES full of DIFFERENT ALIEN SPECIES here for the first time...

DUTCH

What the hell is all this?

HARDWICK

Looks like they've included just about every aggressive life form in existence for this little Round up, doesn't it?

DUTCH

Time to see if they're worth their reputations... We'll open the other cages.

TURKEY

Which cages?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUTCH

All of them.

CUT TO:

GUILLOTINE

Suddenly the Predator raises the brace off Wilson's neck. The Predator grabs him by the shoulders and turns him over promptly slamming the neck brace back down on him.

WILSON

Aaahhh you fuck! You fucking fffuuuccckks!!!

Up high straight above him the huge BLADE stares down at him. It seems as if it is stories above him. The effect is dizzying.

SUDDENLY Teenage Predator's FACE explodes in a shower of gore and sparks.

It's Dutch, Hardwick and Turkey blasting away with weapons as Predators scatter everywhere, moving into position.

The big Predator grabs at the Rope but is SHOT in the CHEST. He falls forward onto Wilson's body.

Dutch races over to Wilson.

WILSON

Get this thing off me!

Hardwick darts over to the cage where Rocko is kept.

ROCKO

Doc! Christ thank you! Get me the fuck out of here!

HARDWICK

Just hold on.

GUILLOTINE

The Dying Predator reaches over and RELEASES THE BLADE.

Wilson starts screaming again. Dutch picks up a Predator rifle from the ground and LEAPS for the Guillotine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nice low angle shot looking up as we see his head in foreground and the BLADE CHARGING DOWN.

Suddenly Dutch fires at the head restraints keeping Wilson in. Wilson SLIDES out from underneath the Predator as the BLADE SLICES THE PREDATOR'S HEAD CLEAN OFF, narrowly missing Wilson's head.

TURKEY

rips a WRISTDIAL off of the big Predator and uses it to unlock the cages holding Vegas and Cadillac, who make a run for it.

GUILLOTINE

WILSON

That was too fucking close.

As Dutch heads towards JC, he mows down a TRIO of shouldermount-firing Predators.

Dutch fires at JC's cagedoor, blowing it off its hinges. JC leaps out and runs as the Predators fire on him.

TURKEY

throws the WRISTDIAL to Hardwick. Hardwick scrambles to get it and unlock Rocko's cage.

ROCKO

Come on! Hurry!

HARDWICK

I'm trying!

DUTCH

throws JC the Predator rifle and JC fires at a few other Predators who have come streaming his way. JC offers cover for Wilson, but follows close behind still firing at the pursuing Preds.

Dutch finally turns and BLASTS OPEN SEVERAL OF THE CAGES belonging to the other ALIEN SPECIES. Roaches, Salamandermen and the FEROCIOUS TEETHGNASHERS spill out of their cages and raise havoc. This is the closest thing we'll see to an ALIEN VS. PREDATORS movie. They all go nuts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One TEETHGNASHER bites a Predator in half. It's all out WAR AND HYSTERIA.

JC

Oh that's fucking beautiful there Dutch! Why not make it impossible for us to get away!

DUTCH

It'll give them more to deal with.

They all run for the cover of the jungle. The camp has turned into a manic zoo. Creatures of every kind run about causing all kinds of trouble.

No one notices when a Predator grabs Hardwick by her neck with a huge clawed HAND. She struggles vainly with it, but it only serves to slice up her neck. She drops the wristdial.

Rocko is desperate to get it. Right as he picks it up his door opens.

Another Predator grabs ROCKO, aiming its shouldermount at Rocko's WIDENING EYES.

CUT TO:

JUNGLE

The Pursuit is hot and fierce... Dutch is up ahead with JC. At the opportune time Dutch barks at the others.

DUTCH

Everyone down now!

Dutch grabs JC by the collar and shoves him face down into a muddy ditch. Then he yanks a passing Cadillac down. Wilson hits the dirt, snagging Turkey on the way.

In a triangular formation FIVE PREDATORS riding on Cyclesleds MATERIALIZE FROM A HALF INVISIBLE STATE. Led by the Black Predator, the sight is awesome.

The Predators fly right over them -- not sensing them -- and continue on after Vegas who is running wild ahead of them.

They are trying to find the humans amongst all the other running CREATURES AND ALIEN SPECIES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUTCH
(to Vegas)
Get down!

LASER BLASTS come raining down in sharp bursts from the Predators up in the air. The BLASTS hit the ground making A LINE OF EXPLOSIONS which quickly gain up on Vegas.

Vegas dodges the Cyclesleds, barely missing the laser blasts coming from it. They fly past, then circle back for another run at the soldier.

Vegas races back towards Dutch, JC and the mudpit. The Cyclesleds barrel after him at a dangerous pace.

The BLASTS come at him again. One ZIPS by Vegas and we follow it in LASERBEAM P.O.V., watching it hitting a tree that in turn FALLS AND KNOCKS Vegas deep into the mud.

The smoke clears and Black Predator circles right over him. Nothing in the jungle moves. The thick mud glistens. Through Black Predator's POV, nothing registers. It can't see any of them.

Black Predator fires some BLASTS into the mud, narrowly missing JC and Dutch.

Irate, the Black Predator begins shooting the place up randomly. Tree branches are zipped off with a high pitch whine. Still Nothing.

The Black Predator is all but ignoring the other Creatures running through the forest. It wants the men.

Dejected, he grunts and flies away leading the other four Predator Cyclesleds.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARENA

The Predators take Hardwick and Rocko out into the arena and fling them down into a bloody pit. Hardwick and Rocko stand at opposite ends of the pit. They have a look of confusion on their pained faces.

Two long wooden weapons fall from above. At one end of the javelin-length weapon is a FIERCE-LOOKING CLAW, a curved GURKHA blade at the other end. Hardwick grabs one of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The PREDATORS gather around it from the top to watch what ensues.

ROCKO

Hardwick, I'm not going to do this.

Hardwick runs HEADLONG into Rocko's midsection. The Predators ROAR their approval.

Rocko tackles her to the ground.

HARDWICK

What are you doing? Not so rough.

ROCKO

Oh, sorry...

HARDWICK

(re: his spear)

Pick it up...

ROCKO

What?

HARDWICK

Pick up the fuckin' thing!

Rocko picks up his weapon and faces Hardwick. The Predators cheer.

HARDWICK

Cut me.

ROCKO

Fuck no.

Hardwick cuts a small SLICE in Rocko's arm. He flinches in pain...

ROCKO

You fuckin' bitch!

HARDWICK

Draw it out! Maybe they'll get tired of the same old show.

Rocko strikes back, but MISSES. The Predators cheer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARDWICK

There you go. Come on. Keep at it, or we'll really be in deep shit.

CUT TO:

JUNGLE

The coast is clear. Or so it seems. A cool Wild Bunch shot of JC, Dutch and the others standing into frame. Mudcovered...

A rolling thunder beckons rain.

JC

Why'd you come back for us? I wouldn't have thought...

DUTCH

Purely selfish reasons. Don't think that for a second I didn't try to take the ship.

JC

What brought you back?

DUTCH

No ship. And the realization that one of you here knew where it was.

JC

I wouldn't be so quick to suspect any of my men.

DUTCH

Actually commander *you* topped the list.

JC

We've been set up Dutch, no doubt about it. But not by anyone here. I know all our answers are at the prison

Wilson scratches the hickey on his neck.

WILSON

Just get us the fuck out of here!

JC glances to Dutch. Dutch looks suspicious of everyone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They head off towards the prison...

CUT TO:

ARENA

Hardwick and Rocko have sliced each other pretty good. They hobble around like sad puppets in the hands of a mad puppeteer. They look like bleeding rags in a sad dance of death. The surrounding Predators are screeching for action and more of it.

ROCKO

Kill me, Hardwick.

HARDWICK

I can't do that. I don't want that...

Rocko swings his weapon at Hardwick's face, cutting a large slice into her cheek.

ROCKO

There's no more "want," you stupid bitch! If you're going to kill me, you go ahead and do it!

Rocko bares his chest for the blow. Hardwick stands still.

ROCKO

Let it end for me, if not for you!

HARDWICK

I-- I can't.

Hardwick swings at Rocko, missing him, but hitting his weapon with a loud CLANK.

Rocko goes wild eyed and lunges for Hardwick. Hardwick throws her spear out expertly and slashes Rocko deep across the throat. Rocko crumbles to the floor instantly.

Hardwick looks up at her audience.

HARDWICK

Round two, you fucking lizard sacks of shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A Predator leaps from the ceiling of the arena, landing in front of Hardwick. Hardwick holds her weapon at the ready, circling the Predator. The Predator sees the dead Rocko. Suddenly, he begins to laugh. The Predators cheer him on.

Hardwick keeps his eyes on the giant Predator. Hardwick takes a lunge at the Predator with the blade-edge of the weapon. Without a hitch, the Predator grabs the weapon although in doing so, his skin is SLICED OPEN at the forearm. With tremendous strength, the Predator LIFTS Hardwick into the air.

About six feet off the ground, Hardwick releases her grip on the weapon and falls with a loud THUD to the earth.

The Predator swings the weapon around in his hand with the expertise of a high school majorette twirling a baton and HURLS the sharp end at Hardwick, slicing the other side of her face.

The Predators CHEER EVER LOUDER.

CUT TO:

PRISON/ARMORY

Dutch, JC, Wilson, and Cadillac huddle to the side of what looks like the Underground PRISON FACILITY. Turkey and Vegas keep guard from behind.

DUTCH

Tight.

JC

Dammit.

What they refer to is the several ARMED AND DANGEROUS looking PREDATOR SOLDIERS in assorted HIGHER TECH GEAR than we've seen before. They're all either guarding the Prison, or just hangin out the way Predators tend to do.

If the other Predators we've seen are in training, then these are the soldiers they are training to be. Complete badasses.

Their ADVANCED WEAPONRY makes the shoulder mounts the humans had look like CAP GUNS.

CONTINUED:

They have their Cyclesleds lined up around the prison. Ready to launch at any given moment.

Cadillac is practically salivating over the high tech hogs.

CADILLAC

I wanna get me one of those.

TURKEY

Easy there, Cadillac. Let's try and figure out a way in first, okay?

Dutch shakes his head. Doesn't look good. He looks up in the trees.

JC

We need a diversion. But what?

Cadillac sees that one of the Predators has stepped off a still idling Cyclesled and has walked out in front of it checking on a track in the soft earth.

CADILLAC

I'm getting me one.

Cadillac BREAKS FOR IT and LEAPS ATOP the Cyclesled the way a cool cowboy would jump backside over mounting a steed in a wild west show.

WILSON

Jesus. I knew that idiot would do something like that.

Cadillac BLASTS forward on the Cycle, completely SMASHING into the PREDATOR whose Cycle this is as he races though the forest at a breathless clip.

The other Predators are pissed as all hell by the mad sound of their CLICKS and the way they spring to action on their Cycles, RIPPING through the forest in pursuit of Cadillac.

TURKEY

Diversion?

CUT TO:

EXT. ARENA

The Predator raises his arms, his forearm still streaming that fluorescent blood, in a gesture of VICTORY.

Hardwick takes a deep breath and leaps up from the ground. She lunges her weapon at the Predator's midsection with the sharp end, running him through to the hilt of the blade. The Predator lashes out with his arms at Hardwick, making a wild cry of PAIN.

Hardwick turns the blade around inside the Predator's guts with her one good arm.

The Predator tries his last ditch effort by training his SHOULDER MOUNT GUN at Hardwick's face. She looks pissed he even tried such nonsense and presses her foot against the SIDE of the barrel, shoving sideways so it now AIMS at the Predator's OWN HEAD. The mount fires and his head EXPLODES.

The Predator falls to the ground in a heap. The Predators' cheering stops.

Hardwick steps back, breathing heavily. The silence is replaced by deafening clicks.

In the last move she'll ever make, Hardwick looks up.

She sees ten PREDATORS jumping directly into the camera (her POV).

CUT TO

THE GOLD MINE

Tracking shot of JC, Dutch, Wilson, Vegas and Turkey slinking in to the opening of what could be the Prison...

It's a long shaft, that reaches deep into the earth. Something on the walls glistens like gold.

TURKEY

Are we sure about this?

JC

This has to be it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Up ahead, a GATE reaches from ceiling to floor, barred and foreboding. But as they reach closer to it, they notice its lock has been burned or blasted off some time earlier. The gate hangs on hinges, but it's definitely open.

TURKEY

This place looks like it hasn't been used since the Nixon administration.

JC

Keep moving, and keep quiet...

They inch their way around a corner, and are met by a mesh wire wall. Beyond the wall is something altogether different.

BODIES, or what used to be bodies, are still SHACKLED to the walls as they would be on PRIMITIVE TORTURE DEVICES.

TURKEY

I take that back. It looks like the fucking Spanish inquisition.

Skeletons hang from the walls, chained and bound. There's a space where the mesh doesn't meet the wall, and JC edges through it. The others follow.

Wilson reaches up to touch the bones of one skeleton, and we close in on Dutch. Something is wrong, he can sense it.

Wilson touches the bone, and it crumbles under the light weight of his fingertips.

His fingers go numb.

WILSON

Shit. Goddamn that's cold.

JC leads them towards what appears to be a dead end. Suddenly the WALL SHIFTS. They leap into the shadows.

Suddenly from out of the opening wall walks what look like several PREDATORS of some MILITARY FASHION. Decision makers, rulers. Not the crude hunter gatherer types we've seen so far. These are something else. Something new. Something important. Something *really* dangerous.

The men hide behind the door, out of the light shafts.

Dutch spots something in the group. As the Predators continue to the outside, we see what Dutch sees. A HUMAN MILITARY OFFICER. The

CONTINUED: (2)

officer sees the Predators off and then returns into the prison. As he passes, WE SEE his face. So do the men. So does Dutch.

It's SADLER.

There's something else about him. He's wearing some kind of bolt device on his neck that glows faintly. He doesn't see the men hiding in the shadows.

The door is swinging shut behind him automatically. Slowly.

Dutch looks to Wilson, who is right beside him, and sees the RED HICKEY on his neck, in the same exact spot as the bolt on Sadler. He's found his man.

JC darts for the door to stop it from closing completely. He shoves his boot into the crevice before the door shuts. It stops.

JC notices a red beam of light playing on the wall. He turns his head to follow it, and sees it comes from around a corner.

JC

Let's go.

BURNT OUT PRISON HALLWAY.

Water drips from the ceiling, green and slimy...

Dutch and the others enter and see the red light joined by many others. Predator tracers. Once they've passed they follow them down the hall.

The passageway opens up to an overlook. The overlook is connected to:

AN UNDERGROUND HANGAR.

It's filled with a few PREDATOR SHIPS but mostly OTHER SPACECRAFT. Possibly ships belonging to other alien species captured on the planet...

What they are looking at though is even more recognizable.

In the middle of the hangar is THEIR SHIP. The cargo door is open and it's being loaded up. Loaded up full with PREDATOR GEAR, WEAPONS, EVERYTHING.

The LOADERS are HUMAN; they must be the prisoners. Only that on closer inspection you can see that the humans are MODIFIED. Beside the lifeless haunted eyes suggesting brain tampering, their bodies are ALTERED.

The ones loading the ships for instance have the arms of the MANTIS! Their arms are fashioned into forklift shapes, which allow them to lift the goods easily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURKEY

It's our ship...

Suddenly the TRIAD OF RED lights shows up on Turkey's face. He feels the heat and moves in time to miss being BLASTED.

GAUNTLET SEQUENCE

Dutch and the men scramble as the space they were just in bursts in a flameball of Predator-fire.

The smoke clears. Standing there in formation is a GROUP OF PREDATORS. Marked differently from the others, these are the DRONES.

Dutch and JC run through the dark maze of cells and blocks that make up the old prison. As they pass the burnt out cells, we get FLEETING GLIMPSES of their contents:

Different HUMAN PRISONERS have been CROSS SPLICED with different species of creatures from the other planets.

These bizarre combinations STARE out of their cells at the running JC and Dutch.

Some SHOOT their ARMS (and tentacles, and pinchers) out at them as they RUN PAST.

This is a PREDATOR FUNHOUSE.

The wall beside them is suddenly BLOWN APART, separating JC and Dutch from the others.

Predators STREAM OUT of the hole like birthed crocodiles.

DUTCH

Move!

They race away, followed closely by half the pursuing Predators, who fire at will.

The other half chase down the others.

Spitfire from the weapons clinks and whizzes past Dutch and JC as they struggle to get away.

JC and Dutch enter a second tier of a prison block... round, octagonal, and lit by a single SKYLIGHT GRILL above.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dutch watches as JC is pegged from above and **HOISTED UP INTO THE AIR** by a Predator on a bungee-cord-like contraption, up to the top tier of the prison... Predator blows a hole in the skylight, sending glass and dark metal falling down in a shower on Dutch...

Dutch fires the weapon up at the Predator, ripping off his arm. JC plummets downward...

Dutch leaps across using Predator net, which **CATCHES JC** before he hits the ground...

JC looks up at Dutch... realizes he saved his life.

JC

Thanks.

DUTCH

You would have done the same.

Being on the ground floor now, they **DUCK** through a series of **SMALL HALLWAYS**, losing their **PURSUERS** for the moment. Buying a little time.

CUT TO:

VEGAS

He keeps running to the side of the wall, the ground **WET** under his feet.

A space or concrete **GIVES WAY** under Vegas' weight, and his foot goes through. **BREAKING HIS ANKLE** with a loud crack.

Wilson and Turkey run past, and Turkey tries to go back for him to help but Wilson pulls him away.

As they round the corner, they hear a bloodcurdling scream as the Predators take Vegas apart.

The scream echoes as they turn the corner and run into the **PREDATORS**.

GREEN Triad markings are emitted from the Captains' shoulder Mounts. Wilson and Turkey know they are fucked.

CUT TO:

A WALL PANEL

A **METAL GARAGE DOOR**-like contraption separates Dutch and JC from the room beyond it... JC sees it has a code-based lock on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JC

It's coded.

Dutch moves JC back as he takes a running KICK into the code-box and the codebox simply BURNS UP. Suddenly the door slides open, BUT NOT BECAUSE OF THE KICK!

A PREDATOR opened the door from the inside to see what the commotion is.

Dutch doesn't wait for him to start blasting, He GRABS the things lizard head and YANKS him out into the hall.

The Predator SWINGS HIS ARM to strike and JC is there to stop it and throw it up against the wall.

Dutch RIPS the shoulder mount off it and PISTOL WHIPS it repeatedly.

Dutch ducks as JC throws a flying ROUNDHOUSE KICK, PUMMELING the Predator's face and BREAKING OFF a large fang.

This hand to hand stuff would never work if two big, bad ass soldiers like Dutch and JC weren't DOUBLE TEAMING HIM. It takes every ounce of strength they have to pull this off and it shows.

But they're fast about it nonetheless and pull the creature into the ROOM it exited. The door CLOSES BEHIND THEM as they get in. They look around. JACKPOT.

WEAPONS ROOM

It's like treasure to these two guys, the mother lode... WEAPONS seem to have been STOCKPILED here... It's a veritable ARMORY. Dutch and JC start plowing through the items. More advanced weaponry than they've ever seen

DUTCH

The prisoners. What did they do here?

JC

What?

DUTCH

Prison labor. It's the cheapest and most efficient in the world. The army wouldn't let it go unused. What did they make here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JC
I really don't know, Dutch.

Suddenly, a NOISE... JC and Dutch duck down behind a stash, and peer out through a crack...

It's one of the HUMANOID CREATURES with a MAN'S HEAD and TORSO, a MANTIS' arms and a PREDATOR's strong LEGS... It carries a box of something and starts to leave.

Dutch sees JC has a PREDRIFLE ready and aimed to blow the humanoid to kingdom come.

DUTCH
(quietly)
Wait. Don't fire.

The thing's eyes are DEAD BLACK HOLES. It appears to be BLIND...

DUTCH
Follow.

They follow it out the small door it came in.

Dutch is loaded to the gills with weapons. Things are strapped across his chest and legs. He looks like a MEAN MACHINE.

We see that JC has a shouldermount on EACH SHOULDER, double-team...

SLOPING HALLWAY

The HUMANOID has no clue it's being followed.

Dutch and JC, armed to the gills, keep close behind it, checking every passing hallway for unwanted followers.

The Hallway slopes down. They follow the HUMANOID to another door.

DUTCH
Get ready.

The door OPENS, lifting before the HUMANOID with a heavy METAL sound...

SADLER
Good to see you again, Commander. I see Dutch didn't give you any problems.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sadler stands calmly. He is surrounded by WHITECOATS, doctors from the look of them. They are busy working on all kinds of experiments. Some of them turn to see who Sadler is addressing.

Dutch aims his shoulder mount and FIRES. The HEADS of SEVERAL HUMANOIDs burst into bubbles of blood and bone...

The Doctors freeze in their tracks.

Dutch and JC TRAIN their shoulder mounts guns on SADLER.

The RED DOTS glow on his face and temple. JC and Dutch CIRCLE him slowly as they speak. Stalking their prey...

DUTCH

Sadler... The bastard I thought I'd never see again.
Not in this life anyway...

SADLER

Dutch. Back from the dead yet again.

DUTCH

I shot your last group to hell, Sadler I'm sure you heard about that.

SADLER

Oh yea. And made sure you got here safe and sound, just as originally planned.

DUTCH

Got JC here to do your dirty work... Your arms trade is idiotic, another example of blind government greed.

SADLER

Trading technology for soldiers? What's the price we pay if we don't have this technology? Not just a few soldiers let me tell you...

DUTCH

You were always an asshole, Sadler. Putting your men on the butcher block.

SADLER

You always knew the score, Dutch. Remember that Special Ops assignment you pulled in Afghanistan,

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

SADLER (cont'd)

with that woman and her baby? How she tied a stick of dynamite to its back and handed it to your pal? Everybody dies sometime, you know that. But it's always for something. Shit, why else do it if it's not worth something?

JC

I'm just curious here, what's our lives worth to you?

SADLER

Soldier, there came a time when we realized we were no longer the supreme beings in the universe. Hell we weren't even second place. At that time we made the decision to do whatever it took to put us back in the running.

A humanoid walks in carrying a glass jar sample of clear liquid.

SADLER

See that? They've got chemicals we haven't even dreamed about. Combustibles. Toxins. Fuels for our Space Fighters. Some of it looks like my granddaddy's moonshine, and probably twice as powerful. Fucking awesome stuff. And that's not even scratching the surface.

The humanoid continues its work.

SADLER

It's worth all your lives and everyone before you and everyone after you.

DUTCH

You traded us for technology... so we wouldn't be left behind?

SADLER

We wouldn't have just gotten left behind, Dutch. We'd have gotten *eliminated*. I'd say the survival of the human race is worth at least YOUR life wouldn't you?

JC looks to Dutch. His question's about to be answered.

SADLER

And Dutch here is better than Fort Knox with a pair of legs. Seems you made quite an impression

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SADLER (cont'd)

around here when you diced that big green one back on earth. First personalized request we've ever had. You should be proud.

JC

What are you talking about?

SADLER

Didn't you know? Dutch went head-to-head with one of them back on Earth. A scout. Showoff daredevil scouts. I've seen more skill in crosseyed raccoons. They can't hunt for shit. Not like the CAPTAINS we got here. He's been delaying this transaction long enough.

JC

Why didn't you tell me he had contact?

SADLER

Fuck, Commander. I guess it just slipped my mind. Or maybe I just don't tell you everything.

Suddenly the room fills up with the Predator Drones and a few of the AWESOME CAPTAINS.

Dutch and JC have triad marks trained on their skulls, as well as their own trained on Sadler. This will be one hell of a shootout if the shit hits the fan. (It does.)

SADLER

Men have died for their country throughout history. This is history. Right here, right now. And you can't stop history any more than you can change it.

DUTCH

Wrong. You're history.

Dutch sees the Humanoid carrying a load of that flammable chemical Sadler was talking about. His shoulder mount SPINS and BLASTS the glass out of it's hands.

It EXPLODES, SENDING SHOWERS OF SPARKS AND METAL DEBRIS FLYING EVERYWHERE.

The blasts KNOCKS JC, and Sadler OFF THEIR FEET.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Shoulder mounts go crazy with firepower as the ENTIRE LAB is shot to hell. Sadler gets caught in the crossfire of the Predator Captains he talked so highly of.

Dutch and JC drop down an INDUSTRIAL SHOOT.

INT HANGAR

Dutch and JC fly out the bottom of the shoot, landing near the giant hangar. Right behind them tumble out several DRONES.

They race to the nearby ladder and climb up to the entrance they came in on. Their shoulder mounts are turned around and aimed BEHIND THEM, FIRING as they go...

The humanoids loading the ship watch intently as the Hangar turns into a shooting gallery.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON

As JC and Dutch run out they see TURKEY and WILSON being led back to camp by Four Predator drones, two per man.

Dutch starts blasting. Taking out the escorts altogether.

Turkey and Wilson waste no time in jumping on a CYCLESLED after Dutch and JC set the example.

All three Cycles blast off through the jungle. Dutch and JC each ride one of their own, and Wilson hangs on the back of Turkey's.

The Predators swarm out of the Prison like angry ants, leap atop their cyclesleds and give chase.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESCAPE INTO THE JUNGLE - DAY

Dutch and JC zig-zag through the trees on a Cyclesleds, with Turkey, Wilson flying close behind on their one sled. Rocketing past heavy branches at breakneck speed, they break out of the trees into the clearing.

This is a breathless sequence. Twists, turns, and POVs.

WILSON AND TURKEY

speed in a different direction as Predators swarm all over them.

Turkey makes a wrong turn and SCRAPES A TREE.

The Cycle SPINS, dumping Wilson 30 feet into a pile of trees. Turkey ponders returning for him, but nixes the idea when he sees the swarm that descend on Wilson.

Turkey uses that diversion to escape.

Wilson is instantly surrounded and knows it's helpless...

CUT TO:

EXT. ELSEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE

JC and Dutch are followed closely on the Cyclesleds by the four pursuing Predators. Rapid cuts heighten the tension as the Predators are gaining.

Zippering through the jungle, JC's sled begins to SLOW DOWN. Dutch, who speeds by him, looks back at him.

JC
Don't stop! Keep going!

A quintet of followers come SCARIFYINGLY close to JC's sled. An approaching Predator now only FEET behind him, JC takes a quick turn.

But the Predator is right along with him. Edging closer, the Predator jumps off his own cycle and onto JC's. JC ROCKETS away.

JC sees an upcoming tree, one of the largest he's ever seen. It's enormous TRUNK looks like an enormous barrel. He CHARGES for the thing, the Predator swiping at him with strong arms still atop his Cyclesled. Immediately before impact, JC jumps ship, landing in a pocket of green leaves.

The Predator is TOAST, SMASHING into the tree and EXPLODING.

JC stops to take a breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dutch appears, followed by two of the remaining Predators. They speed by on their Cyclesleds, in hot pursuit. Dutch begins to steer the craft in a WIDE CIRCLE, coming up in a chicken race.

Two Predators sideswipe them. Flipping the Cyclesled. Dutch makes a sharp turn, when he sees he's aimed for a high speed HEAD-ON COLLISION with the other Predators. At the last second, he JUMPS.

Dutch hits the ground as the vehicles collide. One of the Predators is smashed to bits along with its Cyclesled. The other Predator blasts right through the fire and debris of the other. Unharmd and searching for Dutch. Pissed.

His chest suddenly bursts open by the gun of JC. Dutch leaps onto the vehicle and rides over to pick up JC. Dutch then kicks the carcass of the Predator off onto the ground and they speed away.

JC
You know where we're going?

DUTCH
Yea.

JC
You got a plan?

DUTCH
Oh yea.

CUT TO:

TURKEY IN THE JUNGLE

Turkey is walking away from the BURNING DEBRIS of his Cyclesled. Dazed and Confused. We knew it was a matter of time before one of these first time Cycle Sledders hit a tree.

He walks out onto the empty LANDING STRIP. If he could wish the ship here he would. For now he settles back against the burnt out kiosk. Tired and hungry, he feels like he's found the end of his rope.

But then he smells something in the air. Something terrible. He looks around and sees something in the far distance.

We see a long trail of smoke billowing up in the air up ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Turkey groggily makes his way towards the smoke.

CUT TO:

DUTCH AND JC AT THE CROSS

We see the Cyclesled in the clearing. JC and Dutch are at the site of the CRUCIFIED PREDATOR.

JC

This is your plan?

Dutch pulls a PREDATOR BLADE out of its sheath. It's serrated and ugly, like a mean piece of steel. He begins to cut the Predator loose with a Predator blade.

JC

Cutting one of them loose? Fuck that idea in the mouth, Dutch.

DUTCH

I'd trust this thing before anyone else around here.

The Predator is waking up... Dutch rips a leg off a dead Pegasus and rubs the green blood into one of the Predators wounds.

JC

This one could be the fucking Charles Manson of the lizard men.

DUTCH

Or the Jesus Christ. Whatever he did to deserve this was probably something against the others. If we cut him loose he might want to leave before anyone finds him.

JC

Leave the planet?

DUTCH

(nods)

And we go with him. Any enemy of theirs is a friend of mine.

JC eyes the last bind as it comes off the Renegade's wrist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Predator's hand shoots up and grabs Dutch's throat. They share an uneasy gaze. Then Renegade releases him.

Renegade walks over to the Cyclesled. Dutch and JC follow.

JC

You're lucky this one is a good sport.

Dutch climbs on the cycle with the Renegade.

DUTCH

(to JC)

You coming?

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE-THE BANQUET

Turkey walks stealth like through the jungle, nearing the fire and smoke. He enters cautiously into a small thicket covered area as if being beckoned.

Through the smoke, he sees what's going on...

TURKEY

You gotta be fucking kidding.

A LARGE BLADE is jabbed into a LARGE SLAB OF MEAT and put into the fire.

CADILLAC is sitting on a log before a wood burning fire. COOKING up a storm!

Parts of a HACKED UP PREDATOR lay on the fire: a leg here, an arm there. Cadillac is EATING the PREDATOR.

CADILLAC

White or dark meat?

TURKEY

(can't believe it)

It's all fucking green man!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADILLAC

(kind of far gone)

Nonsense, I bet this stuff is very high in protein
and there doesn't seem to be an ounce of fat on it.

Cadillac stabs into a piece of PREDATOR ARM. Black dots and short hairs
line the limb.

TURKEY

What the hell are you talking about? You eat that
shit and you're gonna straight out die!

CADILLAC

(holding up a good size slab)

If we're gonna beat this thing we're have to get
inside it's mind. Understand it's nature. Eat it's
flesh.

TURKEY

Look at that fire, man, that things out of control!
You're gonna have every motherfuckin Crocodile
Man coming here, and they're not gonna be too
happy seeing you shishcabobing their buddy there.

CADILLAC

Let em come, I'm ready! And if you don't quit
bitchin' I'm gonna give you the *dick*.

Cadillac holds up a suspect looking slab of Predator to emphasize his point.

Turkey eyeballs a chunk of tasty slab grilling up nice and hot.

He breaks down.

TURKEY

(grabbing a sliver)

You motherfucker.

Turkey hungrily chews the small chunk down.

Cadillac smiles and hands TURKEY a big PREDATOR STEAK on a stick.

CADILLAC

Careful it's hot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Turkey gives him a suspicious look then takes it. Cadillac breaks out a flask of booze sets it down on the log in front of him and looks at his hearty meal.

TURKEY
(chewing)
Tastes like Garackian.

CADILLAC
(swigging)
Yea, it does.

CUT TO:

FLIGHT OF THE RENEGADE

Flying with Renegade on the Cyclesled at a BREAKNECK SPEED. JC and Dutch see first hand how a PRO MANEUVERS one of these babies. The speed is blinding. Scary as hell.

JC
I hope this plan of yours works.

DUTCH
I think we've got little choice if it doesn't....

They SOAR UP AND OVER a DEEP VALLEY in the jungle.

Down below are an entire FLEET OF PREDATOR SHIPS. Big, unwieldy rust metal HULLS...

Renegade swerves the Cyclesled and begins to descend.

BUT SUDDENLY, from behind them RISE SEVERAL PREDATOR MOUNTED CYCLESLEDS in pursuit.

JC
Aw, fuck! Nothing's easy around here!

Renegade PUNCHES IT and they DIVE BOMB DOWN into the jungle again, circling the perimeter of the Fleet of ships, but staying within the cover of the trees.

The Predator Ships are being flown by CAPTAINS, experts at flight and wielding the Cyclesleds.

They FIRE CONTINUOUSLY, tearing up everything in their path.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dutch's Cyclesled is chewed up from behind. The Sled bursts into flames and is headed for a collision course with a huge tree.

JC

Jump!

Jc and Dutch leap right off the cycle, The Renegade Predator leaps left and the sled hits the tree dead center and explodes.

Dutch rolls and comes up firing with his shoulder mount, but with the damage from the fall he only manages to get a few rounds off...

The Captains quickly land and fall into position. This is impossible but Dutch would rather go out in a blaze of glory.

He pulls a PREDRIFLE from behind his back, but JC grabs it with his iron grip.

JC

I think we'd better stop.

DUTCH

What are you doing?

JC tears the gun away from Dutch and tosses it to the ground.

JC

We can't win this one...

They are completely surrounded. The Predator CLICKS are slow, dark and steady. Dutch just glares into JC.

CUT TO:

CAMPSITE WITH TURKEY AND CADILLAC

Turkey either ate too much, or he's sick to his stomach. He's leaning back against a log holding his belly. His face strained...

Cadillac lets out a belch and a *click*.

No wait. He only belched.

Then who Clicked?

Turkey drops his meat and looks up. Realizes they're being watched.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

About a dozen or so PREDATORS, plenty pissed that their cousin is lunch. SURROUND the hapless eaters.

Turkey leaps to his feet. He pulls the last morsel out of his mouth and tosses it aside.

Cadillac stands slowly, ready to face his fate. His hands to his side like a crazy gunfighter.

TURKEY

Now what you stupid son of a bitch?

Cadillac looks all his attackers in the eye. We've never seen what a Predator looks like *really* upset. This is it.

CADILLAC

Ah.... Fuck it.

Several sets of the RED TRIAD DOTS line Turkey's and Cadillac's foreheads.

CADILLAC

(slowly)

At least I had one great, last meal.

The FLASH OF PREDATOR FIRE is blinding.

CUT TO:

EXT HOME BASE

The Predators have captured Wilson. He's being kept in a corral-like structure in the center of the PREDATOR BASE.

Looking down at his arms, Wilson sees they've been fitted with metal GLOVE-LIKE appendages, with CLAWED ends.

BLACK PREDATOR enters the corral with all the pomp and circumstance imaginable, jumping out of a tree and landing in the center of the CORRAL. He tosses his bag of bodies into a heap. Wilson sees the faces of the soldiers he once knew... Molineaux, Dak, Vegas.

Black Predator is ready for battle. Wilson looks beat like a shitbag. An entire CLAN of Predators have taken to spectators; this is the BIGGEST BEST PREDATOR RODEO EVER FILMED!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Predators surround the corral. One takes a whizz on Wilson, but he moves out of the way for most of it. Black Predator starts up on Wilson, but he's game. Wilson swipes out with his metal arms, clawing at Black and fending him off.

WILSON

Come on, you dirty son of a lizard bitch. I'll fuck you up and down.

Wilson claws the face of Black with his extended arm. Black recoils and spits and gnashes his teeth.

Wilson fights with all his might. Black Predator swipes a mean blow to Wilson, and he staggers back. Wilson IMPALES A SPECTATOR Teen Pred on the outer rim of the corral.

WILSON

Come on!

Wilson taunts the watching Predators.

WILSON

I'll take all of you! Any of you!

Wilson's eyes are circled in black with the look of MADNESS. When Wilson speaks, his voice is otherworldly. Some new delirium has overtaken him, giving him new strength.

WILSON

Come and get me!

Wilson swipes and misses, Black Predator swings and connects, ripping a big tear in Wilson's midsection. He's bleeding a waterfall. Suddenly, the attention of the cheering Predators is diverted to an oncoming procession.

ARRIVAL OF THE KING

The KING PREDATOR arrives, carried on a CEREMONIAL THRONE made entirely of the various SKULLS of ANIMALS and ALIENS, even a couple of HUMANS.

The entourage sets the huge throne down and the KING stands.

The crowd seems to have increased in number. There are literally hundreds of Predators.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The King must be eight feet TALL. Slate green muscles spread like ripples across his arms as he raises them to the crowd.

The crowd responds with alien CHEERS.

The King steps away from the throne and the thronebearers carry it away. The King steps forward to more CHEERS.

The Tribute Ritual begins.

INT. TRIBUTE CEREMONY UNDERWAY

One by one, the rows of Predators offer their skulls to the king.

The Teen Predator we recognize as Buell's killer brings in his skull and makes his presentation. The King uses his Predator-sword to knight the young Predator warrior. The other Predators cheer and Buell's head is impaled on a metal stick jutting from the floor.

ENTER JC AND DUTCH

IC and Dutch are led into the arena by Several armed Predators. They are shackled at the wrists.

They can see the ceremony going on around the King. The King continues to accept tributes, knighting the new hunters and giving each worthy warrior his blessings.

One Predator soldier comes in with a small child's skull. He makes his presentation humbly to the King. The King looks at the small skull in his hand. He sets the skull down and lifts his sword. Instead of knighting the Predator, he BEHEADS him. Green blood spits out like a geyser and the Predator's head rolls off his shoulders and onto the floor.

JC
There's the leader up front.

DUTCH
How do you know?

JC
He's wearing a headdress. How many do you see wearing a headdress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The capturing Predators push them both forward. They are the main offering now. The King sizes them up. Especially Dutch.

JC

Remember when I told you to expect being fucked over?

JC reached over to his wrist and **UNCUFFS HIMSELF** effortlessly. He then steps aside, closer to the King.

JC

Well we just made it a double.

Dutch is only slightly taken aback. In a way, he figured as much.

JC

Sorry, Dutch.

JC reaches into a mesh pocket in his jacket and removes a small metallic barrel looking device, and sticks it on his neck. He looks like one side of the Frankenstein monster with a bolt out of his neck. Only this bolt begins to emit a **SMALL LIGHT AROUND THE OUTER EDGE**.

JC opens his mouth to speak, and out comes the **FAMILIAR PREDATOR CLICKING SOUND**, as he **COMMUNICATES** With the Predator King!

Dutch glares at JC. Backstabbed again.

The King nods in agreement with JC, who bows to the King before uneasily facing Dutch for the last time.

DUTCH

You'd sell out your own men for this?

JC

Well.. they weren't really my men.

(beat)

I had orders. I'm just a pawn Dutch. If you were still in the service of our country you'd know what that means. And I have to do what's necessary to insure we can be at least second place in this universe. Or we'll all be dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dutch LUNGES for JC, who doesn't flinch. Several Predators grab Dutch and hold him at his place. Dutch struggles. The veins in his neck as thick as cords, straining as he reaches out for JC.

JC

You're showing the chief here exactly what he wants to see.

Dutch head butts another Predator. More hold him back. JC looks to the King who nods in approval.

DUTCH

You do this to save your own ass.

JC

They don't want me. They want you... You're our offering to the king. It was my job to make the delivery. Then I head back with the ship and the goods. Sorry Dutch, but I got my country to serve.

Dutch tries to show the Predators that he is calm now. We know he's not.

JC

You killed one of their own back on earth. That was the secret behind you. Your true value to this mission. So save your energy. You'll need it.

DUTCH

They'll come back to Earth. armies of them. They'll destroy us completely. And we invited them in. Showed them our weaknesses.

Dutch strains against the grip of the Predators for another shot at JC.

JC

And that day may come. Sooner or later, it has to rain. That's the price of peace.

The King is looking between Dutch and JC. He grabs a spear weapon from his throne. JC sees that the battle is about to commence.

The King TOSSES THE SPEAR TO JC!

Jc catches it and looks up at the King, puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

King grabs another spear. He tosses it to Dutch. Dutch knows what's going on. He smiles at JC.

DUTCH

Good sports.

JC lunges at Dutch, who parries effortlessly and SLASHES JC clear across his cheek. He then BACK fists him, sending JC CRASHING to the floor.

Feral SCREECHES spread amongst the Predators in approval.

THIS IS THE BATTLE WE'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE.

JC is too disoriented and taken by surprise to be effective. He is on the defensive for the next few moves, allowing Dutch to get the upperhand.

After a few seconds of breath JC clears his head and eyes... takes a beep breath and is back in control. He walks head into Dutch.

Dutch lunges and JC avoids the lunge, leaping in the air and delivering a skull crushing blow to Dutch's head.

Dutch recoils and tries to slash down which only allows JC to kick the feet out from under Dutch and slash wildly at his chest and arms.

Dutch recovers with an upward kick into JC's face. Blood and teeth fly. Dutch is on his feet.

A few hard smashing cuts at JC and JC's spear goes crashing aside. JC looks crazier than ever.

Dutch drops his spear and the two titans go hand to hand.

The Predators are getting the show of their lives, and they are CLICKING and SCREECHING accordingly.

JC does a high roundhouse which sends Dutch sprawling over one of the spears.

JC sees his opportunity and grabs a spear.

Blood pouring from his mouth and nose, Dutch crawls as fast as he can to a spear as JC charges. Dutch flings his spear with all reserve strength. It flies with deadly accuracy and rips through JC's skull. JC's charge slows and he drops his own spear as he fumbles about a few seconds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

A peculiar sight, since the Dutch's spear is sticking out both sides of his head. He finally falls to the ground with a nasty thud sound.

THE NECK BOLT goes bouncing and Dutch picks it up, and STICKS IT on his OWN NECK.

He then turns to the King, who has just armed himself with a more elaborate spear and is engaging Dutch in battle.

The bolt LIGHTS as Dutch speaks. A low, steady, menacing click comes out.

The King Predator doesn't like what he just heard at all, and SCREECHES in complete dissatisfaction and blood thirsty anger.

But his screech is DROWNED OUT by deafening gunfire. Predators up in the nosebleed seats of the arena are BEING SHOT TO FUCKING HELL as a PREDATOR AIRSHIP comes soaring over the arena. ITS A BLOODY MASSACRE as their own ship mows down as many Predators in the arena as it can hit. They all run for cover. Many just clear out altogether.

Dutch looks up and sees his opportunity. Through a bay window, he sees the RENEGADE is at the SHIP'S HELM!

Dutch makes a run for the ship, but the KING LEAPS from his throne and gives chase. The KING runs amazingly fast for a creature of his size and strength. He's virtually unstoppable.

The ship doesn't land. it just swoops in Dutch's general direction. Dutch leaps atop the throne and uses it as a catapult to get him within reach of the open Cargo door on the ship.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE RENEGADE'S SHIP

As the Renegade starts to lift off, the KING manages to snag Dutch's ankle as it hangs from the ship's open door, in the balance between earth and sky as the ship careens up into the air.

Dutch grabs a Predator weapon and aims it down at the King's head.

DUTCH
Farewell to the King.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dutch blasts the King who drops unceremoniously down to his arena full of disciples.

Just then, WILSON COMES STAGGERING INTO THE ARENA, blood flowing from his gut and mouth, swinging his metal arms wildly.

On the grip end of one arm DANGLES the HEAD of the BLACK PREDATOR! What do you know, he killed the tough bastard! Too bad it was all for shit.

He tries to follow the ship but it's good and gone. He screams through a blood filled mouth as the other Predators take him down.

CUT TO:

INT. PREDATOR SHIP-DAY

Dutch makes his way to the cockpit of the craft, grabbing a weapon on the way. Dutch straps himself down in the alien craft's seat. Renegade hits some switches.

The ship begins to lift off the ground. It ROCKETS into the air.

Dutch looks down at the green planet below. After a few seconds of reflection, he turns to Renegade. The bolt on his neck glows softly.

A series of short, slow clicks follows. Renegade nods once and punches in coordinates.

A display screen lights up on the computer, which shuttles through several stars and planet systems then finally zooms and stops on one planet.

The peaceful EARTH. Spinning silently in the dark velvet bed of space, so peaceful, so quiet and blue. But not for long.

DUTCH

(nods)

They're next...

Renegade nods and let's out a slow, low, mean sounding click...

EXT. SHIP

The ship soars into the blackness of space.

end