

Predators; Hunters Moon

by Mike Wilson

Based on the characters created by

Jim Thomas and John Thomas

Mike Wilson
74 Holland River Blvd
Holland Landing, Ont
Canada
L9N 1C3
mjwillabee@sympatico.ca

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FADE IN

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Hunter's Moon throws shadows through the trees. There is a pounding of HOOVES and the frantic snapping of branches.

A DEER bursts from the trees in full flight. Behind it, GLOWING EYES float in the darkness as they pursue the creature.

The deer bounds across a stream followed closely by its pursuers, the gap shrinking.

In a small clearing a pursuer attacks. It comes from the side, powerful **JAWS** bared, clamping tightly onto its exposed neck. We see that the pursuer is a WOLF.

The frightened deer fights. Trying to break free but the WOLF won't let go.

The two animals struggle but eventually the exhausted deer bleeds out and collapses - dead.

The Alpha Wolf circles, gore dripping from its face.

The other wolves howl and yip as they circle, moving in to share in the feast.

The Alpha raises its head, growling, baring its bloody teeth. The Alpha eats first.

The others stop, waiting their turn.

Suddenly they turn. Something else is there. They move about nervously.

A TRILL perks their ears.

IT moves closer.

The wolves move about nervously sniffing the air.

The Alpha continues to feast.

IT approaches. There is a CLICKING sound.

The wolves scatter.

The Alpha raises its head. It is a frightening sight with blood dripping from its fangs. The Alpha growls.

IT moves closer, only a few feet away.

The Alpha comes around the carcass, teeth bared, protecting its kill.

Three red LASER DOTS appear on the Alpha's forehead.

The Alpha crouches, preparing to leap. The dots never move.

The Alpha leaps.

There is a snap of ELECTRICITY and -.

EXT. WILLOWS HILL - NIGHT

STAN TURNBULL exits the old GOLD MINE, securing the chain link gate across the opening.

Carrying a flashlight he steps to a shed to check the generators powering the lights and pumps in the mine. He shuts one down and some of the lights dim.

Turnbull goes to the barn and does a quick check of his dozen head of CATTLE milling about in their pen.

His dog MAX trots over for a pet. Max sniffs the bag Turnbull holds.

TURNBULL

Not for you fella. You eat that and
you'll be shitting gold bricks.

They walk to the house. Halfway there Max stops, ears up, sniffing the air.

TURNBULL (CONT'D)

What's up fella?

Turnbull looks about with the flashlight but sees nothing.

TURNBULL (CONT'D)

C'mon, I'm hungry.

He goes inside. Max lingers and then follows.

INT. TURNBULL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Turnbull dumps a can of chili into a pot on the stove.

Max paces by the windows.

Turnbull is old and grizzled, late seventies. A widower he has retreated from the world.

Stuffed animal trophies hang from the wall. Bear, deer, moose and an assortment of fish.

Max continues to pace. Jumps onto a chair for a better look out the window.

TURNBULL

Max! Get offa there.

Max gets down.

TURNBULL (CONT'D)
 What's got into you?
 (looks out the window)
 You smelling something? Let's take
 a look-see.

Throws a SWITCH and the compound is lit up by powerful floodlights.

Turnbull looks out the window. Nothing to see.

TURNBULL (CONT'D)
 I think we gotta get your sniffer
 checked. I don't see nothing-.

O.S. cattle moo and stir.

For an old man Turnbull moves quickly. Grabs a pristine SHOTGUN off the rack. Marches for the door.

TURNBULL (CONT'D)
 Goddamn coyotes.

Max is right with him as Turnbull steps onto the porch. There is a **TRILLING** sound. The dog begins to growl and - SLICT.

Turnbull looks down to see Max DECAPITATED.

TURNBULL (CONT'D)
 Sweet Mary mother of-.

The shadows move towards him.

SLICT. From nowhere TWO BLADES slice across his abdomen. Blood spurts. Turnbull collapses to the floor in shock. The gun clatters to the porch.

THE PREDATOR (cloaked) moves past them. Finds the switch. Shuts off the lights. The PREDATOR surveys the house. Leaves.

Turnbull gapes in horror watching what he can't really see move past him. Trying to hold his guts in, he crawls towards his gun.

An UNSEEN HAND takes hold of Turnbull's leg. Turnbull's bloody fingers claw at the wood but it is useless as he is dragged into the darkness.

EXT. BIG CITY -- NIGHT

Street lights burn brightly along the desolate streets. The occasional car passes but the streets are virtually empty.

O.S. pounding feet, heavy breathing.

BIRD, thirties, low level crook, races down the sidewalk. He is running hard. Steals a look over his shoulder.

BIRD

Fuck!

Keeps running.

DETECTIVE ALICE BOYD is only twenty feet behind and running hard. Mid-late thirties Boyd is athletic and running in a full out sprint.

She wears a tactical vest with **POLICE** emblazoned on it. A pistol hangs from a tactical holster.

BOYD

(into her radio)

West on ninth. Past Dairy Queen.
Heading for Future Shop. Heading
South around the back.

B.G. bright spotlight from the police helicopter EYES ONE, comes on. Helicopter zooms toward their position.

Bird races across the open parking lot, jumping over boulevards and small bushes.

Boyd is closer now. She just misses Bird as he goes around the corner.

They race down the side of Future Shop.

Eyes One closes.

ROOFTOP P.O.V

The Predator watches. It's vision is a myriad of reds and oranges registering heat. Sensitive hearing picks up their breathing and footfalls.

That is drown out by the approaching helicopter.

The Predator begins to move forward, closer to the action.

ALLEY

Bird cuts tight around the corner.

Boyd stretches out, snagging his hood. She horse-collars Bird, pulling him clean off his feet.

Using her momentum she sends him spinning to the ground.

When he comes up there is a shocked look on his face.

Boyd doesn't wait. She charges head-long into the bigger man like a linebacker, ramming him into a dumpster. A quick hip-toss has him on the ground. She quickly gets on top, a knee pressed into the back of his neck.

BOYD (CONT'D)

HANDS! Gimme your hands!

The Predator P.O.V moves closer picking up speed-.

Eyes One roars overhead, the spotlight turning night into day.

The Predator stops. Weighs its options.

Suddenly PATROL CARS appear, sirens wailing, bright lights flashing. In seconds a half-dozen officers surround Boyd and help her secure Bird. Others form a perimeter, weapons ready.

Eyes One continues to orbit.

The Predator withdraws unseen.

EXT. ALLEY -- LATER

With Bird bent over the hood of a patrol car an officer completes a pat down search.

Boyd stands across from him going through the contents of his pockets.

BIRD

I didn't do nothing! This is harassment!

BOYD

Harassment is you hanging out at the play ground watching the little boys.

BIRD

I don't do that!

BOYD

Then why are you running?

BIRD

'Cause you come crashing through the door yelling an' shit. I got scared.

BOYD

Scared of what?

BIRD

You guys! Didn't know who you was. Thought you was trying to kill me.

BOYD

So when the officers yelled 'police'
you figured it was time to run?

BIRD

Exactly. Cops shoot people all the
time.

BOYD

Didn't have anything to do with this
bag of dope did it?

Drops a bag of COCAINE in front of him.

BIRD

That's not mine.

BOYD

It was in your pants pocket.

BIRD

These ain't my pants. I just found
them.

BOYD

Not your pants? Well, unfortunately
your pants or not, you're in
possession of drugs and drug
paraphernalia 'cause we got your
crack pipe too. Now this bag is
pretty heavy. It might make it
distribution weight which puts you
in a whole other ball game-.

BIRD

You ain't listening! It ain't mine!

BOYD

Yeah it is. Now shut up and listen.
We can knock this stuff down to some
misdemeanors if you're willing to
trade up.

BIRD

You want me to rat?

BOYD

Bird, I don't want you. I want to
know something about Jimmy.

BIRD

Jimmy who?

BOYD

Jimmy Bartolo. Your boss. Don't be
an idiot.

BIRD

I ain't a rat.

BOYD

Yes, you are. And you're a scum-bag. But if you think Jimmy's going to come bail you out, maybe get you one of his high priced lawyers, you can forget it. Jimmy doesn't give a rat's ass about anybody but Jimmy.

BIRD

I ain't saying nothing.

BOYD

Your choice.

A SUBURBAN pulls up. Four men in FULL TACTICAL GEAR get out. One walks directly to Boyd. CHRIS LANG, Boyd's younger brother.

CHRIS

Detective.

BOYD

You get everyone else?

CHRIS

That we did. Found something you might be interested in.

(holds up an **EVIDENCE BAG** containing a pistol)

Dropped this going out the window.

BIRD

That ain't mine.

CHRIS

Finger prints gonna tell a different story.

BIRD

You planted it!

BOYD

Damn Bird, it just keeps adding up against you. On parole, in possession of drugs AND a loaded weapon. Big boy time.

Bird clams up.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Think about what I offered.

Bird is led away.

CHRIS

Don't forget to clench in the shower.

Boyd slaps Chris in the shoulder.

BOYD

Homo-phobe.

CHRIS

Not in the slightest. Just wanted to remind him of what his future entails. Nice work by the way. Heard the pursuit on the radio.

BOYD

Yeah. And that gets extra points because it was a solo catch. I didn't need ten guys and dozen flash-bangs to do it.

CHRIS

I'll give you one extra point.

BOYD

One! That's it?

CHRIS

C'mon, it's Bird. He's hardly worth the effort. Okay, because you're my sister I'll give you two points.

BOYD

Oh so generous.

CHRIS

I can afford to be. I'm still ahead thirty-five to twenty-eight.

BOYD

Drug sweeps don't count.

CHRIS

Yes they do. My rule.

BOYD

Yeah well mine are quality busts so they count double. My rule. Stamped. Accept it, when we are done you are going to owe me a big bottle of very expensive wine.

CHRIS

(laughs)

That I will. Nice catch.

BOYD

Thanks.

EXT. CITY ZOO -- MORNING

A ZOOKEEPER walks through the exhibits before the doors open to the public.

Penguins swim about in their tank before waddling up onto their faux ice float.

The zookeeper continues on to the POLAR BEAR exhibit.

Neither of the two bears can be seen. Frowning he keeps moving changing his vantage point but still no sign.

Finally he spots - something. Looking closer he realizes it is BLOOD staining the white landscape.

ZOOKEEPER

Oh shit.

INT. BARTOLO'S DELI -- DAY

Boyd enters still wearing her pistol like a gunslinger.

The place is empty.

Jimmy exits from the back, wiping his hands on a bloodied apron.

BOYD

Hey Jimmy. Who's the special today?
Anybody I know?

JIMMY

What can I do for you detective? I
assume you're here on business and
not just wasting tax payers money.

BOYD

Aww that's sweet of you to be so
caring. I was just wondering if you
wanted to change your story about
that murder at your club.

JIMMY

I already gave a statement to someone
else. I had nothing to do with what
happened to that kid.

BOYD

That's not what I heard.

JIMMY

You're basing this witch-hunt on the
word of a confessed drug addict.

BOYD

Yeah, you're right. But did I tell you that I met a friend of yours? Goes by the street name of Bird. You remember Bird. Breaks the odd leg for you. We picked him up last night in a drug sweep. That boy is facing some serious jail time.

JIMMY

He's smart enough to keep his mouth shut.

BOYD

He's not smart at all!

JIMMY

He doesn't know anything anyway. You're barking up the wrong tree.

BOYD

I don't know about that. A few days in the grey-bar motel might make him sing a different tune.

JIMMY

You're going to have to do better than that if you are trying to scare me detective.

BOYD

Yeah, I know. But then again your other option is the Russians. And from what I hear they are a little pissed about what happened to that kid.

JIMMY

Believe it or not they scare me less than you, detective.

BOYD

Wow, I'm flattered. So I guess I don't need to remind you that these boys play nasty. Nastier than you. It's nothing for them to burn down your house with your entire family in it.

JIMMY

Spare me detective. I've heard all the stories. But if Trushenko wants to discuss it, I'm sure something can be worked out.

BOYD

(nods)
Okay then. Can't say I didn't try.

EXT. CITY ZOO -- DAY

The Polar Bear Exhibit has been replaced by humans. Police, ANIMAL CONTROL and FORENSICS people survey the scene.

The CORONER, DR. LEONARD makes his way to the crime scene accompanied by a police officer.

DR. LEONARD

I really don't understand why I was called. I'm not a veterinarian. They have to have someone on staff who can pronounce the creature dead.

OFFICER

There might be a little more to it than that.

DR. LEONARD

I would hope so. Since when does it take the police and full forensics to investigate the death of some animal. Who can predict why these animals do what they do? Probably went stir crazy in this jail and killed its mate.

OFFICER

You're not a big fan of zoos are you?

DR. LEONARD

Can't stand them. All right so where is our victim?

Officer points to a gathering of people inside the enclosure.

As they approach Dr. Leonard notices the BLOOD. Lots of it. Also evidence of a struggle. Claw marks, dents and cracks in the walls.

Dr. Leonard frowns. The scene has piqued his interest.

The crowd moves aside and he sees the 'victim' covered by a tarp. A large tarp.

DR. LEONARD (CONT'D)

(whisper)
That is a huge creature.
(louder)
Okay, let's take a look.

OFFICER
This ain't pretty.

DR. LEONARD
Please...

Officer lifts the tarp to reveal the BLOODY REMNANTS of the polar bear.

DR. LEONARD, takes a second to steady himself.

DR. LEONARD (CONT'D)
My God. It's been...

OFFICER
Yeah. That's up there.

Points to a LIGHT POLE. There is a 'flag' swinging slowly from the top.

Dr. Leonard looks closer finally recognizing the BEAR PELT hanging from the pole. Blood drips down the pole to pool at the base.

DR. LEONARD
But what could do that?

OFFICER
Not sure. But whatever it was also removed the head and front paws.

DR. LEONARD
Oh my...Well that explains all the blood.
(examines the stumps)
Where's the mate?

OFFICER
Wasn't one. Only a cub. They found it hiding in the den thing.

DR. LEONARD
Did it have the missing parts?

OFFICER
No.

DR. LEONARD
You're sure?

OFFICER
The cub is a year old. Not big enough to do this. Yet. Besides, the zoo guy said the parts were cut off. Last time I checked bear don't use knives.

Dr. Leonard looks confused.

DR. LEONARD

Then who did this? And where are
the missing parts?

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD -- DAY

The crowd is vocal and raucous cheering on their respective teams. The teams are made of sixteen and seventeen year olds. All have a fierce look in their eye. This isn't a friendly neighborhood game of pick up and the score board shows it.

Bottom of the ninth, score tied three all.

The Devil Rays are batting, two out, runner on second. The runner is JASON BARTOLO, son of Jimmy Bartolo.

JIMMY is in the stands with two body guards, cheering enthusiastically.

The Marlins pitcher winds and works.

The batter swings - CRACK - the ball sails for the gap. The outfielder cuts it off.

Jason is on the move, running hard. The outfielder is already throwing when Jason rounds third heading for home. It's going to be close.

The catcher moves out to block the plate. The ball one hops into his glove just as Jason arrives.

Jason drops his shoulder, ramming the catcher. They go down in a heap. The ball comes free. He's safe.

The Devil Rays fans erupt! You would think it was the World Series.

JIMMY

That's my boy! That's my boy!

People rush the field. Jason is hoisted onto the shoulders of a fan. They dance around the infield.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(to Jason)

Beautiful! That was beautiful!

JASON

Thanks pop.

THREE RED LASER DOTS appear on his chest.

ZING. Something punches through Jason's chest hard. Whatever it was is moving so fast it just cuts right through him.

Jason topples to the ground. Dead.

At first they think he just fell. Then they see the BLOOD.
Everybody panics and flees.

JIMMY

JASON!

Rushes to his son. The bodyguards cover him, guns drawn.
They don't know where to look.

Jimmy wails as he cradles his dead son.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD -- LATER

Police cars fill the area. They have the few remaining
witnesses on the bleachers.

Jimmy's lawyer is already there sheltering his client.

Jason's body lays where it fell, covered now by a sheet.

Detectives and the coroner take pictures.

Boyd and her partner TONY LOZONO stand off to the side.

TONY

You want to go over there, don't
you?

She turns to glare at him.

BOYD

That jerk-off got his seventeen year
old son killed because he started a
war with the Russians. Yes, I want
to go over there and punch him in
the face.

TONY

Not in front of his lawyer.

BOYD

I'll punch him too.
(she looks again)
Ah screw it.

She marches over to Jimmy. The lawyer gets in the way.

LAWYER

My client is in no condition for any
kind of questioning, detective.

BOYD

That's okay. I actually wanted to
congratulate him.

JIMMY

On what?

BOYD

(to Bartolo)

On getting your son killed. Good job.

Jimmy lunges. Lawyer and bodyguards stop him.

LAWYER

You're out of line detective!

BOYD

(shrugs)

You said no questions.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD -- LATER

Jason's body is placed on a gurney by two coroner's assistants. Most of the spectators have gone. Some news crews linger.

Jimmy stands with his lawyer.

The assistants take the body across the field to the parking lot and the waiting coroners van. The gurney is loaded inside.

One assistant goes to the drivers side. The second secures the gurney and closes the doors. As he swings the second door he STUMBLES as if pushed.

CORONER'S ASSISTANT

What the hell?

Looks around but there is nothing. Frowns closes the door.

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

The van stops at a red light. THUNK.

The assistants look at each other. One gets out and goes to the back of the van.

The DOOR SWINGS OPEN. He frowns. Looks around. Nothing. Closes the door again, pressing hard to ensure it is secured.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Captain West sits behind his desk, his face flushed.

Boyd stands before him.

CAPTAIN WEST

What the hell were you thinking?

(MORE)

CAPTAIN WEST (CONT'D)

It's bad enough you go around throwing accusations at Bartolo. But to do it in front of his lawyer? Christ.

BOYD

Sorry but I was pissed off and it got the better of me.

CAPTAIN WEST

You're supposed to be a professional! You're not supposed to get pissed off!

BOYD

Bartolo's boys beat and stabbed Trushencko's twenty year old nephew to death and left his body in a dumpster-.

CAPTAIN WEST

I'm aware of the facts of the case.

BOYD

Bartolo ordered it done. He knows who did it but he's not giving them up.

CAPTAIN WEST

And that surprises you?

BOYD

No. It pisses me off. His boys were supposed to send a message but got carried away. Instead of roughing him up they killed him. Now with Jason dead, Jimmy has no option but to retaliate. It's going to escalate from here.

CAPTAIN WEST

Unless you find the killer first. So what are we looking at?

BOYD

Had to be someone in the crowd. Figured they got in close took the shot and disappeared once the screaming started.

CAPTAIN WEST

But no one saw anything.

BOYD

(nods)
Still looking for the bullet.

(MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)
 Hoping it will give us some answers.
 And I've got some guys doing a canvas
 of the neighborhood.

PHONE RINGS. West answers. Listens. Hangs up.

CAPTAIN WEST
 Medical examiner. Wants to see you.

BOYD
 (disgusted)
 Can't I just wait for the report?

CAPTAIN WEST
 No detective, you can't. You want
 to stop this war, go find some
 answers.

INT. CORONER'S EXAMINATION ROOM -- LATER

Boyd stands back by the wall not wanting to get too close.
 Before her is Jason's body wrapped in plastic.

Door opens. Medical examiner GARETH OAKES, early thirties,
 enters.

OAKES
 Sorry about that. Things have been
 a little crazy around here today.
 You'd think we were having a sale or
 something.

Boyd barely cracks a smile.

BOYD
 Where's Dr. Leonard?

OAKES
 He's tied up right now with that
 case at the zoo.

BOYD
 The zoo?

OAKES
 The polar bear? You haven't heard
 about that?

BOYD
 A polar bear? Seriously?
 (shakes her head)
 Okay so I assume it was you who called
 me here.

OAKES

Yes I did. Sorry I'm Gareth Oakes.
Been here a few months. Haven't had
the pleasure.

BOYD

Great. So...

OAKES

So, well I was reviewing the notes
from the scene and had just started
my preliminary examine when I, well
there's something significant missing.

BOYD

What's that?

OAKES

Hands.

BOYD

Hands? I don't follow.

Oakes moves to the body and removes the plastic. Boyd stays
by the wall.

OAKES

Notes from the scene indicated body
position, obvious wounds etcetera.
But there is no mention of the victim
missing his hands.

BOYD

WHAT?

Lunges to the body. Sees the bloody stumps.

BOYD (CONT'D)

What the hell happened? His body
wasn't like that when they loaded
him up. Jesus Christ, could somebody
have gotten in here?

OAKES

For what reason?

BOYD

A souvenir. A way to stick it in
the other guys face. This murder is
part of a revenge killing-.

OAKES

No one could have gotten in here-.

BOYD

You're sure? Be pretty easy.

(MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)

There's all the tools right here to do the job.

OAKES

Detective, I don't know if this is routine for you, but if you're going to ask me every question three times this if going to take forever. No. No one could have gotten in here. I have been with the body since it arrived. Besides, they weren't removed using any of the tools here.

Boyd looks at him.

OAKES (CONT'D)

I did a cursory exam before calling you. Whatever was used was extremely sharp. As sharp as a scalpel but larger. There is no evidence of any kind of sawing. The cut was made through the radius and ulna. Not the easier carpal bones in the wrist. I would say this was done with one stroke.

BOYD

How the hell did that happen?

OAKES

It can be done. Skilled swordsmen could do it. But it takes a lot of power and practice. And a very sharp blade.

BOYD

Swordsmen. Don't think there were any swordsmen at the ball field. Jesus Christ. Okay, is there anything else I should know?

OAKES

With the rest of the autopsy?

BOYD

Yeah.

OAKES

Death was instantaneous. Whatever struck him was fired from a high angle judging by the entry and exit wounds. Also it was traveling at a very high velocity because there wasn't much deviation on its path through the body.

BOYD

What do you mean 'whatever struck him?' It was a bullet.

OAKES

I can't find any powder residue, nor are there any bullet fragments on the x-rays.

BOYD

But he was shot.

OAKES

I'm not disputing that. I'm just saying I've never seen a bullet do this type of damage.

BOYD

All right doctor, I would appreciate that you keep the information about the missing hands quiet for now. I'm not sure what the family will do if they find out that the body has been...

OAKES

Desecrated?

BOYD

Okay, we'll go with that. So keep it quiet for now and hopefully we can come up with some answers about where they are.

OAKES

You don't sound hopeful.

BOYD

I'm not. Damn, this just keeps getting better and better.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD -- NIGHT

Boyd and Tony are on the field. Boyd has a ladder set up. She is adjusting a LASER POINTER. She consults measurements from Dr. Oakes.

Tony is further away in the field sweeping the ground with a METAL DETECTOR.

TONY

Remind me why we're out here.

BOYD

I originally thought Jason was standing when he was shot.

(MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)

But someone posted a video from a cell phone that showed him on some guys shoulders. Means when they looked for the bullet they looked in the wrong spot.

Flicks on the laser aimed towards the outfield.

TONY

No, I mean what are WE doing out here? The CSI guys should be doing this.

BOYD

Somebody's grumpy. They are tied up with the polar bear that got killed at the zoo.

TONY

A polar bear? Who would kill a polar bear? Other than some hunter with a gun.

BOYD

Don't know. But I do know means we get to do real detective work.

Tony wrinkles his nose.

Boyd shrugs. Gets down from the ladder.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Okay, that's the angle Oakes said the bullet was traveling at so lets look over there.

Points to an area marked by the LASER DOT.

Tony works back and forth with the METAL DETECTOR but finds only coins, beer caps and keys.

Boyd uses a powerful flashlight.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD -- LATER

TONY

There's nothing here.

BOYD

There has to be. The bullet just didn't disappear.

TONY

What about the one they used on Kennedy-.

BOYD

Don't start.

She crouches looking parallel with the ground.

TONY

Lets come back tomorrow. Nothing's gonna leave.

Boyd looks ready to give up too. She steps into her own light to check one last thing. A SMALL MOUND OF GRASS.

TONY (CONT'D)

I already went over that. I've been over the entire infield and most of the outfield...

Boyd kneels, gently probing the small mound. Finds an opening. Pulls up the chunk of grass. Keeps following a trail.

BOYD

What the hell?

She lifts an OBJECT from the dirt. Small, about the size of a pen but with FOUR NASTY BARBS on the tip like an arrow.

TONY

Well God-damn. How'd I miss that?

Passes the metal detector over it. Nothing.

BOYD

Better yet, what is it? I've never seen anything like it. There's almost no weight but the sucker is as sharp as hell.

TONY

Trushencko bring in a specialist?

BOYD

I don't know what he brought. But this thing is nasty. Okay, get the camera. I want to document this.

Tony nods. Sets off to the cars in the parking lot.

Boyd is left alone in the darkness in the middle of an open field. Looking up at the stars makes her feel very small.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK -- NIGHT

Car engines rev, music thumps from stereos, motorcycle riders pull cat walks, cars do dough-nuts. It is like an outdoor club centered around engines.

The males are pumped up by the horsepower. The women by the spectacle.

JOHNNY TRANG, 20s, sits inside his modified Toyota street racer. A beautiful gleaming car with a Jaguar hood ornament on the bonnet. It matches the one painted on the side of the car.

Trang, an unlit cigarette dangling from his mouth, trying to effect his best James Dean, sits in the drivers seat, the door open. A hottie stands nearby fawning.

MOUSE, approaches. He is the race fixer.

MOUSE

Johnny, you up? Got some hill-billy wants to put a muscle car against you.

JOHNNY TRANG

What's he running?

MOUSE

Won't let anybody take a look under the hood. It's an old 'Cuda. Says he wants to race, straight up. No nitro.

JOHNNY TRANG

What kind of money we looking at?

MOUSE

A grand. I seen the cash.

JOHNNY TRANG

Set it up.

Mouse takes off. Johnny steps out. Hottie steps up. He ignores her. He slips on a leather jacket. We glimpse the PISTOL in his waistband.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK -- LATER

Johnny and the 'Cuda are lined up. People line the route. Most have moved to the finish line a quarter of a mile away. Many are recording on their cell-phones.

Starter raises his hands. Both drivers rev their engines. Starters arms' drop.

Screech of tires. Plumes of smoke. Both cars rocket off the start.

The 'Cuda roars. The Toyota whines. The race is close.

EXT. ROOFTOP

ALTERED P.O.V. The cars glow red in The Predator's vision.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK

The 'Cuda inches ahead with only a hundred feet to go.

Johnny panics. Can't lose. Flicks a SWITCH for the NITRO. The Toyota rabbits ahead. Johnny crosses the line first.

The two cars carry on down the road letting their speed run out.

EXT. ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

Well away from the crowd Johnny brakes and starts to pull a U-turn. The 'Cuda cuts him off. Its driver jumps out.

HILLBILLY

That's bullshit man! You ran NOS.

JOHNNY TRANG

(getting out)

You lost. Don't be a bitch about it.

HILLBILLY

A bitch?

(pulls a BASE-BALL
BAT from the back-
seat)

You big mouthed chink! You cheated!

Comes around the car.

HILLBILLY (CONT'D)

I'll shove that NOS up your ass-.

JOHNNY TRANG

You're gonna what?

Opens his jacket to reveal the PISTOL.

Hillbilly sees it and stops.

HILLBILLY

So that's how it's gonna be?

JOHNNY TRANG

You're a fast learner.

Hillbilly backs off.

HILLBILLY

You're a dick. You hear?

(MORE)

HILLBILLY (CONT'D)

Words out. You're a dick. Can't be trusted.

JOHNNY TRANG

Go back to the trailer park. Loser.

HILLBILLY

(gets into his car)

Your time's coming slope.

Johnny flips him the BIRD.

Hillbilly tromps the gas, peels away in a cloud of smoke. He tosses a BEER BOTTLE that smashes near the Toyota.

MOUSE

(on the radio)

Johnny? You good?

JOHNNY TRANG

Yeah, we're good. You better split though. Hillbilly's on his way back and he's a sore loser.

MOUSE

Meet you later.

Johnny takes a deep breath. That was too close. Takes a look at the Toyota. Frowns. Moves to the front. The JAGUAR is gone.

JOHNNY TRANG

Goddamn Hillbilly.

Checks under the car. Nothing.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sore Loser.

Voice is slightly electronic but sounds like the Hillbilly.

Johnny jumps up.

JOHNNY TRANG

Who said that?

Draws the **PISTOL**. Looks around. Nothing. He's getting rattled.

VOICE

Your time's coming.

Johnny is panicking. Voice is clear but he can't see anyone.

JOHNNY TRANG

WHO SAID THAT! SHOW YOURSELF!

ZING. Something cuts through the air - and Johnny's ARM! His hand (still holding the pistol) falls to the ground, neatly **SEVERED** from his wrist.

Johnny looks at it in horror as the blood jets.

JOHNNY TRANG (CONT'D)

Oh my God! HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!

He stumbles back to the drivers door.

ZING. He stops. His body sways. A TORRENT OF BLOOD erupts from his neck before his HEAD SLIPS OFF and the body crumples to the ground.

The Predator steps forward. It decloaks. We only see part of it. Never the head. In its hand it holds the JAGUAR. The clawed hand coils a vicious looking **METAL WHIP**.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Boyd enters carrying two coffees. Dr. Leonard comes out of Oakes' office. He marches past Boyd bumping into her, spilling some coffee.

BOYD

That's okay. Don't mind me.

DR. LEONARD

There's no coffee allowed in this area.

She looks at the COFFEE POT on the counter beside him.

BOYD

Really.

He follows her eyes. Spins on his heels and marches out.

INT. OAKES OFFICE

BOYD

What's up with him? Did his wife walk out again?

OAKES

Be the smartest thing she ever did.

BOYD

Okay what happened here? Usually you egg heads aren't so full of testosterone.

OAKES

Dr. Leonard's ego just got the better of him.

BOYD

Oh-kay.

OAKES

He's upset because I snuck a look at his preliminary reports on the polar bear death. He didn't like it and came here to...discuss it.

BOYD

Why'd you do that?

OAKES

Detective, the bear's paws were cut off! Your victim's hands were removed...

BOYD

You're saying there's a tie between the bear and a mobster's sons death? What have you guys been putting in you coffee?

OAKES

What I've found is that the instrument used to remove the appendages was the same. Or if not, they were of the same variety. Exact same.

BOYD

Doc, c'mon, that doesn't make any sense.

OAKES

All I'm telling you is what I saw before that ego-maniac found me. The marks on the bones were from the same type of weapon.

BOYD

This is getting too weird. On the phone you said you had something on the Bartolo kid's death.

OAKES

I can say for certain it was the instrument of Jason Bartolo's death. The shape and dimensions match the wounds and I recovered some blood from it that I matched to Jason's blood type.

BOYD

What about the weapon itself?

OAKES

The diamond point is razor sharp and is unblemished in spite of striking bone as it passed through Jason. Moving at such a high velocity it simply shattered the ribs and kept on moving before slicing through his heart. Pretty much cut it in two.

(Boyd makes a face)

The weapon has virtually no weight. And its composition is like nothing I have seen. Ever. My analysis shows that whatever metal it is made of, it does not appear on the Periodic Table. In short; I have never seen anything like it.

BOYD

Did you try Russia? Trushencko might have brought in a hitter from back home.

OAKES

Be that as it may, Russia still uses the same Periodic Table as we do.

BOYD

So what is it? I've never seen anything like it.

OAKES

While neither you nor I have seen it, that doesn't mean no one else has.

BOYD

Who?

OAKES

I was stumped with this...thing so I sent an e-mail to some colleagues asking if they had come across anything like this.

BOYD

And?

OAKES

Just before you came in I got a message from doctor I did my undergrad with. Turns out he went to med school as well and we have some colleagues in common-.

BOYD

Doc, please.

OAKES

My old school mate is an emergency room doctor in Edmonton. He is also a reservist in the Canadian Armed Forces. He's did two tours in Afghanistan where he was stationed at their forward medical stations. According to him he SAW something very similar to what you found.

BOYD

So...what, he just found it on the ground?

OAKES

He removed it from a patient.

BOYD

Where is it now? Does he still have it?

OAKES

Unfortunately no. It was lost. From what I understand those medical units can get quite chaotic.

BOYD

Damn. Okay, I need to talk to this guy. Face to face.

INT. CANADIAN FORCES REHABILITATION FACILITY -EDMONTON,
ALBERTA -- DAY

Boyd sits in a waiting room watching as military personnel attend their appointments. Most walk, some are on crutches after losing a limb, a few are confined to wheel-chairs.

The place has the feel of a hospital but with more positive energy. The therapists are courteous and friendly as they work with their patients.

Door opens. DOCTOR WOODWARD, late forties, exits. Tall and balding he is dressed casually.

WOODWARD

Detective Boyd?

BOYD

Yes. Thank you for seeing me Dr. Woodward.

WOODWARD

No, thank you. This place is a little off the beaten track.

BOYD

Your office said it would be easier to meet you here.

WOODWARD

I try to make it out here at least once a week. I meet with a group dealing with their experiences in combat.

BOYD

Post Traumatic Stress.

WOODWARD

(nods)

For some. For others it's just a chance to talk with people who understand what they've been through. Few therapists have any experience, I mean real experience, in a combat situation. Makes it hard to relate.

BOYD

You run these sessions?

WOODWARD

No. I come to listen. To be close to the men I shared so much with. I was lucky, I came back unscathed.

BOYD

You served with these men?

WOODWARD

Some. Anyway, this isn't about me. I understand you have some questions about an object I removed from a patient.

Boyd takes some 10x12 photos from her briefcase.

BOYD

I know you saw some images on the computer but I wanted you to take a look at these.

Woodward studies the photographs.

WOODWARD

Yes, these pictures are much clearer. I can definitely say this is very similar to the object I saw.

BOYD

I understand the object was lost.

Woodward nods.

BOYD (CONT'D)

But what about the patient?

Woodward hesitates.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Doctor, this is not a patient confidentiality thing. I guarantee that this person is not a suspect or even a person of interest. He may have information pertinent to a murder investigation.

WOODWARD

Still...

BOYD

Doctor, an eighteen year old boy was killed by this instrument. His heart was sliced in half while his father watched. I need to know where it came from.

WOODWARD

As a trauma doctor, I've seen my share of useless death. I just don't know if he can speak with you.

BOYD

Has he been incapacitated?

WOODWARD

Oh no, nothing like. Sorry for sounding so dramatic. No, physically he's recovered...

BOYD

But...?

WOODWARD

Let's say, he's been to some dark places. I can give you his address. We still keep in touch. Whether he'll speak to you is up to him.

BOYD

Thank you doctor.

EXT. FARM - RURAL ALBERTA -- DAY

Boyd parks her rental car and walks to the house. TOM HATCHER, seventies, meets her on the front porch.

TOM HATCHER

Welcome Detective.

(MORE)

TOM HATCHER (CONT'D)

When Dr. Woodward said a detective wanted to talk to Shane I had visions of something from Barney Miller.

BOYD

(laughs)

I certainly hope I'm disappointing you that way.

TOM HATCHER

You are indeed. Come on around back. He's making toothpicks again.

Boyd looks puzzled.

Tom gestures toward the back of the house.

Boyd rounds the house.

O.S. chunk, chunk, chunk of someone cutting wood.

Stepping around to the back Boyd sees SHANE HATCHER, late thirties, splitting logs. A six foot high stack of wood stands next to him while another large pile waits to be split.

Dark haired, he is lean and sinewy. His dirty undershirt is soaked with sweat.

Boyd notices a nasty SCAR on the back of his shoulder.

She stops, staying out of range of the ax. Just in case.

BOYD

Mr. Hatcher? I'm Detective Alice Boyd. Wondering if I could ask you a few questions?

Hatcher stops, buries the ax,, turns to face her. Sunglasses cover his eyes. She holds out her credentials. She can't tell if he looks at them or not.

Hatcher looks at Tom.

TOM HATCHER

(over his shoulder)

I said it was okay.

Tom walks inside.

Hatcher mulls it over then nods.

BOYD

Mr. Hatcher, or would you prefer sergeant?

HATCHER
Actually Shane will do.

BOYD
I'm here as part of a murder
investigation.

HATCHER
Murder?

BOYD
I'm sorry, I should have made it
clear first, you are not a suspect.
I'm not here for you. I'm looking
for some information.

HATCHER
Well, I figured since you got by the
crusty old guy out front, you must
be okay. As long as you're not a
salesman or Jehovah you get a pass.
So what am I not a suspect in?

Boyd steps forward holding out the photographs.

BOYD
I'm wondering if you would take a
look at these? This was found at
the site of a murder of a seventeen
year old boy.

Hatcher looks through the pictures, taking his time. The
sunglasses hide his reaction.

HATCHER
(still looking)
So how is Dr. Woodward?

BOYD
Excuse me?

HATCHER
Dr. Woodward's the only person who
would know about this thing.

BOYD
I can't say...

HATCHER
(smiles)
He's good man. Good trauma doc.
Fixed me up. Still trying to get me
into the group sessions.

BOYD

Can you tell me anything about that thing? Dr. Woodward said he removed something similar from you. Where were you when that happened?

Beat.

HATCHER

Afghanistan.

Hands back the pictures.

BOYD

I assume in combat?

HATCHER

Yes ma'am.

Beat.

BOYD

Can you tell me where? Specifically?

HATCHER

The mountains. Near Pakistan.

BOYD

Any idea who it came from?

HATCHER

Not sure who pulled the trigger.

BOYD

(pleading)

I'm trying to trace the origin of this thing. No one has seen anything like it. Except you.

HATCHER

I can't help you detective.

BOYD

(getting angry)

Can't or won't?

HATCHER

(calm)

Can't. I don't know where it came from. Honestly I don't. I never saw who shot me.

BOYD

What about the others in your unit, do you think they would talk with me?

HATCHER

No.

BOYD

No? Could I get their names at least.

HATCHER

(softer)

No. They can't help you. Trust me.

BOYD

(exasperated)

All right. Well if you think of anything, or decide to change your mind please give me a call.

She hands him a business card.

HATCHER

Thank you detective. I really am sorry that I can't tell you more.

BOYD

Me too.

She walks back to her car.

Tom comes out carrying a tray with glasses of iced tea.

Boyd drives away.

TOM HATCHER

She's leaving already?

Hatcher shrugs and starts cutting wood again.

TOM HATCHER (CONT'D)

You've got quite the way with women, don't you? This must be a record for the shortest date.

HATCHER

It wasn't a date.

TOM HATCHER

I've never known you to be afraid of anything except talking to women.

HATCHER

She's investigating a murder not looking to go out for dinner.

TOM HATCHER

And it has something to do with what happened over there?

HATCHER
That's what she thinks.

TOM HATCHER
And you couldn't help.

HATCHER
(shakes head)
I can't.

TOM HATCHER
Son, you have been stuck in that
place since you came home. Maybe
you should talk with her.

HATCHER
She's a detective. Not a therapist.

TOM HATCHER
And you're not finding any answers
in your nightmares. No one else has
any answers. Not your commanders,
not the doctors. Maybe if you talk
to her you can figure something out
and finally put this thing to rest.
Besides, she was awfully cute and
I'm getting tired of seeing your
ugly mug around here.

HATCHER
(grins)
Right back at you.

INT. AIRPORT -- DAY

Boyd walks down the concourse pulling her carry-on.

Cell-phone rings.

BOYD
Yeah.

CAPTAIN WEST
Where are you? We've been trying to
contact you.

BOYD
On an airplane for the last three
hours.

CAPTAIN WEST
Get to a television?

Boyd spots one, makes her way over to it in a BAR.

INT. BAR

BOYD

Yeah. What's going on?

CAPTAIN WEST

I hope your trip was fruitful because things are about to heat up. Go to channel twenty-four.

Boyd flashes her badge to the BARTENDER.

BOYD

Can you turn to channel twenty-four and turn up the volume?

Bartender makes the changes.

Boyd watches a NEWSCAST.

ANCHOR

(on TV)

Local businessman Jimmy Bartolo has just announced that he is offering a FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR reward for information relating to the murder of his son. Mr. Bartolo has expressed his dissatisfaction with the current state of the investigation which he feels is at a standstill. Mr. Bartolo further claims that he was accused by the police of having a hand in the death of his son...

BOYD

Shit.

CAPTAIN WEST

You saw it?

BOYD

He's wagging the cash in front of Trushencko's people trying to get one of them to crack and offer up the shooter.

CAPTAIN WEST

You're sure it's the Russians?

BOYD

It has to be. I need to talk with Trushencko.

CAPTAIN WEST

No.

BOYD

What?

CAPTAIN WEST

Bartolo's lawyer has been making calls. Your name came up. Repeatedly.

BOYD

Shit.

CAPTAIN WEST

The Chief wants things to cool down. Just stay in the background for right now. Let the others do the legwork.

BOYD

It's bull-shit.

CAPTAIN WEST

No, it isn't detective. It's what happens when you shoot your mouth off.

(beat)

Go home. See Jake. I'm sure he's missing you. Come in tomorrow and sit down with everyone and try to crack this thing.

BOYD

Yeah.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - POLICE STATION -- DAY

Boyd and the rest of the task force sit around a long conference table covered with files and laptops. Wipe-boards are covered with pictures and flow charts detailing the major players in the Bartolo and Trushencko organizations.

Tony, now heading the investigation, stands at the front behind a podium.

TONY

(to Boyd)

So is it fair to say that tracing this dart or arrow thing was a dead end?

BOYD

No. It's confirmed that they have seen a similar weapon. It was used in a combat zone so we could be looking for a mercenary. Don't forget the old Soviet Union spent a lot of time in Afghanistan so Trushencko may have ties to someone who likes

(MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)

to operate in that area. He may have brought that person here.

DETECTIVE

Got a call from a guy I know. He says two crews of heavy hitters are headed this way from the East Coast on special request from Trushencko.

TONY

(thinking out loud)

Anything in the surrounding area that matches our mystery killer? Even remotely. Anything unexplained or just weird? I'm just thinking maybe we're too focused on one thing.

Detective looks over a clip board.

DETECTIVE

Nothing exotic. The usual domestics, gang-shit, two overdoses. Some kid lost his head in a street race.

BOYD

Okay. So that was a dead end. Anybody got anything else? No? All right lets get out there and keep the pressure on 'em.

Tony gives a disapproving look. Doesn't like that Boyd still acts like she is in charge.

Muttering, they gather their files and exit.

Captain West stands at the door.

CAPTAIN WEST

Detective Boyd, a word please.

HALLWAY

BOYD

How goes things at the palace? I mean headquarters?

CAPTAIN WEST

Its been busy. I've had two meetings with the Chief who has had three sit downs with Bartolo's lawyers. Was there something about the Jason Bartolo's autopsy that you neglected to mention?

BOYD

No - oh shit.

CAPTAIN WEST

Yes, oh shit. What do you think happened when their lawyer found out that his **HANDS** had been **CUT OFF**?

BOYD

I asked the coroner to keep quiet because-.

CAPTAIN WEST

Thanks to you, Bartolo's lawyers have been threatening big lawsuits. The only way I was able to keep the chief from reassigning all of us to traffic duty was to assure him that the officer in question was NO LONGER involved in the investigation!

BOYD

What? You're pulling me off? This is my case!

CAPTAIN WEST

We are trying to avoid a multimillion dollar lawsuit against the city and this department as well as having this case thrown out of court over allegations of police bias, tampering with evidence and bunch of other things! Yes I'm pulling you off!

BOYD

There's no bias! Okay, yes I screwed up. But at the end of the day Bartolo and Trushencko are scumbags. End of story. We can't stop because of a lawsuit.

CAPTAIN WEST

We won't stop anything with this type of investigation. I'm sorry detective but I'm sending you home. Take the day. Cool off. Come back tomorrow. Start working on clearing your board. Understood?

BOYD

Understood.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE -- DAY

There is a staccato of gunfire from automatic weapons as the S.W.A.T teams engage in an inter-squad competition.

The events include teams breaching and clearing a building, tactical shooting and sniping.

It is testosterone overload. Bulked up officers are everywhere sporting all manner of tactical apparel. And guns. Lots of guns.

Boyd sits by herself in the stands watching glumly.

Chris climbs the stairs to her.

CHRIS

Hey, what are you doing here? I thought you were working.

BOYD

I've been benched.

CHRIS

No way. What happened?

BOYD

Screwed up. Lawyers are threatening to bankrupt the city with lawsuits.

CHRIS

The entire city? Wow, you don't go halfway do you? I guess this means I can kiss my raise good-bye?

(no answer)

Want to cap off a few rounds? Blow off a bit of steam?

BOYD

Nah, I'm just killing time until I meet Jake.

CHRIS

A big date?

BOYD

Dinner. Maybe a movie. We'll see.

A RANGE EMPLOYEE comes up.

RANGE EMPLOYEE

Detective Boyd? There's a gentleman here asking to see you.

CHRIS

(raised eyebrows)

And who would that be, another suitor perhaps? A little competition in the dating department?

BOYD

Shut up.

(to Range Employee)

Did he give a name?

RANGE EMPLOYEE

No, he didn't. He's outside, at the main entrance.

CHRIS

Maybe it's a snitch.

BOYD

Any of your snitches meet you at the police shooting range?

CHRIS

Hey, I didn't say he was smart.

MAIN ENTRANCE

They step into the front lobby. It is occupied by three people. One stands looking out the window.

BOYD

Somebody looking for Detective Boyd?

Two look at her, shake their heads. The third, the man at the window, turns.

HATCHER

That would be me, detective.

BOYD

You?

HATCHER

Sorry for bothering you here. I tried your office but obviously you weren't there. They told me where you might be.

BOYD

And here you are.
(Chris clears his throat)
Sergeant Hatcher, this is my brother Chris Lang. Chris is part of our tactical unit. Chris this is Sergeant Hatcher, Canadian Armed Forces.

CHRIS

Nice to meet you Sergeant.

They shake hands. Chris notices a TATTOO of a **SHIELD** and **KNIFE** on the inside of his forearm.

HATCHER

Likewise. And it's just Shane.

BOYD

The Sergeant here saw a weapon similar to the one that killed the Bartolo kid.

CHRIS

Where?

BOYD

Afghanistan.

CHRIS

Combat?

HATCHER

Yeah.

Chris smiles. Impressed.

Boyd notices others listening.

BOYD

How about we talk inside?

INT. SHOOTING RANGE

HATCHER

I have to apologize detective. It has taken me quite some time to deal with what happened. When you showed me those pictures I wasn't sure I wanted to go back there.

BOYD

And now you are?

HATCHER

After you left I got thinking and decided to see if there was anything I could do to help in your investigation.

BOYD

(rising interest)

Were you able to recall any new information?

HATCHER

No. I don't know where that thing came from or who shot me.

BOYD

(deflated)

So you have nothing new to tell me?

HATCHER

(shakes his head)

But I figured I owed it to my team
to help find out who did.

BOYD

And that's why you came?

(nod)

You could have just called.
Unfortunately I should tell you that
I'm not heading the investigation
anymore. I think it would be best
to put you in contact with the person
in charge.

(writes on a business
card)

How long are you in town for?

HATCHER

Not really sure.

Chris comes up, clears his throat.

CHRIS

You doing anything right now?

HATCHER

Uh...

CHRIS

Wait, no, I'm not asking you on a
date.

HATCHER

Whew. Had me worried for a second.

CHRIS

Wondering if you wanted to come and
see the range. Maybe talk with the
guys.

(Hatcher is unsure)

Not one of those dick-wagging things.
It's just that a lot of these guys
have never been in a fire-fight.
Hearing what you've done could be a
good learning experience.

HATCHER

Best thing I can teach you about a
fire-fight is to duck. Yeah sure.
Why not?

EXT. TACTICAL RANGE -- LATER

Some of the other team members mill about. Chris makes the
introductions. Hatcher is pleasant but quiet. No bragging.

There is some chit chat and questions about affiliations and where they have seen action.

Two men line up and run through the course firing at the targets.

Boyd stays back, watching the testosterone display.

Chris sets a gun case on the table.

CHRIS

This is what they have me carrying.

Opens the case and removes an M-4 rifle.

HATCHER

Did some time with one of those myself.

OFFICER COOK, late twenties, swaggers up having just finished a run on the course.

COOK

You ever step outside the wire?

HATCHER

(quiet)

Lots.

COOK

(laughs)

Yeah. The day you got there and the day you left.

HATCHER

Excuse me?

COOK

From what I hear you guys didn't even fire your weapons over there. We do all the hard work and you guys take all the credit.

HATCHER

(coldly)

Be very careful. Those are my brothers you are talking about.

Uncomfortable silence.

CHRIS

Officer Cook here is our resident hotshot. Fast on the trigger and sadly even faster with his mouth and for that I apologize.

HATCHER

(calmly)
That's fine.

CHRIS

Care to run a few rounds down the barrel?

HATCHER

No, thanks. I've been off the trigger for a while.

CHRIS

You sure?

COOK

(muttering)
He's Canadian. Give him a blue helmet and an empty gun and he can stand a post.

CHRIS

Would you shut up?! Better yet, Mr. Hatcher would you like to shut him up? On the range I mean.

Hatcher smiles and nods silently.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Excellent. You can use my gear.

He empties and clears his .45 pistol then unclips his drop leg holster.

HATCHER

Uh, thanks. I appreciate it. Um sorry, I don't mean to be rude but...

Another officer puts down a box of bullets.

CHRIS

-nobody wants to fire a gun they haven't loaded.

Hatcher quickly loads the magazine and spares. He tests the springs. He works the action on the pistol and the M-4.

Straps on the holster. Adjusts it to suit his body. Checks the feel of the pistol coming out of the holster. Obviously he has done this before.

EXT. TACTICAL RANGE

Hatcher and Cook line up at the start. The range involves static shooting, shooting on the move, shooting from behind a wall, a mock automobile, shooting prone and hitting a moving target. Then they switch to the pistol.

Chris steps out as master of ceremonies. A small crowd has gathered.

CHRIS

All right ladies and gentlemen.
Place your bets. To my right is
sergeant Shane Hatcher, Canadian
Armed Forces. Combat vet and visitor
to our fine city. To my left, officer
Dwight Cook, diaper wearing, snot-
nosed newbie.

A round of hoots.

RANGE OFFICER

All right shooters, on the line!
Shooters ready!

Sharp blast from his whistle.

First shots are standing. Double taps. Advance to a doorway.
Double tap. Moving target (silhouette on a moving cable).
Double tap. Kneeling behind a car mock up. Always double
taps.

Switch to pistol. Hatcher is in his element. Draws fast.
A blur. Shots are so fast they are indistinguishable. He
is slightly ahead of Cook

Chris follows behind Hatcher as a precaution.

CLICK. Pistol empties. Lightning quick Hatcher has the
empty mag out and a fresh one in. But he HESITATES releasing
the slide.

Cook gets ahead of him. They finish with a fusillade of bullets
into a final target as they advance. Cook finishes first.

RANGE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Weapons SAFE! Holster!

Both do.

CHRIS

(to Hatcher)
Holy shit! That was some shooting!
(to Cook)
Wouldn't you say?

COOK

(uncomfortable)
Yeah. But I still won.

HATCHER

(to Cook)
Nice work. You kicked my ass.

Chris and the others offer hand-shakes and slaps on the back.
Hatcher gets out of the holster, slipping into the background.

EXT. TACTICAL RANGE -- LATER

Chris walks up to Boyd.

BOYD

Are you boys going to play dinky cars next?

CHRIS

What do you care? I thought you were sending him to Tony.

BOYD

I am.

CHRIS

Well then let the guy have some fun before Tony bores the shit out of him. Where did you find him anyway?

BOYD

What do you mean?

CHRIS

He has some serious skills.

BOYD

What are you talking about? Cook beat him.

CHRIS

Nah. Your boy tanked it. He had Cook beat easy. He held up on the reload. Plus your boy shot better. Nothing outside the center ring. And this from a guy who says he hasn't pulled a trigger in a while.

BOYD

Well I'm glad you like him. But he isn't a puppy.

CHRIS

He's special forces.

BOYD

He's Canadian. Do they have special forces up there?

CHRIS

Yeah. Anyway, everyone is coming to our place for a barbecue.

BOYD
Does Brenda know?

CHRIS
(starts walking away)
Not yet. Bring Jake. Bring your
witness too.

BOYD
You like him so much, you bring him.

She watches Chris stop and chat with Hatcher and then point in her direction, obviously inviting him and offering Boyd up as his driver.

BOYD (CONT'D)
(muttering)
Asshole.

EXT. CHRIS AND BRENDA'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Under strings of patio lanterns the members of the tactical units and their families enjoy a barbecue.

Chris works the grill while his wife BRENDA, does everything else.

The men congregate together as the women do the same.

Hatcher hangs close to the men but on the periphery.

Boyd comes through the patio door.

CHRIS
Hey! Where's Jake?

BOYD
Bathroom. We can't stay long. He
has work to do.

CHRIS
Bah. You have to feed the man.

The patio door comes open. A SEVEN YEAR OLD BOY comes out.
JAKE.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
There's my man! Want a burger or
hot dog?

JAKE
Burger please.

Chris makes the burger.

CHRIS

There you go. There are chips on the table. And ask Brenda for a piece of cake.

BOYD

Cake? No cake!

Chris nods his head at the table.

CHRIS

Cake.

BOYD

I can't wait until you have kids.

He laughs.

BOYD (CONT'D)

So did you get to compare barrel sizes with Hatcher?

CHRIS

It's not the size of the barrel. It's the amount of powder in the bullet.

BOYD

Oh please.

Hatcher approaches.

CHRIS

How's it going? The boys chewing your ears off?

HATCHER

No. There's enough food here that I think my ears are safe. You have a good team.

CHRIS

Wouldn't go through a door with anyone else. I want to apologize again for Cook shooting his mouth off.

HATCHER

No big deal.

Jake comes back with a big piece of CAKE on his plate.

JAKE

(to Boyd)
Brenda said it was okay.

BOYD

We'll see what Brenda and Chris have to say about the dentist bills.

JAKE

Oh mom...

CHRIS

Yeah - 'mom.'

Boyd uses her MIDDLE FINGER to scratch her eye.

BOYD

Go find a spot to finish eating. Then we have to go.

(Jake gives a sour face)

School tomorrow. Remember?

Jake slunks off to find a spot at the picnic table.

HATCHER

Big boy. He about seven?

BOYD

Yeah. Eight at the end of next month.

HATCHER

Going to be big.

BOYD

Like his dad.

Awkward silence. Hatcher doesn't mind the silence.

HATCHER

I'm going to head back to the hotel. I'm a third wheel here.

(to Chris)

Thank you for the invitation. The food was great.

(to Boyd)

I'll call the other officer in the morning to see if there is anything I can offer.

Hatcher leaves.

CHRIS

Nice guy.

BOYD

What would you know? You kick in doors for a living.

CHRIS

Is that your son looking for another
piece of cake?

INT. BOYD'S HOUSE -- LATER

The bungalow is dark as Boyd and Jake enter. Slipping out
of her jacket Boyd heads down the hall to her bedroom.

Jake goes into the kitchen.

BEDROOM

Boyd doesn't turn on the lights. The curtains are still
open on patio door.

O.S. sounds of rummaging in the fridge.

BOYD

What are you doing?

JAKE (O.S.)

Getting some lemonade.

Boyd removes her pistol, ejects the magazine. Opens a lock
box for the gun.

BOYD

I don't think so. You can have some
water.

JAKE

But-.

BOYD

You had enough sugar at dinner
tonight. Besides, it's-.

She raises her arm to look at her watch - THREE LASER DOTS
appear on chest.

Boyd dives for the floor-. CRACK. A small hole appears in
the patio door, the object flying across the room punching a
hole in the drywall.

CRACK. CRACK. CRACK. The glass shatters. More holes in
the window and wall.

Boyd scrambles behind a dresser.

Jake appears in the doorway.

JAKE

(scared)

MOM!!

The LASER LIGHTS appear on his chest!

BOYD

NO!

She launches herself at Jake tackling him into the hallway as more projectiles scream past them.

HALLWAY

Boyd half carries half drags Jake down the hallway to the kitchen.

The shooting continues. The shots punch holes through the inside walls chasing them.

Boyd and Jake crouch by the kitchen entrance. The front door is to the left but to get to it will expose them to the large kitchen windows.

Boyd realizes she still has her pistol. But there is only **ONE BULLET** in the chamber.

LASER LIGHTS dance across the wall sweeping toward them.

BOYD (CONT'D)

(pulls out her cell
phone)

Operator! Police emergency! Officer
in need of assistance! Repeat;
officer in need of assistance-.

O.S. creak. Footfalls on the wooden deck outside the kitchen.

JAKE

(panicked)
Mom...!

Boyd leans into the kitchen. Boyd's P.O.V sees a FLASH of the **PREDATORS** eyes.

BLAM! Fires her one bullet. It is loud compared to the silent weapon The Predator is using. The bullet shatters the glass ricocheting off his head making him stumble.

BOYD

Damnit!

Tosses her gun. Jake clutches her arm. Boyd searches desperately for a weapon.

O.S footfalls on broken glass on the deck.

Boyd's P.O.V spots the block of CUTTING KNIVES. She darts into the kitchen grabbing a long knife.

EXT. BACKYARD

The Predator's P.O.V thermal imaging shows the kitchen but
NO SIGN OF BOYD.

Trilling sounds gets louder as it searches.

Why can't it see them?

INT. KITCHEN

Boyd and Jake cower behind the FRIDGE which masks their heat.

Boyd holds the knife and her empty pistol. She isn't
panicked. She is ready. Whatever comes in her house is
going to die before it gets a chance to lay a hand on her
son.

O.S. footfalls on the deck. Louder.

BOYD

(whisper)

When I tell you, you to run for the
door. Go as fast as you can and
don't stop. Get to the neighbors
across the street and stay there.

JAKE

What about you?

BOYD

I'll be right behind you.

JAKE

(shaking his head)

No. I'm not leaving you.

BOYD

Jake, you have to.

JAKE

(resolute)

No. I'm not leaving you.

O.S. crunch of glass.

Boyd snaps her head toward the sound. Pushes Jake back,
putting their backs to the wall.

O.S. **SIRENS**. And a **HELICOPTER**. The cavalry is coming.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Mom-?

BOYD

They're coming.

O.S. heavy footfalls. Someone moving quickly.

Suddenly the room is lit up as bright as day as the helicopter's spotlight illuminates the house.

Strobe lights flicker from the front of the house.

Only when the officers pound on the front door does Boyd move.

EXT. BOYD'S HOUSE -- LATER

The street is filled with every manner of police vehicle. Flashing lights dance lighting up the neighborhood. The helicopter continues to orbit while officers search the surrounding yards.

INT. BOYD'S HOUSE

After the earlier excitement Boyd's house is surprisingly quiet as evidence techs search.

Boyd sits at the dining room table, a blanket draped over her shoulders as she talks with Captain West.

Jake sits on the couch surrounded by SWAT officers and Chris.

The officers have formed a protective cordon around them.

An EVIDENCE TECH comes down the hallway towards them. He is holding a plastic bag.

BOYD
(looking up)
What have you got?

TECH
Dug this out of the wall.

He hands over the bag.

INSERT plastic bag holds a DART.

BOYD
Son of a bitch. It's the same thing
the Russians used to take out
Bartolo's kid.

CAPTAIN WEST
But why are they coming after you?
That doesn't make sense.

BOYD
Getting too close maybe.

B.G Tony enters.

CAPTAIN WEST

Maybe. But targeting a cop and her child? I thought these idiots wanted to kill each other. This is asking for us to bring the heat on them.

BOYD

Nobody said they were smart. Okay now I definitely have to talk with Trushencko.

CAPTAIN WEST

Out of the question.

BOYD

They tried to kill my child!

CAPTAIN WEST

Which is why you are going into protective custody-.

BOYD

Custody?

CAPTAIN WEST

You know what I mean.

LIVING ROOM

Boyd takes Jake and they leave surrounded by the SWAT team.

CHRIS

(to Captain West)
She won't let this go.

CAPTAIN WEST

This isn't a request.

CHRIS

(shakes his head)
Once Jake is safe, she'll be back out there. You watch.

EXT. ST. OLAF'S RUSSIAN CHURCH -- DAY

DIMTRI TRUSHENCKO steps out flanked by two body guards. Trushencko, late fifties, is a block of a man. Square head, broad shoulders. He shakes hands with the priest who acts like he is meeting the Pope. He gestures towards a MARBLE STATUE with reverence. A gift from Trushencko.

Trushencko comes down the steps.

Boyd stands casually against a parked limo.

BOYD

You're priceless. Does the priest know where his benefactor gets his money? A statue bought with blood money.

TRUSHENCKO

What do you want cop?

BOYD

What's the matter, you disappointed to see me?

TRUSHENCKO

You always disappoint me.

BOYD

Oh that hurt. But not as much as finding out your hitter missed, I bet.

TRUSHENCKO

I don't know what you are talking about.

BOYD

There's a shocker. See, we all figured you owed Bartolo for your nephew. So you took out Jason. Fine. Sick but fine. But what in your peanut brain made you think about sending your shooter after me and my kid? Stupid, stupid move.

TRUSHENCKO

If I send people after you, you would not be here. You or your kid. They not find all the parts.

BOYD

(rhetorical)

What? So you didn't? Please. It's got your greasy mitts all over it.

TRUSHENCKO

I think maybe it is time to teach you some manners cop. You have a big mouth, coming here, saying these things.

BOYD

I'm done talking.

TRUSHENCKO

No, I don't think so. I think you will talk with my associates.

(MORE)

TRUSHENCKO (CONT'D)

When they are done you will think
first before coming here again.

The two bodyguards advance.

BOYD

Can I bring some friends?

TRUSHENCKO

What are you talking about?

Boyd nods over her shoulder to a VAN parked across the street. The side door is open. CHRIS sits in the doorway with an assault rifle on his lap, the barrel casually aimed at Trushencko. Four other armed S.W.A.T officers step out.

Trushencko glares at her then smiles.

TRUSHENCKO (CONT'D)

Next time, cop. When you don't have
such an entourage. Maybe we pay you
a visit. What you think about that?

BOYD

Sure. Or maybe we'll visit you. Or
maybe Bartolo will come calling.
Better keep the fridge full, you
might be getting company.

She turns her back and walks to her car leaving Trushencko standing on the sidewalk.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD -- DAY

Hatcher is alone on the field setting up the ladder like Boyd had done days earlier.

Boyd wheels into the parking lot. Gets out and walks across the infield to him.

HATCHER

Morning detective. I heard about
what happened. How are you doing?
How's Jake?

BOYD

Fine. Where's Tony?

HATCHER

Said he had some leads to work on.
Told me he'll be back later. Aren't
you supposed to be under some kind
of protective custody?

BOYD

Ditched them. He just left you here?

HATCHER

I asked to look at the crime scene.

BOYD

But you don't have any kind of jurisdiction. Besides we already went over this place when we found that dart.

Hatcher gets off the ladder, having flicked on the LASER.

HATCHER

I know. I'm looking the other way.
(points to a large tree)

I want to see where he shot from.

BOYD

Tony already did that.

HATCHER

Really? There wasn't anything in the reports.

BOYD

Tony...

EXT. PARK

The stand of Maple trees is two hundred yards away from the field.

Hatcher pulls himself up. The ladder looks small in the distance.

He holds up a hand and sees a **RED DOT** from the laser on it. Notices branches that have been snapped.

HATCHER

This was his perch. Nice shot. Must be good to get away clean. Not easy to get down from a tree without someone noticing.

BOYD

Anything there?

Hatcher looks for a moment then stops. He looks at the ladder in the distance getting a feel for the killer and what he did.

Runs his fingers over DEEP CUTS in the bark. (Made by The Predator while he waited for his prey). Eyes narrow.

HATCHER

He waited a while.

BOYD
How can you tell?

HATCHER
Looks like he was digging in the
wood to pass the time.

Notices a SWARM OF FLIES on a branch. Shoos them away and
finds a dark stain underneath. Sniffs it.

HATCHER (CONT'D)
There's blood up here.

BOYD
Who's? How'd it get up there?

HATCHER
Don't know.

BOYD
Hold on, we'll need a sample.
Probably nothing but just in case.

She reaches into an evidence kit.

CLICK. Hatcher snaps open a nasty looking **KNIFE**. Cuts off
a chunk of bark with the stain on it. Climbs down. Gives
it to Boyd who bags it.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Jesus, how did you get that on the
plane?

Hatcher smiles cryptically.

EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT

The alley is slick with moisture. Dumpsters and garbage
line the sides. A lone street light offers scant
illumination.

Beneath the light three men lurch across the alley into the
wall. Drunk? The burly one, THE BOUNCER, snaps an elbow
into another's head. Not drunk. A fight.

The Bouncer works at the strip club out front.

The other two, DRUNK ONE and DRUNK TWO are unruly patrons
who have been tossed out.

As Drunk One staggers from the elbow The Bouncer rams a knee
into Drunk Two's groin doubling him over. He collapses to
the ground in a retching heap.

Drunk One attacks throwing a flurry of punches. The Bouncer
grabs the mans shirt tugging it over his head.

The Drunk flails like a child as The Bouncer swings him around, **LAUGHING** as he rams his fist into the mans exposed ribs. Finally he lands an upper-cut that puts the drunk out.

The Bouncer dumps him in a puddle and when the drunk tries to roll out, he kicks him back into the dirty water.

The Bouncer strolls back to the strip club.

Behind him the two Drunks try to pull themselves back together.

BOUNCER
(over his shoulder)
Next time I say don't touch the
ladies, don't touch the ladies.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE OF STRIP CLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

The Bouncer clips his walkie-talkie back to his belt, puts in the ear piece. Fires up a smoke deciding he's earned a break.

O.S. heavy footsteps sloshing through a puddle.

BOUNCER
Don't tell me; you brought some
friends?

He turns.

There is a crackle of electricity as THE PREDATOR de-cloaks. We only see it from the back.

We do see The Bouncers expression. His jaw drops along with the cigarette.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)
(stunned)
What are you?

THE PREDATOR advances and -.

EXT. ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

Drunk One and Two stagger down the alley away from the club.

DRUNK ONE
That prick stuck his finger in my
eye!

DRUNK TWO
So what? He kneed me in the nuts.
Ah, I think he crushed one of 'em.

DRUNK ONE

We should call the cops.

DRUNK TWO

An tell 'em what?

DRUNK ONE

(pats his pockets)

He jumped us. He had no right to do that. Where's my phone?

DRUNK TWO

Dunno. All I want is to go home an get some ice on my balls.

DRUNK ONE

Crap. I musta dropped it. C'mon we gotta go back. You gotta help me find it.

DRUNK TWO

Screw that. It was your idea to pick a fight with him. I don't know why you slapped that fat chick's ass anyway.

DRUNK ONE

She wasn't fat.

DRUNK TWO

Yes, she was. Now, I'm going home to ice my balls.

DRUNK ONE

You're not going to help me?

DRUNK TWO

No.

Keeps limping away.

DRUNK ONE

(calling after him)

I'm surprised he could find your balls! Musta had good aim!

Drunk Two gives him the finger over his shoulder and keeps limping.

DRUNK ONE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Heads back in the other direction.

EXT. ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

O.S. CRASH. Drunk One hesitates hearing the noise. Up ahead, like silhouettes projected on a screen he sees two figures fighting, their shadows displayed large across the wall.

He moves closer stumbling behind some boxes.

WHAM. The Bouncer sails across the alley hitting the wall. He is bloody and beaten. There is a horrified look on his face.

Drunk One smiles.

The Bouncer holds up his hands in surrender.

BOUNCER
P-please. No more. Please.

THE PREDATOR steps toward him.

Drunk One does a double take.

SCHLICK! The TWIN BLADES extend from it's wrist gauntlets.

It plunges them deeply into The Bouncer, lifting him off his feet. The Bouncer tries to scream but there is no sound.

Drunk One hides again, unable to process what he is seeing.

THE PREDATOR dumps the body to the ground face down. Starting at the shoulders it digs the blades into the body and with a powerful stroke draws them the length of the torso, cutting the ribs from the spine.

Drunk One looks again just as **THE PREDATOR** reaches inside and yanks the Bouncers spine from his body.

DRUNK ONE
Oh my God...

He vomits, stumbles, knocking over boxes then flees down the alley.

THE PREDATOR barely turns its head. Instead the PULSE CANNON on its shoulder turns and tracks him.

WHOOM. The blast rips a hole through his chest sending his body sprawling in a puddle.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

Crowds of the curious have gathered along with news crews. All are kept back by police tape.

Tony wheels in. Another car whips in nearly hitting him as he gets out.

TONY

JESUS! Where'd you learn how to drive?!

Boyd jumps out, slamming the door.

BOYD

You're lucky I didn't paste you to the asphalt! What's the idea of leaving him alone at a crime scene?

Points at Hatcher in the passenger seat.

TONY

I was following a lead.

BOYD

Bullshit!

TONY

Why're you here? West said you aren't supposed to be around this case.

BOYD

Heard the report about a dead body missing his hands. Unless there's two guys cutting off people's limbs I'd say there's a connection.

TONY

(muttering)

I told them to stay quiet.

BOYD

Yeah. I won't even ask why you didn't let me know. Now, how about we take a look?

Hatcher gets out and follows behind quietly.

ALLEY

A few officers stand around a **BODY** that is covered by a sheet.

TONY

(to officer)

Any I.D.?

OFFICER

Drivers licence. Names Dave Hooper. Thirty five. Software engineer. Lives in High Park. He isn't in the system.

Boyd frowns.

BOYD
That doesn't sound right.

TONY
What?

BOYD
Neither of the mobs have any holdings here. And this guy, our vic, I know the mobs are going high-tech but since when do they need a software engineer?

TONY
Whatever.

Tony lifts the sheet.

TONY (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ! What hit him, a bazooka?

Boyd kneels to take a closer look. Hooper's chest has been BLOWN OPEN. The wound is the size of a softball.

BOYD
The wound is almost cauterized. There's barely any blood.

TONY
That's a big fricking hole!

Boyd looks at Hatcher. He hasn't made a sound.

BOYD
Any thoughts?

HATCHER
His hands.

Boyd looks.

TONY
Wait a second! He has hands!
(to the officer)
Report I got said the vic was missing his hands.

Officer swallows. He looks nauseous.

OFFICER
That's the other one.

BOYD
There's another victim?

Officer nods. Points further along the alley. Makes no effort to move.

FURTHER DOWN THE ALLEY

First thing we notice is a crowd of police and paramedics. All seem to be huddled together. But all are trying to avoid looking further down the alley. There is no friendly chit-chat.

Boyd, Tony and Hatcher move around them. That's when they see the BODY. Or what's left of it.

It hangs from the street light by a rope tied to the ankles. Both hands have been removed along with the head and spine leaving a **GAPING HOLE** in the torso. But what makes Tony puke his guts out is when he realizes that the body has been SKINNED.

Flesh hangs in ribbons. Entrails piled on the ground.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Oh my God. Who would do that?

TONY

(wiping his mouth)

HOW do you do that? Christ, all the skin is...

(to Boyd)

What the Christ is going on?!

Boyd turns to Hatcher. He stands a step behind them staring at the body. He is almost catatonic.

BOYD

Hatcher?

(no response)

Shane?

Hatcher snaps out of it. He looks at Boyd without seeing her then walks away.

She catches up with him.

He leans against the wall, staring skyward, sweating.

BOYD (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Hey. You all right?

HATCHER

(looks at her)

Yeah. Just needed a minute.

BOYD

At least you didn't puke like Tony.

What was it?

HATCHER

Bad memories.

(beat)

I guess you never get used to seeing
the dead.

BOYD

Not like that. That's inhuman.

HATCHER

(nods his head)

Yes. Yes it is.

INT. FORENSICS LAB -- LATER

Boyd, Hatcher and Dr. Oakes stand over a long table displaying
their evidence.

OAKES

So, even though the cuts on the polar
bear and Jason Bartolo's wrists aren't
identical, they are close enough to
say they are from the same type of
blade.

BOYD

I get it doc but is our killer using
the polar bear for practice before
he gets on to the real job?

OAKES

I couldn't say.

BOYD

And the guy in the alley, there's no
connection to the mob anywhere. So
where does he fit in?

OAKES

A second killer? A copy-cat?

BOYD

Please don't go there. I don't even
want to think about that. Three
victims... Goddamn serial killer.

OAKES

Actually there is a fourth victim.

BOYD

Seriously?

OAKES

I thought you knew. A street racer
from the other night. Lost a hand.
And his head.

BOYD

Tony mentioned something about it.
I thought he got chopped up in a car
wreck.

OAKES

No, there was no accident. Head was
removed by a very sharp instrument.
Not the same blade as the others but
the manner is the same. A single
cut. The blade was extremely sharp
and whoever was using it was very
powerful.

BOYD

What was the vics name?

OAKES

(looks at a file)

Johnny Trang. Multiple charges for
speeding, illegal car modifications.
Street racing, of course. Nothing
big. No gang or mob affiliations.

BOYD

Christ, this makes my head hurt.

OAKES

Oh and that blood you recovered.
You found it in a tree, correct?

HATCHER

About twelve feet up.

OAKES

I thought that's what you said.
Somebody is playing a joke on you.

BOYD

Why?

OAKES

It's bovine. Cow's blood.

BOYD

Shit.

OAKES

Hey if pigs can fly why not cows?

They all smile releasing the tension.

BOYD

So, we've got a mountain of evidence
and none of it fits together anywhere.
We can't make any concrete connection
between any of them.

HATCHER
Maybe there isn't.

BOYD
Pardon?

HATCHER
I'm sorry Detective but you've been trying to make connections where none might exist. Your theory is that this is all in response to Bartolo killing one of Trushencko's people. But what if that isn't the case?

OAKES
Meaning?

HATCHER
Maybe they're linked by the killer and not the victims.

OAKES
Interesting. I've been corresponding with colleagues trying to track down this weapon and I have come across at least eight other instances that may involve the same killer.

HATCHER
Eight?

OAKES
First incident I could find came from a heavily censored document from the U.S. military. A special operations unit was ambushed in Guatemala in 1987. Only one survivor. From what I could glean their attacker used similar weapons to those we are seeing. Unfortunately a lot of the details have been blacked out...

BOYD
And the others?

OAKES
There are similar reports from Bosnia and Los Angeles in the early nineties. Then Iraq during the first Gulf War. Another in Mexico just over a year ago. Two dozen members of rival drug gangs were killed.

HATCHER
War zones.

Hatcher steps away.

OAKES

In most of the incidents a large force was attacked and the attacker or attackers used edged weapons and some kind of projectile weapon. All the reports indicate that victims were mutilated, some had had limbs removed. And in a few cases the flesh of the victim had been stripped away.

BOYD

Doc why are we hearing about this now?

OAKES

Like Mr. Hatcher said, they were war zones spread around the globe over a number of decades. No one made any kind of connection. Most people wrongly assumed that that kind of thing...happened in conflicts. It didn't stand out at first. Just survival of the fittest taken to the extreme.

BOYD

Jesus. Who is this guy? I mean, how is it we haven't heard of him before?

HATCHER

What were they doing when they died?

BOYD

Who?

HATCHER

Your victims. The ones from here.

OAKES

The polar bear was...doing whatever bears do in a zoo at night.

BOYD

Jason Bartolo was playing baseball. The Bouncer had just gotten into a fight with two guys in the alley.

OAKES

And Trang was driving his car.

HATCHER

Driving or racing?

OAKES

Racing.

HATCHER

Did he win?

OAKES

Witnesses say he had just won.

HATCHER

And the Bartolo kid?

BOYD

Just scored the winning run.

HATCHER

-and the Bouncer had just won a fight against two guys.

BOYD

Are you saying this is some kind of competition?

HATCHER

Could be. All the victims had just won their respective competitions. In the other instances, Doc, you said large groups had been attacked. I bet they had just won a battle or did something to catch this guys attention.

BOYD

But what about the polar bear?

OAKES

Since P.E.T.A has forced the removal of most of the other animals from the zoo the polar bear is almost the last of the big animals left.

HATCHER

The big dog.

BOYD

But that means this has nothing to do with Bartolo and Trushencko...

HATCHER

It's just a theory.

OAKES

But it works. It's very primal but it works.

BOYD

But why? If this guy is knocking off the big guys or champions, what's the purpose?

HATCHER

Like you said Doc, 'survival of the fittest taken to the extreme.'

BOYD

And the missing body parts?

OAKES

Trophies. You mentioned that when I found Bartolo's hands were gone. I think you called them souvenirs.

BOYD

Trophies? What about me? Did he want me for his trophy wall?

OAKES

Maybe. I don't know.

BOYD

That isn't reassuring.

HATCHER

Then just think of yourself as the one that got away.

O.S. phone rings. Oakes answers it.

OAKES

(holding out the phone)
It's for you, detective.

Boyd takes the phone.

OAKES (CONT'D)

(to Hatcher)
You think there may be more than one killer-?

BOYD

(slams down the phone)
That little bastard!

HATCHER

What's going on?

BOYD

Tony! The prick got a tip on where Bartolo's people are hiding out. He's going to pick them up. Asshole kept it to himself.

Boyd's cell rings.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Yeah. Yeah, I heard. Where? Got it. Thanks Chris.

(to Hatcher)

Chris's team got tapped to serve the warrant. He said they are going to Bartolo's brick-yard.

She heads for the door.

OAKES

Wait! What about all this?

BOYD

It'll have to wait.

OAKES

But...

BOYD

One killer at a time, doc. Tony's not going to scoop this bust on me. This is my case. My collar.

HATCHER

Mind if I tag along?

BOYD

Suit yourself.

They head for the door leaving Oakes with a mountain of evidence.

INT. BOYD'S CAR -- LATER

They drive through the darkened streets heading for the brickyard.

Boyd is on her cell with Jake.

BOYD

I'm sorry buddy but I have to catch bad guys tonight. I'll be home later but you'll be asleep. Right? Okay. Listen to Grandma. I love you. See you in the morning. Love you.

She hangs up.

HATCHER

How's he doing?

BOYD

Good. Tough kid.

(MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)

Takes after his dad.

(beat)

His dad was a patrol officer. He was killed on the job three years ago.

HATCHER

I'm sorry.

Beat.

BOYD

He was laying out spike strips to stop some meth-head in a stolen car. Don't think the guy even realized he hit Dan.

The drive in silence.

HATCHER

May I ask you something detective?

BOYD

Sure.

HATCHER

Is that why you hunt them like you do?

BOYD

Hunt them?

(beat)

I guess I never really thought of it as hunting.

HATCHER

It's not a bad thing. It's what you do.

BOYD

Yeah, it is. But no, I'm not doing this as some kind of crusade in my husbands name. I 'hunt' criminals because they're criminals.

HATCHER

That simple?

BOYD

Yes. And no. Take Bartolo and Trushencko. Bartolo is old school. Being a mobster is a family business. Trushencko comes from Eastern Europe. Came here when the Wall came down. He's an opportunist.

(MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)

They both run dope, protection. The usual stuff. Except Trushencko also traffics people. Young women from his old homeland to be precise.

HATCHER

He's a slaver.

BOYD

Pretty lucrative for him. So much so that when Bartolo hears the numbers Trushencko is pulling in he decides he wants a piece of the action. A big piece.

HATCHER

And Trushencko tells him to get lost.

BOYD

Something like that. Doesn't sit well with an old boy like Bartolo. So when Trushencko's nephew shows up in one of his clubs selling dime bags of dope, Bartolo decides to send a message. Unfortunately they got carried away and killed the kid. Trushencko got the message. But he also had his own. Let's go to war.

HATCHER

So these two are fighting over the profits from selling people?

BOYD

Disgusting isn't it?

HATCHER

There's a special place in hell for people like them.

BOYD

Amen.

Silence again.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Can I ask YOU something?

HATCHER

Sure.

BOYD

You aren't just a regular soldier are you? You're Special Forces or something aren't you?

(MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)

(slight nod)

Chris figured right away. I checked out your tattoo. Joint Task Force? Why didn't you tell me?

HATCHER

Part of being in Special Forces is you don't advertise.

BOYD

I never knew that Canada had Special Forces soldiers. I thought you were all peace keepers.

HATCHER

(smirk)

You'd be surprised what's out there. Canada has been in the war business for a long time. But like I said, we don't advertise.

BOYD

So who is this guy? Could he be the same one that shot you?

HATCHER

I'm not sure what it was that shot me but it took out my entire unit.

BOYD

In Afghanistan? The mountains?
(Hatcher nods)
What do you mean you're not sure 'what' shot you? It was another soldier or guerrilla wasn't it?

Hatcher looks out the window toward the darkness.

HATCHER

(his voice is distant)

There were six men in my unit. All world class soldiers. Best of the best. Picked from the toughest units in the world. Navy SEALS, British SAS, Australian SAS. Our job was hunting high value targets. We picked up the trail of a group who had escaped from a prison and fled towards the mountains. They were some bad boys and we were tasked to take them out before they got to Pakistan.

BOYD

Take them out? Not capture?

HATCHER

We operated so far beyond the wire there is no radio contact, no back up let alone a paddy wagon to come and cart them off to jail.

BOYD

I guess I never really thought about it.

HATCHER

So, these guys make it to their hideout in the mountains. Like I said we are out of radio contact so calling in an air-strike is out. Besides this cave system was so deep the biggest bomb would have only knocked on the door. Only thing to do was to go in after them.

BOYD

How many were there?

HATCHER

Twenty-five to thirty.

BOYD

And six of you?

HATCHER

(honestly)

We figured it was a fair fight. Anyway we worked our way down taking their rear-guards, the boys keeping things real quiet.

BOYD

Meaning?

HATCHER

No guns.

BOYD

I don't get it.

HATCHER

Knives. Garrotes. Bare hands.

(Boyd looks at him)

Eventually we find their clubhouse. Only problem now is that they hooked up with their brothers. Now we are looking at another three dozen fighters. I have to say it is one time I am glad we carry so much ammunition because it was a hell of a fire-fight.

(MORE)

HATCHER (CONT'D)

We took out half of them and sent
the rest running further underground.

Boyd looks at him strangely.

BOYD

How - how do you do - that?

HATCHER

No one takes any joy in it. We aren't
psychopaths. It's our job.

(beat)

Someone explained that we just have
a, 'gift' if you will, for aggression.
We just use it.

BOYD

Makes sense I guess. So what happened
then?

HATCHER

We kept after them. Every once in a
while they would try an ambush but
our night vision was too good. Then
when we were a couple kilometers
under when things got strange.

BOYD

How so?

HATCHER

We started hearing gunfire. But it
wasn't directed at us. Didn't know
who they were shooting at. That was
when we found the first one.

BOYD

First what?

HATCHER

Body. Like the body hanging in the
alley. Except the guy we found had
been crucified. Spikes were driven
through his hands into the rock.
His head and spine had been ripped
out.

BOYD

Jesus.

HATCHER

By this time the shooting stopped
so we amped up expecting a fight.
Then...

(MORE)

HATCHER (CONT'D)

(he stops, looking
outside)

The tunnel widened, maybe the size
of a small house with an underground
stream running through it. Except
the water is red.

BOYD

Red? Blood?

HATCHER

(nods)

The place was lit with torches which,
unfortunately, let me see something
I see every time I close my eyes.

(takes a breath)

Every one of those fighters was dead.
They had fired off every round they
had but they still died. And they
died badly. A few had lost limbs.
Some had their guts spread all over
the floor. A couple had their heads
set on spikes. It was a living
nightmare. I honestly thought we
had gone so deep into that cave that
we ended in hell.

BOYD

Who did it?

HATCHER

Don't know. We didn't care. All
anybody wanted to do was to get out
of there. We got about halfway out
then it was our turn.

BOYD

Oh my God...

HATCHER

It came for us. Hendricks, our tail
gunner was first. I remember hearing
a clicking sound over the radio,
then screaming. The most horrible
sound you can imagine...

BOYD

He was dead...

HATCHER

(nods slowly)

Whatever got him had to be good
because Hendricks never fired a shot.

BOYD

How did he die?

HATCHER

Don't know. Couldn't find the body. We followed the blood trail until it disappeared. All we found was his cap.

BOYD

Jesus.

HATCHER

I think He was on vacation that day. So we're on red alert now, waiting to get bounced. But it happens again. Yorkie and Walsh, two SEALs disappeared. Same thing. Blood trails but no body's. Whatever hit us we couldn't see even with our night vision. We made it back to the clubhouse and set up to make a stand. Good fields of fire. Claymores front and back. I set up under my thermal blanket trying to look like a rock. Damn thing traps your body heat so it was like being in a sauna. But we're all working our optics searching. It was so quiet you could hear a rat fart.

BOYD

You didn't see anything. Just like...

Hatcher shakes his head sadly.

HATCHER

I saw Artie Leeds suddenly stand up, and I'm thinking he's got something. Then his body starts shuddering and these two blades come out his chest.

BOYD

He got into your position.

HATCHER

Somehow. Never saw anything. I opened up figuring a small space like that, I'm gonna to hit something. The other guy did the same. We hosed down the area.

BOYD

How many were there?

HATCHER

None. We hit nothing.

BOYD

Nothing? That's impossible.

HATCHER

(shrugs)

Davis, an Aussie checks Leeds but he's gone. Then I hear it. The clicking. Davis must have heard it too 'cause he starts telling me to run.

BOYD

You escaped?

HATCHER

I stayed. Davis starts blazing away with a SAW machine gun. Then there's this flash like a strobe. Something rips across the tunnel like a lightning bolt and hits Davis. It blew a hole through his back.

BOYD

The guy in the alley...

HATCHER

(nods)

It must've figured there was another shooter because those lightning bolts started firing off in different directions blasting the shit out of everything.

BOYD

He was trying to smoke you out. Your blanket. The blanket must've hidden your body heat. He could see the others but not you.

HATCHER

That's what I figured. Only much later. Anyway I'm trying to figure out how to kill something I can't see when I see...something.

BOYD

The killer?

HATCHER

All I saw were its eyes. They glowed.

BOYD

Glowed? I saw the same thing when he attacked my house. Some kind of night vision?

HATCHER

(shakes his head)

Never got a chance to find out because that's when Davis springs one last surprise. He was alive long enough to trigger the forward Claymores. When they went it was time to leave. I started running. The tunnel starts collapsing. And that's when I got hit in the back.

BOYD

The dart?

HATCHER

(nods)

Last thing I remember is the ground rushing up to meet me. When I woke up I was buried under rocks with a broken shoulder blade and four broken ribs. Every time I breathed my chest lit up. But that didn't scare me as much as the sound...

BOYD

Sound?

HATCHER

The clicking. It came close. It kept making that noise. Almost like a purr. Then it kept walking.

BOYD

Could you see him? What did he look like. Was he wearing a uniform?

HATCHER

I had a little crack between the rocks that I could see through. But I don't remember any uniform. All I do remember is what it was carrying.

(beat)

It had taken...souvenirs.

BOYD

Souvenirs? Oh...

HATCHER

In a bag slung over it's back.

(beat)

Some of them were clean. Polished. Others were fresher. They still had the skin on them.

(beat)

The bag was full of skulls. Human skulls. Some were my teammates.

BOYD

Dear God...

HATCHER

Took me a couple of hours to dig myself out. I looked for my men but...there wasn't enough left of them. I walked for three days before a patrol found me. And, well you know the rest.

They drive in silence.

BOYD

Why do you keep referring to the killer as 'it?'

HATCHER

The men that I served with were some of the most skilled hunters in the world. They were the toughest and meanest son-of-a-bitches anyone could ever come across. Whatever killed them wasn't from any army that I know of.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

The parking lot is a short distance away from Bartolo's BRICKYARD. The police are using it as a staging ground. There are SWAT vehicles and a few other police cars.

The men are gearing up getting into their tactical outfits and loading weapons.

Hatcher stands near Boyd's car watching her talking with Tony.

From the way she keeps stabbing her finger in his face it is obvious Tony is getting earful. With a toss of her hands she stomps back to the car.

BOYD

Can't believe that guy. He's got me on the sidelines. He even went to the boss to see if I was allowed to be here. Surprise, surprise the boss said no. Which is exactly what the prick wanted.

HATCHER

He's your partner. Why would he do that?

BOYD

He's still pissed at me.

HATCHER

For what?

BOYD

We joined the force at the same time. I was always a step ahead when it was time for promotion. Really burned him when I made detective first time out. He just can't let it go.

Beat.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Hop in. We've got a bit of a wait.

INT. BOYD'S CAR -- LATER

BOYD

Your theory about the killer, the competition thing, that's interesting.

HATCHER

I'm not a detective. I was just thinking out loud.

BOYD

It makes sense though in a weird way. The body parts are proof of his victories. Trophies. But who's he competing against?

HATCHER

No idea.

BOYD

It's looking like the Bartolo kid getting killed was nothing more than a coincidence. Which means I've been chasing the wrong killer.

HATCHER

(trying to joke)

Don't take it personally. I'm sure there are lots more crooks out there to catch.

BOYD

Don't take it personally? Isn't that why you're here? You're hoping to get a shot at whoever took out your team.

Hatcher breathes deeply, not looking at her.

HATCHER

No, that's your job.

(MORE)

HATCHER (CONT'D)

I just want some answers. I owe
them that much.

(she opens her mouth
to answer)

Hold on, I think they're moving.

Looking out the window they see the SWAT teams mount up.
One of them stops and flashes his ENTRY LIGHT at them. Chris.

In moments they are rolling towards the brickyard.

Boyd grits her teeth. She wants to be there.

They disappear from view leaving Boyd and Hatcher in silence.

Boyd drives to another parking lot closer to the Brickyard.

O.S. GUNFIRE. LOTS OF IT.

BOYD

No.

She bolts from the car running for the brickyard.

BOYD (CONT'D)

(to Hatcher)

You stay here!

She disappears into the darkness.

Hatcher watches. Suddenly the car is too small. He gets
out, fidgeting. More gunfire. Starts to follow Boyd.

HATCHERS P.O.V

Two vans roll up to the back of the brickyard. The three
officers guarding the back wave the vans off, their attention
is focused on the front off the brickyard.

Suddenly the van doors open and TWO DOZEN ARMED MEN jump
out. They open fire with Ak-47s cutting the officers down.
Swiftly they move through the fence.

HATCHER

Russians.

Throws open the car door, checks the dashboard.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

Shit.

No radio. Can't warn anyone.

Looks back as the last gunman slips through the fence.

EXT. BRICKYARD

Stacks of bricks surround the two story main building. It houses the offices and a show room.

Attached to it is the factory.

Two PORT-A-ROOMS sit near the main gate.

The SWAT teams didn't get far as Bartolo's men opened fire from the Port-a-rooms pinning them down.

Bullets are flying everywhere.

INT. LOADING DOCK

The Russians move through the building from the back.

These are rugged, broad shouldered men accustomed to violence.

O.S. car engine REVS. **CRASH.**

One man turns in time to see Boyd's car race up the loading ramp. He fires but it is too late as the car slams him into the wall. Involuntarily he fires his AK until it empties.

Another gunman rushes up strafing the car, tearing it to pieces.

He moves to the drivers side. Nothing.

A BRICK whips through the air - WHACK - striking him in the side of the head dropping him instantly.

HATCHER rushes from the darkness. As he reaches for the AK the door flies open with another gunman.

Hatcher charges slamming the door into the man. His AK discharges. Hatcher head-butts the gunman's face crushing his nose. He follows with an elbow to the face. The gunman continues to fire. A quick hip toss sends him to the ground. As he does Hatcher strips the AK from his hands. A squeeze of the trigger puts a final burst into the gunman's chest.

Spying a spare magazine under the gunman's jacket Hatcher reloads and sets off into the building.

EXT. BRICKYARD

The Predator is perched high on the tower watching the fight below. It's vision is a myriad of colors from blue to red.

It sees the SWAT team pinned down behind one of their vehicles. Half their number aren't moving.

From the Port-a-rooms Bartolo's people pour gunfire.

The Predators vision suddenly zooms in on a figure running through the gate heading for the SWAT teams. Boyd.

BOYD

With Bartolo's people focused on the SWAT team none notice Boyd at the gate. Sizing up the situation she charges, firing from their flank catching them off guard.

Moving fast she makes it behind the trucks. Chris, Cook and two others give cover fire.

EXT. BRICKYARD - THE SWAT POSITION

BOYD
(reloading)
What the hell happened?

CHRIS
(firing)
They were waiting for us. Soon as we got through the gate they opened up. I think Tony got hit.

Boyd looks quickly and sees Tony lying on the ground surrounded by a puddle of blood, his eyes fixed and unmoving.

BOYD
Shit. We need more back-up!

SWAT MEMBER
(panicking)
We're gonna be slaughtered before anyone gets here!

BOYD
We've gotta move! We can't stay here. Gimme an rifle.

CHRIS
(hands over the gun)
You know how to use that, right?

BOYD
(checks the magazine)
Remind me which end the bullets come out?
(to the others)
Grab the wounded. I'll cover. Okay, get ready to move.

CHRIS
Wait!

Grabs two GRENADES from his vest. Yanks out the pins.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Cover!

Boyd and the others duck their heads clamping their eyes closed and covering their ears.

Chris tosses the FLASH BANG grenades at the shooters.

A BRILLIANT FLASH AND AN EAR SPLITTING Boom! And then another.

Boyd opens fire, strafing the buildings. Chris, Cook and the others grab their wounded and make a break for the building.

Once at the building Chris and Cook cover Boyd as she makes the dash chased by bullets.

INT. BUILDING

Chris covers the doorway as Boyd scrambles inside, finding cover.

Cook hurries to administer first aid to the others. Rips open QUICK-CLOT packages, spreading it on their wounds.

SWAT MEMBER

Oh God, oh God...

BOYD

HEY! Reload!

CHRIS

They're moving.

BOYD

(to Chris)

Get away from there. Get under cover!

Chris turns from the door. Suddenly he opens fire over Boyd's head!

She spins to see the RUSSIANS attacking from the rear! She opens fire on them.

Cook grabs a gun and starts shooting as well.

Caught in the open Chris is hit and goes down.

The Russians leap frog as they advance. There are too many of them. One man moves up to a catwalk above them.

Boyd's M-4 runs dry. She draws her pistol.

BOYD'S P.O.V a lot of Russians approaching.

She draws a bead on one and fires dropping him. Another takes his place. His bullets drive her back pinning her down behind.

Peeking out she is just in time to see the gunman's chest explode - shot through from **BEHIND**.

Above him the gunman falls from the catwalk. Someone else is attacking the Russians from the rear!

In seconds their attention is diverted from Boyd to the other attacker - Hatcher.

He charges through their ranks putting down gunmen with double taps.

With the Russians distracted Boyd scurries to Chris.

He is losing blood quickly. She fashions a quick tourniquet.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Hang on. Help's coming!

She snaps open her cell phone.

BOYD (CONT'D)
This is detective Boyd. I've got officers down! I need back-up and EMS rolling to Bartolo's Brickyard!

CHRIS
Alice-.

BOYD
What?

CHRIS
Alice, Bartolo's guys...

He struggles to point out the shattered door.

Boyd's P.O.V Bartolo's remaining gunmen advance on the building.

BOYD
Shit.

She does a quick magazine check.

BOYD (CONT'D)
I'm almost out.

TRUSHENCKO
Where is he?

Boyd snaps around to see Trushencko and four gunmen surrounding them.

BOYD

Police. Drop the weapons.

Trushencko smirks. He puts the barrel of his Ak-47 to Cook's head.

TRUSHENCKO

You tell me where they are cop, and maybe we make this quick. Or we take our time and teach you a lesson.

FROM ABOVE there is a FLASH OF LIGHT seen through a skylight then a snap of electricity.

Whoom. Whoom. Whoom. Blasts from the Predators PULSE CANNON rip through Bartolo's remaining gunmen in the open yard.

Boyd turns, looking out the door, as the last one collapses with a gaping hole through his chest.

BOYD/TRUSHENCKO

What the-?

She turns to the Russians who are as shocked as she is.

CRASH!

The Predator (still cloaked) jumps crashing through the skylight. It lands before the stunned Russians and-.

INT. FACTORY

The Russians pursue Hatcher, losing him in the darkness. They quickly form a skirmish line moving forward.

The gunman at the end of the line is startled when Hatcher appears from the darkness beside him. Before he can fire Hatcher shoots him and then shoots straight down the line, a fatal funnel. He fires until the AK runs dry.

There are only three left. They re-group and move quickly towards Hatcher's last position.

Coming to the end of the row they face a solid wall underneath a catwalk. They find Hatcher's AK.

The first gunman steps beneath the catwalk, he turns searching. Hatcher suddenly drops from his hiding spot BENEATH the catwalk landing behind him.

Before the man can react Hatcher plunges his knife into his neck. At the same time he grabs his gun-hand squeezing the trigger cutting down the second gunman.

Gunman #3 opens fire. Hatcher shoves the dead gunman towards him.

In a blur Hatcher throws the knife, embedding it in his forehead. The man drops.

O.S. FRENZIED gunfire. MEN SCREAM.

Hatcher grabs his knife and runs.

INT. BUILDING - BOYD'S POSITION

The shooting has stopped. BODIES litter the floor. There is blood is everywhere.

O.S. Sirens

Hatcher surveys the scene from behind cover.

HATCHER
Detective? Detective Boyd?

CHRIS
(muttering)
She's gone.

HATCHER
Chris? Chris, I'm coming in.

Hatcher quickly makes his way over to Chris.

Chris is pale from blood loss, going into shock. But there is something else. Terror.

HATCHER (CONT'D)
Chris! Jesus Christ!

Quickly he checks his wounds.

HATCHER (CONT'D)
(frantic)
Where is she? Your sister?

CHRIS
It took her.

HATCHER
What? What are you talking about?

CHRIS
(babbling)
I've never seen anything like it.
So fast, it cut them to ribbons. So
much blood. They never had a
chance...

Hatcher looks at the bodies more closely. Trushencko hangs from a line strung from the ceiling. He has been disemboweled. Another has half his head and part of an arm sliced off.

A third has deep thick cuts from his shoulder to his hip allowing everything that was in the body to spill out.

And the last, Hatcher sees for the first time, has been **IMPALED** on a **LONG PIKE**. The pike is embedded in the floor leaving the man's body suspended in the air.

HATCHER

(whisper)

Jesus...

CHRIS

(muttering)

The eyes...

Hatcher snaps around.

HATCHER

What did you say?!

CHRIS

His eyes. He came and stood over me when he was done. I couldn't see anything except...except for his eyes.

HATCHER

(quietly, scared)

The eyes? What...what about them?

CHRIS

(difficulty focusing)

The eyes? They...they glowed.

Hatcher is shocked. Quickly his mind comes into focus.

HATCHER

Where's your sister? Where's Alice?

CHRIS

Don't know...It could have cut me open...

HATCHER

CHRIS!

CHRIS

Wha-?

HATCHER

Your sister! What happened to her?!

CHRIS

(looks for her)

She... She got hit by something. Not shot. But I saw her go down.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Then...then she disappeared.
 (he focuses)
 We've got to find her!

Tries to move.

HATCHER

(pushes him back down)
 Stay down. I'll get her. Can you
 still shoot?

Nods weakly. Hatcher doesn't believe him.

COOK

I can.

He squirms to them. Two trauma dressings are wrapped around his leg.

Hatcher checks the AK. Empty. Searches the other weapons finding most empty or broken. Finally finds an AK that is still loaded.

HATCHER

(hands it to Cook)
 Shoot anything. Help's coming.

COOK

The rest of the Russians, what about them?

HATCHER

They're dead.

COOK

All of 'em?

Hatcher ignores him as he checks Cook's wounds.

Cook gulps.

HATCHER

Stay sharp. Shoot anything that isn't a cop.

COOK

But I thought you said - what else is out there?

HATCHER

Did you see which way they went? Anything?

CHRIS
Her cell...it has a GPS tracker in
it. Use the unit in our truck to
find her.

Hatcher nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Take this.

Pulls off his holster and hands it over.

COOK
You want body armor?

HATCHER
(shakes his head)
Kevlar isn't going to make any
difference with this guy.

COOK
Can't hurt.

Hatcher grabs it and moves for the door.

CHRIS
What does he want with my sister?

HATCHER
She's the prize.

CHRIS
(groggy)
Huh?

But Hatcher is gone.

EXT. BRICKYARD - THE SWAT POSITION

O.S. sirens are getting louder.

Hatcher runs for the SWAT trucks.

First one is shot to hell. Useless. The second one is
damaged but still running.

He throws the equipment inside, gets into the drivers seat.
Grabs the radio.

HATCHER
This is officer Chris Lang. I need a
cell phone location for detective
Alice Boyd. The number is 555-648-
5212.
(reads from her
business card)
Send it to my tactical unit.

DISPATCHER
 (on radio)
 Uh-okay, copy. Give me a minute.

Hatcher wheels out into the street.

DISPATCHER (CONT'D)
 (on radio)
 Okay, should be coming across now.

Hatcher checks the computer.

INSERT SCREEN shows a MAP-QUEST type image.

DISPATCHER (CONT'D)
 (on radio)
 I have her location Northwest of
 your position. It appears she is on
 the move.

HATCHER
 Got it.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
 (on radio)
 Do you need back-up?

HATCHER
 (muttering)
 No, he's killed enough people today.
 (louder)
 Send everyone to the brickyard.
 Out.

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Hatcher races through the streets. He drives in the most direct route, cutting across parking lots, up one-way streets, down alleys, through intersections.

INT. TRUCK

Hatcher checks the computer. The DOT reaches the RIVERS EDGE then runs parallel to it.

Hatcher moves to cut them off.

EXT. STREET

Squealing to a stop he jumps out throwing open the back of the truck. There he finds a GUN CASE with a MOSSBERG SHOTGUN inside. Stepping to the front of the truck he prepares his roadblock.

But the street is EMPTY.

He checks the screen. The DOT is still coming at him. Nothing in the street. Then the DOT veers away OUT OVER THE WATER.

HATCHER

What the hell?

(looks, can't see
anything)

How can... Son of a bitch is flying.

INSERT over the RIVER a blurred image of a cloaked Predator riding a sky-cycle.

EXT. BRIDGE

Hatcher races across the bridge heading out of the city. He is following the DOT on the screen because there is nothing to see.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- LATER

Hatcher continues his pursuit out of the city. He whips past a sign for the off ramp to WILLOW'S HILL.

He barrels down deserted rural roads. WILLOW'S HILL is a shadow in the distance.

The DOT stops.

EXT. WILLOWS HILL - NIGHT

He closes the distance. Stops at an open field. DOT doesn't move. But there is nothing to see.

Hatcher gets out. The silence is deafening. Rummages in the truck. Finds extra rounds for the shotgun, FLASH-BANG and SMOKE GRENADES.

He straps on the thigh holster. Checks the .45. Pumps the shotgun.

Hops the fence and moves into the wide open field beneath a star filled sky. The Hunters Moon is bright.

EXT. FIELD -- NIGHT

Whatever the farmer was trying to grow has turned fallow. The stalks are brittle and dry.

The shotgun shouldered Hatcher makes his way through the empty field. Only structures are a FARM HOUSE and out buildings in the distance. Turnbull's farm.

Hatcher sinks to a knee taking out his CELL-PHONE. Dials Boyd.

O.S. ringing.

Hatcher moves his head to locate the sound. Pinpoints it. Sets off in a crouch.

O.S. phone continues to ring. Stops.

Hatcher dials again. O.S. phone rings. No other sound but the rustling of the stalks.

Ring gets louder as he approaches. Hatcher slows. More cautious, crawling. Ringing stops. He is very close. Painfully slow movements. No sound.

There is a GLOW on the ground before him.

Hatcher moves forward. Gently moves some stalks and finds - Boyd's PHONE on the ground. But NO Boyd.

Hatcher looks around. Nothing. Phone was dropped. His pursuit was for nothing. A wild goose chase. He picks up the phone. Stands.

HATCHER

Goddamnit!

He whips the phone through the air and - THUNK! It strikes something mid-air and falls. But there's nothing there!

Hatcher moves to where the phone fell. Nothing around. Slowly reaches up and HIS HAND TOUCHES SOMETHING.

Hatcher pulls his hand away. Shocked. There is something there. But he can't see it.

He reaches up again feeling its contour. He moves around it walking like a mime trapped in a box.

His face is a mask of fear and wonder.

O.S. PSSH. Air escaping.

Hatcher whirls, dropping to a knee, shotgun shouldered.

A LIGHT appears behind him seemingly FLOATING IN MID-AIR.

Hatcher approaches from an angle.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

(whisper)

What the hell...?

The LIGHT is coming from an OPEN HATCH. That hatch leads INSIDE A SHIP. It's the PREDATORS SHIP!!

Staying to the shadows Hatcher peers inside, unsure.

He moves into the light. Nothing happens. He steps up the ramp.

INT. PREDATOR'S SHIP

The entrance is large. The walls are metallic, bare. The floor is covered by DRIED BLOOD around a drain. Lots of it.

On the walls are LARGE HOOKS used to drain trophies of their blood.

He moves forward down a hallway lit by reddish-orange lights. The air is oppressively hot. Already he is sweating.

O.S. a FAINT CLICKING. It is the same noise he heard in Afghanistan.

Hatcher stops. Moves to the wall. Nothing happens. He takes a moment to fight his fear.

Ahead a door is slightly ajar. Hatcher approaches. No sound from inside. Gently pushes on it. Door opens noiselessly. He moves inside and - stops.

HATCHER

(whisper)

Oh my God...

INT. TROPHY ROOM

Before him is the TROPHY ROOM. It's walls are lined with the SKULLS and PELTS of the creatures the Predator has hunted. The polar bear head and paws are in there. But not all of them are from this world. Many of the creatures are larger than a man.

There are also WEAPONS taken from the vanquished. Hatcher walks slowly before the display looking at the strange knives and swords, shields and armor. He stops.

Reaching out he brushes aside the feathers hanging from a head-dress. Something caught his eye. Something familiar. An M-16 MACHINE GUN with a M-203 GRENADE LAUNCHER slung underneath.

The gun hangs from the wall in front of a LOAD-BEARING VEST. It is the same type he wore in Afghanistan. A HELMET rests on a hook above the vest. Both the vest and the helmet are charred, the helmet has a GAPING HOLE through it.

Hatcher slings the shotgun and gently removes the machine gun. Quietly he ejects and checks the magazine. Full. And there is a GRENADE in the launcher.

INT. HALLWAY

Now armed with the M-16 he moves further up the hallway. He finds a SECOND TROPHY ROOM. This one is smaller. But it has human skulls and hands in addition to the other trophies including Johnny Trang's Jaguar hood ornament.

O.S. clicking.

BOYD (O.S.)
What are you? What do you want?

Hatcher takes a step-.

PREDATOR
(mimicking her voice)
What...are...you?

Hatcher rushes forward coming to yet another room.

INT. PREPARATION ROOM

Hatcher's P.O.V peeks through a crack in the door. Sees Boyd strapped face down to a table.

And behind her is The Predator.

It stands seven feet tall and is well muscled. Dread-locks hang down to its shoulders. A PULSE CANNON is mounted on one shoulder. Armor covers its chest. The gauntlets on its wrists hold the retracted blades. On one hip a holster carries its DART GUN while on the other hip hangs a NASTY LOOKING WHIP made of what looks like RAZOR WIRE.

Hatcher looks away. His hands tremble. Then he grits his teeth and peers through the crack again.

He watches it move around preparing equipment. He notices an assortment of KNIVES hanging along the wall. Their shapes are reminiscent of FILLETING KNIVES. This is where the 'trophies' are prepared. And Boyd is next.

BOYD
(pleading)
What are you doing? Stop! Please stop!

It selects a thin blade, the light glinting off its sharpened edge.

It slides the blade beneath Boyds jacket and vest. The fabrics cut easily.

BOYD (CONT'D)
(pulling at her restraints)
Stop! Don't touch me!

Hatcher considers his options. The M-16 and 203 could injure Boyd. Same with the shotgun.

He pulls TWO GRENADES off his vest. A FLASH-BANG and a SMOKER. Silently he pulls the pins. Reaching through the door he tosses them-.

The Predator spins, its cannon already zeroing in on the sound. But it is too late.

BANG! The flash-bang explodes in mid air, in the Predators face.

The creature roars in agony lurching away, its hyper-tuned senses sent into overload.

There is a spray of sparks before the second grenade begins spewing clouds of smoke.

Hatcher rushes into the room. He slashes the bindings holding Boyd.

HATCHER
Detective, it's me!

She is still disoriented by the grenades. He yanks her to her feet. Smoke swirls around them.

Suddenly RED LASER LIGHTS appear in the smoke.

HATCHER (CONT'D)
RUN!

Shoves her to the door as-.

CHUFF. CHUFF. CHUFF. Razor sharp DARTS chase them.

Hatcher lets off a burst from the M-16 hitting something that begins spewing smoke or steam.

The Predator roars!

EXT. FIELD

Hatcher and Boyd race down the ramp and out of the ship. Boyd is still disoriented. Hatcher squeezes off a burst behind them.

Chuff. Chuff. Chuff. More darts whip past them.

BOYD
Ahh!!!

She is hit in the leg. She stumbles.

Hatcher looks down to see BLOOD staining the leg of her pants.

HATCHER
Can you move?

BOYD
(grimace, nods)
Went through the meat. Looks worse
than it is.

HATCHER

Bull-shit, but we've gotta move.

Hauls her to her feet. She is limping badly but still moving.

The Predator appears through the smoke firing the dart gun until it empties. It tosses the gun away.

The PULSE CANON whips into position. It quickly begins tracking them.

Hatcher and Boyd duck behind a large tree just as The Predator fires.

WHAM! The energy bolt detonates the tree. Flaming pieces are launched in the air landing in the tinder dry field.

Boyd and Hatcher are knocked flying. They tumble into a ditch.

Hatcher shakes off the effects of the blast. He has lost the M-16. He looks over the edge to see The Predator advancing.

Around them the fields are dotted with SMALL FIRES that are growing.

Hatcher tugs the remaining grenades off his vest.

BOYD

What are you doing?

HATCHER

Heat. It tracks us by our heat.

(he tosses the grenades)

We need a bigger fire to buy you some time.

EXT. FIELD

Flash bang explodes lighting the dry stalks. The smoke grenade spews sparks as it flies igniting a number of small fires.

The Predator halts. It tries to process all of the heat signatures.

EXT. DITCH

Boyd uses the remnants of her shirt to fashion a crude bandage.

HATCHER

There's a truck about two hundred yards that way. Stay low. Follow the ditch. It should get you close.

BOYD
No way. Give me the .45.

HATCHER
It'll kill you if you're armed or
not. You have to get away.

BOYD
I'm not running away.

HATCHER
(sharply)
Jake! Think about your boy.

Like a slap in the face she thinks about her son.

BOYD
What about you?

HATCHER
I'll draw it away.

BOYD
You'll die.

HATCHER
Go. NOW!

BOYD
You don't have to do this.

HATCHER
Yeah, I do. Now go.

She scuttles back. He watches her for a moment then quickly sets off in the opposite direction.

EXT. FIELD -- MOMENTS LATER

The Predator surveys the field, it's head moving, the Pulse Canon mimicking its movements.

The Predators P.O.V the field is a mess of orange and red blobs. A targeting overlay moves from heat source to heat source measuring them.

The Predator moves toward the ditch. Empty. It switches TRACKING MODES. This time it's vision picks up RESIDUAL HEAT allowing it to track heat like a footprint.

The cold green now shows a SMEAR OF ORANGE. Boyd is close.

The Predator turns. The BLADES on its wrist snapping out-

BOOM!

A SHOTGUN BLAST slams into the side of it's helmet, the pulse canon taking the brunt of the hit.

Staggered The Predator turns only to get another blast to its face. The pellets deflect off the helmet in a spray of sparks. More sparks spew from the damaged canon.

The Predator roars. Fluorescent green blood runs from its wounds. In a rage it fires the pulse canon but the blasts go awry, the targeting system damaged.

Hatcher fires again then ducks down disappearing.

Roaring The Predator charges after him, activating its cloaking and disappearing.

B.G. Boyd pokes her head up from the ditch.

EXT. STAND OF TREES

Hatcher reloads as he runs.

Taking cover he scans the trees but The Predator is invisible.

O.S. clicking.

Hatcher swings to the sound.

O.S. clicking.

Hatcher swings to the opposite side.

He closes his eyes listening. Gentle rustle of branches, insects, SNAP. A branch brakes up in a tree.

He pivots - boom, boom, boom!

The Predator roars. Sparks fly from high in a tree. It fires the canon. Two blasts go wide. The third hits close to where Hatcher was.

But he is already on the run. The Predator jumps to the ground. It decloaks.

The Predator yanks the still sparking canon off its shoulder, detaching the wires connecting it to its helmet.

Gripping it like a pistol it squeezes a trigger firing off two blasts into the night. Satisfied it sets off with a manual canon.

The Predator's P.O.V - It's vision is distorted because of the damage to its helmet. It cycles through the imaging modes, searching - there! Hatcher is a blue-green blob running away.

The Predator raises the canon and -.

HATCHER

Is running hard towards the FARM HOUSE.

B.G. PULSE BLAST coming at him from behind.

WHAM! The blast hits the tree Hatcher has just dodged around. He is knocked cartwheeling through the air. The tree has been cut in half.

Hatcher tries to regain his senses. He reaches out realizing he dropped the shotgun.

He scuttles down trying to make himself sink into the ground.

A flicker of light from the burning tree glints off the shotgun lying ten feet away. He is about to move for it when there is a **SHIMMER** near a tree.

Hatchers P.O.V - In the middle of the forest is the fire, reflecting off the Predators cloaking device.

He finds a small ROCK and flips it away. SNAP. It hits dried leaves.

WHAM! The Predator fires at the sound.

Then realizing it was duped it calculates where the rock might have come from and fires there. Wham. More sparks and fire from Hatchers hiding place. But there is no Hatcher.

Hatcher scurries through the dirt toward the shotgun.

The Predator hears him and turns.

Hatcher sees the shimmering flame turn.

HATCHER

Oh shit!

Draws the .45 and fires. Fast. The pistol sounds like a machine gun.

There are sparks from the bullet strikes on The Predators armor. It roars, firing the canon wildly.

Hatcher snatches up the shotgun and runs for the buildings.

INT. BARN

Hatcher ducks inside and stops dead. He stumbles back against the wall, turning his head away quickly, fighting not to puke.

In the dim light he sees the remnants of Turnbull's cattle. Desiccated carcasses are strewn about. The animals have been torn apart. This is The Predator's feeding ground.

Hatcher fights a flash-back to the cave in Afghanistan.

He flees out another door running for Turnbull's Farm House.

The Predator sees him and fires forcing him to turn away.

Hatcher keeps running chased by The Predators blasts herding toward the mine.

Seeing the mine entrance Hatcher veers away, hiding. Hyper-ventilating he doesn't want to go inside.

The Predator fires, the blast hitting uncomfortably close as it zeros in on him.

There is nowhere for Hatcher to turn. There is too much open ground.

He pumps the shotgun and fires blasting the lock off the gate. He rushes inside.

INT. MINE

The generators powering the pumps have died leaving the mine to slowly fill with water.

Hatcher sashes forward under the dim light of the few remaining lights.

The Predator enters, the water splashing over its legs. The cloaking device fails, unable to maintain invisibility.

Hatcher continues to splash his way down the tunnel. He stops. Listening he hears The Predator behind him. Turns to run and -.

WHAM! Another blast from the canon sends him flying.

HATCHER

(groaning)

Again? That's three times.

He pulls himself to his feet. Looking around he finds himself in a cavern roughly the size of a gymnasium.

The dim bulbs are strung along the rough walls. Accumulated detritus from years of mining are scattered about. Ore cars, timbers, tools (most with broken handles) and long metal pikes.

The opposite end has another tunnel leading deeper into the mine but the entrance is partly collapsed.

O.S. footsteps in the water. And coming fast.

Hatcher grabs the shotgun and-.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

What the-?

He holds only half of it. The other half sits on the floor, torn in two by the pulse blast.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

Great.

(draws the .45)

I'm gonna need something bigger.

Backs around a table, the .45 trained on the tunnel entrance as he searches for another, bigger, weapon. Looks at the table. Double take.

On it is a BOX marked DYNAMITE.

Hatcher yanks off the lid finding OLD STICKS OF DYNAMITE taped in bundles. He takes a bundle then rummages in the box.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Where are the fuses? Damn it!

O.S. footsteps are very close now.

INT. CAVERN -- MOMENTS LATER

The Predator enters. Growls.

Hatcher is crouched on the opposite side near the collapsed tunnel. He stands when the creature enters.

The Predator aims the canon.

Hatcher stiffens waiting for the impact-.

The Predator looks at the pulse cannon. It snorts, almost laughing. Tosses it aside.

Hatcher breathes.

The Predator takes the WHIP from its belt. The wicked barbs uncoil.

HATCHER

Aw shit.

They both drop into a crouch.

The Predator begins to circle. Hatcher does the same. He keeps his back to the wall trying to keep as much distance between them as he can.

CRACK! The Predator snaps the whip. It strikes a rock outcropping in a spray of sparks.

Hatcher dives away his face bleeding.

HATCHER (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ!

He stumbles in a puddle soaking himself in muddy water.

The Predators P.O.V it is having trouble tracking Hatcher.
It can only see parts of him.

Hatcher gets to his feet.

The Predator snaps the whip again.

Hatcher turns but not fast enough as the tip slices his arm.

Hatcher stumbles away.

Another crack cuts a chunk out of a stout TIMBER stacked
along the wall. The wood falls setting off a domino effect
knocking other timbers down.

Unfortunately Hatcher is in the way and is knocked down and
pinned under the timbers.

The Predator stops to watch. Then it snaps the whip at the
wood close to him displaying his skill.

Hatchers P.O.V he sees the dynamite.

INSERT the SHOTGUN SHELL that he stuck in the middle of the
bundle. The bundle lies only a few feet from The Predator.

CRACK. The whip strikes the rock overhead spraying him with
rock and sparks.

Hatcher struggles to reach the holstered .45.

CRACK. The whip hits close. Spraying his face with water
from the puddle in front of him.

Hatcher twists trying to free himself.

CRACK. The tip of the whip snaps close enough for Hatcher
to feel it.

The Predator reels back to swing again.

Hatcher pulls the .45 free.

The Predator stops. It begins to laugh, a deep belly laugh
like the Bouncer.

HATCHER (CONT'D)
Suck on this.

He shifts his aim from the creature to the dynamite. It only takes one shot as the bullet hits the PRIMER detonating the shell which acts as a blasting cap and detonates the dynamite.

BOOM! The explosion is deafening. Dust and rock fly everywhere.

The Predator is knocked flying by the blast and disappears as part of the wall collapses.

Hatcher is protected by the timbers overtop of him.

INT. CAVERN -- MOMENTS LATER

After what seems like an eternity the dust settles.

A few lights still work.

Hatcher pulls himself from beneath the timbers.

He crosses the cavern to where The Predator fell. Still holding the .45 he clears away some of the rock until he finds the creature.

Green blood oozes from its wounds and it's helmet is cracked.

He aims at the head to administer the coup-de-grace.

HATCHER

(whisper)

Whatever you are, you are one ugly-.

The Predators eyes spring open.

PREDATOR

-Mother-fucker.

It swings a ROCK hitting Hatcher in the head knocking him to the ground.

It pulls itself from beneath the rock.

Hatcher makes it to his knees, blood running down his head. Like two boxers they struggle to rise from the canvas.

Summoning its strength The Predator swings a vicious backhand sending Hatcher across the cavern. Then it collapses.

Hatcher slams into the ground. The .45 is gone. He is trying hard to shake off the hit.

The Predator gets to its feet. It wobbles then stands straighter, snarling its jaws snapping open. The creature rips off the remnants of its helmet throwing it aside. It clenches its fist for the WRIST BLADES to extend. Nothing happens. The creature shakes its wrist. Still nothing.

Hatcher watches hoping the blades won't come out.

The Predator presses a manual release. SNICK. The blades snap into place. It looks directly at Hatcher.

HATCHER
(muttering)
Shit.

The Predator starts moving toward him, slowly at first then faster.

Hatcher scrambles backwards.

The Predator moves fast amazing for something so large.

Hatchers back hits the wall.

Roaring in triumph The Predator leaps, the BLADES poise for a killing blow.

In a flash Hatcher tips one of the TWELVE FOOT LONG STEEL PIKES.

The pointed end pierces The Predators chest, its momentum and weight carrying it forward impaling it on the steel pole.

The Predator hits the ground in a heap.

Hatcher puts his head against the wall, exhausted.

B.G. The Predator MOVES.

Somehow it finds the strength to pull the pole from its chest.

HATCHER (CONT'D)
You've got to be kidding.

He wobbles to his feet grabbing a large chunk of rock. He raises it high, poised to smash the creatures head in.

He steps over to it and - stops. The rock falls from his hands.

The Predator rolls to its back. It is mortally wounded. Blood gushes from the chest wound. It looks at Hatcher.

PREDATOR
Your time is coming...

Reaching to its wrist gauntlet it presses a button flipping it open and revealing a strange key-pad. With a finger it enters a code. Four small squares light up with strange alien symbols. The Predator pushes a final button. The unit begins beeping.

Hatcher watches the lights. The ones in the first square flash and then go dark. The beeping continues.

HATCHER

Counting down. Oh shit.

He sprints out of the cavern. Behind him The Predator laughs.

Hatcher races down the tunnel towards the entrance. He almost makes it...

EXT. FARM YARD

The explosion turns night into day as a bright light blasts out the mine entrance and the vent holes dotting the hillside.

The blast races out the narrow tunnel swatting Hatcher off his feet. The roar is enormous like a hundred locomotives.

The entire hill heaves upwards and then collapses on itself.

EXT. FARM YARD -- MOMENTS LATER

The roar echoes in the distance until it gradually fades.

Hatcher tumbles on the ground as the cloud of smoke and dust swirl over him.

He realizes that his vest is on fire and rolls trying to douse the flames. Finally he tears off the remnants, tossing them away. He collapses to his knees.

The scene around him is of devastation. Fires burn, water streams out of the mine, clouds of smoke drift past.

Hatcher is exhausted-.

HATCHER

(choking)

Urk!

He grabs at his neck, his hands gripping something UNSEEN.

Whatever it is, lifts Hatcher to his feet and then into the air.

A CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY, a FLICKERING BLUE LIGHT reveals a massive CLAWED HAND gripping Hatcher by the throat.

In shock Hatcher stares into the helmeted face of a SECOND PREDATOR!

The creature studies him. It is LARGER than the other one. It growls holding its BLADES a hair from Hatcher's face. Then tosses him into and partly through the wall of a shed.

THE PREDATOR RETRACTS the its blades. This isn't going to be quick.

Hatcher struggles to his feet but the creature is on him landing a vicious punch to the face that nearly takes his head off.

A punch to the ribs lifts him off his feet.

Hatcher hits the ground in a heap but **THE PREDATOR** doesn't stop. It continues to batter Hatcher.

Hitting the ground again Hatcher barely has time to roll out of the way before a huge foot stomps down. He tries to crawl under a jacked up shed but before he gets to the other side **THE PREDATOR** hauls him back.

Spinning to his back Hatcher throws a kick up to **THE PREDATOR'S** face to little effect.

The creature grabs his leg and tosses him away like a rag doll.

Hatcher lands in a **LARGE PUDDLE**.

THE PREDATOR stomps toward him.

Feebly Hatcher rolls over trying to escape. And coats himself in **MUD**. He can only crawl a short distance before he needs to stop. He is resigned to his fate.

THE PREDATOR comes up short.

THE PREDATOR'S P.O.V - Hatcher has **DISAPPEARED**.

THE PREDATOR turns searching. It growls obviously pissed off. It steps up to Hatcher, standing virtually on top of him. Hatcher buries his face in the mud, trying not to breathe, willing himself to disappear. But it still can't see him.

THE PREDATOR moves away.

Hatcher looks at his muddy hand.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

(whisper)

You can't see me.

Hatcher gets slowly to his feet. He moves behind the creature. Spots a set of **DEER ANTLERS** mounted above the door of the shed.

SNAP. Breaks two pieces off.

THE PREDATOR hears and turns.

THE PREDATORS P.O.V. sees the shed but can't distinguish Hatcher - he appears hidden in the myriad of colors and shadows.

It turns away still searching.

Hatcher starts moving toward it, slowly at first then building speed. Hearing him **THE PREDATOR** turns as Hatcher leaps off a wood pile.

THE PREDATOR howls as Hatcher stabs the antlers into its chest. Green blood gushes. It slams both hands into Hatcher knocking him away.

But Hatcher charges again ramming the pointed antlers into **THE PREDATORS** abdomen. The creature shrieks trying to back away but Hatcher is relentless, driving forward, stabbing.

THE PREDATOR snaps a knee into Hatcher's abdomen and then with a stout kick sends him flying through the shed door.

It yanks the shafts of antler from its body. SNICK. The BLADES snap into place.

INT. SHED

The shed is lit only by the flickering red and orange flames from outside.

THE PREDATOR steps inside searching. Suddenly in a flick of flame a BEAR appears, its jaws set wide attacking!

THE PREDATOR recoils, its blades up ready to defend - but the bear doesn't attack. It's only the head mounted on the wall.

THE PREDATOR looks about seeing other animals, fox, wolf, deer, hawks all mounted on the wall. Others are in various states of preparation. This is Turnbull's **TAXIDERM**Y shop. The flames cast strange shadows making the animals appear to move.

With a snarl **THE PREDATOR** moves towards the open door at the opposite end.

EXT. SHED

THE PREDATOR steps out and-. CLANG! **THE PREDATOR** screams a high pitched wail. A BEAR TRAP and its brutal claws are clamped tightly on **THE PREDATORS** forearm.

The creature thrashes trying to free itself but it doesn't have the leverage. Blood sprays from the wound.

Suddenly its CANON cuts loose firing blasts in all directions.

As it flails **THE PREDATOR** strikes Hatcher with its blades, slashing across his chest.

The blow knocks Hatcher to the ground.

THE PREDATOR lurches away to its ship.

EXT. FIELD -- MOMENTS LATER

THE PREDATOR staggers through the trees, still trying to free itself.

PING. A bullet ricochets off the bear trap.

BOYD has found the M-16 and opens fire from the ditch.

THE PREDATOR uses the bear trap as a shield. It fires pulse blasts forcing her to duck.

Boyd fires from a different spot until the gun runs dry.

THE PREDATOR lumbers up the ramp. It slams a hand into the release and the ramp begins to close.

BOYD

Damn it.

She is about to toss the gun away when a HAND snatches it from her.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Jesus...

Hatcher stands before her. His clothes are ripped, burned, his body bloody, covered in mud and dirt.

BOYD (CONT'D)

It's empty.

HATCHER

(stepping away)

Not yet.

Shouldering the weapon he aims for the rapidly closing hatch. His finger goes to the trigger for the GRENADE LAUNCHER.

WHUMP. The grenade sails through the hatch. Seconds later it detonates.

The ship shudders, then streaks of electricity spit from the hull as it loses its cloaking ability.

The craft shudders from another explosion.

BOYD

Get down!

She grabs Hatcher, pulling him down into the ditch just as the ship detonates in a bright flash and fireball that mushrooms high into the night sky.

The massive blast wave rolls over the ditch flattening everything in its path.

EXT. FIELD -- DAY

Helicopters buzz the site.

Small fires still dot the field but the center, where the ship was, is nothing but a blackened crater.

Police cars, state troopers, ambulances and fire trucks are parked along the periphery. A few military vehicles have arrived waiting for reinforcements before taking over.

Many stare in awe at the devastation.

Boyd sits on an ambulance stretcher. West stands beside her.

BOYD

There were TWO of them!

CAPTAIN WEST

Two of these...things?

BOYD

Yeah. That's why the evidence was similar but not exactly the same. There was two of these...things out there killing people.

CAPTAIN WEST

So they're...like Martians. E.T. kind of thing?

BOYD

I don't know where they came from but they definitely weren't like E.T.

CAPTAIN WEST

Right...

BOYD

You don't believe me.
(points to Hatcher)
Ask him. He'll tell you.

CAPTAIN WEST

I don't think he'll be talking to anyone for a while.

Hatcher is strapped to a gurney. Paramedics work around him but he doesn't seem to notice. His eyes are vacant, distant.

They load him in the ambulance and drive off.

Boyd can do nothing but watch.

EXT. FARM - RURAL ALBERTA -- DAY

Hatcher sits on the back porch staring out at the vast blue sky.

Most of his wounds have healed but there is still a large bandage wrapped around his arm.

O.S. creak of someone stepping onto the porch.

BOYD

Penny for your thoughts sergeant.

HATCHER

Morning Detective.

BOYD

It's Alice.

HATCHER

Pardon?

BOYD

My name. It's Alice. I think you've earned the right to call me by my name.

HATCHER

Alice it is then. How did you sleep?

BOYD

Great. I can't believe how quiet it is.

Jake and Tom come around the corner with Jake riding on a horse. The boy's face is bright, his smile huge.

HATCHER

Well somebody's up early.

TOM HATCHER

The boy's a natural. Rides like a real cowboy!

The boy sits even higher in the saddle.

Hatcher gets up and walks to the edge of the porch.

HATCHER

Well, who would've thunk it? A genuine cowboy in the back yard.

JAKE

Pretty cool eh mom? His name is Turbo! Mr. Hatcher's gonna teach me how to use a lasso!

HATCHER

Turbo?

He looks at his Dad who smiles and shrugs.

BOYD

What?

HATCHER

(whispering)

Yesterday his name was Chester. Oh well, it's only a name.

Tom and Jake head off to the corral.

BOYD

You never told me what you were thinking when I came out here.

HATCHER

Why do you ask?

BOYD

I don't know. You just seemed so - serious.

HATCHER

Just watching the earth meet the sky...

BOYD

And?

HATCHER

Wondering what else is out there, I guess.

BOYD

You mean like are there more of those things out there?

(nods)

Do you think they'll be back?

HATCHER

Count on it.

FADE OUT.