

predatorscript  
Predator ("Hunter") by Jim Thomas and John Thomas

"HUNTER"

Written by

Jim Thomas and John Thomas

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FADE IN

1 EXT. OUTER SPACE 1

The infinite blackness punctuated by a billion stars.  
As we slowly DESCEND through the varied shades of blue

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of the Earth's atmosphere, we HEAR the first strains of a haunting, Central American FLUTE, joined by a swelling background of JUNGLE SOUNDS. We descend further, through a lush JUNGLE CANOPY, backlit by a setting sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. JUNGLE COASTLINE - DAY (MAGIC HOUR) 2

Through a collage of shimmering HEAT-WAVES, a dark, OTHER-WORLDLY OBJECT drops INTO VIEW, backlit by the fiery, ORANGE-RED sphere of a setting tropical SUN, heading slowly towards us, floating, as if suspended by the rising heat of the jungle.

Continuing to approach, the shimmering object resolves into a MILITARY ASSAULT HELICOPTER, its rotors strobing in the fading sunlight. Drawing closer, the SOUND of powerful TURBINES, throbbing in the heavy air, becomes dominant, overpowering.

Guided by COLORED SMOKE and LANDING LIGHTS, the chopper looms hard INTO VIEW, pitching forward and settling to the ground, kicking up a maelstrom of dust and vegetation

2-A INT. COMMAND POST - DAY (MAGIC HOUR) 2-A \*

Where a MAN wearing a military UNIFORM watches through the large open windows the helicopter as it continues to approach. Before the skids have even touched down he SEES the first of the MEN, dressed in CIVILIAN CLOTHES but carrying full COMBAT GEAR, alight gracefully from the chopper, double-timing in close order to one side, the orders SHOUTED by one man lost in the ROAR of the chopper.

The man turns away from the window, to a FIGURE, hidden \* in the shadows.

MAN  
He's here.

\*

He turns back, lowering a BAMBOO SHADE, obscuring the window. \*

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2-B EXT. HELICOPTER PAD - NIGHT 2-B \*

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On adjoining PADS, two other HELICOPTERS are VISIBLE; in the b.g. can be SEEN several concrete and THATCHWORK BUILDINGS, a secret command post disguised as a COASTAL FISHING VILLAGE.

The post is a flurry of activity, AMERICAN ADVISORS shouting directions to dozens of LATIN AMERICAN SOLDIERS who stand by to assist the landing helicopter and to load EQUIPMENT into the other choppers.

Inside the chopper, one man remains, stretched out against \* the bulkhead, as if asleep. He stirs, sits up, lighting \* up a CIGAR. With fatigue showing in his motion, he leans \* forward, descending to the ground. \*

A JEEP pulls to stop, the man swinging casually into the \* front seat, tossing his GEAR into the rear. With a \* lurch the jeep heads out towards the command post. \*

In the doorway TWO MEN solemnly watch as the jeep approaches. Reaching the command post the man alights from the jeep, heading towards the two men.

Into the pool of light cast by the fixture above the door steps MAJOR ALAN SCHAEFER, the team leader, 38, an intelligent and intense man. He informally salutes, GENERAL H.L. PHILIPS, 55, hardened, close-cropped graying hair, his nameplate and insignia identifying him as a member of an elite commando unit in the U.S. Army. He clasps Schaefer warmly on the shoulder.

PHILIPS  
(with affection)  
You're looking well, Dutch.

SCHAEFER  
It's been a long time, General.

They walk up the stairs, entering the palapa, leaving the other man on guard.

3 INT. PALAPA - DAY

3

Large, two room concrete floor, thatched walls and roof. Behind a partially drawn curtain in the kitchen, a naked lightbulb hung from the rafters illuminates a bank of compact FIELD RADIO EQUIPMENT, MAPS and AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS. Otherwise the rooms are primitive and stand out in stark contrast to this high-tech invasion.

Philips and Schaefer enter the room.

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(CONTINUED)

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3

3 CONTINUED

3

PHILIPS  
(growing serious)  
We've got a real problem here,  
something right up your alley.

They cross to the center of the room to a folding table,  
covered with a large TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP of the Central  
American highland jungle. Philips leans over the table,  
circling a set of COORDINATES and a MARK on the open  
map.

PHILIPS  
Eighteen hours ago I was  
informed that one of our  
choppers, transporting three  
presidential cabinet members  
from this charming little  
country, was shot down...

(point to  
the circled  
area)  
...The pilots radioed from the  
ground that they were all  
alive. Their position was  
fixed by the transponder  
beacon onboard the chopper.  
(points)  
Here.

Schaefer studies the map. He looks up at Philips.

SCHAEFER  
That's over the border,  
General.

PHILIPS  
(dead serious)  
That's the problem. Apparently  
they strayed off course.  
(pause)  
We're certain they've been  
captured by the guerrillas.

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Schaefer looks up, puffing lightly on the cigar.

SCHAEFER  
(quietly)  
What have you got in mind,  
General.

(CONTINUED)

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4

3 CONTINUED: (2) 3

PHILIPS  
We figure we've got less than  
twenty-four hours to catch  
up with them. After that,  
there's not much hope. We  
want a rescue operation  
mounted tonight. That doesn't  
give you much time.

Another puff on the cigar.

SCHAEFER  
What else it new? When do  
we leave?

Philips looks at his watch.

PHILIPS  
You lift off in three hours.  
(pause)  
There's one other thing.

SCHAEFER  
What's that, General?

PHILIPS  
Someone else will be going  
in with you.

Schaefer stubbs out his cigar in an ashtray.

SCHAEFER  
You know we don't work with  
outsiders, General.

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VOICE

(o.s.)

Who said anything about  
outsiders, Dutch?

Schaefer turns, SEEING the outline of a figure standing in the doorway of the communications room, holding a sheaf of PAPERS.

Wearing pressed fatigues, DILLON, mid-thirties, black, walks into the room.

Although as rugged looking as the others, his bearing and grooming indicate he's been away from the business of soldiering for sometime. His quick intelligent eyes reveal his current profession.

(CONTINUED)

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5

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

DILLON

Last time we danced, it was  
Lieutenant, Schaefer.

A grin breaks out across Schaefer's face.

SCHAEFER

Dillon, you son of a bitch.

The two men step forward and simultaneous swing from the hip as it to land a punch...but their hands SLAP together in a gesture of friendship, their forearms bulging, testing each other's strength.

DILLON

(warmly)

How you been, Dutch?

They continue the contest, Schaefer has the edge, forcing Dillon's arm slowly downward.

SCHAEFER

You've been pushing too many  
Pencils, Dillon. Had enough?

DILLON

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(grinning)  
No way, old buddy.

SCHAEFER  
You never did know when to  
quit.

They look into each other's faces, each remembering  
something from the past. A moment's hesitation and they  
quit the contest. They laugh, Dillon slapping Schaefer  
on the shoulder.

DILLON  
That piece of work you guys  
pulled off at the Berlin  
embassy last week was really  
something. Blew the entry  
points on three floors and  
neutralized the opposition  
in eight seconds flat.  
Beautiful.

SCHAEFER  
Like the old days, Dillon.

(CONTINUED)

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6

3 CONTINUED: (4) 3

DILLON  
Also heard that you passed  
on that little job in Libya.

Schaefer looks at Dillon, quietly considering him.

SCHAEFER  
Wasn't my style. We're a  
rescue unit, not assassins.  
(smiles)  
This must be good. Big shot  
from the CIA, leaves his desk  
to come back to the bush.  
What's so important?

DILLON  
Those cabinet members are  
very important to our scope

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of operations in this part  
of the world. They're about  
to get squeezed. We can't  
let that happen. I needed  
someone who could get the job  
done, quick and quiet...no  
screw-ups. I needed the best.  
The best. So, I pulled a few  
strings at the State  
Department...and here we are.

SCHAEFER

Go on.

Dillon goes to the map.

DILLON

The set-up is simple, Dutch.  
One day job. We pick up their  
trail at the chopper, run 'em  
down, grab the hostages and  
bounce back across the  
border before anyone knows  
we were there. You've done  
it a hundred times. Nothing  
out of the ordinary.

Schaefer considers this.

(CONTINUED)

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7

3 CONTINUED: (5)

3

SCHAEFER

And nothing we can't handle  
alone.

Philips breaks in.

PHILIPS

I'm afraid those are your  
orders, Major. Once you  
reach your objective, Dillon  
will evaluate the situation  
and take charge.

Schaefer looks from Philips to Dillon. He still doesn't

like it.

DILLON

Not to worry, Dutch. I  
haven't lost my edge. They've  
got a head start on us in  
some real tough country,  
otherwise, believe me, it's  
a piece of cake.

PHILIPS

Gentlemen, we're losing time.  
(to Schaefer)  
You'd better get your men  
ready.  
(pause)  
Good luck, Major.

4 EXT. TWO ASSAULT HELICOPTERS - NIGHT

4

Burst over the top of a ridge. Rising up in silhouette  
they perform a radical left bank turn and descend  
rapidly into an adjoining valley, racing over the  
jungle at treetop level.

As the helicopters perform dizzying, high-speed  
maneuvers through the winding canyon, the PILOT'S  
VOICES can be HEARD, coordinating their operations.

PILOT ONE

(voice over)

Redbird Two, Two. Bearing  
south, three, five, zero, one  
o'clock on the saddle ridge.  
Over.

(CONTINUED)

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8

4 CONTINUED:

4

PILOT TWO

(voice over)

Roger, Blue Leader. Three,  
five, zero, on your move.  
Over.

The helicopters rise in perfect coordination over

another ridge and bank sharply into the next valley,  
leveling out as they go.

5 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

5

Illuminated by the eerie red glow of NIGHT LIGHTS, are SEVEN MEN, dressed in jungle camouflage, soft hats and camouflage face-makeup. They wear no identity badges or insignias. The men are checking their WEAPONS, making last minute adjustments to their GEAR.

The compartment reverberates with the NOISE of the THUMPING ROTORS and the ROAR of air from the open doors.

BLAIN, weapons and ordinance specialist, a frightening bull of a man, a 240 pound killer, removes from his shirtpocket a thin PLUG OF TOBACCO. He looks across at:

MAC, a huge bear of a man, black, holding an M-60 MACHINE GUN. Blain holds out the tobacco to Mac who refuses with a gentle shake of the head, a knowing smile, he knows what's coming.

Holding the plug between his teeth Blain yanks free from his shoulder scabbard a wicked, ten inch COMBAT KNIFE. Placing the razor sharp blade next to his lips he slices through the plug as if it were butter. He chews thoughtfully.

Seated by the open doorway is RAMIREZ, a slight, angular man, an East L.A. streetwise Chicano.

Adding a final piece of camouflage TAPE to his pack HARNESS, he looks up and smiles, faking a throw and the bulleting the tape to:

HAWKINS, the radioman and medic, Irish, street-tough, reading a rolled-up magazine, as if he were a rush hour commuter. He snags the tape with an instinctual snap

(CONTINUED)

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5 CONTINUED:

5

of the wrist, continuing to read for a moment before looking up, grinning at Ramirez, his boyish, eager

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face belying the rugged professional beneath. He turns his gaze to the man next to him:

BILLY, the Kit Carson Scout, an American Indian, proud, stoic, a man of quiet strength and simplicity, carefully replacing the FIRING MECHANISM of his M-203, working its action several times. He looks up with a smile at Hawkins.

HAWKINS

(shouting)

Hey, Billy, how many marines does it take to eat a squirrel?

Billy looks back, shaking his head, uncomprehending.

HAWKINS

Two. One to eat it and one to watch for cars.

Hawkins laughs heartily at his joke.

6 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

6

Clearing another ridge, the helicopters plunge into a steep descent, turning quickly into a DEEP-WALLED CANYON, the force of the turn accentuated by the changing PITCH of the screaming turbines and the biting of rotors into the air.

7 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

7

The men, suspended in RESTRAINING HARNESSSES from the bulkheads, lean forward, nearly upside down in response to the radical maneuver, handling the situation with ease.

Blain holds out the tobacco to Ramirez, who swats at the offending object as if it were alive.

RAMIREZ

(shouting)

Get that stinkin' thing out  
of my face, Blain!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

Grinning, Blain proffers the plug to each man, each one refusing; they've done it a thousand times. It's an old gag but they obviously care for the man in a big way.

BLAIN

...bunch of slack-jawed  
faggots around here...  
(holds up plug)  
...this stuff will put hair  
guaranteed...  
(chewing)  
...make you a God-damned  
sexual ty-ran-toe-sore-ass...  
just like me.

This brings a chorus of HOOTS and SHOUTS from the others.

The helicopter makes another radical turn.

Schaefer and Dillon, seated near the cockpit, communicate through HEADSETS, also linked to the pilot. They consult a TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP by RED PENLIGHTS.

DILLON

(pointing to  
the map)

Our rendezvous points and  
radio freqs. are indicated  
and fixed. AWACS contact on  
four hour intervals.

SCHAEFER

Who's our back-up on this?

DILLON

(grinning)

No such thing, old buddy.  
It's a one way ticket.  
Once we cross that border,  
we're on our own.

SCHAEFER

This gets better by the  
minute.

---

8 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

8

The PILOT and CO-PILOT are surrounded by an array of dimly lit GAUGES and SWITCHES. Before the Co-Pilot is a RADAR SCREEN and an INFRA-RED DISPLAY TERMINAL on which the TWO HELICOPTERS appear as HEAT SOURCES.

## PILOT NUMBER ONE

...roger Bird Two, Two.  
Reconfirm insertion at Tango,  
Charlie, Delta One, zero,  
niner on the grid at zero,  
two, two, mark four by zero.  
Over.

## PILOT NUMBER TWO

(voice over)  
Two, Two, leader. Roger your  
insert co-ord. Over.

## PILOT NUMBER ONE

Leader to Bird Two Two. I  
bear two minutes to Landing  
Zone.

The Pilot throws a SWITCH on the panel before him

9 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

9

A BLUE LIGHT appears on the forward bulkhead. Schaefer is speaking over a RADIO TELEPHONE. The Co-Pilot turns and hands him a clipboard. Schaefer reads, notes his approval and hands it back.

10 EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

10

Flares up into position over the jungle and hovers, as the SUPPORT HELICOPTER holds in a protective position above.

11 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

11

Dillon seems comfortable with the men, showing Ramirez a battered CIGARETTE LIGHTER from a famed commando unit from the past.

But his ingratiating demeanor is not impressing Mac, who regards Dillon with the cold suspicion reserved for an outsider. Mac looks up at Blain, his eyes narrowing.

Blain's massive jaws roll as he masticates the chew.

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He pauses, eyes moving downward, spotting his target.

(CONTINUED)

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12

11 CONTINUED:

11

He hocks a thick, vile stream of TOBACCO JUICE directly between Dillon's legs and onto the floor, a gelatinous skein lacing across the toe of one boot. Dillon looks up, his face goes cold and menacing.

DILLON

(icy)

Man, that's a real bad habit  
you've got.

Dillon turns back to Ramirez, ignoring Mac and Blain, who continues to stare at him. Mac looks across at Blain, wide grins breaking across their huge faces. Cradled in Blain's arms, as if it were a part of his body, is a large, CANVAS-COVERED BUNDLE. Blain looks down at his bundle, almost affectionately.

The PILOT's VOICE breaks in over Schaefer's headset.

PILOT NUMBER ONE

(voice over)

LZ comin' up in 30 seconds.  
Stand by the rappel lines.

Looking up, Schaefer gives a hand signal to the nearest man who nods and in return, passes the signal down the line.

Ramirez and Blain pick up heavy, METAL CONICAL DEVICES, attached to canvas bags filled with rope.

12 EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

12

From the open doors the RAPPELLING LINES hurtle into space, CRASHING through the double canopy of the trees and to the jungle floor below.

13 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

13 \*

The blue light changes to GREEN. Schaefer nods. RAPPELLING DEVICES SNAP into place. Gloved hands grab

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onto rope. Combat boots move into position.

DILLON  
(shouting to  
Schaefer)  
You don't know how much I  
missed this, Dutch!!! Once  
you get this in your blood,  
you never get it out!!!

(CONTINUED)

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13

13 CONTINUED: 13

SCHAEFER  
You never were all that  
smart...let's go!!!

Schaefer signals. Men leap from the chopper.

14 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT 14

The man crash through the trees and are swallowed up by  
the darkness below. The helicopters depart, THUMPING  
their way into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DAY (DAWN) 15

A light shower passes through the trees. The sky  
clears, REVEALING a lush and exotic foliage. Birds  
are beginning to SING but otherwise, all is SILENT.

The dense growth seems impenetrable, but from a solid  
wall of undergrowth, a HAND appears and signals in a  
downward motion.

As if by magic, the assault team materializes, quietly,  
cautiously. Schaefer makes another gesture and the team  
moves forward in perfect harmony in POINT-LOCK step,  
taking their cue from Ramirez, the pointman. Schaefer,  
highly focused and alert to every sound and movement,  
follows Ramirez, as if organically connected.

16 EXT. JUNGLE HILLSIDE - DAY 16

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Descending the steep mountain slope, the team encounters an even denser growth of jungle, at times moving by instinct, as they are often visually separated. At one point, Schaefer checks his COMPASS, flashing some hand signals to Ramirez, indicating a new direction. Ramirez nods and moves on, Schaefer signaling to the rest of the men.

17 EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

17

Blain, in a defensive position, sweeps the jungle slowly with his MP-5. He steps back and turns, checking, revealing in the b.g. the WRECKAGE OF A U.S. ARMY UH-1H HELICOPTER, hanging upside down, twenty feet above the ground, entangled in vines in the heavy canopy, badly damaged, rotors bent, its tail section blown away.

(CONTINUED)

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17 CONTINUED:

17

A GRAPPLING HOOK is hurled from the ground, CLATTERING into the cargo hold, hooking the edge of the airframe.

18 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

18

Ramirez moves cautiously, searching for trip wires, using his knife to check the edges of the seats and door frames. Grimly he glances at the TWO BODIES slumped over the controls and then exits, snapping into and rappelling down the rope to the ground.

He joins Schaefer standing in the f.g. They look up, watching as Dillon moves through the cockpit, searching through pockets and compartments. Schaefer turns his back to the helicopter.

RAMIREZ

The pilots have each got one  
round in the head. And whoever  
hit it stripped the shit out of it.

Schaefer studies the clearing, eyes always moving, wary.  
He turns back, looking at the chopper.

SCHAEFER

Took 'em out with a heat seeker.

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RAMIREZ  
There's something else, Major...

SCHAEFER  
Mmmnnn...?

RAMIREZ  
I don't think that was any ordinary  
army taxi...

Schaefer looks at him quizzically.

RAMIREZ  
...looks more like a surveillance  
bird to me.

Dillon rappells down the line and approaches.

DILLON  
Have you picked up their trail yet?

Schaefer taps Ramirez on the shoulder and he moves away. Schaefer turns to Dillon:

(CONTINUED)

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SCHAEFER  
Billy's on it.  
(indicates chopper)  
Heat seeker. Pretty sophisticated  
for half-asses mountain boys.

DILLON  
They're getting better equipped  
every day.

Bill approaches from the b.g.

BILLY  
Major, looks like there were ten,  
maybe twelve guerrillas. Looks  
like they took some prisoners  
from the chopper.  
(points)  
Then a different set of track,  
over there.

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SCHAEFER  
(puzzled)  
What do you mean?

BILLY  
Six others, U.S. issue jungle  
boots. They came in from the  
north, then followed the guerrillas.

Schaefer turns to Dillon.

SCHAEFER  
Mean anything to you?

DILLON  
Probably another rebel patrol.  
They operate in here all the time.

Schaefer is obviously concerned about this. He  
turns to Billy.

SCHAEFER  
Get ahead, see what you can find.  
(to Ramirez)  
Slow and easy.

(CONTINUED)

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18 CONTINUED: (2) 18

SCHAEFER (Contd.)  
(to Dillon)  
We don't want any accidents.

Billy takes up the trail, disappearing in to the jungle.  
Ramirez signals, the team moves out.

19 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 19

As Billy reconnoiters, Ramirez looks back and gives a \*  
sign...

Schaefer nods and rappels down cliff. \*

As he joins Ramirez, there seem to be butterflies \*  
everywhere --

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SCHAEFER

\*

What's he got?

RAMIREZ

\*

Same business, guerrillas  
hauling two guys from the  
chopper...followed by men  
with American equipment...

Ramirez seems concerned by this. Schaefer signals him to \*  
move on. Before he follows, Schaefer looks around: there's\*  
something dodgy about this. He goes. \*

Over his head is a butterfly on a limb:

\*

20 EXT. JUNGLE - OVERHEAD - DAY

20

As the assault team passes below, a BUTTERFLY lands on  
what appears to be the BARK of a TREE. It fans its wings  
and flies on.

The impression of the butterfly remains in PERFECT  
RELIEF, as is imprinted on the bark. The image fades,  
REVEALING for an instant a gridwork of TINY SCALES on  
the bark.

The bark moves! Changing colors, like a chameleon,  
REVEALING for an instant the form of something alive  
as it flows into the leaves, once again becoming  
indistinguishable from the surrounding foliage.

TWO EYES, faintly glowing yellow, appear in the  
foliage. They blink, disappearing, and then become  
VISIBLE again.

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16-A

21 EXT. ALTERED P.O.V. - DAY

21

SEEN THROUGH HEAT-SEEKING VISION, studying the team's  
careful, silent movements as they pass by.

The SOUNDS of the FOREST are also ALTERED and ENHANCED  
with an electric, STATICLIKE quality.

The Observer scans over the men...and then focuses  
on Schaefer as he crouches down, signaling forward  
and rear with a circular motion. He refers to an

OBJECT in his hand, studying it carefully.

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17

22 EXT. SCHAEFER - DAY 22  
Using a MAP in lining out a course on his COMPASS. The other team members appear, silently, clustering around him. Using hand signals, Schaefer indicates a course change.

23 EXT. OBSERVER'S P.O.V. - DAY 23  
Watches closely as Schaefer continues with his hand signals, instructing his team.

24 EXT. SCHAEFER - DAY 24  
25 OUT 25

26 EXT. DENSE UNDERGROWTH - DAY 26  
The hillside of a steep valley, dark and foreboding. Billy passes by and halts, removing his KNIFE. With his other hand he pulls down from overhead a THICK VINE, severing it. A thin stream of WATER emerges which he drinks.

Suddenly he stops, letting the water drip to the ground. He quietly releases the vine and brings his M-203 shotgun to bear, listening intently. Something seems wrong. He brings his eyes upward and stares, hard into the treeline of the opposing hillside.

As his eyes strain to penetrate the dense, intertwined canopy, he is engulfed by the rising SOUNDS of the JUNGLE, a cacophony of BUZZING and CLICKING, amplified in the sweltering heat of the day. Unable to locate a source to account for his anxiety, he relaxes, moving on, resuming the track.

27 BILLY (MINUTES LATER) 27  
examines the ground as he moves, growing confused and puzzled by what he sees before him. He stops, scrutinizing the jungle, probing the world around him with his keen senses.

HEARING a faint RUSTLING SOUND he looks up, SEEING a  
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curtain of MOSS several feet away. He takes a cautious step forward, extending his weapon. He reaches forward with his free hand, touching the moss.

Behind the curtain a slight shifting of DARK FORMS occurs. He pauses and then with a sudden movement, sweeps the moss aside...

A BLACK EXPLOSION of FLUTTERING WINGS as carrion-eating BIRDS rush past Billy's body.

(CONTINUED)

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18

27 CONTINUED:

27

Billy's face seizes into a mask of horror, his expression descending into a state of complete, primitive shock, his eyes staring transfixed, inches away from the leering death-grin of a HUMAN FACE, upside down, completely stripped of skin.

Reeling, his body numbed by the sight before him, he stumbles backwards and stops.

Vines threaded through their achilles tendons, the BODIES OF THREE MEN, skinned and gutted, hang suspended in the think, suffocating air, BUZZING with insects.

Billy turns away, revulsed as Ramirez moves quietly INTO VIEW, Schaefer directly behind him. Ramirez stares at the bodies, now seen to be in the first stages of deterioration, strips of flesh torn away by the birds and other scavengers. In an almost childlike manner, he crosses himself.

RAMIREZ  
(hoarse whisper)  
Holy Mother...

Schaefer moves into the clearing, kneeling beside a bloody pile of CLOTHING and ENTRAILS. He examines the clothing and then rises, holding a DOG TAG on a broken chain. He reads the tag, his face growing hardened and bitter as he stares down at the tag, recognizing the name.

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SCHAEFER  
(to himself)  
J.S. Davis, Captain, U.S. Army...

Schaefer's eyes move from the bloody dog tag to the bodies.

SCHAEFER  
(coldly)  
Mac. Cut them down.

Mac moves forward, withdrawing his COMBAT KNIFE. The blade flashes, cutting the vine as the first body THUDS to the ground. He bends over, picking up other DOG TAGS.

Schaefer turns to Dillon.

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19

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27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

SCHAEFER  
I knew this man. Green Berets, out of Fort Bragg. What the hell were they doing in here? You got any answers for this, Dillon?

DILLON  
(stunned)  
Jesus...this is inhuman.  
(to Schaefer)  
Uh...I wasn't told of any operations in this area. They shouldn't have been here.

SCHAEFER  
(angry)  
Well somebody sent them.

Schaefer walks off. Mac steps out of the clearing, sheathing his knife with a violent gesture, passing Ramirez.

RAMIREZ  
(seething)  
Must have run into the guerrillas

predatorscript

...Fucking animals.

Mac moves alongside Blain.

MAC  
(spits)  
Ain't no way for a soldier to  
die.  
(looks at Blain)  
Time to let 'ol 'painless'  
out of the bag.

Grimly, Blain RIPS apart the velcro closures of the  
CANVAS BUNDLE slung across his shoulder, REVEALING  
a truly awesome weapon, a SIX-BARRELED MINI-GUN adapted  
for field combat.

28 EXT. BILLY - DAY

28

Kneels at the side of the original trail examining the  
ground. He rises, holding a spent CARTRIDGE. Schaefer  
approaches, kneeling beside him.

SCHAEFER  
What happened here, Billy?

Billy looks at him, puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

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\*

28 CONTINUED:

28

BILLY  
Strange, Major. There was a  
firefight. Shooting in all  
directions.

SCHAEFER  
I can't believe Jim Hopper  
walked into an ambush.

BILLY  
I don't believe he did, Sir.  
I couldn't find a single track.  
Just doesn't make sense.

SCHAEFER

What about the rest of Hopper's  
men?

Billy shakes his head.

BILLY  
(uncomfortably)  
No sign. They never left here  
Major.  
(pause)  
It's like they just disappeared.

Schaefer ponders a moment. Then, to Billy:

SCHAEFER  
Stick with the guerilla trail.  
(to team)  
Let's get it over with. We move.  
Five meter spread. No sound.  
Nothing.

CUT TO:

28-A EXT. BLAIN - DAY

28-A

Blain feeds the magazine of BELTED-SHELLS into the weapon, cocking it. He looks up at Mac, his eyes cold, his face taut with anger.

BLAIN  
Payback time.

Blain hefts the Mini-gun to his hip as Mac draws back slightly on the breech bolt of the M-60, letting it snap.

They move on, Billy pausing to look at the jungle before disappearing into the foliage.

---

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\*

29 EXT. ALTERED P.O.V. - DAY

29

carefully watching this exchange from high in the treetop canopy. The Observer watches as Schaefer turns and leaves the clearing, cautiously moving into the jungle.

predatorscript

30 EXT. JUNGLE HILLSIDE - DAY

30

Mac appears suddenly, materializing out of the undergrowth, pausing cautiously, his senses alert, intense, almost nervous. He moves on, his huge body barely making a sound as he weaves through the heavy undergrowth.

Dillon appears. As he moves on, he crosses over a fallen TREE. Stepping down, his foot breaks through a rotten portion, a CHUCK of the log breaking free and rolling down the hill.

Dillon at once goes into a defensive position, listening. The jungle is SILENT. He stands and starts to move forward. Suddenly Mac appears within inches of Dillon's face. Mac's face is menacing, angry.

(CONTINUED)

---

22

30 CONTINUED:

30

MAC

(hissing; barely  
audible)

You're ghostin' on me, mother  
fokaaa!...I don't care who  
you are back in the world...  
You give away our position  
again and I'll bleed you quiet  
and leave your fuckin' ass  
right here.

(hisses; spits)

Got it?

Dillon's eyes are wide and fixed, staring back in cold hatred at Mac, controlling his rage...he knows the rules.

Not waiting for a response, Mac turns and vanished into the jungle. Seething with anger Dillon focuses on a still moving LEAF and STEM, indicating Mac's exit point. He moves on.

31 EXT. BLAIN - DAY

31

Page 25

predatorscript

Crouches under heavy foliage, waiting. He is joined by Mac. They glance briefly at each other, scanning in opposite directions for movement and sounds. They speak in whispers.

BLAIN

Say, Bull. What's goin' down?  
We got movement?

MAC

No. Shithead with his trenchcoat and dee-coda-da ring was makin' enough noise to get us all waxed. I don't like that guy. Don't like him at my back. I ain't winding up like those bastards back there.

Mac, sweating heavily, wipes the moisture from his brow with his finger.

Blain pats the mini-gun affectionately.

BLAIN

I know what you mean, Bull,  
but don't sweat it, me and  
'ol 'painless' here are  
watchin' the front door.

(CONTINUED)

---

23

31 CONTINUED:

31

MAC

As always, bro...

They do a gentle fist dap and smile warmly at each other. Two men who have seen it all, through a dozen no-win situations, and have lived to tell about it.

Mac advances a few meters and signals slowly.

32 EXT. KNOLL

32

The assault team moving up the hill, barely visible in the heavy foliage, the team moves cautiously into defensive positions. Holding. A moment later they continue up the hill, crawling.

On their stomachs, Schaefer and Ramirez clear the edge of the knoll, SEEING below a GUERRILLA VILLAGE, a huge, spreading PALAPA covering emplacements dug into a hillside, descending to a winding stream bed below. 30 MEN, dressed in a mixture of jungle fatigues and civilian clothes, armed with AK-47 ASSAULT RIFLES move about the camp. A heavy MACHINE GUN emplacement guards the entrance to the camp. TWO MEN sit in the camouflaged emplacement.

33 SCHAEFER

33

sweeping the camp with BINOCULARS, SEES a GUARD above the camp. One of the man picks up a hand-held ROCKET LAUNCHER, placing it beside a bandolier of ROCKETS and a RADIO SET and CONSULS taken from the U.S. surveillance helicopter as if preparing to take them away.

Schaefer puts down the glasses, looking at Ramirez who nods in acknowledgment. A sudden MUFFLED CRY brings Schaefer's attention to one end of the camp, where a heavily thatched DOOR covers and opening to the PALAPA. A GUARD stands at the door.

The door flies open as a HOSTAGE, shirtless, hands tied behind his back, staggers through the door as if kicked from behind.

(CONTINUED)

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24

33 CONTINUED

33

The man falls to the ground, feebly trying to regain his footing. Although difficult to see from Schaefer's vantage point, the man's battered face and welt-covered back indicate he has been severely tortured.

Emerging from the palapa, a GUERRILLA LEADER,

predatorscript

moustached and wearing a SIDEARM, approaches the beaten man, kicking him viciously in the stomach, rolling him to his side.

Kneeling beside the man he withdraws an AUTOMATIC from his holster and cocks the hammer. Grabbing the man by the hair he jams the muzzle into the man's ear and with a violent twist, pulls the trigger.

The guerrilla leader stands and strides quickly back to the palapa, still holding the pistol, closing the door behind him.

34 SCHAEFER

34

grim-faced at having witnesses the murder, lowers him glasses, a look of cold determination on his face. Quickly he and Ramirez ease down the escarpment, joining the other team members.

Schaefer makes a circling motion with his thumb and the team members gather in close, huddle formation.

SCHAEFER  
(whispering; angry)  
Just killed one of the \*  
prisoners. No time for \*  
invitations. We take them,  
now.

35 EXT. BLAIN AND MAC - DAY

35

Crawl silently through the underbrush. With nearly impreceptible movements, Blain slips out of the cartridge pack, ditching the Mini-gun. He withdraws his COMBAT KNIFE, placing it between his teeth.

They move through the underbrush in tandem, like two bug cats, stalking. Mac freezes, the sweat pouring from his face, holds up his hand as Blain stops.

(CONTINUED)

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25

35 CONTINUED:

35

Using a BLADE OF GRASS, Mac points out a metal TRIP  
Page 28

predatorscript

WIRE, following it to a hidden CLAYMORE MINE. Blain grins making a switching GESTURE. Carefully Mac detaches the LEAD WIRES. Directing the mine towards the camp, he reattaches the wires, nodding at Blain.

36 EXT. JUNGLE - OVERHEAD - ALTERED P.O.V. - DAY      36

SEEN THROUGH HEAT-SEEKING VISION, FOCUSED ON Blain and Mac, lying in the grass below, their bodies outlined in LUMINOUS AUREOLES. The Observer SEES the NETWORK of TRIP WIRES guarding the approaches to the machine gun nests. The wires GLOW as if ELECTRIFIED, standing out in hard-edged relief in contrast to the jungle foliage. He moves higher into the forest canopy.

37 EXT. BILLY - DAY      37

On Schaefer's signal rises up, pulling a SENTRY to him, covering his mouth with his hand, jerking him backwards and to the side, knocking him off balance with a sweeping motion of his left leg, killing him with his COMBAT KNIFE.

38 EXT. SCHAEFER - DAY      38 \*

Belly crawls silently through the tall grass just outside and above the main entrance to the camp. He stops, studying the ancient, rusted skeleton of a TRUCK parked on a level spot above the camp, its engine quietly IDLING. The truck is jacked and blocked up, one rear wheel attached to a belt-drive leading to a PUMP, drawing water from a river nearby. In the open cab of the truck a GUARD is on duty, watching the high ground above the camp.

Schaefer moves out, heading for the guard.

39 EXT. MACHINE GUN EMPLACEMENT - DAY      39

While one Guerrilla attends to his equipment, the OTHER attentively watches the approaches to the camp. He is momentarily distracted by a BUZZING FLY, which he annoyingly swats at with his hand.

He hears something to his side. Turning to investigate, the huge, hamhock fist of Mack smashes into his throat.

Simultaneously, Blain rises up behind the other man, grabs him by the hair, pulling him down, his COMBAT KNIFE driving downward.

26

40 EXT. TRUCK - DAY

40 \*

A SATCHEL CHARGE is looped over the gearshift lever, resting on the floorboard. Schaefer, lying low across the seat of the truck, turns and looks, SEEING the guard, lying in a heap in the foliage.

40-A EXT. RAMIREZ - DAY

40-A \*

Moves into position to the side and above the camp. He carefully checks the readiness of his SIX-SHOT GRENADE LAUNCHER, also setting his MP-5 in front of him, ready for action.

41 EXT. SCHAEFER

41 \*

Crouched to the side of the truck, watches the camp, SEEING below through the dense undergrowth, Ramirez, barely visible, signaling.

Before him are two FRAGMENTATION GRENADES. He looks at his watch, and then up the hill to:

41-A DILLON AND HAWKINS

41-A \*

their weapons ready. Dillon picks up his binoculars, focusing on the machine gun emplacement, seeing a MAN, his face covered by a HAT. The head rises, REVEALING the face of Blain, who looks above the camp and slightly nods. Putting his glasses down, motions to Hawkins.

DILLON  
(to Hawkins)  
Ready, kid?

Hawkins grins back. Together they slip through the grass, downward towards the edge of the camp.

42-

OUT 42-

43

43

44 EXT. SCHAEFER

44 \*

Holds his huge, COMMANDO MACHETE on a diagonal, pushing through the belt, slicing it cleanly. Turning

predatorscript

he crawls silently to the rear of the truck,  
positioning himself behind the rear of the one ton  
truck.

He squats, and with an enormous, concentrated effort,  
deadlifts the rear of the truck, its rusted springs  
and frame beginning to CREAK and GROAN slightly.

(CONTINUED)

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27

44 CONTINUED:

44

With a herculean effort he lifts the truck free of  
its blocks and then pushes forward. He rolls aside,  
disappearing into the ground cover as the truck, its  
tireless rims digging into the earth, lops down the  
hill, slowly picking up speed.

45 EXT. GUERRILLA VILLAGE - DAY

45

A Guerrilla, alerted by the SOUND of the approaching  
truck, looks up at the hillside, SEEING the vehicle  
still moving down the hill at a moderate roll. He  
CALLS OUT and several Guerrilla leaves their posts,  
moving out to prepare to stop the truck.

The truck rolls into the clearing picking up speed,  
heading towards the main palapa. The men rush  
forward, surrounding the truck, trying to slow it  
down, but the truck rolls, SMASHING through the front  
wall of the palapa. The men gather around truck  
and then look back up the hill.

46 EXT. ALTERED P.O.V. - DAY

46 \*

Watching as Schaefer pulls the pin and launches the  
GRENADE into the air, the Observer following its  
arc as it spirals dead-center into the camp, bouncing  
twice before rolling into the FUEL DUMP...which a  
moment later, EXPLODES into an incredible FIREBALL.

The expanding FIREBALL released from the explosion  
is to the Observer like an erupting sun, momentarily  
blinding him.

47 EXT. GUERRILLA CAMP - DAY

47

predatorscript

The truck is BLOWN up into the air by the explosion...  
a moment later the satchel charge DETONATES with an  
ear-splitting EXPLOSION, tearing the truck apart.

48 EXT. SCHAEFER - DAY

48

Jumps to his feet, FIRING an M-203 round into the camp.

49 EXT. KNOLL - DAY

49

Schaefer races down the hillside, joined by Dillon,  
leaving Hawkins to cover them. Bullets burst around  
their feet as they run low, firing short bursts to  
his left and right.

(CONTINUED)

---

28

49 CONTINUED:

49

He FIRES the undermounted GRENADE LAUNCHER, sending a round into a gun position in the trees. Still running he breaks open the breach, slamming in another 40mm ROUND from the cartridge pack at his waist.

Blain and Mac fire the heavy machine guns, laying down a withering curtain of lead, shredding the camp, taking out five Guerrillas at once.

50 EXT. GUERRILLA CAMP - DAY

50

A MAN almost completely ON FIRE is hit by an onslaught of GUNFIRE, ripping him back into the jungle.

Ramirez cuts loose a barrage from the SIX-SHOOTER... seconds later the MACHINE GUN IMPLACEMENT erupts in a series of EXPLOSIONS, blowing two Guerrillas into the air.

At the HILLSIDE HUT, two Guerrillas move into position by the window, drawing down on Schaefer as he appears, racing down the hill.

As they are about to open fire, Dillon appears, YELLING OUT a warning.

DILLON

Page 32

On your nine!!!

Schaefer dives, hitting the ground as Dillon OPENS FIRE taking out the Guerrillas. Schaefer rolls to his feet, spins, firing the 203 grenade launcher, completely destroying the hut.

51 EXT. ALTERED P.O.V. - DAY

51

As the Observer regains its vision an eerie, surreal experience of sight and sound unfolds:

BULLETS streak through the air, leaving blood-red trails of HEAT, like laser blasts. As they impact into the Guerrillas, we HEAR the enhanced SLAPPING of BULLETS, SEEING tiny blossoms of HEAT mushroom out of their bodies.

We HEAR the horrific, deformed CRIES and SCREAMS of the dying men.

Another searing, blinding EXPLOSION sends pieces of SHRAPNEL ripping through the air, some of them ROARING past the Observer's position, like tiny meteors.

---

29

52 EXT. GUERRILLA VILLAGE

52 \*

at the entrance way to the main palapa, a Guerrilla stands in the doorway, giving COVER FIRE to his comrades as they fall back inside.

Jumping from the roof of the adjoining palapa, Billy drops directly in front of the Guerrilla.

From the side, unseen by Billy, another Guerrilla \* thrusts out with a knife, Billy ducking backwards, the tip of the knife SLASHING his face. With a lightning move, Billy whips his arm up and around the Guerrilla, locking his elbow, breaking the joint.

Still holding the man he FIRES, blowing the other Guerrilla off his feet with the SHOTGUN portion of his weapon. He looks at the Guerrilla out of the corner of his eye. He suddenly strikes, breaking his neck, dropping him in a heap.

predatorscript

Billy continues on, racing down the stairs, firing the M-203.

Meanwhile, Blain is crouched next to a tree, providing cover. Behind Blain, at the edge of the camp, circling around from below, TWO GUERRILLAS appear and FIRE a grenade round which EXPLODES behind Blain, fragments ripping into the tree next to which Blain is standing, bark and dirt flying as shrapnel rips into his vest, one piece tearing into his upper shoulder. The hits have no effect on the huge man and with a savage GROWL, he spins, opening fire, raking the two attackers with the Mini-gun.

Nearby, Mac charges from the jungle on a dead run, diving over a fallen tree as machine gun FIRE rakes the ground around him.

Blain, spotting the sniper high in a tree, opens FIRE with the MINI-GUN, shredding the tree, sending the Guerrilla crashing down through the roof of the palapa.

53 INT. PALAPA - DAY

53

The sniper CRASHES through the roof, landing on the floor near Hawkins and Ramirez who do a quick double take before opening fire on a group of fleeing Guerrillas, taking out two, giving chase to the others.

(CONTINUED)

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30

53 CONTINUED:

53

Schaefer and Dillon appear at the top of the staircase, Schaefer freezing as he SEES below a Guerrilla raising an AK-47, preparing to fire. Schaefer tackles Dillon, the two men hurling into the air, a moment later BULLETS ripping into the CRATES behind where they were standing.

Dillon rises up, kicking over a crate, shooting the Guerrilla who is trying to bring the gun around to fire at him.

Schaefer crouches, covering the upper entrances to the palapa, as Ramirez rushes past, joining Schaefer. From the corner of his eye, Schaefer catches a movement.

predatorscript

With a whipping, backhanded throw, he lets fly his  
COMMANDO MACHETE...

The machete impales the attacking Guerrilla, driving him \*  
backwards, pinning him to a post.

SCHAEFER  
Stick around.

Schaefer and Ramirez run towards the lower levels, side  
by side, firing as they go.

They reach a door, Schaefer taking out an ATTACKING  
Guerrilla. Ramirez grabs the side of the door, shoots  
a look to Schaefer and throws it open. With Schaefer  
covering him, Ramirez takes a quick peak inside and  
then rushes into the room.

53-A INT. ROOM - DAY

53-A

At one end is a STAIRWAY, leading to an escape door.  
A Guerrilla, seen from the waist up, scrambles down  
the stairs.

At the base of the stairs, a Guerrilla, holding an  
AK-47 on his hip, turns and starts to fire.

Schaefer and Ramirez respond with full AUTO BURSTS  
which rip into the Guerrilla, spinning him around,  
knocking over a crude WOODEN TABLE, scattering a  
BRIEFCASE with burning PAPERS, FOOD CANS, and LIQUOR  
BOTTLES.

As he spins he FIRES the weapon, an arcing line of SLUGS  
slamming into the tin roof, sending down a shower of  
rust and dirt. He falls to the ground. Dead.

(CONTINUED)

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31

53-A CONTINUED:

53-A

Ramirez charges through the DUST and thick SMOKE to  
cover the fallen men; Schaefer following close behind,  
jerking a new CLIP from his ammo belt.

Suddenly, another Guerrilla erupts from behind some  
ammunition crates, drawing down on Ramirez with a

machine pistol.

SCHAEFER  
(shouting)  
Down!!!

As the Guerrilla fires, Schaefer smashes the butt of his empty weapon into the Guerrilla's shoulder, knocking the gun aside, the SLUGS thudding into the wall harmlessly.

He hits the Guerrilla with a vicious glancing blow to the head with the barrel of his weapon. The Guerrilla is hurled backward, crashing into the wooden crates and to the floor.

Ramirez, recovering quickly, descends the stairs with catlike agility, disappearing.

Schaefer crouches and spins, jamming a new clip into the rifle, scanning the palapa for any other movement. He races to the main door of the room, shouting into the palapa.

He SEES Blain charging down the steps. Catching his attention he signals him on, out the back to cover Ramirez.

SCHAEFER  
(to Hawkins)  
Hawk, Get Con. Op. on the  
hook! Position and situation,  
now!

As Blain runs down the stairs, Hawkins already has the radio off his back, setting up the portable SATELLITE DISH ANTENNA.

HAWKINS  
You got it, Major!

Ramirez, Blain and Billy race down the back stairs of the palapa, FIRING Mini-gun, automatic and grenade rounds at the escaping GUERRILLAS as they flee the area, splashing, charging across the shallow river.

predatorscript

The guerrillas are history...in no uncertain terms.

53-C INT. PALAPA - DAY

53-C

For the first time, Schaefer studies the interior of the cavernous palapa, SEEING the enormous stockpile of WEAPONS, EQUIPMENT and SUPPLIES stacked along the walls, obviously a major military stronghold hidden deep within the mountains. Mac hustles up to Schaefer, a look of urgency on his face.

SCHAEFER

Any sign of the hostages?

MAC

(nods)

We found 'em both, dead.  
And the gear from the chopper.  
If they're Central American,  
I'm a fuckin' Chinaman. By \*  
the looks of 'em, I'd say our \*  
cabinet minister and his aide \*  
are CIA.

(pause)

Another thing, Major, we were  
lucky...couple of those guys  
we waxed are Russians,  
military advisors by the look  
of it. Something big was  
about to happen here.

Schaefer looks at Mac a moment, a flush of anger  
beginning to show.

SCHAEFER

Good work, Mac. Clear the  
area, no traces. Get the men  
ready to move.

Schaefer goes back into the room, looking down at the unconscious guerrilla, racking a round into the chamber, reloading his weapon.

He kneels, staring into the FACE of a WOMAN, ANNA, dark, late twenties. Despite her blood and dirt-smeared face, she is beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

53-C CONTINUED:

53-C

SCHAEFER  
(closes eyes)  
Shit...

He checks her pulse and then slowly he bends to pick up her PISTOL, ejecting the clip. He stands, beginning to shuffle through the PAPERS scattered about the room. Staring at one he looks up, the pieces falling together.

54 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

54

Ramirez, at a crouch, runs through the jungle, following the obvious signs of the Guerrilla's retreat. He emerges from the trees into an opening, leading to a sheer rock cliff, towering fifty feet above the ground. Scanning the wall, he SEES movement and quickly takes cover, as automatic FIRE rips up the ground before him.

54-A EXT. ROCK WALL - DAY

54-A

Near the center of which a narrow cut, two feet wide, leads to the top of the cliff, giving access to the adjoining ridge.

Two Guerrillas scramble up through the chimney, assisted by a ROPE, which withdraw as they reach the top. Ramirez takes out one man, the other taking cover, returning fire.

54-B EXT. BASE OF ROCK WALL - DAY

54-B \*

Blain joins Ramirez, behind cover at the foot of the cliff. As they take cover, Ramirez notices the wound on Blain's shoulder.

RAMIREZ  
You're hit. You're bleedin',  
man.

Blain looks briefly at the wound.

BLAIN  
(spits)  
Ain't got time to bleed.

predatorscript

On a signal, they both clear cover and fire LONG BURSTS from their weapons up the cliff.

(CONTINUED)

---

34

54-B CONTINUED:

54-B

The smoke is hardly cleared when they are answered by withering FIRE. They duck down as a grenade EXPLODES nearby. Ramirez quickly replaces the 40MM rounds into the SIX-SHOOTER.

BLAIN

Son of a bitch's dug in like  
a Alabama tick...  
(spits)  
..jack us around all day.

RAMIREZ

Hell, dude, we don't have all  
day.

Ramirez immediately rolls into the line of fire, BLASTING six RAPID-FIRE shots on a HIGH-ARC trajectory towards the rocks. Blain reacts.

BLAIN

Shit, Pancho!!!

Blain dives against the protective cover of the rock wall, covering his head. Ramirez casually hops across, squatting next to Blain. They make eye-contact.

RAMIREZ

What's your problem, dude?

Before Blain can answer, Ramirez puts his fingers into his ears and grimaces just as...

The entire hillside EXPLODES, blowing the Guerrillas into the air, a torrent of vegetation and earth raining down the cliff, obscuring Blain and Ramirez.

55 INT. PALAPA ROOM - DAY

55

Schaefer is staring out the window, his weapon slack  
Page 39

predatorscript

in one arm, still holding the paper. Dillon enters, obviously excited about what he has found. He sees the papers on the floor. He reads through them quickly, growing even more excited.

DILLON

This is beautiful! More than we ever thought. We got the bastards!

(CONTINUED)

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35

\*

55 CONTINUED: 55

Schaefer turns, striding slowly to Dillon, handing him the paper he is holding.

SCHAEFER

I think this is the one you want.

Dillon reads it.

DILLON

(reacting)

Two days...that's all we had.  
In two days, three hundred of  
these bastards would have been  
equipped with all this. After  
they crossed the border, it  
would have taken a year to  
stop them.

(looks up)

We've averted a major  
guerrilla invasion, Dutch...

Schaefer moves in close to Dillon, face to face,  
anger flaring in his eyes.

SCHAEFER

(slow; deliberate)

It was all bullshit. All of it.  
From the start...you set us up,  
got us in here to do your  
dirty work.

DILLON

(angry)

predatorscript

That's right, I set you up.  
You're a veteran at this, Dutch,  
I had to.

SCHAEFER  
Why us?

DILLON  
Because I told you, you're the best. I knew you could do it but I couldn't get you in here without a cover story.

SCHAEFER  
What story did you give to Davis?

(CONTINUED)

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36

55 CONTINUED: (2) 55

DILLON  
We've been lookin' for this place for months. The chopper must have gotten close when they got shot down. Hopper was sent in to get my men. He was just doing his job. When he disappeared I had to clean this up, I had to stop there bastards. We were so close, we couldn't quit. We couldn't sleep through this one. I needed you, Dutch, can't you see that? \*

DILLON  
To invade a foreign country, illegally? You lied, Dillon. Stacked the odds against us. Set us up. You could have gotten us all killed.

(pause; looking at him)  
You used to be one of us, Dillon, someone I could trust with my life...

DILLON

predatorscript

We've been through a lot together  
Dutch. When we were together, no \*  
one could stop us, the hottest \*  
Goddamned team the army ever saw. \*  
But things changed, I woke up.  
We're fighting them in a dozen  
Goddamned countries. It's a  
fight we can't lose, Dutch. We're  
all expendable assets, can't you  
see that?

Schaefer takes the paper from Dillon's hands.

SCHAEFER

That's your problem, Dillon.  
You always did put ambition  
before the lives of your men.  
(pause)  
My men are not expendable. I  
don't do this kind of work.  
(crumples up  
paper in fist)  
This is your dirty little war,  
not mine.

(CONTINUED)

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37

\*

55 CONTINUED: (3) 55

He stuffs the crumpled paper into Dillon's shirt  
pocket.

Anna, regaining consciousness, GROANS, a heavy flow  
of blood running down her face from her head wound.

Hawkins appears at the door.

HAWKINS

Major!

Schaefer turns away from Dillon and steps through  
the doorway into the palapa as Anna moans again,  
MUMBLING something in Spanish. Dillon kneels,  
beside her.

DILLON  
(quietly; in Spanish)

predatorscript

Are you all right?

55-A INT. PALAPA - DAY

55-A

Schaefer is talking to Hawkins who has the field radio set on a crate just outside the door.

HAWKINS

(urgent)

Major, we stepped into some real shit here. I got a hook-up with aerial surveillance.

SCHAEFER

Movement?

(CONTINUED)

---

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38

55-A CONTINUED:

55-A

HAWKINS

(nods)

Guerrillas swarming like flies \*  
all over the place. Can't be more \*  
than one, maybe two miles away. \*  
Place is going down, Major.

SCHAEFER

How much time?

HAWKINS

Half an hour, maybe less. \*

Schaefer touches him on the shoulder.

SCHAEFER

(urgently)

Tell Mac we move in five.

He starts to walk away.

DILLON

(o.s.)

She goes with us.

Schaefer turns. Dillon is at the doorway, supporting the still groggy Anna.

DILLON

She's too valuable. She's  
got to know their whole  
network. The whole set up.  
We take her with us.

\*

SCHAEFER

We take her and she'll give  
away our position, every  
chance she gets. No  
prisoners, Dillon.

Dillon grabs the handset from Hawkin's radio, shoving it  
at Schaefer.

DILLON

You're still under orders,  
Dutch. You want to make the  
call, or should I?

Schaefer looks at the handset. Then at Dillon, he knows  
Dillon's won.

(CONTINUED)

---

39

55-A CONTINUED: (2)

55-A

He starts to walk away but stops, turning back, pointing  
a finger at Dillon.

SCHAEFER

I'm getting my men out of this  
damn jungle, Dillon. She's  
your baggage. You fall behind,  
you're on your own.

56 EXT. GUERRILLA VILLAGE - DAY

56

Schaefer and Billy are kneeling on the ground near the  
trailhead, studying a MAP. In the b.g., the team, hidden,  
covers the hillside approaches to the camp, nervous and  
wary, weapons ready.

SCHAEFER

This place is too hot for a pick-up.  
They won't touch us until we're over

predatorscript

the border. We can lift at LZ 49,  
here.

(points to map)  
Spotter plane says we're cut off.  
(points to map)  
Except for this valley.

Billy shakes his head, following the CONTOUR LINES of  
the rugged terrain.

BILLY  
Looks bad, Major. It's gonna be  
a real bitch.  
(points to map)  
If we follow above the river and  
then down, here, at this canyon,  
we might find a way out.

Schaefer turns to Ramirez, kneeling close by.

SCHAEFER  
(decisively)  
Not much choice. Pancho, take  
the lead. Double time it.

He turns and looks at Dillon, Anna as his side, her  
forehead bandaged, her hands bound in front of her.  
He turns back to the others.

SCHAEFER  
Lock n' load, watch your ass.

Blain moves out, swinging the Mini-gun in front of him  
as he goes.

---

40

56-A EXT. OBSERVER'S P.O.V. - DAY

56-A

Watching as Dillon leads ANNA onward, SEEING her bound  
hands. Dillon pushes her.

57 EXT. ANNA - DAY

57

Spins, hurling a string of insults to Dillon in  
SPANISH.

ANNA  
(in Spanish)

predatorscript

You touch me again, pig, and  
I will cut off your balls!

DILLON  
(in Spanish)  
It's a long walk back, make it  
easy on yourself.

She spits at him, turning forward with a twist of  
her head.

Dillon picks up his back, shouldering it. As they  
move on, Mac calls out to him.

MAC  
(quietly)  
Hey, Dillon, over here.

Dillon doesn't respond.

MAC  
(louder)  
Dillon, over here.

Dillon turns and approaches, warily, holding  
the girl.

DILLON  
Yeah, what is it, Sergeant?

MAc unsheathes his knife. He gives Dillon a cold  
look and turns him by the shoulders. Crawling  
across the PACK on Dillon's back is a huge SCORPION.

Mac skeweres the scorpion with the tip of his  
blade, holding it before the wincing Dillon. Anna  
smirks, nodding to the writhing, stinging insect.

ANNA  
(in Spanish)  
When my people catch you,  
you'll wish you were him.

(CONTINUED)

---

predatorscript

Dillon looks at Mac.

DILLON

Thanks.

MAC

(coolly)

Anytime.

Mac flings the scorpion to the ground, crushing it with his boot. He looks up at Dillon, walks away. Dillon follows, pulling Anna behind him.

Billy, guarding the rear, glances furtively around the clearing. He moves a step forward and stops, freezing.

Slowly he turns back, his eyes riveted upon the treeline above the camp. His eyes strain, his senses registering a fear he cannot name or see.

Something is out there, in the trees, waiting, watching.

Billy turns and walks into the jungle, pausing one last time to look behind him before he too disappears from sight.

The jungle GROWS SILENT.

58 EXT. OBSERVER'S ALTERED P.O.V. - DAY

58

LOOKING DOWN from his vantage point TO the treeline below, terraces like stepping stones, FOCUSING ON a TREE, fifty feet away.

The Observer utters a LOW TRILL and springs outward into space, hurtling downward towards his landing point, the canopy of the trees approaching in a staccato rush of green.

The SOUNDS of the FOREST are again altered and enhanced with an electric, STATIC-LIKE quality as the Observer descends fluidly through the trees and to the ground.

He enters the camp, surveying the terrible destruction and carnage. He SEES the dead Guerrillas, the dissipating heat from their bodies leaving them pale and GHOST-LIKE, as if fading light about to extinguish. He sees their weapons,

the cold hard steel of the barrels registering  
ICE BLUE in his vision.

---

42

58-A EXT. OBSERVER'S P.O.V. OF HIS HAND - DAY                    58-A

As it appears, pulsing in a pale magenta heat, low to the ground, holding his weapon. He lays down the weapon, picking up the SCORPION, turning it slowly in his fingers, examining it. It looks like an exotic flower, its color fading from sight, turning to BLACK.

A low SOUND is uttered, something vaguely familiar about it: A NEARLY HUMAN VOICE, a distorted imitation of Mac.

HUNTER  
(o.s.; filtered)  
Dillon, over here.

Again the phrase is uttered, improving, closer to Mac's inflection and accent.

HUNTER  
(o.s.)  
Dillon, over here.

The Hunter lowers the pitch.

HUNTER  
(o.s.)  
Dillon, over here.

The last effort is a chilling simulation of Mac's voice.

59 EXT. OBSERVER'S HAND - DAY                    59

Drops the scorpion and picks up the weapon which changes instantly back to the Observer's skin tones.

59-A EXT. OBSERVER'S P.O.V. - DAY                    59-A

He turns and focuses on the area where the team left camp.

He crouches and springs to the lower branches of a

predatorscript

tree, grasping them with his clawed, three-fingered hands, pulling himself up and through the branches with astounding speed and simian-like dexterity; his spurred prehensile feet, grasping and thrusting him to a vantage point, fifty feet above the ground.

As he moves on, the jungle grows suddenly QUIET, as if aware, sensing that the HUNTER is now stalking, no longer observing!!!

---

43

60 EXT. JUNGLE VALLEY - DAY

60

The twilight world of a PREHISTORIC FOREST, filled with gigantic plants and towering trees, overgrown with vines and creepers.

The team, with Billy at point, walk alongside a wandering STREAM BED, weirdly illuminated by SHAFTS OF LIGHT, streaming through openings in the trees, as if from spotlights, a hundred feet above.

It is midday, hot and humid, the air BUZZING with the sounds of insects, the CRYING of birds and monkeys. The men are moving fast and quiet, straining to see into the dense jungle, aware of every sound, sweating, quietly slapping at biting insects.

61 EXT. GIANT HARDWOOD TREE - DAY

61

Lies across their path. As the man climb over a rotten section, Mac stops to assist Blain with his Mini-gun.

MAC

I've seen some badass bush  
before, but nothin' like  
this, man.  
(pause)  
Little taste 'o home?

Blain nods and pauses to rest, looking around him as Mac withdraws a small silver POCKET FLASK. He takes a nip, passing the flask to Blain who also takes a sip.

BLAIN

I hear you bro, this is some

shit. Makes Cambodia look  
like Kansas. Lose your way  
in here, man, you be in some  
kinda hurt.

Blain hands back the flask, Mac replacing it inside  
his vest. They do their hand dap, looking warily  
behind them before they move on.

62 EXT. ANNA AND DILLON - JUNGLE - DAY 62

Have fallen behind, Dillon looking worriedly ahead  
at the them out distancing them. Anna is keeping  
her pace purposefully slow. She trips on a root  
falling to the ground. She lies there, motionless.  
He quickly reaches down to haul her to her feet.

(CONTINUED)

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62 CONTINUED: 62

DILLON  
(urgently)  
Shit. Come on...

Like an uncoiled spring, Anna turns, flinging a  
handful of DIRT into his face, momentarily blinding  
him. She lunges for his rifle with her bound hands.

Suddenly the BARREL of an MP-5 is thrust into her face.

Looking up she SEES Ramirez, calmly holding the weapon  
on her, the look in his eyes indicating he'd hove no  
trouble shooting her.

RAMIREZ  
(in Spanish)  
Don't try it.

She looks back at Dillon, wiping the dirt from his eyes.  
She moves on. Ramirez gives him a cold look as Dillon  
hurries past.

RAMIREZ  
(coolly)  
You should put her on a leash,  
Agent Man. If you can't handle

her, just say the word.

Dillon moves on, ignoring Ramirez, who turns, scanning the jungle behind him before moving on. Dillon catches up with Anna, turning her sharply by the chin.

DILLON  
(cold; in Spanish)  
Try that again. Please. \*

She looks at him contemptuously, undaunted. She will try it again. She breaks away from his grasp and moves on, Dillon watching her go, he won't hesitate next time.

63 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - DAY 63

As he travels, directly overhead, timing his movement with those of the team. He moves lower, closer to the slowly moving humans.

64 EXT. RIVER BED - DAY 64

The team moves cautiously through the winding stream bed, now wearing their clothing in various stages of disarray for comfort, sweat dripping from their bodies.

(CONTINUED)

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64 CONTINUED: 64

Billy, in the lead, picks his way along the riverbank, his concentration rapt, aboriginal. His face a trancelike mask of expectation.

Blain, cradling the heavy Mini-gun as if it were a toy, swings the weapon relentlessly across his field of view. He pauses to adjust the hanging, belted loop of cartridges trailing from the back pack magazine. An INSECT lands on his face and is trapped in the grease paint near his lips. He draws the hapless bug into his mouth with his tongue and quietly spits it out, his concentration unbroken.

Mac follows, holding the M-60 high across his chest.

Schaefer, bent, cautious, his feet moving aside the

predatorscript

dry leaves on the ground, heel to toe and on foot edges. He glances around, checking the team's position and progress.

Hawkins follows, his mouth open, breathing deeply, exhausted, the radio a 60 pound demon.

Anna, struggling to climb a section of the stream bank, slips on some loose dirt. Unable to assist herself with her hands tied, she nearly falls. Dillon prods her with his rifle, forcing her to her feet. She scrambles up the bank, Dillon following.

65 EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

65

As Billy enters a small clearing, bordered on one side by the towering trees, carpeting the mountainside. High above in the thick, impenetrable treeline, brightly colored birds SQUAWK loudly, chasing each other from branch to branch.

Suddenly Billy stops. Schaefer holds up his hand and the team freezes in position. An eerie SILENCE, like a slowly falling curtain, descends over the jungle until even the BUZZING and CLICKING of insects have CEASED.

66 EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - DAY

66

Sensing an ambush, move quietly into the foliage. Dillon moves into the undergrowth, dragging Anna with him. He slings his MP-5 over his shoulder, withdrawing his KNIFE. Grasping Anna by her shirt collar and pushing her to the ground he holds the weapon near her throat. Dillon signals to Ramirez who approaches. Dillon hands Ramirez the knife.

\*

(CONTINUED)

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\*

66 CONTINUED:

66

DILLON

Watch her.

Before Ramirez can respond, Dillon slips into the undergrowth. Ramirez holds the knife on Anna, cautiously scanning around him for movement.

predatorscript

Unseen by Ramirez, Anna's outstretched hands slowly tighten around a stout ROOT-BURL, lying loose on the ground.

67 EXT. BILLY - AT THE RIVER BED - DAY 67

He remains frozen and transfixed, staring into the treeline. Something is moving, fluid, silently and downward, into the forest. Billy remains rooted to the spot, lost in concentration.

68 SCHAEFER 68

sensing something very wrong with Billy, moves alongside Mac.

SCHAEFER  
What's got Billy so spooked?

MAC  
Can't say, Major...been  
squirrely all mornin'...  
fuckin' weird...sometimes  
I think that nose of his is  
too good...smells things that  
ain't there.

Schaefer signals for Mac to cover him and then moves low and quiet towards Billy. Dillon appears, looking to Mac for an explanation. Mac ignores him, concentrating on the jungle. Dillon looks forward at...

Billy, his eyes riveted to the canopy above, as he unconsciously reaches to his throat, grasping a LEATHER POUCH, secured to his neck by a thong. He fingers the MEDICINE BAG talisman.

69 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - DAY 69

As he slowly descends through the trees, moving towards Billy, who's eyes search the treeline for movement.

70 BACK TO SCENE/SCHAEFER 70

approaches Billy, gripping his shoulders and in a

predatorscript

hoarse whisper, speaks his name.

SCHAEFER  
What is it...?

Billy, rigid, does not respond. Schaefer forcefully jerks his around to face him.

SCHAEFER  
Billy...What the hell's wrong  
with you?

BILLY  
(low)  
Something...in the trees...

71 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - DAY

71

Still closing in on Billy. Billy turns back, looking high into the trees, puzzled and frightened. He's lost sense of the Hunter's presence. He lowers his vision, looking towards the Hunter, now on the ground, 30 yards across the clearing from Billy. The Hunter pauses.

72 BACK TO SCENE/BILLY AND SCHAEFER

72

BILLY  
(whispers)  
Can you see anything...  
(points)  
...there?

Schaefer stares hard at the jungle.

SCHAEFER  
It's...nothing...

73 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - DAY

73

Moves behind a broad fern, skirting around Billy and Schaefer, heading away from the column.

74 BACK TO SCENE/BILLY AND SCHAEFER

74

Schaefer shakes his head, continuing to stare into the jungle. He turns to Billy.

SCHAEFER  
What do you think...?

predatorscript  
(CONTINUED)

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\*

74 CONTINUED:

74

Billy turns, a puzzled look in his eyes. He nods in agreement.

BILLY

It's nothing...

75 EXT. ANNA AND RAMIREZ - DAY

75

Sensing the danger has passed, Ramirez releases his grip on Anna. As they start to rise, Ramirez sheaths his knife and unslings his MP-5. Anna still stares hard into the jungle.

Suddenly, without even looking, Anna with the trained reflexes of an experienced fighter swings the BURL with all her might, catching Ramirez hard on the side of the head, just above the eye, opening a wicked gash. Spinning around she knees him brutally in the groin. As Ramirez goes down, doubled over in pain, Anna turns, scrambling up the embankment, running for the jungle.

Ramirez CRIES out.

76 EXT. SCHAEFER - DAY

76

HEARING Ramirez' cry, Schaefer signals to Hawkins to move. Hawkins moves out, fast, heading towards the sound...

77 EXT. HAWKINS - DAY

77

SEES Anna running away. He gives chase.

Anna, although bound, is light and fit and runs fast, hurdling fallen logs and branches, charging through the undergrowth. SHe has a good start.

Hawkins, hampered by the radio and weapon but in tremendous shape, thunders after her, closing the distance.

78 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - DAY

78

predatorscript

As he passes from behind a large tree, surrounded by dense foliage, SEEING the fleeing Anna. He watches her and then begins to move parallel with her, only faster, the green of the jungle rushing by in a blur.

79 EXT. ANNA AND HAWKINS - DAY

79

Anna, bursting through a grove of ferns, drives on, breathing hard with the exertion.

(CONTINUED)

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49

79 CONTINUED:

79

Hawkins, ten yards behind, closing the distance, taking advantage of any hesitation Anna makes, struggling with the dense jungle.

Anna hits a small clearing, an alleyway through the trees. She sprints hard across the clear ground.

80 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - DAY

80

Moving through the jungle. As he steps clear of the foliage he SEES Anna driving hard into the alleyway, running directly towards him. Twenty yards away, Hawkins, closes in.

81 BACK TO SCENE/HAWKINS

81

Only a few feet behind Anna, lunges forward, knocking her to the ground. In a second he's on her, his weapon ready. She struggles to her feet, fighting, gasping for breath. Hawkins holds the MP-5 on her, looking at her, almost pleading. He doesn't want to shoot her, but he will if he has to.

HAWKINS

Please...

She looks at the weapon, to Hawkins and then, hopefully, to the jungle. She stops, staring hard down the alleyway. Something...suddenly she sees it!

ANNA  
(in Spanish)

predatorscript

Look out, behind you!!!

Hawkins spins...

82 EXT. HAWKINS AND ANNA'S P.O.V. - DAY 82

SEEING the MOTTLED OUTLINE of the Hunter's body,  
racing towards them, as if the entire wall of the  
jungle were rushing in. The Hunter's WEAPON  
flares to life.

83 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - ANNA AND HAWKINS - DAY 83

As he hurtles towards them, their faces frozen in  
surprise.

84 BACK TO SCENE/ANNA AND HAWKINS 84

A splitting THUD as Hawkins is hurtled backwards into  
the undergrowth, the Hunter's hand and WEAPON flashing

(CONTINUED)

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\*

84 CONTINUED: 84

through the air. BLOOD splashes on Anna's face.  
She SCREAMS as Hawkins' MP-5 FIRES a short BURST  
into the air.

85 EXT. RIVER BED - DAY 85

HEARING the GUNFIRE, Schaefer WHISTLES low and sharp.  
Ramirez, face bloody, swings into action, moving in a  
coordinated defensive/offensive pattern into the  
jungle.

86 HAWKINS/BACK TO SCENE 86

The Hunter's ARM and SPUR hook into Hawkins' leg, and  
he is dragged into the jungle.

87 EXT. RAMIREZ - DAY 87

Ramirez runs forward ten paces, drops to a crouch,  
scanning to each side. Immediately Schaefer runs  
forward twenty paces. As he passes Ramirez, Ramirez  
turns and scans the rear and flanks.

predatorscript

Dillon, Mac and Blain repeat the maneuver, leap-frogging forward, canvassing the jungle, providing areas of intersection cover.

88 EXT. RAMIREZ

88

Entering the alleyway where Hawkins was killed he SEES Anna, cowering in the bushes, her blood splattered face glazed with terror, his eyes vacant. He approaches, angry, wary, but the girl is so stunned. He SEES the trail of BLOOD and CRUSHED GRASSES leading into the jungle. He gives a LOW WHISTLE and then moves on, the rest of the team assuming defensive positions around the clearing.

He follows the trail, finding first Hawkins' blood-covered weapon, and then, a few yards later, the radio. Ramirez cautiously parts the brush before him. A look of puzzlement and then revulsion comes of his face.

89 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

89

Blain and Mac at either end, cautiously searching the jungle; Billy covering their flanks.

(CONTINUED)

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51

89 CONTINUED:

89

Schaefer and Dillon approach Anna. She seems unaware of their presence, staring numbly ahead. Schaefer checks her out, looking for wounds, he wipes some of the blood from her face.

SCHAEFER  
It's not her blood.

Ramirez emerges from the jungle carrying Hawkins' MP-5 and radio. He approaches, dumping the equipment on the ground.

RAMIREZ  
Major, you'd better take a look at this.

SCHAEFER  
Hawkins?

RAMIREZ  
(oddly)  
I can't tell.

90 EXT. SCHAEFER AND RAMIREZ - DAY 90

Dillon in the b.g., as Ramirez parts the brush with his weapon. Before them, covered with dirt and leaves, are Hawkins' ENTRAILS. There is no body.

SCHAEFER  
(shocked)  
What in God's name...?

RAMIREZ  
I think it's Hawkins.

SCHAEFER  
Where the hell is his body?

RAMIREZ  
There's no sign of it.

91 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY 91

The entire team is gathered, still holding defensive positions. Anna, still stunned, is beginning to come around. She looks up at Schaefer. He turns to Ramirez.

(CONTINUED)

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91 CONTINUED: 91

SCHAEFER  
Ramirez, ask her what happened.

Ramirez drops to one knee and talks softly to her in SPANISH. She mutters incoherently in Spanish, still dazed, shaking her head. Dillon listens closely to her response. Ramirez turns to Schaefer. He seems confused.

predatorscript

RAMIREZ

She says...the jungle came  
alive, and took him...

DILLON

That isn't what she said...  
she said...  
(pondering; to  
Ramirez)  
...she doesn't make sense.

RAMIREZ

(growing angry)

Couple of sappers been  
trailing us all the way from  
the camp, Major. Billy heard  
them. She set us up, ran  
for it...They were waiting.  
I should've wasted the bitch  
when I had the chance.

Schaefer, looking at Hawkins' bloodstained equipment  
lying at Anna's feet, looks up.

SCHAEFER

(quietly)

Why didn't they take the  
radio and his weapon?

(pause)

Why didn't she escape?

Ramirez and Dillon look at the equipment and then  
to the girl, still numb with shock.

DILLON

(grimly; remembering)

They did the same thing to  
Davis...

(CONTINUED)

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The two veteran commandos look at each other, finding  
no explanation between them.

SCHAEFER

predatorscript

(urgent; to the others)  
I want him found. Sweep  
pattern and double back. Fifty  
meters.

They move out. Schaefer moves into the jungle,  
searching. He crouches at the base of a huge  
MAHOGANY TREE, covered with vines, studying the  
jungle. He moves away from the tree and into the  
forest, looking for signs on the ground.

Where he was sitting, a DROP OF BLOOD falls. Another  
drop falls, dripping from a leaf and above that, from  
another leaf. Above that, high in the top of the  
tree, SUSPENDED from vines from his ankles, is  
HAWKINS' BODY, his chest a gaping wound.

He hands there as if he were an animal, field dressed.

92 EXT. BLAIN - DAY

92

Crouched in the undergrowth. There is a movement in  
the brush before him. He wipes the sweat from his  
eyes and clicks his safety on the Mini-gun to fire.

The SOUND is growing closer. Blain levels the weapon.  
A smile crosses his face.

BLAIN  
(whispers)  
Come on in you fuckers...come on  
in. 'ol 'painless' is waitin'...

The movement in the brush is GROWING LOUDER. Blain's  
finger moves closer to the trigger.

Suddenly a small TAPIR bursts through the leaves,  
startling Blain. He relaxes momentarily as he  
watches the animal scurrying from sight. He  
stands...

(CONTINUED)

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54

92 CONTINUED:

92

SOMETHING grazes his shoulder, a gout of BLOOD erupting.  
He starts to turn, the Mini-gun held low, ready to

predatorscript

fire...

...from out of the jungle, 75 feet away, the Hunter's WEAPON streaks toward him like a missile. He SCREAMS as it enters his back, erupting from his chest in an EXPLOSION of BLOOD.

93 EXT. MAC - DAY

93

Has heard Blain's cry. He moves fast through the brush. He HEARS a RUSTLING in the bushes. A wet SUCKING SOUND. Mac charges into the clearing. In the instant before the Hunter disappears into the forest, Mac SEES a vision so brief and fantastic that it seems like a hallucination.

The Hunter's EYES flare momentarily from the green before they vanish.

Mac sees his friend, lying on the ground, his chest open, the powerful man, dead.

MAC  
(shouting)  
Contact, 30 Right!!!

He OPENS FIRE with his M-203, belted shells slamming into the weapon from the magazine at his waist, expending it in one LONG BURST.

94 EXT. THE OTHER TEAM MEMBERS - DAY

94

Flying through the jungle, weapons ready, eyes searching for movement.

95 EXT. MAC - DAY

95

He throws down the weapon and with a cry of rage, lunges forward, grabbing the Mini-gun. As he stands, the CARTRIDGE BELT, attached to Blain, strings out between them.

He opens FIRE and the foliage before him EXPLODES with the fury of the terrible weapon. Mac sweeps the Mini-gun from left to right, like a man possessed, mowing down the jungle.

The other team members race INTO SIGHT and begin firing with Mac.

(CONTINUED)

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95 CONTINUED:

95

Ramirez opens FIRE with the SIX-SHOOTER grenade launcher...EXPLOSIONS rock the jungle.

96 EXT. HUNTER - DAY

96

Moving. A piece of SHRAPNEL cuts his shoulder. A splash of ORANGE BLOOD spatters across the LEAVES of a nearby tree, bullet holes ripping through the surrounding foliage.

97 BACK TO SCENE/MAC

97

More FIRING. Mac, his weapon expended, continues to thrust the Mini-gun forward, still squeezing the trigger.

Suddenly, as quickly as it started, THE FIRING STOPS. The men move catlike into the jungle, reloading, searching, their nerves taut, stretched to the limit, ready to fire again at any second.

Mac is frozen, eyes wide, unblinking, his breath coming in rapid gasps as he stares into the jungle, still squeezing the trigger of the weapon, its breech locked open, GUNSMOKE wafting from the chamber and barrel.

Schaefer moves in front of Mac, still staring into the jungle. Dillon pushes Anna into the clearing, moving towards the body. Anna looks at the body and then up to Mac. Schaefer sees a terrifying moment of recognition flash in her eyes as she continues to stare at Mac. He turns to Mac.

MAC  
(confused)  
I...saw it.

At these words, Anna reacts in shock, drawing a slight breath. Schaefer turns, sees her staring at Mac. He turns back. \* \* \*

SCHAEFER  
You saw what?

predatorscript

MAC  
(still dazed)  
I saw it.

Schaefer turns back to see Anna, staring fixedly at Mac, \*  
watching his lips. Schaefer turns quickly to Blain's \*  
body and kneels alongside Dillon.

98 SCHAEFER 98

is at Blain's side, shocked at the sight of the  
mutilated body. He is joined by Dillon.

(CONTINUED)

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56

98 CONTINUED: 98

SCHAEFER  
(to himself)  
Blain...  
(puzzled)  
...Just like the others...no  
powder burns, no shrapnel.

DILLON  
The wound all fused,  
cauterized...what the hell  
did this?

Schaefer stands, looking at the body. In the b.g.  
Anna drifts away from the group.

SCHAEFER  
(to Mac)  
...Mac!

Mac stares ahead, dumbly, not hearing. He grabs Mac  
by his shoulders, shaking him violently back to  
awareness.

SCHAEFER  
(demanding;  
angry)  
Mac! Mac! Look at me!

Mac turns to face Schaefer, a shocked expression on his

predatorscript

face.

SCHAEFER  
(urgent)  
Mac, who did this?

Mac is suddenly angry and frustrated, he has no explanation.

MAC  
I don't know. Goddamn it,  
something...I saw something/.

Ramirez runs from the jungle, breathing hard, shaking his head.

RAMIREZ  
Nothing. The same thing.  
Not a fucking trace. No bodies, blood, anything.

(CONTINUED)

---

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98 CONTINUED: (2)

98

Mac stands. Instinctively the team has now grouped around Schaefer, their weapons pointing into the jungle, ready, their nerves on total edge. Schaefer looks upward at the darkening sky.

SCHAEFER  
(quietly)  
We're losing the light. Mac,  
I want a defensive position above this ridge, mined with everything we're got.

Man is again the hardened professional.

MAC  
Yessir.

Schaefer looks down at Blain's body. He turns to Ramirez and Billy.

SCHAEFER  
Put him in his poncho and

predatorscript

liner and carry him back.  
We'll bury him in the morning.

MAC  
I'll take him.

99 ANNA

99

as they leave approaches the brush, her attention focused on something clinging to the leaves, well off to the side of where Mac saw the Hunter. She draws closer, reaching out, hesitant, as if drawn magnetically to the leaves.

100 EXT. DETAIL - HUNTER'S BLOOD - DAY 100

Clinging to the leaves, thick, viscous, pale-orange, almost like the sap of an exotic plant. Her fingers hover above it, hesitantly, and then touch it.

101 ANNA 101

examines the blood, transfixed. Dillon appears at her shoulder, startling her. He motions for her to return. She turns, wiping the blood onto her pants leg.

102 EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DUSK 102

The team is dug into the foxholes in a dense grove of trees, a solid wall to their backs. The men are barely visible they blend in so well.

(CONTINUED)

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58

102 CONTINUED: 102

Nearby, Mac is stringing a TRIP WIRE, low to the ground, covering it with leaves and grass. He moves into camp and reports to Schaefer.

MAC  
We've got most of the flares,  
frags. and two claymores just  
outside. Nothin's comin'  
close to here without trippin'  
on somethin'.

predatorscript

SCHAEFER  
Thank you, Sergeant.

Mac starts to go but Schaefer places his hand on his shoulder.

SCHAEFER  
I'm sorry, Bull. It's never  
easy. He was a good soldier.

MAC  
(hardened)  
The best friend I ever had.

Mac turns and walks through the camp, stopping beside a DARK OBJECT on the ground. He kneels beside the PONCHO pulling back the zipper REVEALING Blain's face, looking peaceful in death, as if lying in state.

Mac removes something from his pocket, holding it in his hand, studying it.

103 DETAIL OF OBJECT IN MAC'S HAND 103

The small WHISKEY FLASH, the chrome rubbed away in places REVEALING the brass beneath and a MEDALLION depicting the 101 1ST AIRBORNE DIVISION.

104 MAC 104

takes a tiny sip from the flask. He replaces the cap and lifts the flap of Blain's shirt pocket, placing the flask inside. He lingers on the face and then closes the zipper.

MAC  
(softly)  
Good-bye, Bro.

---

59

105 ANNA 105

is huddles into a foxhole, her hands still tied in front of her. She looks down at her pants leg. The Hunter's BLOODSTAIN glows with a faint luminosity. She places her fingers near the stain.

106 INT. HUNTER'S SHIP - NIGHT 106  
Page 67

predatorscript

Hawkins' BODY impacts the floor with a THUMP.

107 EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAY (DUSK) 107

A momentary HUSH falls over the symphony of night sounds. Anna and Billy turn towards the trees with a growing look of wariness. The others, setting up the RADIO, show no response.

108 INT. HUNTER'S SHIP - DAY (DUSK) 108

The Hunter's foot steps on the upper leg of the corpse, the PREHENSILE SPUR digging deep, pinioning the body to the ground. The Hunter's HAND extends, his FINGERS puncturing the skin at the base of the spine, gripping the vertebrae.

With otherworldly strength the arm pulls, the entire SPINAL COLUMN ripping free from the body, a sickly SNAPPING and POPPING of cartilage separating from bone and tissue.

109 EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAY (DUSK) 109

Ramirez is tuning in the compact FIELD RADIO, equipped with a CRYPTO-PHONE device. Dillon holds the handset.

DILLON  
(to phone)  
Blazer One, say again...

A CRACKLE of STATIC over the radio.

BLAZER ONE  
(voice over)  
Red Fox, I say again. Your request for extraction denied. Your area still compromised. Proceed to Sector 3000 for prisoner extraction, Priority Alpha. Next contact at 1030 hours.

(CONTINUED)

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109 CONTINUED: 109  
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predatorscript

DILLON  
(to phone;  
angry)  
Roger, Blazer One. 1030  
hours...damn, bastards.

He puts down the phone, turning to the group, huddled together in a tight circle, Ramirez and Billy facing outward in defensive positions, Anna, silent, watching. Schaefer is looking at him.

DILLON  
(angry;  
shocked)  
We're still too far in, they  
won't risk coming in for us.

SCHAEFER  
Expendable assets, Dillon.  
Seems Langley is never around  
when you need them.

DILLON  
I can accept that, it comes  
with the job.

SCHAEFER  
Bullshit. You're just like  
the rest of us.

Dillon glares back. Schaefer leaves, lost in thought. Ramirez looks up at the impenetrable canopy.

RAMIREZ  
Shit load o' good a chopper'd  
do us in here anyway.

Dillon turns to Mac.

DILLON  
Mac. Who hit us today?

Mac is still obviously feeling the anger and bitterness of the mystifying event.

MAC  
Don't know, only saw one of  
'em. Camouflaged. He was  
there...  
(remembering)

predatorscript

...Those fucking eyes...

(CONTINUED)

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109 CONTINUED: (2) 109

DILLON  
(abruptly;  
pushing)  
What, Sergeant?

MAC  
(returning;  
angry)  
Those eyes...disappeared. But  
I know one thing, Major...  
(pause)  
...I drew down and fired  
right at it. Capped-off two  
hundred rounds and then the  
Mini-gun; the full pack.  
Nothin'...nothin' on this  
earth could have lived...not  
at that range.

Dillon ponders this for a moment, staring hard at Mac.  
Mac gets up.

MAC  
I've got the first watch.

Mac departs. Dillon watches Mac as he creeps forward  
to the sentry position. He turns to Ramirez.

DILLON  
Ask her again. What did she  
see? What happened to  
Hawkins?

Ramirez turns to Anna. They talk quietly in Spanish,  
Dillon watching, listening carefully. Ramirez turns  
back to Dillon.

RAMIREZ  
(interpreting)  
She says the same thing...  
It was the jungle...

Ramirez looks up at Billy who continues to stare into the jungle, aware, catlike, reacting to every sound, his nerves on edge, as if ready to snap. Ramirez rises, moves alongside his friend, Dillon watching closely.

(CONTINUED)

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109 CONTINUED: (3)

109

RAMIREZ  
(whispering;  
imploring)  
You know something Billy, what  
is it?

Billy turns, his face a mask of primal fear. He moves close to Ramirez.

BILLY  
I'm scared.

Ramirez is frightened by this.

RAMIREZ  
(shaken)  
Bullshit. You ain't afraid  
of no man.

Billy looks deep into his eyes, chilling Ramirez to the bone, looking at him with eyes which have seen on an instinctual level what the others have so far only begun to sense.

BILLY  
There's something out there,  
waiting for us...it ain't  
no man.

Billy turns away, moving a short distance away, taking up his position. Dillon looks after him and then into the blackness of the jungle canopy. Dillon speaks to Ramirez.

DILLON  
He's losing his cool. There's

predatorscript

nothing out there but a couple  
of men that we're going to  
have to take down.

Despite his words, there is an edge of doubt in his voice. Schaefer returns. He's overheard this exchange. He's holding the group of DOG TAGS taken from Davis' men. He holds them up for Dillon to see.

SCHAEFER  
You still don't get it, do  
you Dillon? He took Davis...  
and now he wants us.

---

63

110 INT. HUNTER'S SHIP - NIGHT

110

CLOSE ON an oval CHAMBER made of an otherworldly looking metal with a strange copperlike patina, its interior bathed in INTENSE BLUE LIGHT. In the chamber is Hawkins' SKULL CAP and SPINAL COLUMN still attached.

The light field suddenly changes as all connective tissue, flesh and blood and drawn away from the bony structures with incredible force, disintegrating as they rush toward the sides of the chamber.

The light changes in frequency to a dull glow as the Hunter's hands remove the GLAZED, POLISHED trophy from the chamber. He turns, carefully placing it upon a GLOWING SURFACE. He touches the trophy gently, feeling its texture, as a man might touch the hide of a big cat. He pulls his hand away and instantly an opaque FORCE FIELD covers the trophies.

111 EXT. MAC - NIGHT (LATER)

111

Hunched down in a foxhole, the Mini-gun on a tripod before him. It's nearly a FULL MOON, the jungle a montage of SHADOWS AND REFLECTIONS. Mac stares into the night, his eyes always moving.

MAC  
(distant;  
whispering)  
It's the same kinda jungle,  
Bro, same moon...  
everything...

predatorscript

(pause)  
...a real number ten night.  
Remember Bro? Only you and  
me, the only one's out of the  
whole fuckin' platoon who made  
it out.

His eyes probe the darkness, remembering.

MAC  
...we walked out on top of  
'em. Not a scratch, not a  
fuckin' scratch.  
(spits into  
the night)  
No fuckin' chili-choker got  
to you, Bro...you were just  
too good...

He ponders this a moment.

(CONTINUED)

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111 CONTINUED:

111

MAC  
...I promise you this, Bro...  
whoever he is, I hope he's  
plannin' to hit us again...  
(pauses;  
spits)  
...'cause he's got my name  
on 'em.

112 INT. HUNTER'S SHIP - NIGHT

112

A FORCE FIELD that permeates the jungle, becoming one with the trees and foliage. The Hunter walks down a CORRIDOR of SOLID LIGHT, leading to an opening to the jungle. As the Hunter reaches the doorway he changes from visible to invisible, moving on into the night.

113 EXT. ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

113

The mist has thickened, the night alive with a million JUNGLE SOUNDS. The team members sleep uneasily, if at all.

predatorscript

Mac, although weary, stares hard into the night, waiting, each small sound a potential enemy. A LULL spreads over the jungle, animals and insects QUIETING. Mac tightens his grip on the Mini-gun.

Billy awakens, peering into the night. Nothing.

Suddenly, a metallic CLICK, a POP, the SOUND of a warning flare rocketing into the canopy. A moment later a brilliant FLASH as the flare burns, illuminating the camp.

An echoing eerie SCREAM fills the night as a DARK SHAPE in the mist rockets through the undergrowth towards Mac.

Mac spins, hauling the heavy gun around, just as something crashes into his upper body, driving the huge man into the foxhole.

A desperate battle for life ensues, illuminated with the strobing light of the descending flare. Mac's enraged SHOUTS and ROARS mingled with horrific SCREAMS fill the night.

Mac's razor-edged KNIFE slashes in the light; BLOOD spatters his face as he attacks fiercely.

(CONTINUED)

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65

113 CONTINUED:

113

Schaefer and Ramirez rush at a crouching run towards the foxhole, their weapons ready.

A tremendous climatic SCREAM from the foxhole AND THEN, SILENCE. Schaefer and Ramirez approach, cautiously. Mac stands, his face and clothes drenched in blood, some of it his, his breath coming in rapid gasps. He looks at Schaefer, whispering hoarsely.

MAC  
Got the motherfucker...

As the flare breaks through the canopy, dying out in great flickering bursts, the man stare down into the foxhole. A huge, jungle BOAR lies mutilated in a pool

predatorscript

of blood, still quivering in the final throes of death.  
The flare dies out.

Mac, shaking from adrenalin, breathing heavily, looks down at the dying animal.

MAC  
(incredulous)  
A pig...just a fucking pig...

Schaefer shines his TEKNA-LIGHT onto the boar, playing the light along its massive hulk, its razor edges tusks gleaming in the light. Ramirez appears by his side, looking down at the huge carcass.

RAMIREZ  
Holy shit, Mac.

Nearby, unnoticed by the men, Anna stoops, her hands still bound, picking up an MP-5 from the ground. She turns, looking for an avenue of escape, running for the jungle.

But the forest looks foreboding and sinister. She stops, staring at the jungle, the moonlight reflected off leaves like a thousand eyes. For a brief second she imagines she can see the Hunter's eyes, crashing towards her, the shifting patterns of light and dark making the jungle seem to strobe, like it is about to rush in at her. She freezes, paralyzed by fear, by her memories of the attack.

She drops the MP-5 to the ground.

Back at the foxhole, Schaefer and Ramirez help the still shaken Mac from the hole. Schaefer looks at Mac, at the huge gash across his chest.

(CONTINUED)

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SCHAEFER  
Get a field dressing on that right away.

Suddenly he remembers, Anna.

SCHAEFER  
Where's the girl?

They all turn, ready to move and then stop. Coming forth from the shadows Anna appears, still frightened, seeking the security of the soldiers.

From the darkness nearby, Billy's VOICE in a hoarse WHISPER.

BILLY  
(o.s.; urgently)  
Major, over here.

Schaefer turns, apprehensive, something in Billy's voice...

He walks over to Billy, standing with a FLASHLIGHT pointing to the ground. They see Blain's BODY BAG slashed open, covered in blood. Ramirez appears.

BILLY  
The body...it's gone.

RAMIREZ  
Came in through the trip wires, took it right out from under our noses...

Anna appears between Schaefer and Ramirez, staring down at the empty, blood-soaked body bag. She looks up, into Schaefer's eyes.

114 EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAY (PRE-DAWN) 114

A patchy GROUND FOG covers the area. Anna, in her foxhole, awakens, LISTENING to the rising SOUNDS of the jungle. MONKEYS begin to forage, their noisy CHATTERING and SCREECHING filling the air.

A BIRD flutters back to its nest; a CHAMELEON emerges onto a leaf, directly above Anna's head.

(CONTINUED)

predatorscript

Anna carefully extends her arm, allowing the lizard to crawl onto her, watching, fascinated as it changes colors. She carefully places the chameleon back on the leaf, which changes color again, becoming nearly invisible.

Near the empty PONCHO, Schaefer, Billy and Ramirez are examining the ground and the trip wire to the flare. Billy stands, turns to Schaefer.

BILLY

Boar set off the trip flare,  
Major. No other tracks.

Schaefer kneels and examines the thin, well hidden WIRE. He stands, looking around the camp.

RAMIREZ

How could anyone get through  
this, carry Blain out, right \*  
under our noses without leavin' \*  
a trace?

SCHAEFER

He knows our defenses. \*

\*

RAMIREZ

Why didn't he try to kill one  
of us last night?

Schaefer looks at him.

SCHAEFER

He came back for the body.

(pause)

He's killing us, one at a  
time...

Schaefer turns and looks at Billy, asking with his eyes for a viable explanation.

BILLY

Like a Hunter. \*

Schaefer stares at him, the words sinking in. He \*  
looks up, reconstructing in his mind the possible \*  
events of last night, his eyes following the tree line, \*  
tracing the path of the intruder as he might have \*  
travelled through the trees and down to the ground. \*  
He looks up at Billy.

predatorscript

SCHAEFER  
He uses the trees. \*

(CONTINUED)

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114 CONTINUED: (2) 114

Billy and Ramirez stare up at the trees, a wave of fear \*  
passing through them...from the trees. Schaefer turns, \*  
moving to where Dillon is guarding Anna, sitting on the  
ground. Reaching down, Schaefer pulls her firmly to her  
feet, looking at her intensely.

SCHAEFER  
Yesterday. What did you see?

She stares back at him.

DILLON  
You're wastin' your time.

SCHAEFER  
No more games.

She looks at him a long moment, and then answers in  
English.

ANNA  
I don't know what it was.  
It...

Dillon does a double take. Schaefer continues to look \*  
at Anna. He wasn't surprised: he knew it yesterday. \*

SCHAEFER  
Go on.

ANNA  
It changes colors, like the  
chameleon. It uses the jungle...

DILLON  
(derisively)  
Shit, you trying to tell me  
Blain and Hawkins were killed  
by a fucking lizard? Don't

predatorscript

listen to her. It's a psych-job.  
Two, maybe three of them, that's \*  
all. We keep our cool, out-think \*  
them 'til we're across the \*  
border... \*

Ignoring him, Schaefer takes her hands, drawing his  
COMMANDO KNIFE, looking squarely into her eyes.

SCHAEFER  
What's you name?

She looks back into his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

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114 CONTINUED: (3) 114

ANNA  
Anna.

SCHAEFER  
Anna. He's hunting us. You  
know that?

She nods. With a sudden movement he slices through  
her bonds.

DILLON  
What the hell do you think  
you're doing?

SCHAEFER  
We're going to need everyone. \*

DILLON  
What are you talking about?  
We'll be out of here in ten \*  
minutes. \*

SCHAEFER  
We're not going. \*

DILLON  
That rendezvous is ten maybe \*  
twelve miles, at most! We're \*  
almost home. But the chopper \*

predatorscript

won't wait.

Schaefer turns to face him.

SCHAEFER

Dillon...This thing doesn't \*  
care who we are, who she is.  
We make a stand or there won't \*  
be anyone left to make that \*  
chopper.

Dillon stares back, not wanting to hear what he  
already knows to be true.

Anna touches Schaefer's arm.

ANNA

There is something else. When  
the big man was killed, you  
must have wounded it.  
(pause)  
It's blood was on the leaves.

(CONTINUED)

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114 CONTINUED: (4)

114

She touches her pant leg, the stain is faded but still  
there. Schaefer turns to Dillon.

SCHAEFER

If it bleeds, we can kill it.

115 EXT. ENCAMPMENT - MORNING (LATER)

115

Anna at the base of the rocks scans the jungle with  
binoculars watching the tree line. Mac moves past her,  
uncoiling a trip wire linking up four CLAYMORE mines  
hidden at various points with leaves and foliage. In  
a tree at the edge of the clearing, Billy tosses an  
uncoiling roll of wire to Ramirez who attaches it to  
a GRENADE, wedged it the crouch of a tree.

Wires attached to GRENADES and CLAYMORE MINES lead off  
through the underbrush and trees leaving a long, unmined  
corridor leading from the camp and into the jungle.

predatorscript

At the corridor's end, where the rocks merge with  
the jungle, Schaefer hauls down on a HEAVY VINE,  
straining with every ounce of strength, his muscles  
bulging, while Dillon takes up the slack of the vine

(CONTINUED)

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115 CONTINUED:

115

around the base of a tree. The vine is attached to a  
forty foot SAPLING, arcing closer to the ground in a  
gigantic bow with every pull, CREAKING and GROANING  
with tension. With a last mighty heave, Schaefer draws  
the tree almost within reach, gesturing to Dillon to \*  
tie it off, who does. \*

DILLON

(straining)

I'm tellin' you, this little \*  
'boy scout' stunt is a \*  
Godamned waste of time. \*  
(stands) \*  
We've got to get the hell out \*  
of here, now, while we've still \*  
got the chance.

Ignoring him, Schaefer rapidly drags into position a  
NET crudely woven of differing sizes of vines, their  
LEAVES still attached. He carefully begins to cover  
the net with leaves and debris. Dillon watches him  
in growing frustration as Schaefer moves quickly,  
picking up a FRAMEWORK of STICKS he has tied together,  
a TREADLE-SPRING TRIGGER. He holds up the framework,  
hurriedly examining his work before placing it on  
the ground.

SCHAEFER

He'll be looking for the trip wires.  
If we're lucky, he won't see this.

DILLON

Now what, Dutch. You going to  
send your mystery guest an  
invitation?

Schaefer turns, there is a touch of fear in Dillon's  
eyes.

SCHAEFER  
You're catching on, Dillon.

Schaefer returns to his work on the net and trigger. \*  
-----

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116 EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAY (LATER) 116

Morning passes. Fog lifts as the sun creeps into the jungle.  
Insects swarm and are fed upon by BIRDS and other predators.

At the entranceway to the rock outcropping, the net and trigger  
are hidden beneath the leaves, the framework of the trigger  
bulging with tension from the straining vine attached to the  
bent tree.

At the other end of the corridor, several meters above the  
jungle floor, Schaefer and his team, heavily camouflaged,  
nearly invisible, lie hidden, waiting. The team members, as  
if hypnotized by the BUZZING din, stare into the jungle,  
fixated, alert.

ANNA while waiting at the net:

ANNA  
(hushed)  
When I was little we find a man --  
(she struggles for  
the words)  
-- like a butcher. The old ones in  
the village cross themselves and  
whisper crazy things. 'Demonio,  
cazador de trofoes...Only the hottest  
times of the hottest years...' Crazy  
things...This year is grows hot. And  
we begin finding our men. We find  
them sometimes without their skin.  
Sometimes...much, much worse. Cazador  
de trofoes...means the demon who takes  
trophies.

SLOW RACK TO Schaefer's face. Ashen. HOLD. Suddenly an  
EERIE SILENCE moves over the jungle:

He whips his face forward. The silence is SHATTERED by a  
bird flapping from the brush.

predatorscript

Schaefer sits back and scratches his head, frustrated and a little chagrined.

DILLON

(o.s.)

What'll you try next -- cheese?

Schaefer glares at him. Turns to go --

He stands and begins to move low to the ground toward the waiting snare.

(CONTINUED)

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116 Cont.

Behind him, sighting down their well-hidden gun barrels, the others scan the jungle, alert for the slightest sound or movement, covering him.

Schaefer reaches the trap, carefully skirting the trigger hidden beneath the leaves. He reaches the end of the corridor, moving out into the jungle. He moves further away from the others, the silence crushing down on him. He stops and waits, sweat pouring down his face, his finger tightening on the trigger of his M-203, eyes scanning the jungle.

He turns his back on the jungle, waiting. Nothing. He moves back towards the corridor, reaching the net, again waiting, listening, sensing. Nothing. He turns around, looking at the jungle one last time, his face measuring defeat and then, with carefully, measured strides, he walks back to the camp.

Schaefer looks at Billy who shakes his head in puzzlement. Nearby, Dillon starts to rise.

DILLON

(low; whispered)

Satisfied? Now let's get the hell out...

(CONTINUED)

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116 CONTINUED:

116

Suddenly, behind Schaefer at the end of the corridor, with a resounding SWISH and SNAP, the NET explodes off the floor of the jungle in a hail of leaves and sticks, rocketing upward into the treetops.

Schaefer spins, the others leaping to their feet as they SEE the net as it tears into the treetops, a large struggling bulge trapped within as a long, unearthly TRILLING SCREAM ECHOES through the jungle.

Schaefer and the others charge from the rocks towards the jungle and the bobbing net, their weapons ready. Anna remains behind, watching terrified from the rocks.

They arrive under the net, raising their weapons to fire...but before they can fire the entire net EXPLODES into a flurry of leaves, twigs, vines, dirt and a FLASH of PULSATING CRIMSON.

117 EXT. HUNTER'S HAND AND ARM - DAY

117

As the Hunter leaps from the net his WEAPON activates, his arm slashing out, severing a THICK LIMB of the spreading tree canopy, entangled in vines.

118 EXT. THE TEAM - DAY

118

The limb CRASHES down from the trees, Schaefer, Dillon, Billy and Mac Diving for safety. But Ramirez, following the Hunter's leap, SEES too late the pendular movement of the severed limb and is struck a THUDDING blow in the ribs, which lifts him off his feet, hurling him backwards like a rag doll, his shirt torn open, exposing a BLOODY WOUND.

As Anna runs to Ramirez's side the others, still stunned, look upward, frozen in shock SEEING: THE HUNTER, clinging to a side of a tree, flushed bright crimson.

Dillis is dumbfounded, like the others, rooted to the ground staring upward.

DILLON

What is God's name...?

The Hunter utters an unearthly SNARL and HISS from his open mouth as an instant later his camouflage resumes and he vanishes from sight...a rapid, furtive movement

through the trees.

(CONTINUED)

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118 CONTINUED: 118

Mac OPENS FIRE with the M-60, the others joining in, shredding the foliage, but they know the creature is gone.

With a SHOUT, Mac races into the jungle, in pursuit of the Hunter.

SCHAEFER

Mac!

Schaefer hurriedly ejects the spent clip from the M-203, slamming in a new one. He shouts an order to Billy.

SCHAEFER

(to Billy)

Get Ramirez on his feet! Take the girl and get the hell out of here!

He turns to run after Mac. Dillon steps in front of him, putting his hand on Schaefer's chest.

DILLON

No way, Dutch. I'm going.  
You get these people and get the hell out of here.

SCHAEFER

This isn't your style, Dillon.

DILLON

Guess I've picked up some bad habits from you, Dutch. Now don't argue with me, you know I'm right. Get to that chopper and hold it for us. We'll be along.

SCHAEFER

You know you can't win this one.

Dillon stares at him.

DILLON

You know me, Dutch, I never  
did know when to quit.

Dillon turns and begins to move out.

(CONTINUED)

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118 CONTINUED: (2)

118

SCHAEFER

Dillon!

Dillon turns. Picking up the spare MP-5, Schaefer tosses the weapon to Dillon, who grabs it with one hand. They share a look, knowing this is farewell.

SCHAEFER

I'll see you there.

DILLON

Right behind you.

Hefting both weapons at the hip he runs into the jungle after Mac. Schaefer watches him leave. He breaks and goes to Ramirez, attended by Anna and Billy, who is now sitting up, holding his ribs and gasping for breath.

BILLY

He's busted up, bad, Major.

RAMIREZ

(gasping)

I can make it, Major.

Schaefer lifts him to his feet, supporting him.

SCHAEFER

Come on, Poncho, we're getting  
out of here.

(to Billy)

Billy, take the radio, leave  
the rest. Come on!

119 EXT. MAC - DAY

predatorscript

119

Creeping low to the ground, his eyes searching through  
the trees.

MAC  
(whispered)  
Come on, you motherfucker!

120 EXT. DILLON - DAY

120

Moving through the underbrush HEARS a slight RUSTLING  
in the foliage. Mac? He strains to locate the source  
of the movement.

He HEARS A SOUND, too faint at first it identify. He  
listens. Silence. He hears is again, the SOUND of  
a VOICE, barely audible. A VERY QUIET WHISPER.

(CONTINUED)

---

76

120 CONTINUED:

120

VOICE  
(o.s.)  
Dillon, over here.

Dillon locates the direction of the voice and moves  
towards it.

VOICE  
(o.s.; barely  
audible)  
Dillon, over here.

Dillon moves a few feet into the undergrowth. He  
carefully parts the thick leaves and vines and enters  
a tiny opening. He looks around, seeing nothing.

DILLON  
(whispering)  
Mac?

Suddenly a HAND appears and covers Dillon's mouth.  
Dillon gasps as Mac pulls him down to where he is  
hiding.

predatorscript

MAC  
(whispering;  
close)  
Out there. Past the rocks...  
can you see it?

Something seems to MOVE in the direction Mac is pointing.

DILLON  
(whispering)  
I see it!  
(pause)  
We're gonna take this thing.

Dillon points to an OUTCROPPING OF ROCKS, covered with VINES.

DILLON  
Take a position over there.  
I'll work around towards you.  
When I flush him, you nail  
him...

MAC  
(a mean look)  
...Right, I got a score to  
settle for the Bro...

(CONTINUED)

---

77

120 CONTINUED: (2)

120

DILLON  
We both got scores to settle.

Dillon silently disappears into the jungle, Mac watching him go.

Mac makes his way toward the rock outcropping, working his way between the rocks and the vines. He takes up a position and scans the jungle before him.

121 DILLON

121

moving quietly, his face intense, determined. He stops and listens.

predatorscript

122 MAC/ROCK OUTCROPPING

122

straining to hear VAGUE SOUNDS coming from the jungle.  
He reaches out and grabs a VINE and carefully pulls  
himself forward into a better position.

123 BACK TO SCENE/DILLON

123

moving, searching. He goes into a crouch.

124 MAC/ROCK OUTCROPPING

124

There is MOVEMENT in the undergrowth. He begins to sweat. He moves the safety to fire; reaches out and grabs another vine to pull himself forward. Mac reacts in shock.

The vine is alive! Before he can move, the Hunter's HAND appears from the vines, grabbing Mac by the wrist.

In the moment before he is killed, Mac turns and SEES the Hunter's glowing EYES.

A FLASH as the Hunter's other hand, moves with blinding speed, Mac's face contorting in pain as the Hunter's razor-sharp SPUR rips deep into his throat. He falls forward into the leaves.

125 DILLON

125

He HEARS the faint disturbance in the leaves. He pauses, turning in Mac's direction, listening. Hearing no further sound he relaxes, moving on.

---

78

126 EXT. NARROW RIVER GORGE - DAY

126

Anna in the lead, followed by Schaefer carrying Ramirez on his back. Billy, carrying the RADIO is covering them from above, as they skitter and slide down the loose gravel of a rocky slope, leading to a river crossing.

127 EXT. DILLON

127

He stalks through a narrow corridor of tangled vines and moss, leading to the rock outcropping on the other

side, his face alert, showing no signs of fear, his weapon ready.

128 EXT. VINES AND MOSS - DETAIL - DAY 128

Through the thick tangle of undergrowth, there is MOVEMENT, a slight, undulating distortion, drifting through the hanging vegetation, as if cast by a passing shadow.

129 DILLON 129

as he stops and crouches slightly, listing behind him. Did he hear something? He moves on.

130 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - DAY 130

Behind Dillon and to the side of the corridor. The Hunter syncopates him movements precisely with those of Dillon.

Dillon stops. The Hunter freezes in position.

131 BACK TO SCENE/DILLON 131

He does sense something behind him. He crouches and spins, leveling the weapon. The corridor behind him is empty, quiet and undisturbed. He studies the trail intently.

132 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - DAY 132

Peering out through the vines. Dillon is looking directly at him. Dillon turns, moves on, as the Hunter resumes his stalk, timing his movements perfectly with those of Dillon.

133 BACK TO SCENE/DILLON 133

as he approaches the rock outcropping. He signals. Receiving no response he moves closer, turning cautiously to right and left.

(CONTINUED)

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133 CONTINUED: 133

predatorscript

DILLON  
(whispering)  
Mac...Mac.

He moves closer to the rocks, eyes probing. Through a gap in the rocks he SEES Mac's face, staring up at him, eyes frozen wide in death.

Dillon spins hard. He stares at the solid wall of undergrowth. He looks from one side of the corridor to the other. Something it out there. Where?

Something in the vines has caught his attention. He stares hard at a section of moss.

134 EXT. MOSS - DETAIL - DAY 134

Suddenly the right combination of light and shadow prevail and Dillon SEES in an instant, the Hunter's EYES materialize and then disappear.

135 BACK TO SCENE/DILLON 135

With a growl and exhalation of breath, charges, bringing the weapon to bear. A short BURST OF GUNFIRE erupts from the barrel.

136 EXT. THE HUNTER - DAY 136

In an indiscernible blue of camouflage releases his weapon.

137 DILLON 137

SCREAMS, his arm instantly severed halfway between his shoulder and elbow. The weapon drops to the ground, the forearm still attached, still FIRING.

With his left hand he FIRES the second weapon SHOUTING INSANELY as swings it towards the blurred image of his unseen attacker, hitting nothing.

The Hunter reloads his WEAPON which turns INVISIBLE again. Dillon continues to fire. The Hunter's weapon appears from below, cutting into Dillon's unprotected abdomen, which, as if hit by a samurai sword, bursts open. Dillon CRIES OUT as the huge man hits the ground.

138 EXT. LOG CROSSING - DAY 138

spanning the narrow gorge, Schaefer and Anna with Ramirez between them, move onto the log, preparing to cross. They stop, HEARING Dillon's GUNFIRE.

---

80

139 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - DAY

139

Moving through the jungle with incredible speed, leaping, tearing from tree to tree, the jungle a rush of HEAT TRAILS as he charges on.

140 EXT. LOG CROSSING - DAY

140

The jungle is still deathly SILENT. Schaefer, Anna and Ramirez cross the log, moving onto the other side. Billy, still at the foot of the log, providing cover, turns to face the jungle.

He lifts his head towards the trees, feeling the onrushing presence of the Hunter. He shrugs off the radio letting it fall, smashing into the rocks below.

He casts away his weapon. Staring forward he reaches into his cargo pocket, withdrawing a small GREASE-PAINT TIN. Covering his finger in BLACK PAINT he applies dark slashes under his eyes and again, vertically down his cheeks. Taking another dap of paint he makes a SYMBOL on his bare skin, over his heart.

He drops the tin, withdrawing his COMBAT KNIFE. Holding the knife he grasps the MEDICINE BAG around his neck, yanking it free with a quick snap. He wraps the leather thong around his hand and knife, binding the weapon and bag together.

Staring outward, as if in a trance, he begins a low CHANT.

On the other side, Schaefer carrying Ramirez on his back, laboring up the steep slope, nearing the top, turns and SEES Billy standing, waiting at the foot of the bridge.

SCHAEFER  
(screaming)  
Billy!!!

predatorscript

But Billy stands at the foot of the bridge, knife raised, waiting, accepting his oncoming destiny.

SCHAEFER

Billy!!!

(CONTINUED)

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140 CONTINUED: 140

In frustration, Schaefer hikes Ramirez higher onto his back, digs in and sprints to the top of the hill, Anna waiting at the top.

141 OUT 141

142 EXT. BILLY - DAY 142

Crouches low, knife extended in a fighting position.

143- OUT 143-  
144 144

145 EXT. RIDGETOP - DAY 145

Over the top, in a low depression, Schaefer props Ramirez against some rocks, reaching for his weapon. They HEAR Billy's echoing SCREAM. Instantly their weapons are raised, cocked and ready.

SCHAEFER

Get back, into the rocks!

Schaefer sweeps Anna behind him as Ramirez struggles to his feet. Together they back up, covering the ridgeline over which they've just come.

Suddenly, from one side, near Ramirez, the Hunter bursts from the jungle, Ramirez, seeing the Hunter, spins raising his weapons to fire...

Ramirez SEES the Hunter's onrushing face, still in camouflage, a montage of organic textures and colors, his yellow eyes burning.

Whipping the MP-5 is the direction of the Hunter

predatorscript

he is hurled backwards from the impact of the Hunter's weapon, his neck gushing BLOOD, the MP-5 flying through the air, landing in front of Anna. She moves for the weapon...

The Hunter, with unearthly speed, turns towards Anna, as Schaefer starts to spin, SEEING the Hunter about to strike as Anna dives for the weapon. Schaefer lunges kicking the MP-5 out of Anna's reach.

SCHAEFER  
(to Anna)  
Run! Get to the chopper!

(CONTINUED)

---

82

145 CONTINUED:

145

Schaefer spins and FIRES, bullets THUDDING into the ground, the barrel arcing towards the Hunter as Anna stumbles to her feet running into the jungle.

In a blur the Hunter spins back, hurling his weapon at Schaefer which slices through the wooden stock of the rifle, SPARKS FLYING as it severs the trigger guard and steel breech.

The M-203 flies out of Schaefer's hands as the Hunter's weapon cuts deeply into his left shoulder, laying open the flesh.

The M-203 hits the ground, where it lies broken in half, useless.

Schaefer hits the ground and is rolling, up and running for his life, the Hunter charging after him.

146 SCHAEFER

146

crashes headlong through the jungle. He leaps a fallen log, stumbles, struggles to his feet, running on pure adrenalin, his shoulder pulsing blood, his eyes filled with terror.

Behind him he can hear the Hunter in pursuit, closing.

Schaefer spins to look behind him, a wild desperate

predatorscript

look on his face; he turns back, ducks an overhanging limb and lunges on.

147 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. OF SCHAEFER - DAY 147

Closing rapidly...another few yard.

148 BACK TO SCENE/SCHAEFER 148

runs like a madman, the SOUND of the Hunter's FOOTSTEPS close behind. He's losing ground. He knows he's going to die.

Schaefer SHOUTS. Suddenly the ground before him COLLAPSES and he disappears from sight.

149 EXT. CANYON WALL - DAY 149

In a shower of leaves, flailing arms and legs, Schaefer crashes through the trees at the canyon's edge, free falling into space.

(CONTINUED)

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83

149 CONTINUED: 149

With a sickening IMPACT, he hits the branches of the first trees lining the canyon and falls, a hundred feet, through one canopy after another, desperately grabbing for limbs and branched to break his fall.

He hits the bottom branches of the list line of trees, impacting crosschest on a large BRANCH, knocking his wind out.

Semi-conscious, he hangs momentarily before he slides off, fingers digging into the bark, falling another ten feet into the swiftly moving river.

150 EXT. RIVER - DAY 150

Weighted down by his boots and clothing, Schaefer struggles to stay afloat. Gasping for air he ducks underwater, untying one of his boots. He surfaces, fills his lungs and dives again, releasing the other boot. He surfaces, strips off his shirt and pants and begins to swim towards shore, stroking with one arm.

predatorscript

151 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - DAY

151

As he nears the edge of the precipice from which Schaefer has fallen. The Hunter in close pursuit does not hesitate but LAUNCHES himself off the cliff in a spectacular LEAP, streaking downward towards the tops of the trees that grow out from the canyon wall.

The Hunter tears through the canopy of the first tree, the branches and leaves rushing past in a KALEIDOSCOPIC BLUR.

The Hunter bounds off of one branch after another, moving through the trees as an expert skier might negotiate a series of downhill gates.

The Hunter leaps free of one tree, bounds across twenty feet of open space to a large branch of a huge tree, affording a good view of the river below. From his vantage point, looking down at the windening, slowing expanse of river, Schaefer is nowhere to be seen.

152 EXT. SCHAEFER - DAY

152

He is swept into a still FASTER CURRENT and is carried helplessly downstream. Boiling WHITEWATER appears.

(CONTINUED)

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84

152 CONTINUED:

152

Out of control he is swept through a series of rapids, pulling his further and further downstream until he is finally ducked into the undertow and hurled over the top of a six foot falls, driven deep underwater by the pounding force of the water.

153 EXT. POOL AT BASE OF FALLS - DAY

153

There is no sign of Schaefer. Precious seconds pass. Slowly, looking like a drowned rat, he surfaces, taking a feeble breath. He is nearly finished, his energy sapped. But the water is calm and a few strokes are enough to carry him near the shore. His feet hit bottom.

predatorscript

He tries to stand but pitches headfirst into the thick MUD SLURRY at the river bank. With his last ounce of strength, he crawls, panting and gasping into a sheltered mud OVERHANG, collapsing beside the exposed ROOT-SYSTEM OF A DEAD TREE, his body completely covered in thick, gray MUD.

Nearly unconscious, he raises his head and looks to the opposite side of the river, scanning the bank. There is no sign of the Hunter. He collapses in relief. He's escaped.

Suddenly, the Hunter impacts the water, throwing up a huge SPLASH. He stands up in the waist deep water. As the water streams off of his body, the chameleon effect rapidly changes, struggling to match the shifting color patterns of the shimmering water.

His glaring yellow orbs stare directly at the spot where Schaefer lies helplessly trapped.

The Hunter surges forward, relentlessly closing in on this prey.

154 SCHAEFER

154

is frozen in terror, paralyzed with fear, his eyes locked onto the incredible creature that is about to kill him.

155 EXT. HUNTER - DAY

155

Closing rapidly, another ten feet. He leaves the water and walks through the mud, stopping, towering over Schaefer.

---

85

156 EXT. SCHAEFER'S P.O.V. - DAY

156

As the Hunter's feet surge though the mud and stop, three feet away.

157 EXT. SCHAEFER - DAY

157

Realizing his life is about to end, closes his eyes, awaiting the Hunter's killing blow.

158 EXT. HUNTER'S EYES - DAY

158

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predatorscript

The fierce yellow orbs look downward.

159 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - DAY

159

He's looking directly at Schaefer, EXCEPT HE CAN'T SEE HIM.

He can clearly see the EXPOSED ROOT-SYSTEM, but because of the heavy mud blocking Schaefer's body heat, Schaefer registers in the Hunter's vision as merely an indistinct lump of clay, unrecognizable to the Hunter as a human being.

He scans the bank, searching, looking for heat sources. Detecting none he moves on sounding a questioning TRILL several times.

160 BACK TO SCENE/SCHAEFER

160

disbelieving that he's still alive, opens one eye, SEEING the Hunter's feet move away, his prehensile spurs dragging in the mud. He rounds a bend and disappears, heading for the undergrowth.

Astonished, he tries to raise up on his hands but a sudden jabbing pain in his shoulder causes him to collapse, falling onto his side, unconscious in the mud.

161 EXT. RIVER - DAY

161

As a HUEY ATTACK HELICOPTER breaks over the top of the ridge, diving forward, moving down the canyon. The chopper flares up into a holding pattern.

In the open doorway, a SOLDIER searches the top of the canyon with binoculars. Seeing no sign of life, the chopper flies on, disappearing down the canyon rim.

162 BACK TO SCENE/SCHAEFER

162

lies unconscious in the mud, the distant SOUND of the helicopter THRUMPING into the distance.

---

163 EXT. ANNA - DAY

163

predatorscript

She runs into a clearing, stopping momentarily, gasping for breath. She is startled by a sudden movement behind her. She spins, looking. There is nothing there. She runs on.

164 EXT. THE CANYON - DAY (DUSK)

164

Schaefer GASPS as his eyes bolt open in fear. As if the Hunter were still attacking, Schaefer rolls to his feet and runs, slogging through the THICK MUD, stumbling, lunging forward, gasping for breath.

Schaefer spins and staggers backwards into a shallow POOL, scuttling, crablike into the chest deep water. Schaefer backs into the moss-covered wall by the waterfall, looking for movement, regaining his senses.

As the water settles, he looks down, SEEING the image of himself, reflected in the pool; his hair and face covered in THICK CLAY. He stares, mesmerized at the image.

He lifts his arm from the water, his fingers wiping the MUD from his face, exposing a PATCH of SKIN. He studies the mud in his hand and then looks at the image of himself in the water, SEEING the exposed skin. HE stares at it, a wave of realization rushing through his mind. He places the mud back on his face, again looking at his image.

SCHAEFER

You couldn't see me.

He looks up, out into the failing light, at the treeline of the deepening forest, realizing that fate has given him a fighting chance. Slowly a look of vengeance and hatred crosses over his face.

165 EXT. CLAY BANK - NIGHT

165

Using his MACHETE he carves MAGNESIUM SHAVINGS from a fire block into a pile of KINDLING. He removes a match from the hollow handle of the machete, also containing a coil of PIANO WIRE, GREEN TAPE and MEDICAL SUPPLIES. He lights the shavings which burn with a brilliant white light. Schaefer shelters the fire with a banana leaf until the flame dies down. He feeds the fire with more kindling, fanning it with a leaf.

165-A SCHAEFER - BOW AND ARROW MONTAGE - NIGHT (LATER) 166

Page 99

predatorscript

Holding a three foot section of FIRE-HARDENED sapling  
between his feet and shoulder, he scrapes the char  
from the seasoned wood with his machete.

(CONTINUED)

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87

165-A CONTINUED:

165-A

He bends the bow and attaches a long piece of PIANO  
WIRE to one end, carefully wrapping it for strength,  
using strips of green tape to cover the sides of the  
wire where the nock of the arrow will fit.

He attaches split quilled FEATHERS with fishing line to  
an ARROW, its tip fashioned into a series of barbs,  
rubbing them to a polished hardness against a smooth  
stone. When finished he places the arrow on the ground  
next to three other identical arrows.

SCHAEFER  
One chance, that's all.

166 EXT. CLAY BANK - NIGHT

166

Schaefer is pounding a peeled root between two stones.  
He pauses to drool saliva into the pulpy mass. He  
scrapes the milky substance onto a BANANA LEAF, mixing  
it with a sticky SAP, holding it over the coals until  
the mixture steams.

Schaefer coats the arrow tips with the sticky poison,  
holding them over the coals until the sap bubbles and  
smokes. He spins the arrows in his hands, blowing on  
the tips to cool and harden the mixture.

Using the tip of his machete, he pries open the casing  
of one of the 40MM grenades, discarding the warhead. He  
dumps the PROPELLANT POWDER from the shell onto a leaf,  
mixing that with a mound of MAGNESIUM SHAVINGS.

He opens the narrow, tight roll of GAUZE taken from the  
first aid kit of the machete handle, fluffing it into a  
large, loose BUNDLE, the size of a baseball. He pours  
the powder-mixture into the gauze, mixing it into the  
fabric.

predatorscript

He transfers the ball of explosive ladened gauze to a pliable DRY LEAF, closing it into a bundle, binding it at the top with a long strand of jungle-grass.

He twists the remaining gauze around a MATCH, leaving the head exposed, forming a self-striking FUSE.

He coats the fuse with SAP and then thickly covers it with more powder from the 40MM grenade. He pokes the fuse down into the leaf. Taking a long strand of JUNGLE GRASS he makes a large loop, tying it onto the grenade, slipping the loop and grenade over his head.

(CONTINUED)

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88

166 CONTINUED:

166

Finally, using several sections of BAMBOO of differing diameters, he fashions a crude, anti-personnel SPEAR-BOMB, a BANG-STICK like weapon, using the sharpened TONGUE from his belt buckle for a FIRING PIN and a 40MM GRENADE from his belt pouch as an explosive charge.

167 EXT. RIVER'S EDGE - NIGHT

167

Schaefer appears, he has covered him entire body with a variety of CLAYS and OCHERS, creating a mottled, EARTHEN CAMOUFLAGE pattern.

Holding his weapons in one hand, he moves up the canyon, ascending into a rising boulder field.

167-A EXT. BOULDER FIELD - NIGHT

167-A

Where the river flows into a series of falls and pools, surrounded by massive boulders and table top rocks, their crevices jammed with large amounts of DRIFTWOOD swept down at high water from the forests above.

On a flattened section of rock, Schaefer drags a large section of BRANCHES INTO VIEW, adding it to a growing mound of FIREWOOD. He kneels, tending to a pile of DRIES GRASS, LEAVES and other tinder. Using the last of his precious matches, he sets fire to the tinder, gently coaxing the tiny blaze into a slowly consuming FIRE, flames starting to lick upward through the dry wood.

predatorscript

He stands, staring into the rapidly growing blaze. He turns, facing the canyon rim, raising his weapons in one hand. From the depths of his soul, a SOUND emerges; primitive and visceral, as if from an animal in pain.

He throws back his head and SHOUTS.

168 EXT. CANYON RIM - NIGHT 168

A hundred feet below, Schaefer stands in the boulder field, his mud coated body bathed in RED FIRELIGHT, looking like a fierce, primitive warrior; a timeless, prehistoric sight, his long and WAILING CRY, ECHOING endlessly through the canyon.

169 EXT. HUNTER'S SHIP - NIGHT 169

Backlit by the LIGHT of the open door, the Hunter's head, in three-quarter profile, his eyes gleaming, rears INTO VIEW, looking up at the sky, HEARING Schaefer's cry.

(CONTINUED)

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89

169 CONTINUED: 169

Responding with a low HISS, he turns back, raising in one hand his weapon, in the other a U-shaped SHARPENING DEVICE. As he passes the weapon through the device, it FLASHES into life, a deep, HARMONIC HUM emitted as the blade grows with energy, growing hotter, hotter and HOTTER with each stroke. He draws the blade now WHITE-HOT through the device for the last stroke. He lifts it, testing its balance, the WHITE-HOT blade illuminating his alien face.

170- OUT 170-  
177 177

178 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - JUNGLE - NIGHT 178

Emerging from his camp, the Hunter swings into the nearby tree line, moving to the uppermost branches. The Hunter travels silently from tree to tree, arriving at the canyon rim where far below he SEES in the canyon, the BONFIRE, a leaping, shifting, multi-colored collage of HEAT WAVES and FLARES, luring him onward.

predatorscript

179 SCHAEFER

179

hidden back within the deep notch of several large LOGS and broken trees, in the river canyon. Below him, on the rock plateau, is the bonfire, illuminating in SHIFTING PATTERNS of LIGHT, the awaiting arena of destiny.

His eyes shift, trancelike, moving from side to side, watching the approaches to the fire below. His senses are alert; his nerves on a wire edge.

180 EXT. HUNTER - NIGHT

180

His SHADOW-FORM descending through the canyon, a rippling movement of grays and blacks, passing through the shifting light patterns on the rocks, cast by the growing bonfire below.

181 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

181

His eyes probe the canyon, drawn to the swirling patterns of HEAT given off by the gaseous COMBUSTION of the bonfire.

182 EXT. HUNTER - NIGHT

182

Continues on, moving silently down through the canyon.

---

90

183 SCHAEFER

183

sits motionless, nearly invisible in his mud camouflage amid the darkness of the logs.

Suddenly, over the CRACKLING of the FIRE, the BUZZING, CLICKING of INSECTS, and the CROAKING of FROGS, suddenly CEASES.

Slowly, painfully he draws the bow to full arch, his wounded shoulder trembling, the BLOOD beginning to seep through the bandage.

The bow straining at full draw, Schaefer stares intently, concentrating, searching for the Hunter's form in the dancing light below.

183-A EXT. THE HUNTER - NIGHT

183-A

Like a giant insect, drops from above, fifteen feet  
above Schaefer, his steel-like spurs digging deep into  
the log.

183-B EXT. SCHAEFER - NIGHT

183-B

He freezes at the sound of the Hunter dropping, his  
eyes wide with fear. The slightest movement will bring  
an instant attack from the Hunter behind him. But to  
wait, his back exposed.

183-C EXT. THE HUNTER - NIGHT

183-C

Jumps from the log above and to Schaefer's left, onto  
a boulder, gaining a better vantage point of the arena  
and fire below. He raises his weapon, his EYES  
glistening in the dim light, searching. A quiet HISS  
emerges from his mouth.

183-D EXT. SCHAEFER - NIGHT

183-D

Spins and fires at the movement of the Hunter.

184 EXT. ARROW - NIGHT

184

Flies into the night, lodging into a BRANCH of an  
exposed tree, just missing the Hunter's head.

In a blur, the Hunter's arm streaks downward, a dull  
flash of light leaving his fingers as he fires the  
weapon, the projectile STREAKING downward, EXPLODING  
into the log, inches from Schaefer, sending a SHOWER  
of wood chips and bark, flying in every direction.

---

185 SCHAEFER

185

in a flash, is up and running, clutching his weapons,  
leaping from boulder to boulder. He jumps down into the  
lighted area below, landing hard, rolling into the  
protective shadows of the rocks, putting the loping fire  
between he and the Hunter's position on the rocks above.

He moves forward, darting to look backwards before  
leaping off the lip of the table rock into the boulder  
field below, a flat plane littered by weirdly shaped,

predatorscript

water-eroded rocks, forming a giant stone AMPitheater.  
Shadows leap and dance across the boulders, cast by the  
bonfire from the plateau above.

Schaefer crouches between two large boulders, quietly  
breathing through clenched teeth, feeling the pain of  
his now freely bleeding shoulder wound.

185-A EXT. HUNTER - NIGHT

185-A

A nightmarish silhouette appearing for an instant on the  
rim of the plateau above.

185-B EXT. SCHAEFER - NIGHT

185-B

Over the SOUNDS of the FIRE and the softly flowing  
RIVER, distinguishes a NEW SOUND, one that brings fear  
and a savage determination to his heart: the rhythmical  
CLICK-SCRAPE, CLICK-SCRAPE of the Hunter's feet, moving  
over the rocks, somewhere above him.

Drawing back on the bow, Schaefer moves around the  
boulder to his left, heading towards the sound of the  
Hunter.

186-  
197

OUT 186-  
197

198 INT. HUNTER. SOMEWHERE IN THE BOULDERS - NIGHT 198

REVEALED in flashes of strobing light, pauses at the  
junction of several towering rocks.

He stands, erect, tilting his head slowly, turning it  
from side to side, his ears trying to orientate to the  
diversity of SOUNDS reflecting off the circular walls,  
enclosing the boulder field.

199 INT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

199

His vision, accustomed to another spectrum, has little  
available heat to register vivid images of the inert,  
lifeless forms of the stones. He SEES instead, a world  
of soft, ill-defined shapes in a pale MAGENTA field of  
flickering heat.

predatorscript

Creeping forward, carefully placing one foot in front of the other, suddenly stops, hearing the CLICK-SCRAPE, CLICK-SCRAPE, now on his right.

Starting to move in this new direction, he stops again, HEARING the sound now directly across from him. Listening, he hears the sound again from yet another direction, the sound ECHOING in the natural ampitheater of rock.

Schaefer, uncertain of where to turn, waits. Suddenly he crouches and freezes, HEARING the unbelievable SOUND of a HUMAN VOICE, softly echoing through the ampitheater.

ANNA'S VOICE  
(o.s.; filtered;  
in Spanish)  
Look out, behind you!!!

Schaefer spins, his breath catching at the sound of Anna's voice. Wide-eyed, straining, he waits, hearing only the muted FLOWING of water, the HISSING and POPPING of the dying fire above, the shadows growing longer, darker with each minute.

And then again, Anna's VOICE.

ANNA'S VOICE  
(o.s.; in  
Spanish)  
...Look out, behind you!

SCHAEFER  
(to himself)  
Anna...?

Tracelike he moves towards the sound.

201 THE HUNTER

201

his head canted, throat distended, utters another mimicry.

202 SCHAEFER

202

moving towards the space between two boulders from which the VOICE seems to emanate.

(CONTINUED)

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202 CONTINUED: 202

SCHAEFER  
(louder)  
Anna...?

203 THE HUNTER 203

his ears now directed towards the SOUND of Schaefer's voice, his slowly approaching FOOTSTEPS, raises his weapon.

204 SCHAEFER 204

pauses before the opening of the passageway. All is silent. He hesitates to enter. Listeneing. He starts to move and then hears a NEW VOICE:

HUNTER  
(o.s.; Mac's  
voice)  
Dillon, over here...

Schaefer, horrified at the sound of the dead man's voice, backs quickly into the space between a boulder and the high rock wall of the ampitheater.

205 INT. HUNTER - SOMEWHERE IN THE BOULDERS - NIGHT 205

His feet moving quietly over the rock, the shadow-light deepening with the dying fire above, closing in.

205-A EXT. SCHAEFER - NIGHT 205-A

Bow drawn, trapped against the rock, HEARING the sound of the Hunter approaching from the left, now the right, is helpless, not knowing where to fire, the Hunter's deadly strike only an instant away.

Still holding the bang-stick in his bow hand, he carefully releases the draw on the string, reaching to his neck for the FLASH-GRENADE. With painstaking care he removes the grenade from his neck.

Focusing on the rocks before him and the still approaching SOUND, he reaches down with the grenade,

predatorscript

gripping with his fingertips the matchhead fuse,  
placing it against the rocks at his side.

With a sudden jerk of his hand he strikes and throws  
the grenade, snatching up the bang-stick with his  
good hand.

(CONTINUED)

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205-A CONTINUED:

205-A

The matchhead SPUTTERS as the grenade flies through the  
air, an instant later a blinding, WHITE FLASH of light  
illuminates the ampitheater...

In that instant Schaefer SEES above him and to his left,  
the HUNTER, poised on top of a rock, his weapon raised,  
about to strike! Momentarily blinded by the flash of  
light, the Hunter's head recoils to the side.

Darkness swallows the image of the Hunter, but in that  
second, Schaefer seizes his advantage, hurling the  
bang-stick spear.

206-  
213   OUT   206-  
   213

214   INT. THE SPEAR - NIGHT   214

It smashes into the boulder at the Hunter's feet. The  
Hunter leaps as the grenade DETONATES, shrapnel tearing  
into his body.

With a terrifying SCREAM of pain and anger, the Hunter  
clutches frantically at the WOUNDS in his neck and  
chest. Another bloodcurdling SCREAM OF RAGE and the  
Hunter is gone.

215   INT. WATERFALL - NIGHT   215

Cascades over the rocks, fed by a small stream running  
through the ravine. A pile of BOULDERS breaks the  
falls, filling the area with an everconstant MIST.

Schaefer appears, holding the bow and arrow, following  
the LUMINOUS BLOOD TRAIL of the Hunter over the rock.

predatorscript

Moving behind the falls, Schaefer's body is briefly soaked by the water, the hardened and CAMOUFLAGE beginning to dissolve, running off his body. He continues on, slowly, cautiously following the blood trail.

216 INT. TABLE TOP BOULDER - NIGHT

216

Next to the flowing stream, surrounded by an open area of rock.

Schaefer, smeared with blood and sweat, his clay and ochre camouflage partially washed away, climbs up a log onto the boulder. Oblivious to the searing pain in his

(CONTINUED)

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216 CONTINUED:

216

shoulder, he breathes in hot, powerful exchanges, his eyes wide and glowing with vengeance.

SCHAEFER  
Bleed, you bastard.

His bow down, Schaefer follows the blood trail across the rock, edging alongside a huge vertical boulder. The blood trail stops.

He takes another step forward, past a darkened ALCOVE...

Schaefer spins, SEEING in the alcove the SURPRISED Hunter whirl and spring towards him...

Schaefer in a bound closes the distance, savagely kicking the Hunter's arm. The WEAPON flies from the Hunter's hand CLATTERING to the rock.

Before he can recover, Schaefer follows with a karate kick to the chest, hurling the Hunter to the ground, his back exposed.

In a flash, Schaefer is standing over the Hunter, the bow drawn, poised, the blood from his open wound dripping onto the Hunter's back.

The Hunter slowly rolls onto his back, REVEALING his

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predatorscript

face, his eyes bleached white in shock from the loss of blood. The Hunter's body, rippled out of control, trying desperately to orientate itself to the environment.

SCHAEFER  
(incredulous)  
Who the hell are you...?

217 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. OF SCHAEFER - NIGHT                  217

Schaefer's body, looms over him, MOTTLED and STREAKED from his exposed skin, blood oozing from the shoulder wound, his eyes like black sockets in his almost skull-like face. Seen from this perspective, Schaefer is a frightening, horrible visage.

218 THE HUNTER                  218

shudders, GASPING hungrily for air, struggling to speak. From his throat, Schaefer HEARS the feeble, distorted efforts of the Hunter, at first garbled, incomprehensible and then, slowly, chillingly, taking on the timbre and quality of his OWN VOICE.

(CONTINUED)

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218 CONTINUED:                  218

HUNTER  
(electronic;  
filtered)  
Who...  
(improving)  
...the hell...  
(nearly perfect)  
...are...  
(perfect)  
...You?

The Hunter's strength seems to fade even more...

Then, suddenly, with the last of his diminishing strength, he lashes out with one arm, activating the lethal, razor sharp SPURS on his wrists.

The Hunter's coiled leg kicks upward with incredible

predatorscript

force, his terrible spur ripping into Schaefer's thigh, hurling Schaefer into the air, flipping him over, sending him crashing to his back into the shallow pool of water, momentarily losing his bow. He flounders desperately in the water, searching for the bow. He finds it just as...

The Hunter rises slowly to his feet, GASPING desperately for breath. He inhales deeply, hungrily, gaining strength with each breath.

Schaefer looks from the pool to SEE the Hunter, raising his weapon to throw.

In one totally instinctual movement, Schaefer draws back on the arrow to its very tip and fires.

The arrow, with a deadly THUD, penetrates deeply into the Hunter's neck. Another bloodcurdling SCREAM of RAGE as the Hunter clutches his throat, dropping his weapon. An instant later and the Hunter is gone.

219 EXT. LOG BRIDGE - NIGHT (PRE-DAWN)

219

Emerging onto a huge log leading to the rim of the canyon, Schaefer holding the Hunter's weapon, pauses several times, finding more traces of the Hunter's blood, the deep WOUND in his thigh flowing heavily. He continues across the log and climbs the bank, following the traces into the jungle.

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97

220 EXT. JUNGLE - PRE-DAWN

220

Moving along the rim of the coulee, Schaefer follows the thick, orange blobs hanging on leaves and spent on the forest floor.

Too weak to move through the trees, the Hunter has left a SWATH of trampled grasses, broken twigs and branches in his headlong retreat from Schaefer: the Hunter turned Hunted.

221 EXT. TWO ATTACK HELICOPTERS - DAY (PRE-DAWN) 221

Powering upward from the canyon, the WATERFALL in the b.g., clear the rim, racing along at treetop height, heading towards the island promontory.

predatorscript

222 EXT. HUNTER'S P.O.V. - CAMP -PRE-DAWN                  222

Staggering into the clearing, bleeding severely. The Hunter is rapidly losing his camouflage ability, his skin turning a PALE GREEN, flexing and pulsing in shock. The glow of light from the ENERGY FIELD reflecting off the spreading apron of BLOOD flowing from his wound.

With trembling hands he grasps the arrow and breaks it, pulling the shaft from his neck. He screams in pain.

223 EXT. GLEN - PRE-DAWN                  223

Schaefer follows the blood trail, deeper into the incredibly dense vegetation, ripping aside the heavy growth, plunging onward.

Before him, covering a narrow passageway, is a huge SPIDER WEB, intricate, four feet across. Schaefer starts to sweep aside the web. With a sharp intake of breath, he halts, inches from the web. Something is wrong.

Examining the web closer he sees not silken threads but a hard and shiny network of HAIR-FINE WIRE: A TRAP.

He backs up, picking up a hefty branch from the ground. He swings the branch with a mighty heave, clenching his teeth in pain. The branch sails end over end into the web impacting the strands. A metallic SNAP is HEARD; a high-pitches WHINE and the log is violently severed, the pieces flying in opposite directions with great speed.

(CONTINUED)

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223 CONTINUED:                  223

Schaefer runs on, again picking up the blood traces of the fleeing Hunter.

224 EXT. HUNTER'S CAMP                  224

At the edge of the site. He SEES the Hunter staggering

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predatorscript

through the foliage.

Schaefer starts after him but then stops, dumbfounded by the incredible images that crash in on him:  
TRANSLUCENT HUMAN SKINS stretched over frames, the hair of the attached scalps moving lightly in the wind;  
SKINNED BODIES, some lying on the ground, others hung from the trees, like Hopper and his men were.

He turns back, SEEING the Hunter as he passes through the shimmering distortion of a FORCEFIELD enveloping the forest. Within the force field he SEES the vague, nearly transparent OUTLINE of the Hunter's ship.

He approaches it, wide-eyed, his senses reeling with astonishment and rage.

From within the force field, a PASSAGE WAY of BLUE LIGHT appears, the Hunter's form backlit as he ascends the RAMP to his spacecraft.

225- OUT 225-  
226 226

227 THE HUNTER 227

as he passes his hand through a light BEAM, the ship instantly responds, as a low, TURBINELIKE HOWL is HEARD, building slowly in volume and pitch.

228 SCHAEFER 228

in his weakened condition staggers forward, looking up, SEEING the passage way of light diminish as the door begins to close.

As rising HEAT WAVES begin to envelope the ship, the Hunter stares out at Schaefer, the heat waves increasing as the KEENING WHINE of the ship's drive builds. He enters the force field, the door now inches from closing.

On the ground, nearly obscured by the grass and leaves, Schaefer SEES the Hunter's WEAPON, lying where he dropped it in his desperate flight to escape.

(CONTINUED)

predatorscript

228 CONTINUED:

228

Schaefer grabs up the weapon and holds it. How the hell does it work?...He squeezes the handle of the weapon feeling it resist. Nothing happens.

With the last ounce of his strength, and with a BELLOW of RAGE, his arm muscles bulging, he crushes down on the handle...

In a FLASH of blue-white light, the weapon becomes ACTIVATED.

Schaefer raises the weapon, sensing its power and function.

In the final seconds before the door closes, Schaefer, with a triumphant SCREAM, fires the weapon...

The weapon, flaring with deadly energy, drops and turns sideways, accelerating through the door and into the spacecraft.

229 INT. SPACECRAFT - DAY

229

The weapon impacts the Hunter, his head EXPLODING in a fountain of orange blood and pale green tissue.

The weapon continues on, burying itself into the energy field, bolts of plasma-energy begin arcing from the force field.

Schaefer falls forward onto his hands and knees, staring at the Hunter's ship. The SOUND of the hyper-drive continues to increase, as the ship begins to tremble.

230 EXT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT - DAY

230

As suddenly the instrument panel goes wild, gauges spinning, digital readouts racing out of control. The SOUND of the turbine faltering, changing pitch. The pilot lurches forward with the stick, fighting for control.

231 EXT. HUNTER'S CAMP - DAY

231

The multi harmonic whine of the Hunter's ship is still building as the ground begins to shake.

predatorscript

Schaefer, realizing that the ship is going to explode, and ignoring the pain of his shoulder and leg, runs desperately, searching for cover. He sprints for

(CONTINUED)

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100

231 CONTINUED:

231

the edge of the clearing, diving over the embankment just as:

A blinding purple FLASH blows the ship to pieces.

232 EXT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - DAY

232

Enveloped in the flash of intense light. CRIES of surprise fill the ship as the SHOCK-WAVE hits the chopper, heeling it hard over to one side.

Below, the concentric waves of energy race outward from the center of the blast, an unearthly sight, like the miniature birth of a star.

The helicopter suddenly regains control, its power restored.

PILOT

Holy, fuck, what was  
that...?!!!

PHILIPS

Orbit right...check it out!

The helicopter levels out and heads toward the smoking, devastated site of the blast.

233 EXT. HUNTER'S CAMP - DAY

133

The jungle has been completely transformed. No longer lush and verdant, the area is clear-cut, two feet above the ground, covered in FINE WHITE, smoldering ASH. Amongst the shattered stumps, debris from the ship, bright as magnesium flares, burns with exotic colors.

If the f.g., Schaefer, a living dead-man, streaked with the alien ash, rises up from a shallow depression,

staring dumbstruck at the site.

Breaking in low over the treetops, the HELICOPTERS flare up into position, one preparing to land.

As the chopper descends, the crew, standing in the door way, stare transfixed at the devastation, their eyes trying to penetrate the dense white smoke.

As the helicopter slowly descends, its propwash creating a raging storm, Schaefer materializes from the SWIRLING SMOKE AND ASH, his features taking form as he approaches, his naked body covered in mud, blood and ash.

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101

234 EXT. SCHAEFER'S P.O.V. - LANDING HELICOPTER - DAY 234

As the chopper, emerging from the vortex, settles towards the ground where the spacecraft once stood. Through the distorted veil, the helicopter, bristling with WEAPONS, VISORED and HELMETED MEN, now covered with WHITE ASH, looks like a landing spacecraft.

235 EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

235

The door gunner swings the M-60 into firing position, pointing it at Schaefer. He racks the bolt, loading a round.

The crewmen look tense, frightened.

Anna, standing next to the door gunner, stares at the strange creature before her, narrowing her eyes, uncertain. Is there something familiar about the figure?

236 SCHAEFER

236

stands in the clearing, staring at the helicopter and the array of weapons pointed at him. He looks dazed, like a man making contact with members of an alien race, for the first time.

237 THE HELICOPTER

237

hovers low to the ground, the tension inside building as Schaefer approaches.

predatorscript

More weapons swing into position. Fingers tighten on triggers. Suddenly Anna recognizes the figure.  
Realizing the danger she holds up her hands, shouting

ANNA  
NOOOOOO!!!!!!

238 EXT. HELICOPTERS - JUNGLE - DAY 238

Flash overhead, heading across the trackless jungle, their rotors THUMPING like heavy machine gun fire.

239 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 239

Schaefer, a blanket over his shoulders, still in the remains of his mud camouflage, his body laced with deep cuts; his chest and shoulder caked with dried blood, is seated on a bench in the cargo hold.

(CONTINUED)

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239 CONTINUED: 239

Near the cockpit are General Philips, an ARMY MEDIC, two MACHINE GUNNERS. They look at Schaefer in awe.

The Medic, holding an open FIELD KIT, a syringe and bandages, turns to Philips.

MEDIC  
(shaking his head)  
Looks like he's been through  
hell...can't believe he's  
still alive. What the hell  
went on down there?

PHILIPS  
If it hadn't been for her, he'd  
be dead now. That story she  
told us...I still can't believe  
it.

He looks at Anna, her eyes meeting his, as if asking for an explanation. She looks at him a moment before turning back to Schaefer, staring at him as if he were risen from the dead.

predatorscript

She looks into Schaefer's face, Schaefer returning her look, recognition passing between them. Anna extends her hand. Schaefer slowly reaches out, touching her fingers, then clasping her hand.

Schaefer turns his eyes to stare out the open door, beyond the passing jungle below, out to the heavens. He turns back, looking at Anna, a faint smile crossing his face...they made it.

240 EXT. TWO HELICOPTERS - JUNGLE - DAY

240

Pull away and head towards the distant, green horizon.

FADE OUT

THE END