

"PREDATOR 2"

The Hunt Continues...

Written by

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SECOND DRAFT
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"PREDATOR 2:"
The Hunt Continues...

SLOW FADE-IN FROM BLACK:

1 OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

1

RUSHING FORWARD at ground level, mottled shapes racing past camera, slowly resolving into trees whipping past, CAMERA RISING through the trees into an AERIAL VIEW, speeding on, looking down on a jungle canopy. We slow and CRANE UP, cresting the treeline, the startling sight of the LOS ANGELES BASIN, appearing before us.

SUBTITLES: LOS ANGELES, 1995

Title artwork crashes into center screen: PREDATOR 2. On this the TITLE BLEEDS INTO:

2 PREDATOR VISION OF LOS ANGELES

2

Scanning the skyline. Attracted by a strange, distant SOUND, his vision STEPS IN, downward, through the canyons of steel, the distorted WHINE of a SIREN, growing louder as the Predator's vision ZOOMS IN to the streets below, coming to rest on a bizarre scene: a loping YELLOW wave of FLAME, accompanied by distorted SOUNDS of CRACKLING and POPPING, blood-red STREAKS of LIGHT darting across the street, holding and fading for a second.

3 EXT. OBJECTIVE CAMERA - HIGH ANGLE - MIDSTREET - DAY

3

The keening WAIL growing louder as we DESCEND through the thick smog and shimmering air of a blistering heat-wave; into the midst of a raging BATTLEFIELD:

At the mouth of a blind alley, a BOB-TAIL TRUCK lies BURNING on its side, a late-model CADILLAC positioned before it, nose-first onto the sidewalk. Behind the truck, TEN MEN, heavily armed with AUTOMATIC RIFLES and SHOTGUNS, lay down a barrage of GUNFIRE, aimed at EIGHT POLICEMEN across the street, pinned down in doorways, stairwells and behind cars.

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

Further down the street, a BLOCKADE of POLICE CARS has been established. A POLICEMAN dressed in bomb-disposal armour and helmet, is handed a fold-out BALLISTICS SHIELD, resembling a cattle-catcher on a train.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

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

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

4 EXT. POLICE LINE - MEDIA BARRIER - DAY

4

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

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

REPORTER 1

As drought-ridden Los Angeles swelters into it's fifty-ninth day of 100 degree weather, yet another open confrontation between drug lords and city police has erupted...

REPORTER 2.

...Eyewitness-5, on the scene. For the second time today, we're in a war-zone, Dave. Two officers down, heavy weapons fire, bullets everywhere, the police seemingly unable to gain control of the situation. What apparently began thirty minutes ago as a routine traffic citation has now escalated

REPORTER 3

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

We HOLD ON JERRY POPE, a free-lance stringer, unkempt, half-shaven, a low-budget Dan Rather, the Joe Pine of the streets. He is operating his own MINI-CAM, on a tripod, directed at himself.

POPE

Jerry Pope, live with 'Street-Beat,' on the scene and in your home with another exclusive report.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

POPE (Cont'd)

It's a scene from Dante's hell, blistering heat, fire and smoke, the screams of dying men filling the streets as vicious drug lords continue to terrorize Los Angeles, waging open warfare for control of the streets. Just who the hell is in charge? Certainly not the cops who are outgunned, outmanned and incompetent to handle the situation. Isn't it time Mayor Gabor, hiding out in her summer home in Lake Tahoe, declare marshall law, bring in the national guard and put an end to this slaughter...

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

5 EXT. POLICE LINE - FIRE ZONE - DAY

5

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

Emerging from the car is DETECTIVE-LIEUTENANT ('Lou', in L.A.P.D. vernacular) MIKE HARRIGAN, mid-thirties, sweat-soaked white shirt, necktie askew, a huge, long-framed SHOULDER HOLSTER slung under his arm. Harrigan is the 'whip' of the Metro Division, -- the field commander.

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

At her side is DANIEL ('DANNY') CUTTER, 35, a tall, raw-boned, man, Harrigan's childhood buddy and police partner for fifteen years.

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

HARRIGAN

Don't keep me in suspense, Sergeant.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

SERGEANT

Bad scene, Lou. Two motors pulled over a truck, stumbled right into a narc stakeout. Ten Colombians, El Scorpios, armed to fuck all. They're trying to get inside that building, their headquarters. Keepin' 'em pinned down but those officers are bleedin' to death.

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

HARRIGAN

Where the hell is Special Weapons?

SERGEANT

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

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

HARRIGAN

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

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

HARRIGAN

When I give the signal, give me a little cover, okay?

Danny racks a round into the chamber.

DANNY

You got it.

Harrigan jumps into his car. From a QUICK-RELEASE SCABBARD mounted on the inside of the driver's door, he removes a cut-down ASSAULT SHOTGUN, placing it on the seat beside him. Holding the driver's door open, he PEELS OUT in reverse, over the sidewalk, aiming the open door at a TELEPHONE POLE. The impact rips the door off, which slides across the sidewalk.

6 PREDATOR'S POV OF SCENE

6

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

6A EXT. STREET - DAY

6A

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

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

6B EXT. HARRIGAN'S CAR - DAY

6B

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

6C EXT. BURNING TRUCK - COLOMBIANS POV - DAY

6C

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

6D EXT. HARRIGAN'S CAR - DAY

6D

Bullets ripping through the car, exploding glass, shredding the dashboard and seats, Harrigan dropping even lower to the ground, bullet hits ricocheting off the pavement.

As the downed officers come into view, Harrigan throws the gearshift into PARK.

6E EXT. STREET - DAY

6E

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

As two POLICEMEN run from the street, dragging the officers to safety, Harrigan, shotgun in hand, sprints low to the ground, around the back of the car, heading for the cadillac.

As he does, FIVE of the Colombians, race for the doorway of their headquarters, firing behind them, their escape covered by Harrigan's car. The officers on the street jockey for new positions, firing as four of the Colombians make it through the door, the fifth cut down in a hail of bullets.

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

7
thru
12

OMITTED

7
thru
12

13 PREDATOR'S POV OF HARRIGAN

13

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

14 EXT. STREET - FIRE ZONE - DAY

14

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

LEONA

Mike, you okay?

HARRIGAN

Let's get the rest of 'em.

The sergeant joins them, out of breath.

SERGEANT

(panting)

Lou, just got an order from Chief Heinemann... 'Secure perimeter, surround building and wait.'

HARRIGAN

(pissed)

Wait? For what?

SERGEANT

Some bullshit special team. Feds, DEA, who knows...

(beat)

Christ I'm out of shape... this heat's killing me.

HARRIGAN

If we let them get dug in, we'll have to level the building to get 'em out.

15 INT. LOFT - COLOMBIAN'S HQ - DAY

15

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

The four Colombians, all wearing TATTOOS of SCORPIONS, are SHOUTING at each other in rapid-fire SPANISH as they break out a variety of HEAVY WEAPONS, an M-60 MACHINE GUN, M-203 GRENADE LAUNCHERS, AK-47's, H&K MP-5's and ASSAULT SHOTGUNS.

The Colombians are enraged, crazed as they jam clips into the weapons. From a pile of BULLET PROOF VESTS, one of the men begins to suit up. This is going to be a fight to the death.

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

EL SCORPIO

(screaming)

Come and get it, putos! El Scorpio
is ready!!!

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

16 EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

16

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

HARRIGAN

(quizzically)

What the... Sarge, any of your
people in the building?

SERGEANT

(puzzled)

No.

HARRIGAN

Let's go.

Danny and Leona are at his side, weapons ready.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

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

HARRIGAN
Well, Heinemann can kiss my sweet
ass.

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

SERGEANT
God damn-it, go with him!

The two officers charge after the three detectives.

17 INT. WAREHOUSE - LANDING - TOP FLOOR - DAY

17

Dark, narrow corridors, blistered green paint clinging to concrete walls, stained and threadbare carpeting.

Harrigan, Leona, Danny and the two officers, cautiously make their way up the stairs and onto the landing, weapons drawn, alert for any sound, faces dripping sweat.

Harrigan, again the intense, highly tuned warrior, senses the air for some clue, some movement. He turns to Danny, their eyes meeting, Danny's asking, 'Where?'

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

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

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

Oblivious to the danger, Harrigan chases after him, shouting to the others.

HARRIGAN

Take the room!

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

OFFICER

Officer down, fifth floor. We need backup.

18 EXT. WAREHOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

18

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

19 PREDATOR'S POV OF MADMAN

19

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

20 RETURN TO SCENE

20

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

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

HARRIGAN

Drop it! It's over!

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

MADMAN

No! Get away!

(CONTINUED)

- 20 CONTINUED: 20
- He swings his weapons up...
- In a heartbeat, Harrigan FIRES, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, the hot-load, softnose .45 caliber slugs hammering into the man's body armour... carrying him backwards, three steps at a time, the entire seven shots fired, until he hits the edge... a flash of crazed eyes as the madman rolls over the top and...
- 21 EXT. STREET BELOW - FRUIT DISPLAY - DAY 21
- slams face down through the canopy, a fatal belly-flop, dead-center into the mound of fruit.
- 22 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY 22
- Harrigan looks over the edge of the building, at the spread-eagled splatter below him. He slams another CLIP into the .45 with a powerful thrust. Harrigan looks up at the sun.
- HARRIGAN
Damn, it's hot.
- Suddenly he senses something behind him, a movement, a sound... Instantly he spins, releasing the slide on the .45, going into a crouch, eyes wide, finger closing on the trigger. Harrigan stares through the HEAT-WAVES, shimmering off the roof in the blistering sun. He blinks, squinting, seeing nothing but the elevator housing, cables, fence, no sign of any human...
- 23 PREDATOR'S POV OF HARRIGAN 23
- snapping IN-CLOSE to the huge .45, pointed directly at him. He senses that even though this hunter can't see him, his instincts will cause him to fire the weapon if he moves an inch.
- 24 RETURN TO SCENE 24
- Harrigan, scanning the roof, dismisses the feeling to nerves. He lowers the .45, starting for the stairway.
- 25 PREDATOR'S POV OF HARRIGAN 25
- Now moving towards him at an oblique angle. The Predator moves forward, preparing to jump.

26 RETURN TO SCENE

26

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

DANNY

Mike, you okay?

HARRIGAN

Yeah, fine.

(to the officers)

Search the roof, work your way down... Check every floor. There may be someone else. Seal it off, no one leaves.

(to Danny)

Come on.

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

27 INT. ARMORY LOFT - DAY

27

Harrigan and Danny standing in the half-light shadow of the partially open door, Harrigan's face grim and frozen as he takes in the horrific scene before him.

HARRIGAN

(under his breath)

Ah, Christ.

As he swings the door open, stepping into the room, we SEE that the room is literally bathed in blood, the brick walls pock-marked and scared from hundreds of machine-gun rounds.

Four BODIES, in various positions around the room are briefly noted. A uniformed COP is standing guard beside the door, trying hard to ignore the scene. Danny moves inside, past Harrigan.

Harrigan sees Leona, weapon at her side, staring at a BODY on the floor. At the other end of the room, Danny is moving slowly, studying the walls, the floors, searching for clues.

Harrigan moves alongside Leona, unprepared for what he finds: one of the Colombians, blood-stained face barely recognizable, on his back, his body cavity erupted outward in a horrible rent, the edges fused and cauterized by the Predator's laser.

Leona looks up, face in shock.

LEONA

Did you get him?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

HARRIGAN

He's out front, checking out the produce.

(quietly)

What the hell is this?

LEONA

(stunned)

They've been cut to pieces. But who?

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

HARRIGAN

Maybe somebody was waiting for them.

LEONA

A hit. The Jamaicans?

HARRIGAN

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

Harrigan turns to the cop at the door.

HARRIGAN

Nobody gets in here until Forensics arrives... nobody.

(to everyone)

Okay, people, you know the drill. Field strip the room. I want the crime scene sketch done in coordinates, lines from every bullet hit, piece of glass, body, everything.

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

A single drop of BLOOD splatters into the pool... a slight WHISPER of SOUND from above... Danny wheeling, weapon raised...

Against the grimy skylight, twenty feet above, a furtive MOVEMENT, nearly hallucinogenic, the glass and wall moving, then, stillness. Danny's eyes come to rest on the BODY, stripped of clothing, hung upside down, the Achilles tendon pierced by the skylight handle.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

Danny backs into the doorway.

DANNY
(urgent)
Mike. Back here.

Harrigan appears in the doorway, seeing the blood, following Danny's gaze to the body. Danny, using a BROOMSTICK, reaches upward, pivoting the body towards them, the same gaping chest wound.

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

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

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

Harrigan pushes past the cop.

HARRIGAN
Son-of-a-bitch.

Harrigan exits, followed by Leona and Danny.

28 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

28

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

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

HARRIGAN
I want a name on this joker.

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

29 PREDATOR'S POV - ROOFTOP - DAY

29

Focused on Harrigan as he strides across the street towards the cluster of HEAT-FORMS. His vision LOCK-STEPS into CLOSE-UP, Harrigan's face glowing bright red.

30 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

30

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

HARRIGAN

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

HEINEMANN

Save the attitude for someone who gives a shit, Harrigan.

(gestures)

You disobeyed a direct order to stay out of that building. Why?

Harrigan takes a step forward.

HARRIGAN

(conspiratorially)

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

HEINEMANN

(seething)

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

31 PREDATOR'S POV OF THE SCENE

31

watching as Harrigan, like a caged animal, suddenly lunges forward, his finger stabbing at Heinemann's chest. Now snapping in TIGHT, analyzing Harrigan's speech, sensing the anger, the power of his voice.

HARRIGAN

(filtered)

I got a slaughter up there...

32 RETURN TO SCENE

32

As the bodyguard/driver rushes in, restraining Harrigan.

BODYGUARD
For Christ sakes, Mike. Come on.

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

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

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

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

Harrigan looks away from the helicopter, SEEING a team of SEVEN MEN, dressed in suits, a la FBI, carrying heavy SUITCASES, entering the building. Harrigan turns back to the Chief.

HARRIGAN
What the hell is this Heinemann?

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

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

Heinemann enters the car, which speeds off, passing a black SEDAN, parked midway down the street.

33
thru 34
OMITTED

33
thru 34

35 EXT. SEDAN - DAY

35

Through a partially open window, we SEE a hand remove a CELLULAR PHONE from it's cradle, punching in a number. As the phone is raised, we see a brief profile of a MAN we will later know as PETER KEYES.

36 EXT. METRO STATION - DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

36

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

The steps to the station house are swarming with every description of CRIMINAL, HOOKER, PIMP, and their LEGAL REPRESENTATIVES.

Nearby, an open FIRE HYDRANT gushes a torrent of water into the street as a gang of KIDS takes turns, leaping into the stream on INNER TUBES, shooting them into the street.

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

37 INT. PRECINCT-HOUSE - DAY

37

CLOSE-ON a bulletin board containing a 1995 CALENDER, WANTED POSTERS, retirement NOTICES, and a large, departmental POSTER reading: BE SAFE -- WEAR YOUR ARMOUR, beneath which someone has written in marks-a-lot: "THE ASS YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN."

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

38 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

38

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

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

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

Passing by several desks we HEAR snippets of conversation:

COP ON PHONE

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

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

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

DETECTIVE
(bored)
Straight, gay, or ambidextrous?

At another desk, a line of HOOKERS talk shop, waiting to have their pictures taken and hands stamped before being released.

At a DESK near the captain's office, a YOUNG MAN, TONY D'ANGELO, is draped over the edge, trying to make time with an attractive FEMALE OFFICER, attempting to write a report. Though young and a bit cocky, the man seems confident, street-wise, tough. He pulls the paper from her typewriter, folding it into a HAND PUPPET. He moves the puppet close to her.

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

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

Tony spots Harrigan approaching and jumps to his feet.

TONY
Lieutenant Harrigan. Tony D' Angelo,
Rampart Division. I'm sure Captain
Vance must have talked to you about
me...

Harrigan brushes him aside.

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

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

39 INT. CAPTAIN PILGRIM'S OFFICE - DAY

39

CAPTAIN B. PILGRIM, early 50's, thick of limb, heavy paunch, an old bulldog veteran of the streets, is draped over his window AIR-CONDITIONING UNIT, suffering miserably in the heat. An ELECTRIC FAN on the desk cools him from behind. Without turning, Pilgrim begins his lecture.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

PILGRIM

(fuming)

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

He turns, face red, dripping sweat, huge stains under his arms.

PILGRIM

(continuing)

As much as it's going to burn your ass, you're going to have to play the game on this one.

(beat)

It's coming right from the top.

He picks up a MEMO from his desk, snapping it with his hand.

PILGRIM

(continuing)

'Effective immediately, a Federal task force, under the direction of Special Agent Peter Keyes, will be investigating criminal activities involving the trafficking and distribution of controlled substances'...

(beat)

I don't like being told how to run my shop anymore than you do, Mike, but the Feds are callin' the shots.

(gestures)

Don't put me in the middle of this. I'm two years short and can't afford to lose you. Even if you treat patrol cars like they were overhead. That's three this month.

HARRIGAN

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

Pilgrim sits down, turning the fan into his face.

PILGRIM

Don't interrupt me. By the way, you've got a shooting board inquest tomorrow at o-nine-hundred. But our guys are gonna pull through. Hell of a job, Mike.

(sigh)

Now, what can I do for you?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

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

HARRIGAN

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

PILGRIM

Yeah, yeah, I'll be there. By the way, you bringing anybody?

Harrigan is hard pressed for an answer.

HARRIGAN

Na, I didn't have time...

PILGRIM

Mike, get out, find somebody nice. Make the Job your wife, you wake up one day and find out you've married a whore.

HARRIGAN

I've been to bat twice, struck out both times. At least with a whore you know what to expect. I get by all right. See you tonight.

He is about to reach for the door when it swings open.

Harrigan turns, coming face to face with PETER KEYES, tall, studious-looking but tough, early forties, hair slightly graying, wearing a suit and tie -- a consummate Fed.

But there is something else, something distinctly dangerous about this man. The two men appraise each other.

PILGRIM

Lieutenant Mike Harrigan, Special Agent Peter Keyes, DEA.

KEYES

(cool)

I caught part of your performance this afternoon, Lieutenant, very impressive...

(beat)

... despite the jurisdictional misunderstanding.

(looks at Pilgrim)

Which I'm certain won't happen again.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

An uncomfortable SILENCE.

PILGRIM

I've briefed the lieutenant, Mr.
Keyes. I'm sure you can expect his
full cooperation.

Harrigan looks from Pilgrim to Keyes. He smiles.

HARRIGAN

My middle name.

39A INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

39A

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

TONY

Lieutenant, I'm the new transfer...

HARRIGAN

Like I said, kid, have a seat.

TONY

(backing off)

Okay...

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

HARRIGAN

Leona, get in touch with some of your
friends in narcotics at Parker
Center. See who these feds are
working with. I'm not going to stand
by and let the feds grandstand a
bunch of arrests, not after we've
spent a year puttin' this all
together. We're too close.

LEONA

You got it, Lou. Just as soon as
I finish this report. By the way,
who's Mr. Wonderful?

He looks back at Tony, again making time with the officer.

HARRIGAN

Your new partner.

(CONTINUED)

39A CONTINUED:

39A

LEONA

(groans)

Great, I waited three weeks for that?
Thanks.

HARRIGAN

We take what we can get, babe. I'm
sure you can handle him.

40 INT. HARRIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

40

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

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

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

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

HARRIGAN

Only thing I get from this is wind
burn.

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

HARRIGAN

Danny Boy, what happened up there?

DANNY

Those guys were only in there five
minutes before they got hammered.
Not one of 'em with a bullet wound.
Whoever did it wasn't after drugs
or money, there was a ton of it.
You tell me.

HARRIGAN

(reflecting)

Remember that martial arts psycho
few years back. In that bar on South
Main?

DANNY

(remembering)

You think one man did all that?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

HARRIGAN

He killed eight people with his bare hands before we could take him down.

(beat)

I think we've got somebody with that degree of skill, maybe better, knife, sword specialist.

DANNY

A hit?

HARRIGAN

(shakes his head)

A pro would have split when he heard the action. Any more than one man, we would have seen them. This guy waited until the last minute, took out four men armed with machine guns by hand and then got by us. The son-of-a-bitch was right there. We missed him by seconds.

(beat)

We've got a very skilled psycho out there, bent on revenge or proving himself.

DANNY

Some ninja stud with an attitude?

HARRIGAN

Yeah, and I don't think we've seen the last of him.

DANNY

Maybe we should put him on the payroll.

HARRIGAN

These are my streets. No vigilante fuck is going to do my job. What if he decides to get a hard-on for cops? I want this guy, Danny Boy. This is a bad one.

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

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

DANNY

I'll see what I can nose up. So we got a replacement for Leona's partner. Anthony D' Angelo, Billy The Kid of Rampart Station.

HARRIGAN

I know the story. First week on the streets he walks into four heavies takin' down a bank. Kid takes 'em all out, gets a commendation from the Mayor herself.

DANNY

Been an ass-kicker ever since. Stand-out arrest record, but got his own style and Vance is an old-time Captain. Couldn't sign the papers fast enough -- kid actually requested to come down here.

HARRIGAN

Which means he's either an idiot or somebody we can use. How's Leona gonna take it?

DANNY

(puzzled)

Well, so far they seem to be hittin' it off. Would'a figured she'd have his lunch money by now.

40A INT. SQUAD ROOM - TERMINAL STATION - DAY

40A

Leona, arms folded, is intently listening as Tony regales her with a war story, designed to impress his new partner.

TONY

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

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

(CONTINUED)

40A CONTINUED:

40A

LEONA
(pleasant)
That's funny.
(beat)
You know, I've heard a lot about
you...

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

LEONA
(mean)
... like your last three partners
got shot. You try that cowboy shit
with me, fucker, I'll blow your ass
away... got it?

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

DANNY
Well, I see you two have met. D'
Angelo, if you're up to it, why don't
you limp on in and see the
Lieutenant.

40B INT. HARRIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

40B

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

TONY
Is it her time of the month, or what?

HARRIGAN
No kid, she's just tellin' you how
it is. You got a gunslinger
reputation and that makes people
nervous, especially your partner.
This ain't Beverly Hills, kid.
You're in the shit here. The
war-zone. We got a gross of
homicides a month here...

TONY
(impatient)
Lieutenant, I know what I'm gettin'
into. I requested this transfer.
Had to bust my ass to get here.

(CONTINUED)

40B CONTINUED:

40B

Harrigan gets up from his chair, moving around to face Tony.
He sits on the desk.

HARRIGAN

Don't get me wrong, kid. We need
cops like you, young, tough, smart,
but we survive in this jungle because
we're a team. Your partner is your
right hand -- there can never be any
doubts. You have to know what to
expect.

(beat)

Don't worry about Leona, she's the
best. She'll be there for you, we
all will. Just make sure the door
swings both ways.

He offers his hand. They shake.

HARRIGAN

Now go back out there and get
acquainted with your new partner.
She'll fill you in on how it works
around here. Welcome to the war,
kid.

41 EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND - CENTRAL PARK - LATE AFTERNOON 41

A small alcove, nestled into the bushes and trees, containing
a SLIDE, JUNGLE GYM, TEETER-TOTTER, and SWINGS -- at the
moment, the imaginary battlefield of an 8-YEAR-OLD warrior,
the sole occupant of the park. Nearby, his AU PAIR sits
engrossed in a Gothic romance novel.

Armed with a toy ASSAULT RIFLE, the boy runs up the ladder to
the slide, pausing to dispatch a dozen bad guys. He leaps
onto the slide, hits the sand, coming up firing, running.
Suddenly the boy senses something, spinning, training his gun
on the bushes, a move similar to Harrigan's on the roof.
Slowly his eyes travel up, wide with growing wonder as he
reaches the top, staring awestruck, directly into the
camouflaged presence of the Predator, staring back at him.
The Predator's head moves slightly to one side, examining...

42 PREDATOR'S POV OF THE BOY

42

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

43 RETURN TO SCENE

43

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

The boy, mesmerized, HEARS a slight TRILL from the Predator, the bushes distorting and rippling as the Predator disappears. The boy slowly reaches out, touching the leaves, pushing on them. Suddenly he turns, running as fast as he can towards his au pair.

43A INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - BUNKER HILL - LATE AFTERNOON

43A

Multi-leveled, garishly opulent, befitting the taste of a Colombian cocaine lord.

In the dim light we see a COUPLE in bed, making love, their bodies covered by a sweat-soaked sheet. SALSA MUSIC plays softly in the background.

From outside we HEAR a muffled SOUND, a dull thud against the floor. Instantly the man, RAMON VEGA, Colombian, muscular, intense face, piercing eyes, pushes away from the girl, his senses attuned to the sound from the foyer. The GIRL, 19, Latin, drop dead beautiful, pleads for Ramon to continue but Ramon lunges across the bed, reaching for an AUTOMATIC PISTOL on the nightstand.

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

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

Gold Tooth reaches out to the girl, cowering in the bed, wrapped in the sheet. He grabs her, pulling her towards the end of the bed, looking down at her terrified face. He places the razor, flat against her cheek, looking up at Ramon.

Ramon's eyes plead 'no, as Gold Tooth stares into his eyes. Suddenly Gold Tooth jerks his hand across the girl's face.

OMIT (44)

45 INT. ART GALLERY - FLOWER AVE DISTRICT - NIGHT

45

We MOVE THROUGH the darkened lush, art-deco lobby, where in the dim light we SEE: oversized POSTERS, announcing the "FIRST AMERICAN SHOWING -- SALVADORI ANDOLINI -- A RETROSPECT IN BRONZE AND STONE -- 1974-1994." We PUSH THROUGH the massive doorway into the main gallery...

A converted industrial manufacturing building, retrofitted as a high-tech gallery, the exposed rafters still in evidence. We continue to move through the weird, shadow-forms of towering STONE and BRONZE SCULPTINGS, towards one darkened end of the building, where we SEE eerie SHAPES dancing on a wall, cast from some flickering light source behind an alcove. As we GROW CLOSER, we see the shadow-form of a MAN'S BODY, hanging by his feet.

46 INT. THE ALCOVE - NIGHT

46

TIGHT ON the terrified, sweating face of a blindfolded Ramon Vega, strange lights flickering upward onto his face. Around him, in an eight foot diameter, COFFEE CANS containing burning CANDLES, illuminate the scene.

A DARK FORM slides a dented, galvanized BUCKET next to the Colombian's head, followed by a one gallon PICKLE JAR, the lid quickly unscrewed.

MOVING UP rapidly to Ramon's chest, huge HANDS use a BLOODIED CHICKEN'S FOOT to paint a strange symbol on the bared skin.

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

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

A long, wicked-looking CANE KNIFE is whipped from its scabbard, the razor-sharp edge glistening in the candlelight.

The Colombian begins to plead for his life, his macho countenance betrayed by his trembling voice.

RAMON

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

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

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

GOLD TOOTH

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

Another Jamaican VOICE from the shadows.

JAMAICAN

(laughing)

Dat's dread, mon, dat's dread.

GOLD TOOTH

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

(holds up pickle jar)

He wants your soul. He walks in the
shadow-land...

(beat)

Voodoo-magic...

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

GOLD TOOTH

But it don't mean shit to me, mon, it's
all the same.

(beat)

I'll tell you what I believe...

47 PREDATOR'S POV CLOSE ON GOLD TOOTH

47

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

GOLD TOOTH

(whispering; filtered)

'Shit happens.' Dat's what I say,
'Shit happens, mon.'

Gold Tooth LAUGHS, chilling, terrifying.

48 RETURN TO SCENE

48

The Colombian, now surrounded by the Jamaicans, begins to
tremble and struggle uncontrollably as Gold Tooth places the
knife to his chest. As he does...

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

48 CONTINUED:

48

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the twin KNIFE BLADES flash into view...

49 PREDATOR'S POV OF GOLD TOOTH

49

in JUMP CUTS as we move in on Gold Tooth's face...

OMIT (50-51)

52 EXT ART GALLERY - NIGHT

52

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

A dark-colored CARGO VAN, dented and rusted, several antenna on top, is parked nearby, the side door open, POPE frantically attaching a lens to a CAMERA. The inside of the van is cluttered with CAMERA EQUIPMENT, CLOTHING, SLEEPING BAG and a RACK containing several POLICE SCANNERS.

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

52A INT. TONY AND LEONA'S CAR - NIGHT

52A

As they pull to a stop, they SEE Pope, laden down with EQUIPMENT, scuttling across the street towards Harrigan.

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

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

TONY
I'll handle it, partner. P.R.'s my
specialty.

LEONA
Kid, is there anything that isn't
your specialty?

As Leona exits and heads towards Danny and Harrigan, Tony heads for Pope.

52B EXT. STREET - TONY AND POPE - NIGHT

52B

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

TONY
Jerry, my man!

POPE
Who the hell are you?

(CONTINUED)

52B CONTINUED:

52B

TONY

Your biggest fan, Jerry. Listen, I loved that piece you did about the woman exploding her poodle in the microwave. Say, did that really happen?

They reach the van.

TONY

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

(laughs; crazy)

Why hell, they'd just as soon shoot your ass. If I were you, Jer, I'd go root for some garbage somewhere else. Know what I mean? I know you do.

(beat)

Jerry, don't disappoint me.

He turns and walks before Pope can respond.

52C EXT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

52C

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

PATROLMAN

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

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

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)

(filtered)

All units responding San Pedro and 5th Avenue, be advised Federal officers will handle investigation. All units block off area between Flower and 6th Avenues. Do not enter premises, Federal officers will handle.

Harrigan looks at Danny, then to the officers.

HARRIGAN

You didn't hear that.

(CONTINUED)

52C CONTINUED:

52C

PATROLMAN
You're the boss.

HARRIGAN
Let's go.

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

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

53 INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

53

The powerful BEAM of the flashlight sweeps through the building, playing across walls rent with bullet hits, and on the floor, amid the trash and debris of ruined sculptures, hundreds of spent CASINGS along with HANDGUNS, SHOTGUNS, and AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

HARRIGAN
(grimly)
Look familiar?

DANNY
(uneasy)
Where the hell are they?

As if in response, Harrigan's flashlight moves to his right, illuminating the grizzly sight of a MAN'S FACE, a mere two feet away, hanging upside down, stripped of skin.

Tony jumps, crossing himself automatically.

TONY
Jesus H. Christ...

Grimacing, Harrigan moves the light forward, another BODY, hanging from the rafters, and a few feet further, another BODY, in all, five BODIES, all skinned, hanging from the rafters, in a row, as if in a meat locker.

Harrigan, Leona and Tony stare mesmerized at the incredible sight. From another part of the room, Danny calls out.

DANNY
Lieutenant, over here.

Harrigan moves towards the alcove. Turning the corner he finds Danny, training his pocket FLASHLIGHT on a dark FORM, sitting on the floor, against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

Harrigan's light plays across the scattered coffee cans and candles, coming to rest on the Colombian's face, eyes unresponsive to the light, catatonic. Harrigan plays the light down the man's body, ceremonial markings, to the feet, still tied with rope, a one-foot section remaining.

HARRIGAN

I know this hump. Ramon Vega, the crack-king. Controls one of the biggest operations in lower East LA. Hundred keys a week.

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

HARRIGAN

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

Over his shoulder, Leona appears, studying the Colombian.

LEONA

That mark. Jamaican voodoo. They were going to take his heart. Terror tactics. Use it to scare shit out of their enemies.

(beat)

King Willie.

TONY

Who?

DANNY

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

Harrigan turns his flashlight on the Colombian's face, eyes staring upward, into the rafters.

TONY

If the Colombians did all this, why'd they leave this fuck?

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

HARRIGAN

It wasn't the Colombians.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

DANNY
Your marshall arts psycho?

HARRIGAN
Yeah, and he's upping his average.
He took six this time.

DANNY
Still think this is all for revenge?

54 PREDATOR'S POV - CLOSE ON HARRIGAN - NIGHT

54

Seen from above, high in the rafters, slowly moving, tracking.

HARRIGAN
(filtered)
The motive's there, just got to dig
a little deeper.

The Predator follows Harrigan's movements, Harrigan stopping
to shine his light on something.

55 RETURN TO SCENE

55

TONY
(spooked)
Ask me, dude's got a real fuckin'
bad attitude.

Harrigan is examining a two inch SLASH, cut through the edge
of a support beam, cleaner than a saw cut.

HARRIGAN
(reflecting)
More than just an attitude, kid.

Following the trajectory of the slash, Harrigan moves his
flashlight to a beam, several feet away. A faint glint of
something reflects in the light. Harrigan walks to the beam.

In CLOSE UP Harrigan finds the POINTED TIP of one of the
Predator's DARTS, buried deeply into the wood. Using a CASE
KNIFE, he begins to dig the dart from the wood.

DANNY (O.S.)
Make that seven.

Harrigan turns, SEEING that Danny's light is trained on a
CABLE SPOOL, a BODY draped over the center hub, partially
obscured by the outside rim. Danny leans in to examine the
body.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

DANNY
Missing his head...
(soberly)
Jesus, the whole God-damned spine.

Just then a powerful LIGHT centers on the group, the four starting as a VOICE calls out from the front of the warehouse. Harrigan puts away his knife, noting the location of the strange object, embedded in the wood.

VOICE (O.S.)
Lieutenant, Harrigan. I'd like a word with you. In private.

Harrigan turns as the light is lowered, a FIGURE standing by the doorway, illuminated by the beam's reflection from the floor. Behind the figure, backlit by powerful LIGHTS from outside, a TEAM of MEN, carrying SUITCASES, file past the figure and into the room.

The four walk forward, where the dark figure is standing.

TONY
(quietly)
Lou, you want backup with this creep?

HARRIGAN
Think I can handle it, kid.

Danny, Leona and Tony exit as powerful WORK LIGHTS are turned on in the room, revealing the face of the man, Peter Keyes.

KEYES
I thought we had an understanding, Lieutenant. This is getting to be annoying.

HARRIGAN
Skip the bullshit, Keyes, why am I being stopped from investigating crimes in my own precinct?

KEYES
Because that's the way I want it to be, Lieutenant. You're obstructing an important Federal investigation. This is twice you've crossed your department. And me.
(beat)
It's very simple, Harrigan -- this is none of your business, stay out of it. You cross me again, I'll have your badge. Count on it.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

KEYES (Cont'd)
(beat)
Do I make myself...

The suddenly FLASH of a strobe-light.

Keyes turns, SEEING Pope, who has somehow snuck into the building, preparing to take another shot.

KEYES
(angry; annoyed)
Get that man, take his camera.

Before Pope can run, he is surrounded by two AGENTS who quickly wrest the CAMERA from his hands.

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

One of the agents has opened the camera, removing the CASSETTE. He hands Pope back his camera, the two men hustling Pope towards the door. As he sees Harrigan, Pope struggles, halting the movement momentarily.

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

56 CLOSE ON POPE'S HAND

56

where we SEE he has palmed a tiny MINOX CAMERA. He squeezes the shutter, taking a grab shot.

57 RETURN TO SCENE

57

Pope allows himself to be pushed through the door, still protesting. Harrigan turns to Keyes.

HARRIGAN
He's right, Keyes, you can't keep this covered up for long.

They glare at each other and then Harrigan exits.

58 EXT. WAREHOUSE - STREET SCENE - NIGHT

58

Now teeming with activity, VEHICLES everywhere, CORONERS and ASSISTANTS waiting for instructions. At the unmarked car, Leona is talking to Danny and Tony. Harrigan walks up.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

They WATCH as the catatonic Colombian druglord is taken from the building on a stretcher, his eyes, even at this distance, cold, unseeing. Harrigan pulls Tony aside.

HARRIGAN

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

(beat)

These guys are good, don't get made.

TONY

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

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

HARRIGAN

(to Leona)

So, how's he doin'?

LEONA

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

(beat)

But the kid is good. What bothers me is I think I'm startin' to like the little putz.

HARRIGAN

Just don't go soft on me, okay?

(laugh)

You two score anything at Parker Center?

LEONA

Keyes and his merry men set up operations in the Tactical Wing. Off limits. Nobody knows shit, including the Chief. He's taking orders right from the Mayor's office.

(beat)

The stiffs from the armory are in the morgue but even the ME can't see 'em, and boy, is she pissed. Feds are bringing in their own people to do the work-ups.

HARRIGAN

Okay, good work. Not much more we can do tonight. Come on, I'll take you home.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

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

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

He steps away, Danny following.

HARRIGAN
We're going to have to play this real
cool. Feds are playing for keeps...
(beat)
These guys will be here for a good
four hours. I'm taking Leona by
Ray's. You stick around, stay out
of sight. See what goes on. I'll
meet you here at one o' clock. I
think we should take a closer look
at that room.

59
thru OMITTED
60

59
thru
60

61 PREDATOR'S POV

61

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

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

62 RETURN TO SCENE

62

Danny slips him a TWENTY.

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

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

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

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

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

62B INT. HOSPITAL ADMITTING DESK - NIGHT 62B

Tony is leaning across the desk, smiling, talking to an attractive nurse with a headset. She turns, checking the COMPUTER SCREEN. She turns back, shaking her head no. Tony thanks her, moving on, a puzzled look on his face.

62C INT. EMERGENCY WARD - NURSES STATION - NIGHT 62C

Tony is talking to the two paramedics, seen earlier, just about to go off duty. They explain something to him, pointing to the nurses station.

Tony moves to the nurses station. He talks to the nurse, asking her something. She turns to check something on her computer, Tony quickly flipping open the metal-covered ADMITTING FOLDER behind the desk. He scans the sheet, again, a disturbed look. He closes the file as the nurse turns around. He then asks another question, the nurse pointing to a DIAGRAM of the hospital, indicating to an exit on the other side of the hospital, maked AMBULATORY PICK UP.

Tony is suddenly running down the hall, dodging gurneys, patients and medical personnel..

62D INT. STAIRWELL - HOSPITAL - NIGHT 62D

Tony taking the stairs three at a time. He reaches a door, opening it.

62E EXT. AMBULATORY EXIT - NIGHT 62E

A circular driveway where patients are picked up in wheelchairs, etc. Tony whips through the stairwell dorrway, quickly scanning the area. Off to one side, he SEES a dark colored VAN, a STRETCHER being loaded into the back by two men. As the doors as closed, Tony recognizes the two as the orderlies who took the stretcher from the paramedics.

As the van pulls away, Tony realizes he's about to lose them, his car parked a block away.

(CONTINUED)

62E CONTINUED:

62E

He begins to run, catching up with the van. Running full out, he grabs the rain gutter on the back, hopping on the bumper, unseen by the drivers due to the darkened windows.

Tony rides the van halfway down the block where he jumps off, running towards his parked car.

63 EXT. RAY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

63

Occupying a corner location in a working-class neighborhood, a NEON SIGN flashing: RAY'S TAVERN, a darting ARROW indicating a basement entrance.

64 INT. RAY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

64

The official watering hole of Metro Division, dark wood, brass, mirrors, globe lights, walls filled with PHOTOGRAPHS of cops at ceremonial and athletic functions, PRECINCT BANNERS and police MEMORABILIA.

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

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

In the center of the melee is Leona, dancing with her HUSBAND, early 30's, ruggedly handsome, hipply dressed, earring. As we GO IN, Leona stops dancing, collapsing into her husband.

LEONA

(exhausted)

Take me away from all this, I've had it. Gettin' too old.

HUSBAND

You usually dance my ass into the floor.

They begin to move off the dance floor.

LEONA

Yeah, well my ass is draggin', tonight. This heat's got me. Felt like hell all week.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

HUSBAND
You need a drink.

LEONA
Make it a club soda.

HUSBAND
(shocked)
Club soda?

A WOMAN OFFICER pushes into view, toasting Leona.

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

They LAUGH, embracing.

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

PILGRIM
I got no other choice, Mike, God damn it. Keyes is no one to fuck with. I'm taking you off the street. One more incident like tonight, it's both our asses.
(drinks)
Mike, I'm trying to save your job. If these drug fucks want to carve themselves up, let 'em, it's just less shit we've got to deal with.

HARRIGAN
That's just it, Captain, I don't think this is gang related at all. I think we've got some psycho-vigilante, out on his own with something to prove. But he's doin' it in my backyard and I don't like it. I want to nail 'em, Feds or no Feds.

PILGRIM
Mike, did you hear what I just said? You're out.
(beat)
I got to take a leak. You stay here, I'm not finished with you yet.

Pilgrim leaves, leaving Harrigan to contemplate the situation. He looks at his watch, still several hours until he meets Danny.

64A EXT. HELICOPTER LANDING PAD - NIGHT

64A

Low buildings in the b.g., situated at the base of some low bluffs, surrounded by a security fence and floodlights.

A black JET RANGER sits idling on the pad, a dark SEDAN and the van parked nearby. Two of Keyes' men are loading the stretcher, transversely, into the chopper.

64B EXT. BINOCULAR POV OF THE SCENE - NIGHT

64B

Seen from the bluffs above the pad. We SEE the doors to the chopper closed, the ship powering up. The men approach the sedan, where Keyes emerges. They hold a discussion, Keyes and one of the men reentering the sedan, the other running to drive the van away.

64C EXT. CUL DE SAC - RESIDENTIAL AREA - NIGHT

64C

On the bluffs above the pad. Tony is standing on the trunk of his car, binoculars in his hand. He watches as the chopper lifts off.

65 EXT. WAREHOUSE STREET - NIGHT

65

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

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

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

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

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

66 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

66

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

67 INT. RAY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

67

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

68 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

68

Danny is examining a section of beam where a two inch chunk of wood has been removed, the location of the Predator's dart.

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

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

The light comes to rest at a spot twenty feet down the beam, something GLITTERING in the light. Straining his eyes, Danny moves forward for a better look. Something METALLIC is hanging from a NAIL in the beam.

Finding a wall partially destroyed by gunfire, he tears away the sheetrock, exposing some of the studs and blocks.

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

Cautiously he makes his way to the location of the nail. Lowering himself carefully onto one knee, he reaches down, grasping something. He opens his hand, revealing a GOLD SCORPION, the one seen earlier on El Scorpio.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

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

In an instant the Predator's arm materializes, his hand slamming onto Danny's ankle, claws digging deep into his flesh. Terrorized, Danny reaches for his weapon, swinging it around. In the final seconds of his life, Danny SEES: The faint image of the Predator's helmet moving rapidly towards him...

DANNY
(terrified)
Mother of God...

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

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

Danny is pulled into the rafters.

69 INT. RAY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

69

Harrigan standing at the bar, glances at his watch, now reading: TWELVE FORTY-FIVE.

Tony appears, moving up to the bar, grinning.

HARRIGAN
Am I proud?

TONY
I was on 'em like white on rice.

HARRIGAN
What hospital?

TONY
That's just it. He never made it.
Feds were waiting, hustled him off
in a van to a chopper pad at JPL.

HARRIGAN
Black Jet Ranger, no markings?

TONY
The very one. Your pal Keyes was
there, running the show.

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

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

HARRIGAN

Good work, kid. Enjoy yourself.
I got something to do.

TONY

(eager)

You want me to go along?

HARRIGAN

No, kid. Stay here. See if you can
get lucky.

Tony looks out on the dance floor.

TONY

Luck is my specialty.

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

70 EXT. CORNICE OF OLD BUILDING - NIGHT

70

Twenty stories high, overlooking a section of LA. On the far
edge of the cornice, a stone GARGOYLE stands silent watch over
the city. In the distance, THUNDER begins to roll, heralding
a gathering electrical storm, sweeping in over the city.

From above, the Predator, in camouflage, something carried
over his shoulder, impacts the ledge, scurrying along its face
to the gargoyle. He leans out over the city.

71 PREDATOR'S POV OF THE STREET SCENE BELOW

71

The wild, glowing HEAT-TRAILS of the cars below, moving along
like some gigantic, electric snake, glowing fire.

72 RETURN TO SCENE

72

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

73 EXT. TOP OF BUILDING - NIGHT

73

The Predator vaults into view, running along the edge and with
a powerful leap...

74 PREDATOR'S POV

74

clears the distance, impacting the side of a neighboring building, moving rapidly up the side.

75 EXT. TOP OF FIFTY STORY BUILDING - NIGHT

75

Capped by a peaked, ornate copper roof, a towering LIGHTENING ROD extending into the night sky.

The Predator climbs into view, moving along the wide ledge. He stands, proud and dominate, surveying his hunting ground below. Suddenly he holds up his arms, in each hand the SKULL and VERTEBRAE of the gold toothed Jamaican and Danny.

As he SCREAMS out his cry of victory, the electrically charged atmosphere CRACKLES with energy, enveloping the Predator in the eerie GLOW of ST. ELMO'S FIRE, as a tremendous THUNDERBOLT strikes the lightning rod.

76 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

76

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

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

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

77 EXT. CEMETERY ROADWAY - DAY

77

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

POPE

Jerry Pope, live with 'Street Beat.'
A disquieting lull sweeps the city,
momentarily halting the raging
bloodbath. Behind it, the Vigilante
Werewolf Killer...

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

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

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

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

POPE

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

WHAM, Pope is knocked backwards by Pilgrim.

PILGRIM

(seething)

Get the fuck out of here!

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

PILGRIM

Mike, I'm sorry...

Harrigan turns, quiet rage burning in his eyes.

HARRIGAN

Let's get this over with.

Harrigan enters a patrol car, Pilgrim following.

78 EXT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

78

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the headquarters of the L.A.P.D.

OMIT (79)

80 INT. HEINEMANN'S OFFICE - DAY

80

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

HEINEMANN

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

PILGRIM

(interrupting)

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

HEINEMANN

You're out of line, Captain.

Heinemann closes the folder, handing it to the Dobermann.

HEINEMANN

Lieutenant, Harrigan, your cowboy-attitude towards department policy has finally caught up with you. Your flagrant and defiant disregard of departmental orders...

(voice rising)

... orders I personally gave to you and your commanding officer, has cost a fine and valiant detective his life.

(coldly)

I hold you responsible for this death, and I'm recommending to the Review Board your immediate termination. Until then, you are suspended from any and all duties as a Los Angeles Police officer.

Pilgrim steps forward.

PILGRIM

Chief, I think it only fair to say that Lieutenant...

HEINEMANN

I don't want to hear it, Captain. Obviously your precinct is in need of some serious reorganization and leadership. That's it.

(beat)

Harrigan, I'll take your shield and piece.

Harrigan removes a police issue .38 SPECIAL, placing it with his SHIELD on Heinemann's desk.

81 INT. HALLWAY - PARKER CENTER - DAY

81

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

PILGRIM

(seething)

That ass-kissing little
son-of-a-bitch doesn't talk to me
like that.

HARRIGAN

Forget it, Captain. It doesn't
matter anymore.

PILGRIM

It's a police issue now. The Feds
can't keep us out. I'm getting
temporary transfers from three
divisions and we're going to tear
this city apart. We'll find Danny's
killer.

HARRIGAN

(exploding)

No! I'll find Danny's killer. Danny
and I came up together. Fifteen
years on the fucking streets.
Whoever killed him is going to pay.

PILGRIM

I'm giving you an order, Mike. Stay
out of this...

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

HARRIGAN

I don't take orders anymore,
remember.

The door closes.

82 INT. LOBBY - PARKER CENTER - DAY

82

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

HARRIGAN

I'm going to finish this, Captain.
Nobody's going to stop me.

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

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

PILGRIM
(to himself)
Well, when you find the
son-of-a-bitch, shoot him once for
me.

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

HARRIGAN
(menacing)
Listen, shit-head, you haven't seen
the last of me, not by a long shot.
I don't know what you're up to, but
this DEA cover story is bullshit.
You're here for one reason. Your
connection with this psycho bastard
doesn't matter. Because now it's
personal, and he's a dead man.

KEYES
(voice rising)
You have no idea what you're dealing
with. I'm warning you...

Harrigan slams him against the wall.

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

Before Keyes can react, Harrigan has released him and is gone. A look of anger flushes over Keyes' face.

As Harrigan walks through the lobby, his attention goes to a alcove NEWSSTAND by the front door. He stops, studying the headlines on several TABLOID NEWSPAPERS: WEREWOLF KILLER STALKS LA. A second reads: CITY PARALYZED WITH FEAR -- WHO'S NEXT? And a third: L.A.P.D. HELPLESS AS RITUAL KILLER RULES STREETS. On every paper, the same grizzly GRAB-SHOT of the hanging bodies, taken by Pope at the warehouse.

83
thru 85

OMITTED

83
thru 85

86 EXT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

86

As Harrigan descends the stairway he SEES, Leona and Tony, leaning against a SQUAD CAR, parked at curbside.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

Harrigan hesitates and then moves forward.

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

He moves past them, down the sidewalk. Leona explodes, running after him. She stops him, spinning him around.

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

Tony appears from the side.

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

LEONA
The kid's right. You need us, Mike.

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

HARRIGAN
(quietly)
All right. But we do it my way.
(beat)
This has got to be some kind of
payback killings. This guy is
killing drug pushers, not just any
pushers but big time, the heavies.

TONY
But what about Danny?

HARRIGAN
Danny got too close.

He pulls from his pocket the gold scorpion first seen on El Scorpio. He holds it out.

HARRIGAN
I had to pry this from Danny's hand.

LEONA
El Scorpio. The first killings.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

86

HARRIGAN

Danny must have been on to something.

(beat)

Leona, we're holding Desmond Bishop,
King Willie's big man in South
Central. Tell him I can make certain
evidence disappear if Willie will
meet with me, personally.

LEONA

But why?

HARRIGAN

If these killings are revenge
motivated, the man who knows why is
Willie.

(beat)

In the meantime, I'm going to see
what Danny's autopsy can tell us.
I'm meeting with the ME tonight at
the morgue.

TONY

Sato, the chief ghoulless. That place
gives me the creeps.

HARRIGAN

She's a brilliant scientist, kid.
Solved more latent crimes than the
whole department put together.

(beat)

Leona, set this thing with Willie.

(to Tony)

You come with me.

87 INT. FORENSICS PATHOLOGY LAB - CITY MORGUE - NIGHT

87

CLOSE ON MIYOKO SATO, M.D., Chief Pathologist and Medical
Examiner, City of LA. Early, 40's, oriental, highly
intelligent face, plain features, nearly androgynous. A
devoted scientist, Sato has dedicated her life to forensic
medicine.

As she pushes through a set of double doors, we PULL BACK,
finding ourselves in the main pathology lab, MOVING past rows
of marble-slab TABLES and overhead MICROPHONES, shelves and
tables filled with stainless-steel DISSECTING PANS, SCALES,
SPECIMEN JARS, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, BONE SAWS, DRILLS, and
other items used in the grisly dissection of human corpses.

Sato glances at a WALL CLOCK, reading: 8:30. Moving on she
arrives at a set of doors marked FIRE EXIT, a sign on the
push-bar reading: EMERGENCY EXIT ONLY, ALARM WILL SOUND.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

Light from an outside source spills under the doorway, a SHADOW crossing over the light. Sato pushes on the bar, a shrill HORN SOUNDING as she swings open the door, Harrigan and Tony stepping inside from a stairwell. Sato closes the door, shutting OFF the alarm.

Sato looks at Tony, quizzically.

SATO

You said you were coming alone.

HARRIGAN

Dr. Miyoko Sato, meet Tony D' Angelo, one of your biggest fans. He loves blood.

(to Tony)

Pay attention, kid, you might learn something.

Sato looks at Tony clinically.

SATO

Don't touch anything.

TONY

Don't worry.

OMIT (88)

89 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

89

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

SATO

Death was the result of a massive intrusion of the chest cavity by an edged weapon, which nearly cleaved the heart in two. Death was instantaneous. The officer fell approximately 30 feet to the floor indicated by the massive hematomas and fractures to the left side of the body.

(beat)

The killer then removed the vertebral column and skull from the body.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

SATO (Cont'd)

The muscles, ligaments and cartilage, attaching the spine to the rib cage, were severed all in one massive stroke, better than any surgical instrument could have.

(beat)

I've never seen anything like it.

HARRIGAN

What kind of weapon?

SATO

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

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

On a VIDEO SCREEN, the IMAGE switches through several fields of magnification, ending on the CELLULAR STRUCTURE of a bone sample, a light glaze of gray-black substance, partially obscuring one side of the cell-wall.

SATO

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

TONY

Like the metallic traces left by a bullet?

SATO

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

Sato throws a switch, the IMAGE now represented as a COLOR BAND GRAPH, corresponding to atomic weights.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

SATO
(continuing)
What you're seeing is not oil, but
metal.

TONY
Like mercury?

SATO
Wrong atomic weight. This material
doesn't correspond to anything on
the Periodic Table.

HARRIGAN
Doc, what about the other victims,
anything there?

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

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

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

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

Harrigan and Tony exit.

90 EXT. HOSPITAL SIDE STREET - NIGHT

90

Harrigan and Tony emerge from the morgue, standing in the
light of a street lamp. Harrigan opens his hand, the gold
scorpion, suspended on its chain, turning, flashing in the
light.

HARRIGAN
This is what took Danny into the
rafters. He died for it.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

TONY
(revelation)
Jesus, it was a set-up. He was there
waiting for him.
(beat)
It's like a fucking game with this
guy.

Harrigan turns, looking at Tony.

HARRIGAN
It's beginning to look that way, kid.

91 PREDATOR'S POV OF HARRIGAN AND TONY

91

From the roofline of a nearby building or tree. The Predator moves forward and down, keeping Harrigan and Tony locked in his sight. His vision LOCK-STEPS into CLOSE-UP on the flashing medal, a low TRILL sounding from the Predator.

92 RETURN TO SCENE

92

Harrigan and Tony move down the street, approaching a darkened corner. Suddenly, from the shadows, a FORM moves, Tony yanked from his feet, Harrigan spinning, too late, a flash of steel...

as a fist wearing BRASS KNUCKLES, slams into Harrigan's solar plexus, doubling him over.

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

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

93 PREDATOR'S POV OF THE SCENE

93

with unearthly speed, the Predator leaps to the ground, racing along the street, over cars, leaping fences into trees, pulling alongside the car, keeping pace with it, the HEAT-IMAGES of the humans inside GLOWING as they move and talk.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

As the car makes a left turn on a YELLOW LIGHT, the traffic halting, the Predator leaps, bounding onto the roofs of three CARS, parked abreast at the light.

94 A SERIES OF SHOTS:

94

1) The Predator's camouflaged body impacting the roofs, the metal buckling.

2) The reactions of TEEN-AGERS on a joy ride; LIMO CHAUFFEUR; and of-town COUPLE as their headliners collapse a good foot with the Predator's weight.

3) The limo driver tearing out of his cab to see nothing but three dented roofs. As if Job looking to the heavens for an explanation he cries:

CAB DRIVER

Come on!

95 PREDATOR'S POV - OF THE CAR - LATER

95

As it slows to a stop, the Predator moving into the trees, watching.

96 INT. JAMAICAN CADILLAC - NIGHT

96

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

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

HARRIGAN

Trying to cut down, huh?

The Jamaican looks at him, exhaling a blinding cloud of smoke as the car draws to a halt. The back door is opened, revealing a long, box-canyon dead end of an alley.

The Jamaican to Harrigan's left emerges, motioning for Harrigan to get out. As the Jamaican reenters the car, Harrigan leans down, and in his best Dirty Harry imitation...

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

HARRIGAN

You know, I don't like Reggae...

A long silence from the car, yellow eyes and dreadlocks turning.

HARRIGAN

(a la the song)

... I love it.

A further moment of silence and then a VOICE from the front seat.

JAMAICAN (O.S.)

Dat's dread, mon.

The Jamaicans LAUGH as the car pulls away, leaving Harrigan to stare down the darkened alley, a dim LAMP over a doorway near the end, beckoning. Harrigan cautiously enters the alley way and then stops, eyes roaming up the walls to the top of the buildings. He senses something, but then shakes it off, moving forward.

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

KING WILLIE (O.S.)

(rumbling; chilling)

They say you want to talk to me.
That you're offering me favors. Tell
me why, Mr. Policeman?

HARRIGAN

I want some information.

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

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

KING WILLIE

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

HARRIGAN

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

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

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

Harrigan considers this rap for a moment.

HARRIGAN
(irritated)
What the fuck are you talkin' about?

KING WILLIE
The spirit world, mon.

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

KING WILLIE
You see, always the same.
(looks at Harrigan)
There's no stoppin' what can't be
stopped. You know what I'm sayin'
to you, mon? No killin' what can't
be killed.
(low; frightening laugh)
This thing be killin' your people
and mine is from the other side.
I feel him all around.
(beat)
There's no stoppin' this kind of
thing, mon. You can't see the eyes
of the demon 'till he come callin'.
Dis be dread, mon, real dread.

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

97 EXT. ALLEY WAY - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

97

Harrigan emerges onto the street, looking around him, as if disoriented. Harrigan's encounter with Willie has introduced a new element of doubt into his mind. He seems changed, disturbed.

HARRIGAN
Juju, dip-shit magic, my ass.
(looks around him)
Lived in this city all my life and
I don't know where the fuck I am.
(laughs)
And dat's dread, mon.

He walks down the street, into the night.

98 EXT. REAR OF ALLEY - NIGHT

98

An open BRIEFCASE containing a CELLULAR PHONE rests on a fruit crate, King Willie speaking into the handset.

KING WILLIE
... meet me at da corner.

Willie replaces the phone, closing the briefcase. From the space far above him he HEARS the sound of something MOVING on the top of the building. A small OBJECT falls, CLATTERING off the wall, hitting a TRASH CAN before rolling into the light: a fragment of BRICK and MORTAR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

99 INT. PREDATOR'S LAIR - NIGHT

99

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

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

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

In profile, we SEE a quick glimpse of the Predator's face, helmet now removed, pressing in close, examining his work. He fingers the dreadlocks, admiring them. A quick movement and he cuts away three of the locks.

100 CLOSE ON A METALLIC PANEL

100

which slides away with a HISS, revealing a BLOCK OF GEL-LIKE MATERIAL, into which are embedded two HUMAN SKULLS, their vertebrae attached, one of the trophies recognizable as Gold Tooth.

The Predator's hands press the newly processed trophy into the gel, pushing it inside, the gel flowing back to a smooth surface as the Predator removes his hands. A low, satisfying TRILL is HEARD from the Predator as the metal panel closes with a HISS.

101 INT. GRENADA CAFE - DAY

101

Streaks of warm sunshine flood through the dirty windows of a ten stool Mexican cafe in the downtown area, SIGNS in Spanish advertising breakfast and luncheon specials. A FRY COOK, punked and tattooed, a low-life drifter, makes half-hearted moves with his spatula, slapping the grizzly fare on the grill, his brain already addled in the stupefying heat.

The lone patron is Harrigan, finishing a breakfast of chorizo and eggs. He looks tired and harried, as if he's been up all night. He pushes back his plate, drinking his coffee, staring at himself in a greasy mirror behind the counter. He leaves his stool, tossing some MONEY on the table.

102 EXT. GRENADA CAFE - DAY

102

Harrigan leaves the cafe, adjusting his eyes to the harsh glare of daylight. He moves on, crossing the street, walking down the sidewalk. He stops, scrutinizing the area, looking for a tail, some sign of danger before moving on.

103 EXT. STREET - THREE BLOCKS AWAY - DAY

103

Where a BREAD TRUCK, double parked, begins to creep slowly forward.

104 POV OF HARRIGAN

104

through a powerful TELEPHOTO LENS, as he crosses the street, moving into the flow of pedestrians.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

VOICE (V.O.)
He's moving... crossing to the west
side. Heading into mid-town...
Signal of Target-one is strong and
steady...

105 INT. BREAD TRUCK - DAY

105

Where a high-tech listening and observation station has been
set up. One of Keyes OPERATIVES looks up from his SPOTTING
SCOPE, talking on a PORTABLE RADIO. A VOICE comes back,
Keyes.

KEYES (V.O.)
Good, notify me immediately of any
change.

Through the front window of the van we SEE a DARK SEDAN cruise
slowly ahead.

106 EXT. STREET - DAY

106

Reaching the next intersection, Harrigan stops, looking into a
store window. Harrigan moves on.

107 PREDATOR'S POV

107

Moving behind Harrigan, on the street, in the flow of
pedestrians!

108 RETURN TO SCENE

108

As TWO MEN approach each other, the Predator crosses between
them, his camouflaged body jolting both men as he moves,
leaving both feeling as if their territorial rights have been
seriously compromised.

MAN #1
Hey!

MAN #2
Hey, yourself. Fuck you!

MAN #1
Fuck, you!

They continue to move on, still hurling insults at each other.

108A INT. BREAD TRUCK - DAY

108A

Still keeping a discrete distance from Harrigan.

OPERATIVE
(to radio)
Target-one still moving west,
downtown.

OMIT (109)

110 EXT. SIDESTREET - MANUFACTURING AREA - DAY

110

Where a heavy-set WOMAN, harried and near the edge of her patience, struggles to cope with an armload of SHOPPING BAGS and three KIDS, ages 5 to 10, the 7-year-old GIRL jealously hoarding a quarter-pound BAG of M&M'S, the 5-year-old screeching like a monkey for his share of the candy.

BOY
Give me some candy! Give me some
canddddyyyy!

Harrigan passes by the scene, skirting around the kids, shooting a disgusted glance at the whining brat and his teasing sister.

111 PREDATOR'S POV OF THE SCENE

111

Still following Harrigan, passes by, his vision locking in on the boy in CLOSE-UP.

BOY
Give me some candy!

112 RETURN TO SCENE

112

The Predator, in camouflage, continues on, passing the group unseen.

Harrigan strolls past a TAXIDERMISTS SHOP. Through the dust-streaked window can be seen a display of STUFFED ANIMALS, birds of prey, a weasel, fox and other small animals. Further inside, along the walls of the narrow shop, he SEES a variety of North American and African animals.

Harrigan studies the animals a moment, experiencing a bizarre sensation as he stares at the frozen faces of the trophies. Using the window to look behind him, he SEES in the reflection of the street, the dark sedan pull into a loading zone, no one leaving the car.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

Harrigan moves on down the sidewalk, impulsively slipping into a DELICATESSEN.

OPERATIVE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Pull up and stop. He's gone into
a deli. More coffee...

112A EXT. ALLEY WAY - BEHIND DELI - DAY

112A

From a set of stairs leading up from a basement storeroom, Harrigan cautiously appears. He checks the alley for movement and then, at a half-trot, is moving down the alley.

112B PREDATOR'S POV OF ALLEY

112B

From a high angle, watching as Harrigan runs down the alley. He follows.

113
thru
116

OMITTED

113
thru
116

117 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

117

Danny's gravesite, the simple HEADSTONE covered in FLOWERS, the sod freshly replaced. In the b.g. we can SEE Harrigan's CAR, a vintage '85 MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE that's seen better days.

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

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

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

117A EXT. HARRIGAN'S CAR - CEMETARY - DAY

117A

Parked at the roadway some fifty yards from the gravesite. Harrigan is about to enter when something GLITTERING in the leaves of a nearby tree arrests his attention. He stares at the tree, eyes fixated on an OBJECT gently moving, flashing in the breeze.

(CONTINUED)

117A CONTINUED:

117A

He moves forward, cautiously, towards the tree. There before him, several feet above his head, are three of King Willie's DREADLOCKS, bound together with leather and copper bands taken from Willie's wardrobe.

Harrigan pulls his .45, a chilling fear coursing through his body. But in every direction the cemetery is quiet, empty, the only SOUND that of BIRDS feeding on the lawn and trees. Slowly he returns to the dreadlocks, pulling them free. He stares at them, amazed, confused.

118 INT. MORGUE - SATO'S OFFICE - DAY

118

The doctor's study, bookcases filled with TEXTBOOKS, ANATOMICAL MODELS everywhere, DIPLOMAS on the wall. Tony and Leona, looking anxious and tense, are in the room, Leona seated, Tony, wearing a black eye and a butterfly bandage over his eye, pacing the room.

The door opens, Harrigan entering.

LEONA

Jesus, Mike, where have you been?

HARRIGAN

Long story.

(looks at Tony)

Kid, you look as bad as I feel.

TONY

Yeah, gotta stop leading with my head.

(beat)

We've been scared shitless...

He slides a COLOR POLAROID across the desk, a quick image of King Willie's body on the alley floor.

TONY

They found Willie's body this morning, an alley way on South Adams.

Harrigan stares at the photo and then places the dreadlocks on the table.

HARRIGAN

I was told.

Puzzled looks.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

HARRIGAN

Found them at Danny's gravesite.

(picks up photo)

He was there last night, I could feel him. And today. He's following me.

TONY

He's playing with you, Lieutenant.

HARRIGAN

I know, but why?

TONY

Because it's all a game with this guy. Got nothin' to do with revenge, none of that. This guy's a performer, he's in it for the show.

(beat)

He's tryin' to set you up.

HARRIGAN

(reflecting)

Just like Danny...

LEONA

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

HARRIGAN

We've all got to be careful.

(beat)

What about Keyes?

TONY

They showed up at the crime scene, took one look at Willie's body and split. Like they could give a shit any more.

HARRIGAN

Or they found what they're looking for -- they know where he is.

LEONA

You could be right. They've pulled out of Tactical at Parker Center. Lock, stock and baggage. They're gone.

HARRIGAN

But not very far. They had a tail on me this morning. But why?

(beat)

Let's see what Sato has for us.

119 INT. MORGUE - LAB OFFICE - DAY

119

Sato is seated at a COMPUTER TERMINAL, Leona sitting next to her on the desk. Harrigan and Tony behind. On the screen we SEE a display of CHEMICAL NOTATIONS; an ADJOINING SCREEN shows a graph, a molecular breakdown of the chemical notations.

SATO

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

(punches in data)

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

(reads from the screen)

The sample contains traces of N1 H3;
ONO2 and NO3, and bovine hemoglobin
laced with Diethylstilbestrol.

HARRIGAN

You'll have to translate that, Doc.

SATO

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

TONY

DES. Steroids?

SATO

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

Harrigan beginning to gain a grim inference from Sato's
analysis.

HARRIGAN

Tell me.

Sato turns in her chair.

SATO

I think your perpetrator may work
in a slaughter house.

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

HARRIGAN

Thanks, Doc.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

Harrigan turns to Tony and Leona.

HARRIGAN

Let's get on to R and I. Looking
for anyone with a felony record who
may have worked in a slaughter house.
Check the psych files for the same
thing.

(beat)

Find me a butcher.

120 EXT. PACKING HOUSE - INDUSTRIAL SECTION - LATE AFTERNOON 120

Inside the patrol car, Tony is busily punching in names on the computer, taken from an open FILE on the seat beside him. A stack of FILES, all labeled 'PERSONNEL RECORDS', are on the seat beside him.

We MOVE UP to the loading docks, where Harrigan and Leona are studying a Los Angeles Health Department QUARANTINE NOTICE, attached to the door. The notice reads: 'Until further notice, this establishment is closed due to health violations.' The notice is dated and signed: 'M. Harris, Inspector.'

HARRIGAN

Effective yesterday.

He tears the notice from the door. Harrigan and Leona descend the stairs to the parked car. Harrigan tosses the quarantine notice on the hood.

HARRIGAN

See if you can find out from 'M.
Harris' who authorized the
quarantine. As if I couldn't guess.

Tony emerges from the car, making notations on a legal pad.

TONY

So far, three or four possible hits,
R and I's checking them out now.
Got one here, real piece of work but
he's doin' thirty to life in San
Quentin for a mutilation killing.

(looks up)

And we've got some feedback on Keyes.

Harrigan looks up, expectantly, as Tony flips over the page on his notebook.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

TONY

(continuing)

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

(beat)

But the FBI, military records you asked for may have turned up something hinky. Seems there is a Peter J. Keyes, D.O.B., 1947. Graduate of Cornell, PHD in Physical Sciences; employed during graduate school with Strategic Defense Institute; two years later, commissioned as a captain in Air Force Intelligence. After that his records are classified.

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

HARRIGAN

What the hell could military intelligence want with this guy? This isn't making any god damned sense.

(beat)

Make a call tomorrow to Special Agent Nathan Caldwell, FBI, in D.C. Tell him it's a request from me, see what he can find out about Keyes and this DEA fairy tale.

Harrigan looks at Leona.

HARRIGAN

How many employees to check?

LEONA

(reading from her list)

Four packing houses, not including this one -- three hundred and change. Lot of names. We'll be at it all night.

Harrigan looks into the red glow of the setting sun. He picks up the quarantine notice from the car. He studies it and then turns, jamming it over a NAIL protruding from a support beam.

121
thru
123

OMITTED

121
thru
123

124

PREDATOR'S POV OF THE NOTICE

124

In CLOSE-UP, as it flutters in the wind.

HARRIGAN

(filtered)

This packing house is the end of the
line. I know it...

125

RETURN TO SCENE

125

HARRIGAN

(continuing)

We're going to find him right here.
Forget the other places. We need
the personnel list from this place.
Tonight.

LEONA

We'll have to go back to the station.
Get a writ to break into this place.

126
thru
127

OMITTED

126
thru
127

128

PREDATOR'S POV OF THE THREE

128

As Harrigan moves alongside Tony, the Predator going in TIGHT
ON Harrigan's face.

HARRIGAN

All right, but we're getting close
to something.....

129

RETURN TO SCENE

129

HARRIGAN

(continued)

Don't take any chances. You two
watch your asses. Compende?

TONY

Compende.

HARRIGAN

As soon as you get something, call
me at my place. I've got something
to do.

They enter the car, driving into the swirling red heat of
night, as we PUSH IN to the quarantine notice, gently flapping
in the wind.

130 EXT. HARRIGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 130

The patrol car pulls to a stop, Harrigan stepping out, saying a quick good-bye before closing the door.

131 INT. HARRIGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 131

Not quite what you'd expect: sparsely furnished, but fastidious and clean, everything in it's place -- except in the middle of the living room floor is a TARP, holding a DISASSEMBLED MOTORCYCLE, the cobwebs indicating it's been there for months. Harrigan drops a handful of MAIL into an already overflowing pile on the hallway entry table.

132 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 132

He moves into the room, switching on the light. Near the sink there is a sudden blur of movement. We WHIP PAN, CLOSE into the HISSING face of a twenty pound, tattered and scarred ALLEY CAT, the spitting image of Harrigan. Above the sink is an open window.

HARRIGAN

Aw, shut up. I don't know why you come around here, pal. Sure not for the cuisine.

With the cat warily on guard, Harrigan opens the REFRIGERATOR, housing the remains of a SIX-PACK, a blackened BANANA, a PEPPERONI STICK, and two cartons of CHINESE TAKE-OUT. He pops a can of beer, taking a sip as he opens one of the take-out cartons, staring at the contents a moment before dumping it in a bowl, sliding it across the counter to the cat.

HARRIGAN

Here, choke that down.

The cat attacks the moldy remains with relish. Harrigan drinks from the beer, placing the can on the counter. He moves past the cat, opening a pantry door, revealing floor to ceiling shelves of canned and packaged GOODS.

Releasing a hidden catch, he swings the entire set of shelves aside, exposing a hidden ARSENAL, a variety of HEAVY WEAPONS, PISTOLS. He reaches inside, removing a DUFFLE BAG which he begins to fill with a set of BODY ARMOUR, a CURVED SHEET OF METAL, an M-203 ASSAULT RIFE with GRENADE LAUNCHER and a cut-down ASSAULT SHOTGUN. He closes the cabinet, moving to the living room.

133 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

133

He sits on the couch, and begins to load SHELLS into the shotgun. He checks the action and then leans back on the couch, drifting off into a thousand yard stare -- he's been without sleep for two days now. In seconds he's asleep.

133A INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

133A

Leona is on the phone, listening to someone. She nods, hangs up, looking stunned.

From around the corner, Tony appears, in his hand an official looking DOCUMENT.

TONY
(proudly)
Got it.

There's no response from Leona, who continues to stare at the desk.

TONY
What's with you?

She just stares at him. He picks up the phone, punching in a number.

TONY
(to Leona)
Hey, partner, what's with you...
(to phone)
Lieutenant. Latest news flash.
Health Department doesn't employ any
M. Harris... Right, Keyes. We got
Judge Defanstano in night court to
bounce us a writ for a search and
seizure...
(listens)
Right. Listen, Lieutenant, in case
some of Keyes' boys are still around,
maybe we should ditch the car here,
leave by the South exit and take the
Metro... Right, Commerce Station,
forty minutes.

He hangs up, turning to Leona.

TONY
Leona, what is it? What's with you?

LEONA
(stunned)
My, God, I don't believe it.

(CONTINUED)

133A CONTINUED:

133A

TONY

What, what's happening?

She looks at him in a way that makes him back up slightly.

LEONA

(beyond him)

I'm pregnant.

TONY

Pregnant?! Now?

LEONA

(snaps)

No, like six weeks ago, shithead.
No wonder I've felt like hell.

TONY

So now what do we do?

She looks at him, regaining her composure, heading for the door.

LEONA

Give me a break.

134 EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

134

Tony and Leona descend the stairs, exiting from an emergency exit, they look for tails and then move quickly down the street. Tony has one hand on her arm. For all his womanizing posture, he's suddenly very caring, attentive.

TONY

Look, it's late. I can handle this.
It's a nothin' gig -- a paper chase.
Why don't you go home, be with your
old man. You two gotta a lot of
things to talk over. Wall paper in
the baby room, college fund, all that
stuff. Not every day you get
pregnant, you know.

She looks at him, realizing, in his own way, he's making a real attempt. She smiles.

LEONA

Thanks, Tony, but Carl doesn't get
home until after ten. I wouldn't
know what to do with myself.

(beat)

Besides, I'd like to see this thing
through, for Danny.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: 134

TONY
Okay, but maybe we should take a cab.

LEONA
(laughs)
Thanks, kid, but I think I can make
it to the subway by myself.
(beat)
Jesus, pregnant.

They move on, Tony paying close attention to her.

135 EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT 135

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

136 INT. SUBWAY STAIRS - NIGHT 136

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

137 PREDATOR'S POV OF THE STAIRS 137

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

138 RETURN TO SCENE 138

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

139 INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT 139

Commuters crowding into an awaiting car, Tony and Leona pressing inside.

140 PREDATOR'S POV OF THE CAR 140

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

141 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

141

Tired, exhausted FACES, dripping with sweat in the oppressive heat. Tony is seated next to Leona, who seems lost in thought. He gently nudges her.

TONY

Hey, partner, why the long face?
You got a lot to be happy about.
What gives?

LEONA

Just thinkin about what this city's
going to be like in fifteen years,
what chance my kid is going to have
in a jungle like this.

TONY

That's why we have cops. That's why
you're a cop.

She looks at him, remembering.

LEONA

Nothing that dramatic, kid, becoming
a cop saved my life...

(beat)

I grew up on these streets. Junkie
for a father, mother turning tricks
to keep us alive. Running with the
gangs at twelve; skin poppin' at
fourteen... By fifteen I was on a
one-way ticket to hell.

TONY

So what happened?

LEONA

A cop. That's what happened. I got
busted, good. A lady cop turned me.
She showed me another life. I saw
a way out and I ran for it.

(beat)

I never left the streets, just made
it to the other side.

(shocked)

And now I'm pregnant. I don't know
if I'm ready for this.

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

As they pass, Tony spots the handle of a SCREWDRIVER, nestled
into a slot cut into the leader's pant leg.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

He nudges Leona, who looks up, watching as the toughs cruise through the car and into the next.

LEONA

The shit never ends.

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

142 INT. NEXT SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

142

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

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

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

143 EXT. SUBWAY TRAIN - IN TUNNEL - NIGHT

143

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

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

144 INT. SUBWAY CAR - RETURN TO SCENE - NIGHT

144

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

LEADER

Hey, you look like a sympathetic dude.

(beat)

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

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

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

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

The leader backs off a step, smiling.

LEADER
Whoa, this dude means business.

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

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

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

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

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

Distracted, the man moves his revolver away from the leader, the leader about to make his move with the screwdriver...

TONY (O.S.)
Hold it! Police! Freeze it!

LEONA (O.S.)
Drop the shiv, motherfucker! I said drop it!

The pack slowly turns, seeing Leona and Tony in combat stances, heavy REVOLVERS pointed.

LEONA
I will use it.

The shiv CLATTERS to the floor.

TONY
Put the gun down, sir. Now. On the floor.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (2)

144

The man looks at the weapon in his hand, as if no knowledge of how it got there. He places the gun on the floor.

Tony eases forward, extending his foot, sliding the gun back to Leona.

TONY

You are all under arrest. We're holding you until the next station for the Metro Authority.

(starting Miranda)

You have the right to remain silent, anything you do say...

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

Tony and Leona whip around, SEEING in the flashing, stroboscopic effect of the passing tunnel lights, a HUGE DARK FORM, drop to the floor from the roof. In the next flash of light, the form is gone, a moment later, they SEE another flash of the terrifying form, moving, disappearing, moving...

Tony and Leona back up, flashes of light in the blackened car revealing their terrified faces, weapons raised.

LEONA

(screaming)

Tony!!!!

MUZZLE FLASHES from their weapons fill the frame.

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

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

TONY

Get back!

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

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

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (3)

144

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tony FIRES the last of his rounds, his revolver expended, useless. He stares into the darkness. Another movement before him.

Holding the gun like a club he SCREAMS, and with a flying kick, leaps into the darkness...

144A INT. LEONA - THE NEXT CAR FORWARD - NIGHT

144A

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

LEONA
Keep moving, keep moving!

145 EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

145

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

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

146

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

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

LEONA

Stop, God-damn you, stop!

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

LEONA

Police! Stop the train! Stop this fucking train!

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

In the flashing lights of the tunnel she SEES the driver, dead, cardiac arrest, eyes glazed, fixed and dilated, his hand frozen shut on the DEADMAN CONTROL. Deep RENTS fill the windows from the Predator's claws. She pries loose the driver's fingers from the throttle.

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

LEONA

Get out! Get out! Move it, now!

147 EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

147

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

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

LEONA

(sobbing)

Tony...

She hesitates a moment and then charges back through her fear, towards the train.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

Her weapon held in both hands, combat stance, she pivots around the opening of the car door, SEEING inside, in a flash of the SPARKING ELECTRICAL WIRES, a brief IMAGE of Tony, his body, hanging from one of the check straps.

LEONA

Oh, God, no...

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

147A PREDATOR'S POV OF LEONA

147A

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

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

147B EXT. COMMERCE STREET METRO STATION - NIGHT

147B

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

OMIT (148)

149 INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

149

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

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

A team of PARAMEDICS, pushing a RESCUE GURNEY, move past, Harrigan SEEING the unconscious face of Leona. He grabs one of the paramedics.

HARRIGAN

Is she alive?

PARAMEDIC

Yes. Deep shock, but alive.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

HARRIGAN

Did she say anything?

PARAMEDIC

Nothing that made any sense.
Something about a baby. We gotta
move, pal.

They move past, Harrigan turning into the rigid, iron-lock
expression on PILGRIM'S FACE as he pushes through the
confusion towards Harrigan.

PILGRIM

Mike...

HARRIGAN

(numb)

Where is he?

PILGRIM

Down here.

Holding a FLASHLIGHT he leads Harrigan away from the car and
into the tunnel, down the narrow walkway adjacent to the
tracks. Fifty yards away, dim lights reveal the presence of
more FORENSICS EXPERTS, examining the area.

150 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

150

Pilgrim and Harrigan appear, the harsh swept of the
FLASHLIGHT, illuminating the dark FORM of a BODY, hanging
upside down, the impression of exposed muscle...

We MOVE IN on the face of Harrigan, horrified beyond belief.
He lowers his eyes in shock, his eyes coming to rest on:

the QUARANTINE NOTICE seen earlier that afternoon. Harrigan
bends down, picking up the notice, deep black stains soaked
into the paper, the hole from the nail clearly visible..

HARRIGAN

(to himself)

He was there...

Suddenly Harrigan knows -- his fate clear. He explodes past
Pilgrim, running down the dark tunnel.

PILGRIM

Mike! Mike!

151 INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT 151

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

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

With a powerful sweep of his arm, Harrigan smashes Pope against the wall, knocking the breath from him, his CAMERA clattering to the floor.

152 EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT 152

Filled with SPECTATORS, POLICE, NEWSMEN, PATROL CARS, and flashing lights.

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

OMIT (153)

154 EXT. CROSS TOWN DRIVING SEQUENCE - NIGHT 154

Harrigan driving like a demon, whipping his way through traffic, running red lights, CARS breaking and swerving to avoid his onslaught.

155 thru 161 OMITTED 155 thru 161

162 EXT. COMPTON INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT 162

Harrigan's car rounds the corner leading to the approach of the packing house.

163 INT. HARRIGAN'S CAR - NIGHT 163

Several blocks away, the familiar shape of the packing house comes into view, Harrigan accelerating faster down the street, buildings and parked CARS whizzing past.

From a sidestreet, two blocks from the packing house, a BOBTAIL TRUCK pulls into the intersection, completely blocking the street. Harrigan slams on the brakes in a full panic stop...

164 INT. HARRIGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

164

the car drifting sideways, smoking tires, smashing broadside into the truck.

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

165 INT. NARROW CORRIDOR TO A BUILDING - NIGHT

165

A door flies open, Harrigan, coat over his head, is pushed, nearly carried forward by FOUR MEN. They reach a door at the end which is thrown open, a blinding flood of WHITE LIGHT filling the frame.

166 INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

166

Harrigan is yanked to a stop, the coat removed from his head. He looks around him in bewilderment, finding himself in a huge room, the walls and ceiling covered completely in thick, GOLD FOIL INSULATION, as used on NASA spacecraft.

The floor is covered in heavy, black ACOUSTIC RUBBER TILES.

The room is illuminated in cool-blue FLORESCENT LIGHTS, mounted in racks of four. At the back of the room rests a BANK of SUPER-COOLED COMPUTERS, tape reels spinning, processing millions of bits of information a second.

Throughout the rest of the room various STATIONS have been established, all manned by TECHNICIANS wearing white, insulated clean suits. In the center of the room is a MODULE COMMAND CENTER, housing banks of SCREENS displaying microwave, video, radar, infra-red, waterfall, and oscilloscope images.

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

KEYES

You can remove them.

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

KEYES

Sixty-five degrees. Computers like it cool.

HARRIGAN

(stunned)

What is this?

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

Keyes studies Harrigan, looking slightly amused.

KEYES

I told you, Harrigan, you don't know what you're dealing with. But you persisted. I couldn't let you disrupt things again.

(beat)

Still don't have any idea, do you? And you've been so close. But then how could you understand?

HARRIGAN

Make sense, Keyes. What does this have to do with the killer?

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

KEYES

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

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

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

HARRIGAN

What the hell is that?

KEYES

(proudly)

That, Lieutenant, is your killer. Remarkable, isn't it?

(beat)

What you're seeing is an image constructed from the pheromone signature left by his body. Scent molecules. We taped this earlier today. When he was tracking you.

Keyes punches up another screen, this one showing a tape of the BLASTED LANDSCAPE of the jungle clearing, the site of the final confrontation with Dutch Schaeffer and the first Predator.

Teams of MEN in environmental suits, comb through the scorched, blasted earth with a variety of INSTRUMENTS.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (2)

166

KEYES

In 1984, one of his kind stalked and eliminated an elite Special Forces team on a secret mission in Central America for the C.I.A. The one survivor of the encounter disappeared without a trace, six months later.

KEYES

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

Keyes looks up from the console.

KEYES

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

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

KEYES

(quietly)

That's right, Lieutenant. An O.W.L.F. -- other worldly life form. The incidents in Central America, and now here, are the only verifiable contacts between humans and an alien species.

(beat)

In a possible history dating back to seven hundred years ago, this is the first time that we know of, one of them has chosen to visit a population center.

HARRIGAN

To hunt us.

KEYES

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

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (3)

166

HARRIGAN

(coldly)

I've noticed.

KEYES

His defensive adaptations are astounding, apparently possessing the ability to bend light around him, a perfect camouflage.

(beat)

He possesses weaponry constructed of materials so far evolved as to make us seem Stone Age in comparison.

(beat)

They are fearless, yet in the event of compromise or capture, apparently will not hesitate to destroy themselves to protect their technology from falling into our hands.

HARRIGAN

You admire this son-of-a-bitch.

KEYES

Not what he does, Lieutenant, but what he is. I've waited ten years for this.

One of the TECHNICIANS turns, calling out to Keyes.

TECHNICIAN

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

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

TECHNICIAN

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

KEYES

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

TECHNICIAN

Target-one is moving again, sir.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (4)

166

KEYES

While you were keeping him entertained today, we were preparing a little trap for him in the packing house.

HARRIGAN

If you know how to find it, why haven't you killed it before now?

Keyes punches up a large MONITOR where we SEE a room, also draped in gold foil, where SIX MEN, dressed in flat-black, refrigerated ENVIRONMENTAL SUITS, are making last minute checks to their back-pack equipment, a VIDEO CAMERA, and a wonderfully strange looking WEAPON, a long barreled matt finished RIFLE, a ventilated SHIELD covering most of the barrel and breech, where a set of steel-covered HOSES lead to the back pack and two, black steel CYLINDERS, similar to firefighting equipment.

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

KEYS

The idea is not to kill him, just get to know him a little better.

HARRIGAN

Nitrogen. You plan to freeze him?

KEYES

Precisely. One blast from that gun will immobilize him until we can get him into a cryogenics chamber. We have to isolate that self-destruct device of his. A nuclear sized blast in the jungle is one thing, in LA it's quite another. The cost of life would be staggering.

HARRIGAN

(bitterly)

Don't you think you've let enough people die already, Keyes?

KEYES

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

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (5)

166

HARRIGAN

Sacrifice. The thought of what people like you would do with weapons like that scares the shit out of me.

(beat)

Tell me, if he camouflages so well, how can you see him?

KEYES

We've concluded he must see in the infra-red spectrum. He finds us by our heat register. Block the body's heat, and he's blind.

(beat)

Those suits are constructed to insulate all body heat, making us invisible to him.

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

KEYES

(continuing)

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

TECHNICIAN

He's coming in. Two blocks away.

Keyes hits a BUTTON on the console.

KEYES

He's on his way. This is go. Load up and prepare for infiltration. As soon as he's in, we roll.

In the cool room, a door opens, revealing the inside of a VAN, its interior also covered in foil. The OWLF team begins transferring from the room into the van.

167 EXT. ROOF TOPS - INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

167

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

- 168 PREDATOR'S POV - ROOF TOP 168
as he reaches the edge, leaping down to an adjoining building,
moving on.
- 169 EXT. ROOF OF PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT 169
The Predator lands on the roof, moving towards a large
VENTILATOR DUCT. The Predator COMES OUT OF CAMOUFLAGE.
- 170 PREDATOR'S POV 170
drawing closer and then entering the duct.
- 171 INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 171
An IMAGE appears on one of the monitors.
TECHNICIAN
He's in the building. Top floor.
Keyes hits the intercom switch.
KEYES
He's in. Let's move.
- 172 EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT 172
The heavy UTILITY VAN, blackened windows, heavy HEAT TRAPS
attached to the exhaust pipes, rolls from the loading dock,
approaching the packing house, a block away.
- 173 EXT. PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT 173
The van pulls to a halt, the OWLF team deploying, entering the
building through a sliding metal door which they unlock. The
team consists of the LEADER, the NITROGEN-GUN OPERATOR, VIDEO
CAMERAMAN, and three CAPTURE MEN, carrying a NET and other
restraint EQUIPMENT. All the men are carrying heavy caliber
SIDEARMS.
OWLF LEADER (V.O.)
(filtered)
We're in, switching to ultra-violet.
Radio silence.

174 INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 174

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

175 INT. PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT 175

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

176 OWLF TEAM MEMBER POV OF THE ROOM 176

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

177 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 177

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

TECHNICIAN

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

KEYES

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

178 INT. PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT 178

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

179 OWLF TEAM POV 179

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

180 INT. PACKING HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT 180

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

- 181 INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT 181
- IN CLOSE UP of a crepe-soled shoe, the SOUND AMPLIFIED a thousand times by the Predator's selective hearing. Through a sea of WHITE NOISE, we HEAR the distinctive SCRUNCH of the crepe-sole, moving on the steel.
- 182 INT. UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT 182
- The Predator's form still listening. Curiously he moves forward, perching on the railing of a staircase, peering into the darkness below. From this vantage point WE CAN SEE the dark forms of the OWLF team, moving across the floor towards the second level staircase.
- 183 PREDATOR'S POV - SAME ANGLE - SAME VIEW 183
- he can see NOTHING, the OWLF team heat register completely blocked by their suits.
- 184 RETURN TO SCENE - PREDATOR 184
- cocking his head, curiously, a faint TRILL of excitement expressed.
- 185 INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 185
- The IMAGES on the screen clearly showing the Predator within close range of the OWLF team.
- TECHNICIAN
They should be seeing him any moment now.
- KEYES
(quietly; tense)
It's working.
- 186 INT. PACKING HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 186
- The OWLF team moving cautiously, stopping every few feet to look and listen.
- 187 INT. THIRD LEVEL - NIGHT 187
- From the landing the Predator moves slowly, examining the floor below. He stops, listening.

188 PREDATOR'S POV

188

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

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

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

189 RETURN TO SCENE - PREDATOR

189

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

190 INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

190

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

TECHNICIAN

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

KEYES

(concerned)

Bring up the schematic.

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

TECHNICIAN

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

HARRIGAN

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

Keyes looks quickly from Harrigan, back to the screen.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

TECHNICIAN
He's circling behind them, sir.

HARRIGAN
They're walking into a trap! Get
'em out.

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

HARRIGAN
He's behind you. Third floor
structure. He's right there!

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

191 PREDATOR'S POV FROM THIRD FLOOR

191

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

192 INT. PACKING HOUSE SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

192

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

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

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

193 POV OWLF TEAM MEMBER

193

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

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

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

193

KEYES (V.O.)
(filtered)
He's right there!
(beat)
Oh, Jesus, no!

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

194 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

194

Where on the video-cam MONITOR, we SEE the dim PRESENCE of the Predator, moving through the men as the camera darts to keep him in sight. We HEAR SCREAMS and SHOUTING over the speaker, SEE the FLASH of gunfire.

HARRIGAN
My, God...

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

195 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

195

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

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

The nitrogen-gunner turns, taking a KILLING DART which cuts through his goggles and into his head, driving him backwards and to the floor, the nitrogen-gun JAMMING OPEN, sending a continuous blast of super-cooled nitrogen towards the ceiling.

196 CLOSE ON A WATER PIPE AND SPRINKLER HEAD

196

part of the fire-control system. The pipe, hit by the nitrogen, freezes, a SKEANING WHINE as the pipe bursts, water spraying into the room.

197 CLOSE ON SPRINKLER HEADS 197

THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE FLOOR, as they erupt, one by one, exploding into fountains of RAIN, flooding the room.

198 INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 198

Every monitor is now reading blank or filled with static, no sound coming from the SPEAKERS, except the torrent of RAIN, falling inside the building.

TECHNICIAN

(stunned)

They're gone. They're all dead.

Keyes turns to see Harrigan, moving through the technicians, heading for the door.

KEYES

Harrigan, where are you going?

HARRIGAN

You've had your shot, Keyes. He's mine now!

KEYES

Stop him!

Two men rush to stop Harrigan, both of them taken out with a real display of street fighting skill from Harrigan: punches, head-butts, kicks, cross-body blocks and elbow blows.

In seconds the two men lie unconscious, on the floor.

KEYES

You can't touch him. He's government property!

HARRIGAN

Not anymore, Keyes. His ass is mine!

Harrigan heads for the door.

199 EXT. SIDESTREET - NIGHT 199

Harrigan running to where his car has been pushed from the intersection. He reaches the car, throwing open the trunk.

Harrigan puts on a kevlar SECOND-CHANCE BODY ARMOUR, sliding into a pouch a plate of contoured, BALLISTIC ALLOY. Over this he places his police-issue FLAK-VEST. From the duffel he straps on a large, nylon LEG HOLSTER. He locks and loads a sawed-off ASSAULT SHOTGUN, slipping it into the holster.

(CONTINUED)

- 199 CONTINUED: 199
- He then picks up the M-203, slamming in a clip and inserting a 40mm GRENADE into the breech, locking it.
- Harrigan races down the street towards the packing house.
- 200 EXT. LOADING DOCK - PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT 200
- Harrigan appears, leveling the M-203 at the entrance door, FIRING...
- 201 INT. PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT 201
- The blast rips the sliding door off its track, sending it tumbling to the floor. Through the backlit smoke, Harrigan appears, jamming another grenade into the M-203. He steps into the pouring rain, the floors awash in water.
- HARRIGAN
(shouting)
You want me, here I am!!!
- 202 INT. PACKING HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 202
- The Predator rears into view, his camouflage-effect SHORTING OUT heavily in the rain, pulses of blue energy CRACKLING over his body. He taps in a command on his ARM CONTROL, the effect ceasing, his body now in full view.
- In response to Harrigan's challenge, the fighting knives SLASH into frame.
- 203 PREDATOR'S POV OF THE ROOM 203
- We now SEE that the Predator is faced with a new problem, the coolness of the water has impaired his vision, his field clouded with WHITE STATIC from the falling rain. Despite this handicap, he moves on.
- 204 INT. PACKING HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 204
- Harrigan moving, darting through the rain-filled room, taking cover, moving.
- Suddenly, from behind him, Harrigan HEARS the SLAM of a door. He spins and drops, moving for cover on the flooded floor.
- Peering into the black rain, Harrigan SEES some furtive movement before him. He lowers the M-203, his finger touching the trigger. He draws closer, setting, waiting.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

204

More movement. Harrigan is about to fire when out of the rain he HEARS Keyes' VOICE.

KEYES (V.O.)
This is none of your business,
Harrigan. Stay out of it.

An incredulous look on Harrigan's face.

HARRIGAN
(to himself)
Keyes?

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

HARRIGAN
(whisper)
Keyes, where are you?

There is no response, Harrigan just starting to move when the chilling sound of LEONA'S VOICE emerges from the rain.

LEONA (V.O.)
(screaming)
My baby, don't hurt my baby!!!

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

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

205 PREDATOR'S POV

205

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

206 RETURN TO SCENE

206

As the Predator FIRES a blast from his LASER CANON, a fiery EXPLOSION as the hit tears into the opposite wall.

From the blackness, more GUNFIRE flashes out, missing the Predator.

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

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

206

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

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

207 INT. PACKING HOUSE - HARRIGAN - NIGHT

207

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

208 PREDATOR'S POSITION

208

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

209 HARRIGAN

209

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

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

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

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

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

210 PREDATOR'S POV

210

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

211 RETURN TO SCENE 211

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

212 INT. REFRIGERATOR ROOM - NIGHT 212

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

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

213 PREDATOR'S POV 213

hands lunging out, swinging the carcasses.

214 RETURN TO SCENE 214

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

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

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

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

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

Harrigan slowly gets to his feet, staring at the incredible beast, lying before him. He approaches, the shotgun leveled.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

214

Cautiously he prods the inert creature in the chest -- no response.

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

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

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

HARRIGAN

Sweet, Jesus...

As he stares at the face, he SEES what appears to be a NERVE REACTION on the face, a slight twitching...

The Predator's arm flashes up from below, grabbing Harrigan by the throat, the shotgun falling, ripping him down, face to face with the terrible maw, now opening wide.

At the back of the Predator's throat, the inner folds of skin, forming a second mouth, move, the mimic of a 5-year-old-boy -- like you've never heard one before.

5-YEAR-OLD-BOY

(screaming)

Give me some cannndy!!!

With a powerful thrust, the Predator hurls Harrigan through the air, Harrigan clinging to the Predator's helmet. As he slams against the wall, the helmet flings from his hand, scudding down a funnelled BLOOD DRAIN, CLATTERING down the flue.

The Predator rises to one knee, Harrigan staring terrified, the shotgun between he and the Predator.

Deprived of his atmospheric regulator, the Predator labors heavily for breath, looking at the thick flow of BLOOD from his chest and shoulder. He staggers to his feet, looking down at Harrigan.

215 PREDATOR'S POV

215

His vision awash in out-of-focus shapes and colors.

216 RETURN TO SCENE

216

The Predator reaches down, grabbing for the shotgun, Harrigan gasping for breath, scared out of his mind. With one blow, the Predator SMASHES the gun against the wall, breaking it in two.

The Predator turns and staggers away, leaving Harrigan stunned, finally taking a breath. He looks down, SEEING the GLOWING BLOOD TRAIL left by the Predator.

217 INT. PACKING HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

217

Where the OWLF team lies scattered on the floor, horribly mutilated. Harrigan searches through the bodies, finding a .357 DESERT EAGLE PISTOL. He moves on.

218 INT. VENTILATION DUCT - NIGHT

218

The glowing blood trail dripping down the sheet metal. Harrigan, using the seam-joins as hand and foot holds, pulls his way up the duct, panting and sweating from the exertion.

219 EXT. ROOF OF PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT

219

Glowing CITYSCAPE in the b.g. Harrigan pulls himself out of the ventilation duct, gasping for air as he looks around him seeing no sign of the Predator.

On the roof, he finds more blood trail, leading to the edge of the building. Cautiously he approaches the edge, where the trail ends. Looking across to the opposite building, rising another five stories, he SEES the glowing traces of the Predator's blood, visible up the side of the wall, alongside a FIRE ESCAPE, leading to the roof.

Looking for a way to cross over to the opposite building, Harrigan looks down, seeing eight feet below him a series of WATER and STEAM PIPES, connecting the two buildings.

HARRIGAN

That's the way you want it...

He hangs over the edge, feet dangling, the pipes still three feet below him. He lets go, his foot pushing right through the CRUMBLING INSULATION of the pipes, throwing him backwards, struggling, twisting to regain his balance.

Gingerly he gets to his feet, walking across the pipes, chunks of insulation falling away as he crosses the ten feet to the other side.

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED:

219

Clinging to the wall he turns, facing the fire escape, still four feet away. Taking a breath he leaps, grabbing the escape. But the impact of his weight on the ROTTED BOLTS holding the ladder to the masonry, SHEAR, one side of the landing dropping several feet, Harrigan scrabbling for purchase.

Carefully he swings one leg up, climbing up the swaying, CREAKING ladder to the top of the building.

220 EXT. TOP OF BUILDING - NIGHT

220

Harrigan, pistol out, moves across the darkened roof, following more blood trail. Clearing an ELEVATOR HOUSING, Harrigan SEES the Predator, twenty feet away, kneeling on the ground and holding something to his face.

Harrigan levels the pistol, squinting at the dark form before him. Before he can fire, the Predator suddenly turns, holding an EMERGENCY BREATHING UNIT to his face, part of his body equipment.

Harrigan FIRES, the bullet barely missing the Predator's head, the SLIDE to the weapon kicking open -- the last shot.

HARRIGAN

Shit!

Harrigan hits the ground hard as the Predator levels his arm, FIRING a blast from the wrist canon in Harrigan's general area.

The Predator is up and running, to the side of the building where he leaps, landing on the roof of the next building.

Harrigan runs to the edge, staring at the forty foot expanse between the two buildings. He sees the Predator, exhausted from his leap, again kneeling, breathing from his emergency respirator.

Harrigan looks at the only possible route to the building, a set of HIGH-TENSION LINES, running between the two buildings, connected at his end to a raised transformer station, enclosed in a chain link fence. Harrigan follows the lines to their insulated connections, electricity HUMMING, and CRACKLING in the night air.

HARRIGAN

(incredulous)

No way...

221 EXT. TRANSFORMER UNIT - NIGHT

221

Harrigan climbs onto the roof of the transformer, squatting, the high-tension lines several feet above his head, ZAPPING and POPPING with energy. He holds up a three foot section of discarded ELECTRICAL CABLE, covered in insulation, the heavy copper cable visible at either end.

Carefully, he raises one arm, guiding the cable over the top of the wires, barely inches to spare. With his other arm he grabs the cable, creating a loop over the deadly lines but still not touching them.

Achingly he inches forward, duckwalking to the edge of the transformer. Taking several deep breaths, he LEAPS from the transformer into space...

HARRIGAN

Oh, shittttt!

The looped cable contacts the high tension lines, taking his weight, an incredible EXPLOSION of white and blue FIRE SCREAMING from the lines as he slides down and across, traversing the chasm of the two buildings, looking like a human meteor, safe as long as he remains ungrounded.

He clears the second building, still ten feet above the roof, streaking towards the next transformer. With a SHOUT, he lets go of the cable, dropping to the roof, rolling heavily to one side.

He recovers, SEEING the Predator, once again on the move, preparing for another leap to the next building. Harrigan looks around him, seeing a pile of SCRAP, consisting of boards, pipe, insulation and paint cans. He yanks out a six foot section of heavy, galvanized PLUMBING PIPE.

Holding the pipe like a broadaxe in both hands, he charges.

HARRIGAN

Nooo!!!

The Predator turns.

222 PREDATOR'S POV

222

in his distorted field of vision, can barely make out the heat image moving towards him.

223 RETURN TO SCENE

223

The Predator removes from a side pouch, the ancient fighting weapon of his race, the FLYING DISK.

(CONTINUED)

223

CONTINUED:

223

Ten inches in diameter, a tapered disk of patined metal, engraved in strange runes, the edge of the disk a gleaming, razor edge. The Predator's fingers slip into a dished-out section, perfectly molded to fit his hand. His fingers sink home, his fist closing, the weapon CHARGING TO LIFE, a high-pitched WHINE as the edge begins to glow RED FIRE.

He throws the weapon overhand like a discus, the disk streaking towards Harrigan...

who instinctively ducks, blocking with the pipe, which the weapon STRIKES, cleaving a foot off the end it like was butter, turning into a tight arc, returning to the Predator's hand.

As the Predator turns to move, Harrigan is to his feet, charging, swinging the pipe from his hip, taking the Predator on his right shoulder and arm. The pipe BENDS from the impact, but the smart weapon is knocked from his hand, dropping to the roof.

Instantly the Predator spins, the fighting knives slashing through the pipe, cutting it in half.

Undaunted, Harrigan swings the remaining section of pipe, hitting the Predator in the side of the face, recovering, smashing him again.

With a SCREAM, the Predator connects with a backhand to Harrigan's chest, knocking him off his feet and to the roof.

The Predator, gasping for breath, turns to leap.

HARRIGAN

Let's party, you fucking animal!

Like an enraged bull, Harrigan charges, tackling the Predator around the waist, driving the Predator forward, the KILLING KNIVES slashing for Harrigan's body, just as he hits the edge.

As the Predator, off balance begins to topple over, he grabs Harrigan's arm, dragging him across the roof towards the edge. The Predator goes over the side, one of Harrigan's feet catches and wedges tight between two VENTILATION STAND PIPES...

leaving Harrigan over the edge of the building to his waist, the Predator dangling in mid-air, his glowing blood flowing heavily from his shoulder wound, his hand grasping Harrigan's forearm.

As the Predator's hand begins to slip, he buries his claws into Harrigan's flesh, drawing an agonizing SCREAM from Harrigan.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED: (2)

223

The Predator's wounds are now nearly fatal, his life ebbing away by the second, his BREATHING labored and gasping.

He reaches down with his free hand, unable to grab the dangling emergency breather. The Predator looks up, meeting Harrigan's wild-eyed stare. Harrigan looks down the ten story drop, SEEING an iron fence, topped with heavy, ornamental SPEARS.

HARRIGAN

(gasping)

Now what?

The Predator GASPS for breath, spitting up green blood. He looks at Harrigan, struggling, a VOICE forming in his throat.

GOLD TOOTH (V.O.)

(basso Jamaican)

... Shit happens, mon!

As Harrigan watches, the Predator swings up his right hand, touching his ARM CONTROL unit, the cover flipping open, revealing the familiar THREE SCREEN COMPUTER. He begins to punch in the arming sequence to his destruct mode.

Harrigan is at first puzzled, and then remembers.

HARRIGAN

Jesus...

Straining, Harrigan looks back over his shoulder, SEEING the smart weapon, lying on the roof, near his foot. He bends his foot, kicking, missing, kicking, sliding the weapon towards him. He reaches out, his fingers inches short of grasping the weapon.

Below him, the Predator continues, painfully, to punch in the destruct code.

With a SHOUT, Harrigan lunges, touching the weapon with his fingers, inching it towards him. He struggles to pick up the heavy weapon, still inert and inactive in his hand. He squeezes the weapon, but it fails to activate.

With terrified eyes, Harrigan looks down, SEEING that the countdown sequence is underway, a high-pitched BEEPING as the red indicators in each section click off...

In one final CRY OF ANGUISH and RAGE, Harrigan holds the disk high, squeezing with every last ounce of his strength, the weapon...

POWERING TO LIFE, the razor edge SIZZLING with energy.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED: (3)

223

With a mighty swipe, Harrigan swings the weapon, cleaving through the Predator's ARM and COMPUTER CONTROL, the countdown freezing on the last red symbol!

With the suddenly release of tension, Harrigan flies backwards onto the roof as...

224 THE PREDATOR

224

falls, his right hand making a powerful swipe, the KILLING KNIVES embedding into the wall, leaving a SHRIEKING, double rent down the wall, SPARKS flying, slowing the Predator, his feet and toenails desperately digging for purchase.

The knives pull free from the wall, the Predator falling hitting a DRAIN PIPE, which rips away from the wall but breaking his fall, bringing the Predator to a slamming halt on a narrow ledge, twenty feet above the protruding spikes on the iron fence below.

With trembling hands, the Predator picks up his emergency breathing device, inhaling deeply of the life-giving gas.

225 EXT. ROOF TOP - NIGHT

225

Harrigan struggles to remove the Predator's severed hand, claws imbedded deeply into his flesh. In a CRY of pain, he rips free the hand.

Pulling his foot away from the pipes, he struggles to the edge, staring down the wall, seeing the dangling drain pipe, but no sign of the Predator!

226 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

226

A tiny, cloistered space, filled with old and tattered furniture, a life-time of memorabilia decorating the walls, the home of RUTH and HERB.

Who at the moment are sitting in their stuffed easy chairs, Herb with his head back, SNORING soundly, Ruth deeply into an episode of JEOPARDY on television.

As the tension on the screen heightens, the audience SCREAMING, Ruth is distracted by a NOISE and MOVEMENT behind her. As she turns her arthritic neck, she catches a glimpse of something huge and dark, going into the bathroom, the door CLOSING.

Puzzled, she turn to Herb, poking him in the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED:

226

RUTH

Herb. Herb. Wake up. There's
somebody in the bathroom.

Herb continues his walrus-like snoring, the Jeopardy audience
YELLING their heads off in the background.

227 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

227

Tiny, decorated with CRINOLINE CURTAINS, CERAMIC FIGURINES,
and LOVE MESSAGES on the walls, GERIATRIC STOCKINGS hung from
the shower rod.

The Predator's image REARS UP in the mirror. He leans
forward, studying himself and then...

SMASH, he destroys the mirror, the SHARDS of glass falling
into the sink.

228 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

228

Ruth is now standing beside her chair. She HEARS more
CRASHING from the bathroom. She pokes Herb again.

RUTH

Herb! Herb! Wake up. There's
somebody in the bathroom!

Herb SNORTS in his sleep, moving deeper into his chair. Left
to investigate this mystery on her own, Ruth begins the long,
slow trek to the bathroom.

229 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

229

The Predator tears up another section of CERAMIC TILE, dumping
it into the sink along with the glass, other tiles and a COLD
CREAM JAR.

Opening his thigh FIELD-KIT, he removes a small metal STRIP,
eight inches long, a black knob at one end. He triggers the
strip, which unfolds like a fan on a center point, forming a
shallow DISH, the knob in the center containing three tiny
PRONGS.

He places the dish on the toilet tank, touching its base, a
BLUE FLAME leaping between the three prongs. He scoops up
handfuls of the debris from the sink, dropping them into the
mortar, which are instantly vaporized, forming a MOLTEN
SLUDGE.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED: 229

Into this the Predator breaks open a VILE, a blue LIQUID flowing into the mass, causing it to solidify and change color.

230 EXT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 230

Ruth still shuffling slowly towards the bathroom door, Jeopardy blasting away in the background, mingled with Herb's snoring.

231 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 231

Using a flat-bladed TOOL, the Predator scoops up the blue mass from the mortar, slapping it onto the exposed stump of his arm, instantly CAUTERIZING it, a skin-like texture forming over the wound. The Predator SCREAMS in pain.

Recovering, he applies more of the healing mixture into his shoulder and chest wounds. Removing a POWER-SYRINGE from his kit, he touches a switch, a long, gleaming NEEDLE appearing. Filling the syringe with a black liquid, he plunges the needle deep into his chest, pressing the plunger.

He puts the breather to his face, inhaling deeply -- a new source of power surging through the Predator.

232 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 232

Ruth has reached the bathroom and is extending her arm towards the knob... as suddenly, the entire door and casement are torn from the wall on the hinge side, the door pivoting on the latch towards Ruth, who disappears behind the door. The Predator passes frame, exiting.

As the door falls, revealing a terrified Ruth, she sees the front door explode, as something huge and dark tears right through it.

In his chair, Herb awakens with a start.

HERB

Ruth, there's someone at the door!

233 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 233

Harrigan flying down the stairs, carrying the smart weapon in his hand. He reaches the floor to Ruth and Herb's apartment where several RESIDENTS peer from their doors, ducking back in as they see Harrigan, wet, bloody, clothes in shards, a strange, Frisbee-like weapon in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

233

Harrigan passes Ruth and Herb's apartment, a jagged HOLE where the door used to be. He stops, looking inside, making eye contact with a still shaken Ruth.

HARRIGAN

It's all right, I'm a cop.

Ruth looks at his tattered appearance and then to her demolished door.

RUTH

I don't think he cares.

A MUFFLED EXPLOSION, welling up through the elevator shaft at the end of the hall, causes Harrigan to spin, his hand grasping the smart weapon.

Harrigan moves down the hall to the elevator, finding one door buckled and bent outward. He looks in, SEEING the car above, below him the exposed shaft leading to the pit. He SEES a faint GLOW of the Predator's blood on the counter-weight cables, attached to the wall. Further down the shaft he SEES another smear of blood.

Harrigan looks up, at the loop of cables, just out of reach, hanging from the bottom of the car above him. He hesitates a moment and then, placing the smart weapon in his waist band, he reaches outside, pushing the down button on the elevator, the elevator charging to life.

233A INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT/PIT - NIGHT

233A

As the car descends, Harrigan leaps into the shaft, grabbing the loop, the descending car carrying him down towards the blackened pit.

Harrigan hits the floor of the pit, the elevator still descending. He desperately searches for the exit route the Predator must have taken, the car above continuing to thunder down towards him.

At the last second he SEES the faint impression of a hole in the side of the well, two feet above the floor. Harrigan dives...

233B INT. TELEPHONE CABLE ACCESS TUNNEL - NIGHT

233B

Harrigan tumbles into the narrow tunnel, just as the elevator car crushes to a halt on the other side, obscuring the hole.

(CONTINUED)

233B CONTINUED:

233B

Harrigan fumbles for a book of MATCHES, striking one. In the glow of the light he sees a hole, blasted through the concrete, twisted rebar and rubble scattered across the floor.

He turns, finding he is in a long, narrow tunnel, the walls and ceiling packed with telephone CABLE and RELAY BOXES. A low-level GLOW-LIGHT TUBE runs the length of the shaft, a work light, illuminating the scene. Traces of the Predator's blood are still glowing on the floor. Harrigan crawls along the tunnel, a few yards later, finding another hole, blasted through the floor.

Harrigan strikes another match, but a flow of air from the hole quickly extinguishes the match. Putting his ear to the hole, Harrigan can HEAR the faint SOUND of dripping water.

Grabbing the edges, he lowers himself gingerly into the hole, terrified at what might be waiting below.

234 INT. THE BLACK VOID - NIGHT

234

Harrigan's feet descend into the darkness, feeling for support -- nothing. He lowers himself, fully, hanging on by his fingertips, finding himself in near total darkness, his feet still touching nothing but air.

Sweating, Harrigan frantically feels for something below, his hands beginning to slip on the jagged edges of the concrete. Unable to pull himself back, and finding nothing below, fingers slipping...

HARRIGAN

Oh, shit...

He lets go, falling...

Six feet, landing hard on a steel decking of some kind. He gets to his feet, trying to orientate to the darkness. By the SOUND of echoing, dripping water, he realizes he is in some huge, cavernous chamber.

He removes the smart weapon from his waist. Using his free hand, he strikes a match from the book, one-handed, barroom style. He holds the match up, the faint glow only penetrating the gloom a few feet.

HARRIGAN

Must be the sewer...

He moves forward, along the metal floor, covered in water. As he proceeds, he realizes he is starting to descend at a gradual slope, the impression of walls and a ceiling beginning to form.

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED:

234

He continues downward, a faint glow of LIGHT now visible some fifty yards ahead, revealing that the passageway is beginning to curve outwards in a gentle arc.

As he grows closer to the light, he sees that his feet are obscured in a fog of blue-green GAS, swirling higher as he descends. His breathing is starting to become labored and difficult.

HARRIGAN
(ominously)
Methane...

With the light now closer, he sees that he is not inside some sewer tunnel, but something organic-looking, the membrane-like sections of the walls resembling the inside of a chambered nautilus.

HARRIGAN
What the hell is this...

The gas now waist high, he reaches the end of the passageway, opening into a LARGE ROOM, the convergence of many other tunnels, some descending, some rising. His eyes scan the room.

HARRIGAN
(to himself)
Anybody home...

Suddenly, from the blue mist, a hurtling MASS rushes towards him, Harrigan yanked off his feet by the impact of the Predator's NET, driving him backwards to the wall, the SPIKES on the net, burrowing into the ship's wall, the net tightening...

As the net begins to cut into his face and body, Harrigan squeezes the smart weapon which ENERGIZES, slicing through the net, Harrigan dropping to the floor.

On his hands and knees, Harrigan looks up to SEE the Predator, holding the collapsed spear. With a lightening movement, the tube expands, the telescoping spear driving towards Harrigan...

which is deflected by a nearly instinctual movement by the smart weapon, a FLASH of steel as the spear point is intersected, the blow knocking Harrigan across the room, the Predator rushing in for another attack.

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED: (2)

234

Using the smart weapon as a shield, Harrigan encounters blow after blow from the Predator's spear, each hit blasting him off his feet, slamming him into the walls and floor of the alien spacecraft, Harrigan barely recovering before he is hit again.

His breathing now ragged and gasping, Harrigan is near the end of his endurance. He can't survive much longer...

Another powerful, sweeping blow from the spear hurls him backwards into the wall, the smart weapon flying from his bruised and trembling hand, landing several feet away.

As Harrigan starts to move towards the weapon, the spear flashes, the point blocking the way. Gasping for breath, terrified, Harrigan backs away. The Predator advances and stops, retracting the spear, holding the tube in his hand. Harrigan then hears the chilling mimic of his own VOICE.

HARRIGAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Watch your ass, Danny Boy...

The killing knives slash into position, the Predator advancing towards Harrigan, who can do nothing but wait for the final blow. Harrigan's terrified eyes go to the smart weapon, lying on the floor, then back to the Predator, his huge form now looming over him.

As the Predator lunges with a killing upper cut, Harrigan dives to one side, the knives, in a shower of sparks, raking across the wall. Harrigan grabs the smart weapon, energizing it and with a driving lunge with the last of his strength, lunges upward, the smart weapon slicing deeply into the Predator's exposed midsection.

With a deafening SCREAM and a flood of green BLOOD, the Predator staggers backwards, dropping the spear. As the Predator turns and drops to his knees, Harrigan struggles to his feet, grabbing the spear which telescopes in his grasp.

Harrigan raises the spear, stumbling forward, looking into the face of the dying alien.

HARRIGAN
That's right, fucker, shit happens.

He raises the spear high above his head when the distinctive WHINE of LASER is HEARD, a triangle of RED DOTS focusing on his hands. Frozen, he HEARS the chilling SOUND of a heavy, clucking TRILL, coming from behind him.

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED: (3)

234

In disbelief he turns, paralyzed in shock as he SEES, materializing from the blue mist, the impossible sight of ANOTHER PREDATOR, turning from camouflage to visible, the laser beam locked on Harrigan's hands; followed by ANOTHER, and ANOTHER, and yet ANOTHER, emerging from the various passageways, until there are TEN PREDATORS standing abreast.

Harrigan stumbles backwards in complete astonishment, dropping the spear. He collapses to his knees.

As two of the Predators walk forward, picking up their vanquished comrade, the first Predator, larger and more ancient-looking than the others, his body festooned with TROPHIES taken from many kills, steps forward, his targeting laser snapping OFF.

Two of the aliens carry the dying Predator to the grayback. Without hesitation, the dying Predator, with the last of his strength, extends his arm in a posture of acceptance, at the same time, lifting his head to the grayback, exposing his throat.

The grayback's fighting knives FLASH forward, the grayback raising his arm, poised... suddenly his arms slashes downward, a heavy THUD as the Predator's head is severed.

Dumbstruck with fatigue and shock, Harrigan watches transfixed as the grayback turns towards him. The grayback approaches, the gleaming fighting knives moving within inches of Harrigan's terrified eyes. The grayback raises his arm, holding. Suddenly the knives are withdrawn.

235
thru
236

OMITTED

235
thru
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237 HARRIGAN'S POV

237

As the grayback, and the room begins to swim in and out of focus, the otherworldly harmonic WHINE of the ship's drives, powering up, is HEARD.

Harrigan falls to his back, now barely able to breathe, as the other Predators move in around him. Suddenly the floor beneath him begins to descend, pulling away, dropping from the ship into the blackness below. As it does, the grayback reaches behind him, tossing some OBJECT onto the platform with Harrigan.

As the platform continues to descend, Harrigan, through his blurred vision, SEES the huge dark mass above him, the underside of the alien spacecraft, and in the doorway from which he is descending, the dim outline of the grayback, backlit in the blue-green light of the ship's interior.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:

237

Harrigan loses consciousness...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

238 INT. CISTERN - STORM DRAIN - NIGHT

238

A huge brick and concrete structure, part of the LA river storm drain system, now illuminated by dim sunlight, streaming in from a hole, at the far end of the cistern.

Harrigan is lying on the floor. Suddenly his eyes start open, his lungs gasping for breath. He rises defensively to his knees, looking around the room. But the spacecraft has vanished.

Harrigan slowly looks down, seeing on the floor the engraved silver and wood forestock of a seventeenth century MATCHLOCK PISTOL. He picks up the pistol, turning it over in his hands, SEEING a NAME and a DATE engraved into the silver, the name in ITALIAN, the date: 1640. The object the grayback threw as Harrigan left the ship.

Holding the pistol, Harrigan stands, moving painfully towards the light at the end of the cistern.

239 EXT. LA RIVER FLOOD CHANNEL - DAWN

239

The scene of a flurry of activity, HELICOPTERS circling above, the channel filled with POLICE CARS, FIRE TRUCKS, and other RESCUE VEHICLES, and dozens of UNIFORMED PERSONNEL, the PRESS and BYSTANDERS.

At one side of the channel, a massive hole has been blasted through the concrete, a mound of RUBBLE scattered into the river bed, the site of a projectile of tremendous weight and power leaving at incredible speed.

From the still smouldering hole, deep within the channel, Harrigan appears, picking his way forward, looking like a man returned from hell, his clothes nearly torn from his body, his skin dusted with a fine layer of ash.

Harrigan, barely walking but still on his feet, moves into the channel. Pilgrim is there, making his way to Harrigan.

PILGRIM

Mike, my God, what happened... ?

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED:

239

HARRIGAN

Leona?

PILGRIM

She's going to be all right. It's
a miracle...

Harrigan thinks a moment, shaking his head.

HARRIGAN

No, she was pregnant.

(beat)

That's why he didn't kill her.

Harrigan pushes on, away from the madness, towards Keyes, standing in the middle of the activity, dumbfounded, incredulous to see Harrigan alive, but seeming more heartbroken than anything. Harrigan approaches, staring at him. Keyes is at a loss for words.

KEYES

(fumbling)

We came so close...

Harrigan looks down at the matchlock pistol in his hand.

HARRIGAN

(weary)

Don't worry, Keyes, you'll get
another chance.

They stare into the dawn sky where they SEE the track of a
MOVING POINT OF LIGHT, outbound.

OMIT (240)

END CREDITS ROLL

THE END