

"PREDATOR 2"

THE HUNT CONTINUES....

Written by

Jim Thomas & John Thomas

FIRST DRAFT  
October 6, 1989

### Acknowledgements

The following is a transcription of images taken of a physical copy of the first draft of Predator 2 owned by collector Predain (aka Ian).

Community member Kane Gilbert T. (aka Sonny Bryan) must also be mentioned and thanked as the silver tongued one who convinced Ian to take photos of every single page of the scripts so that the script could be released into the Predator community.

AvP Galaxy staff member Corporal Hicks (aka Aaron Percival) transcribed the images directly into Final Draft so the script could be formatted as close to possible to the pages in the original images. Unfortunately, it's not a one-to-one representation of the formatting but the content is correct.

"PREDATOR 2"  
The Hunt Continues...

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

SLOW FADE-IN FROM BLACK:

AERIAL VIEW, a rush of mottled shapes, racing past camera, slowly resolving into the tops of trees -- as if seen from a helicopter, looking down on a jungle canopy. As the camera reaches a wall of towering trees, we slow and CRANE UP, cresting the treeline, the startling sight of MID-TOWN MANHATTAN appearing before us. As we HOLD, the title artwork crashes into the center screen: PREDATOR II. On this we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LOFT - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - DAY

WHIP-CRACKING into the PREDATOR'S POV from a HIGH ANGLE.

Through the multi-colored HEAT-REGISTER, we SEE several HUMAN FORMS, moving below us.

One of the figures thrusts forward a TUBE-LIKE OBJECT, held in both hands. The Predator's vision locks and STEPS-IN to CLOSE-UP, revealing the recognizable outline of a MILITARY WEAPON. We HEAR the heavy sound of a breech SNAPPING shut, and then the human's VOICE, intelligible but somewhat garbled.

VOICE  
(filtered)  
Striker, South African army. 12  
gauge, modified drum magazine, 20  
rounds, semi-automatic. Real Street-  
sweeper. Total rock 'n roll.

The figure lays down the weapon, picking up ANOTHER, the Predator's vision readjusting for a CLOSER LOOK.

VOICE  
(filtered)  
Now, if you're in the market for no-  
bullshit, high velocity Firepower,  
we have the 'prince' of submachine  
guns, H&K, MP-5, 9mm, thirty-two  
rounds, twelve Hundred per, at  
sixteen hundred feet Per second.  
We're talkin' top-of-the-line  
quality, but I can offer twenty-  
five percent discount on five or  
more.

The figure pick up yet another weapon, the Predator snapping In EXTREME CLOSE-UP as the bolt is slammed shut.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

VOICE

(filtered)

If you're a little more budget conscious, there's always the 'People's choice,' the ever-popular AK-47. Korean made, 7.62 mm. I stock a complete line of ammo from full-metal jacket to armour-piercing. You can't do better, my friend.

(beat)

And to complete the ensemble, I've got every type of handgun known to modern man, from .357, .44 magnums, to the very fashionable Baretta 92...

(beat)

Or, the ultimate asskicker, the four-fifty-four manstopper.

The figure holds up a long-barreled REVOLVER. As he spins the chamber we,

CUT FROM HEAT-VISION:

TO OBJECTIVE CAMERA

the cylinder of the five shot .454 magnum revolver, still spinning.

From our vantage point, we see we are in a black market 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, while in the center of the room, several steel TABLES are covered in a variety of WEAPONS, as if on display.

Holding the .454 is ROCCO TANNARACH, a slim-bodied, ferret-faced dealer of death. Behind him are two other lower eastside crustaceans, thick-necked, cold-eyed SECURITY GUARDS, each wearing BODY ARMOUR and SHOULDER HOLSTERS, stuffed with large caliber HANDGUNS. The room is oppressively hot, the men sweating profusely.

Examining the wares are three, swarthy COLOMBIANS, by their manner of dress and demeanor, drug dealers. One of the men is taking obscene bites from an APPLE as he warily eyes the bodyguards. An open BRIEFCASE, filled with stacks of TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS, rests on one of the tables, near the obvious leader of the Colombians, a pig-eyed scorpion of a man.

Rocco wipes his brow with a paper towel, eyeing the money. He smiles at the Scorpion.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED: (2)

ROCCO

So, what's it going to be?

The Scorpion smiles back, showing brown, rotting teeth, his voice a rasp emanating from the back of his throat.

SCORPION

I think I'll take it all.

ROCCO

You'd better have a fuckin' shit-load of money there, my friend.

The Scorpion touches the money.

SCORPION

(grinning)

I got plenty for you... puto.

The Scorpion grabs a sheath of the bills, flipping them backwards, revealing a false bottom to which the thin layer of money has been glued. With reptilian speed, he snatches up an Ingram MACH 10 MACHINE PISTOL, leveling it at Rocco's head. The other two colombians reach in, coming up with 9mm PISTOLS, covering the guards.

ROCCO

(sputtering)

You fuckin' hump, who the fuck you think you're dealing with? You know who the fuck we are, man?

SCORPION

(grinning)

Deadmen?

(beat)

Life's cheap, cavron. And business is business...

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.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN SKYLINE - DAY

In TOTAL SILENCE as we begin a slow DESCENT from one hundred stories.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

We HEAR the faint SOUND of a SIREN, Rising up from the streets below, the keening WAIL growing louder as we descend into the canyons of steel and concrete; through the thick smog and shimmering air of a blistering August heat-wave; down, down to street level, engulfed by the CACOPHONY of the city, the ROAR of traffic, into the din of a hot, miserable sea of humanity.

We CRANE DOWN to the traffic choked streets of Hell's Kitchen, where POLICE VEHICLES have cordoned off a center of the block, a hastily prepared barricade established in front of a five-story WAREHOUSE. Near the door of the warehouse is a two-wheeled, VENDOR'S PUSH CART, laden with FRUIT.

The SIREN grows louder as an unmarked PATROL CAR, stick-on light flashing, enters the street, SCREECHING to a halt.

Emerging from the car is DETECTIVE-LIEUTENANT ('Lou', in NYPD vernacular) MIKE HARRIGAN, mid-thirties, German-Irish, sweat-soaked white shirt, necktie askew, a huge, long-framed SHOULDER HOLSTER slung under his arm. Harrigan is the 'whip' of the 28th Precinct, the man the precinct captain depends upon to run the daily show -- the field commander.

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

At her side is DANIEL ('DANNY') CUTTER, a tall, raw-boned, dark-featured man, hairstyle and hip clothing bespeaking a young man attempting to stay in step with the fashions and styles of cosmopolitan N.Y., on a cop's salary.

Harrigan approaches a SERGEANT, kneeling behind a patrol car, midstreet, other OFFICERS beside him, weapons drawn. Harrigan taking in every detail, we realize instantly this man's lifestyle has been forged in the no-quarter-given arena of the streets. This is one smart, tough, COP.

HARRIGAN

Don't keep me in suspense,  
Sergeant.

SERGEANT

Citizens report, Lou, P.R.'s the  
Korean with the push cart. He heard  
shots, automatic weapons. Maybe the  
top floor. What we can get from  
him, sounds like a fucking war.  
(beat)  
Since we been here, not a peep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Harrigan looks at him, mopping his brow with a handkerchief.

HARRIGAN  
So what the fuck are you waiting  
for, an invitation?

The sergeant turns, a surprised look.

SERGEANT  
Direct order from One Police Plaza,  
Deputy-Chief Heinemann himself.  
'Secure perimeter, surround the  
building and wait.

HARRIGAN  
Wait? For what?

SERGEANT  
Fuck if I know, Lou. Some bullshit  
special team on its way. Feds, DEA,  
who knows.  
(beat)  
Christ, it's hot.

Suddenly the faint but distinct staccato STUTTER of AUTOMATIC  
WEAPONS FIRE erupts from the upper stories of the building.

HARRIGAN  
Fuck this. Sergeant, give me two  
of your best uniforms. We're goin'  
in.

Harrigan signals to Leona and Danny, who draw their weapons.

SERGEANT  
Lou, I got a direct order from the  
Chief...

HARRIGAN  
Don't sweat it, Sergeant. I'll take  
the rap. Let's get this over with,  
it's too hot for this bullshit.

As Harrigan and his team move around the cars towards the  
buildings, a KOREAN FRUIT VENDOR speaks out from the crowd of  
bystanders.

VENDOR  
Very blad man.

HARRIGAN  
What?

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED: (3)

VENDOR

Very blad man. Take fruit, no pay.

Harrigan hefts from his shoulder rig a long-slide AMT HARDBALLER .45 AUTOMATIC. He racks a round into the chamber, looking at the vendor.

HARRIGAN

Don't worry, I'll give him the bill.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LANDING - TOP FLOOR - DAY

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

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

Harrigan turns to Danny, now transformed from hip cosmopolitan to an intense, highly tuned warrior -- a hunter, sensing, feeling the air for some clue, some movement. Their eyes meet, Harrigan's asking, 'Where?'

Danny, 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.

Harrigan 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 arsenal guards charging into the hallway, two AUTOMATIC WEAPONS, in either hand, FIRING back into the room.

A moment of total confusion as the guard, 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.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net



CONTINUED:

In a second 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!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

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

PREDATOR'S POV OF MADMAN

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

RETURN TO SCENE

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

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

HARRIGAN  
Drop it! It's over!

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

MADMAN  
No! Get away!

He swings his weapons up...

In a heartbeat, Harrigan FIRES, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, the hotload, softnose .45 caliber slugs hammering into the man's body armour...

PREDATOR'S POV OF THE SCENE

carrying him backwards, three steps at a time, the entire seven shots fired, until he hits the edge...

BACK TO SCENE

a flash of crazed eyes as the madman rolls over the top and...

EXT. STREET BELOW - FRUIT CART - DAY

slams face down through the canopy, a fatal bellyflop, dead-center into the mound of fruit.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Harrigan looks over the edge of the building, at the spread-eagled splatter below him.

PREDATOR'S POV OF HARRIGAN

In CLOSE-UP as he slams another CLIP into the .45 with a powerful thrust.

RETURN TO SCENE

Harrigan looking up at the sun.

HARRIGAN  
Damn, it's hot.

He turns and heads for the stairway.

PREDATOR'S POV OF HARRIGAN

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

PREDATOR'S POV OF HARRIGAN

The Predator stopping, observing as Harrigan, gesturing, gives rapid orders to the officers.

HARRIGAN  
(filtered)  
Search the roof, work your way  
down...

RETURN TO SCENE

HARRIGAN (CONTINUED)  
Check every floor. The perp may  
still be in the building. Seal it  
off, no one leaves.

Harrigan pushes past the officers, entering the stairwell.

INT. ARMORY LOFT - DAY

Harrigan standing in the half-light shadow of the partially open door, his 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.

COP  
(grim)  
This is some bad shit, Lou.

He sees Leona, standing beside one of the tables, 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 Italian guards, 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  
I thought I'd seen it all, Lou, but  
this...  
(beat)  
Did you get him?

HARRIGAN  
He's out front, checking out the  
produce.  
(quietly)  
What the fuck went on here?

LEONA  
Looks like a take-down that went  
bad, real bad.  
(looks down)  
Lou, they're all like this. What  
the hell did this?

Harrigan turns, taking in each corpse, each one bearing similar, enormous, gaping wounds. Harrigan turns to the cop at the door.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

HARRIGAN

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

(to Leona)

Don't touch anything. Field strip the room. I want the crime scene sketch done in coordinates, imaginary lines from every bullet hit, piece of glass, body, everything. You know the drill.

Danny, at the far end of the room, as if in a trance is studying the walls, feeling the bullet hits, 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.

Danny backs into the doorway.

DANNY

(urgent)

Lieutenant. 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.

HARRIGAN

How the fuck did he get up there?

DANNY

Must be twenty feet. No ladder, 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.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRIGAN  
What's that desk pimp doing down  
here?

COP  
Don't know, Lou, but he 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.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

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  
cart, body still in place. He walks to the cart, lifting the  
deadman's head by the hair, studying the melon-encrusted  
face. He turns to Leona.

HARRIGAN  
I want to know who this son-of-a-  
bitch was.

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

PREDATOR'S POV - ROOFTOP - DAY

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.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

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 in Hell's  
Kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

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

Frankly, sir, if you'd spend a little less time with suits up town, you'd know it's a fucking war down here..

PREDATOR'S POV - ROOFTOP - DAY

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

HARRIGAN

(filtered)

... Things happen, and when they do, I don't have the time to decipher some bullshit order from the 'Palace'...

BACK TO SCENE

HEINEMANN

(seething)

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

PREDATOR'S POV OF THE SCENE

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

RETURN TO SCENE

As the bodyguard/driver rushes in, restraining Harrigan.

BODYGUARD

For Christsakes, Mike. Come on.

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

HARRIGAN

I got a slaughterhouse up there, which might have been stopped. My 'policy,' Captain, is to stop it where I find it.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRIGAN (CONT'D)  
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 distracted by the SOUND of a HELICOPTER, blades slowly THUMPING. He shakes off the bodyguard, looking up, SEEING a BLACK HELICOPTER, circling far above the building.

PREDATOR'S POV - DAY

As he lock-steps in on the helicopter, HEAT-SWIRLS flowing from the turbines, looking like some gigantic insect. The Predator looks down, and in an incredible rush of speed, moves across the roofline towards the opposite buildings.

RETURN TO SCENE

As 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's going on here,  
Heinemann?

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

HEINEMANN  
You clear this area, immediately,  
get back to your cage at the  
28th... or I'll have your fucking  
ass.  
(to his driver)  
Let's go.

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

EXT. TOWNCAR - DAY

Through a partially open window, we SEE a hand remove a CELLULAR PHONE from it's cradle, punching in a number.

EXT. PRECINCT STATION HOUSE - MID-TOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

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

As Harrigan and his team mount the stairs, a LAWYER, PETTIBONE, conferring with some of his 'clients', catches Harrigan's approach, eyeing him uneasily as he grows nearer. Harrigan passes and then pauses at the door, as if remembering something. He turns to Pettibone.

HARRIGAN

Excuse me, counselor, I've been meaning to ask you. Does my ex still like to do it on the kitchen floor?

Without waiting for a reply he moves through the door. Leona steps up, fingering Pettibone's garish tie.

LEONA

You are some weak-ass shit, Pettibone.

She flips the tie over his shoulder, moving on, Danny passing by, silent, still troubled by the events at the warehouse.

INT. PRECINCT-HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE-ON a bulletin board containing a 1994 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 by, moving with them into the squad room.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

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. The place might as well be a sauna. At the back wall is a series of glassed-in offices, one of them reading: CAPTAIN.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net



CONTINUED:

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 tree, 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.

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.

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

INT. CAPTAIN PILGRIM'S OFFICE - DAY

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

PILGRIM

Don't start with me Harrigan,  
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 roll  
over and play the game on this one,  
Mike, because it's coming right  
from the top.

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

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

PILGRIM

(continuing)

Effective immediately, a Federal task force will be investigating certain criminal activities involving the trafficking and distribution of controlled substances'-- to wit: our fucking turf-war between the Colombians and the Jamaicans, currently being waged right in the middle of this god-forsaken precinct.

(beat)

I don't like being told how to run my shop anymore than you do, Mike, but on this one, they're callin' the shots. When they say 'step aside,' you step aside. Let them have it.

(gestures)

Don't put me in the middle of this. I can't afford to lose the best fucking whip I've ever had, not when I'm two years short.

He sits down, turning the fan into his face.

PILGRIM

Now, what can I do for you?

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

HARRIGAN

Captain, I just wanted to make sure you and Ruth are going to make it by Ray's tonight, we're doing a little thing for Leona -- it's her thirty-fifth.

PILGRIM

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

HARRIGAN

I don't think so, Captain.

PILGRIM

Mike, you've got to let this thing with Karen settle down, let it go. Find somebody nice, get out, have a life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HARRIGAN

Thanks for the advice. I'll think about it. See you tonight.

He reaches for the door.

PILGRIM

Oh, one other thing. You've got a replacement for Ferris. Anthony D'Angelo. Just got his gold shield. Cut his teeth in the 38th Precinct. His old man was Benny D'Angelo, you remember, South Bronx. He's a good kid, and you've got somethin' in common, two-time Golden Gloves, middleweight champ. Little green yet but he's got balls. Keep him alive long enough and you could make him into a good detective.

HARRIGAN

I'll see what I can do.

Pilgrim gets up and walks to the door with Harrigan. He puts him arm on his shoulder, fatherly-like.

PILGRIM

Think about what I said. Take it from me, you make the Job your wife, you'll wake up on day and find out you've married a whore.

HARRIGAN

Now where have I heard that one? See you tonight.

INT. HARRIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

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, along with several aged PHOTOGRAPHS of Harrigan, in the BOXING RING, celebrating a win with a championship belt held high, adorn the wall. On the file cabinet is a rusting FIGHT TROPHY, a stale DONUT stuck over the fighter's extended arm.

Leona and Danny are waiting, slumped in their seats, fanning themselves with sections of cardboard, torn from a pizza box. They look up with expectant faces.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

LEONA  
So? What gives?

HARRIGAN  
Feds have got the department by the balls on this one. We've been ordered to stay out of it.

DANNY  
So are we?

HARRIGAN  
Haven't made up my mind. But I'm going to find out what's going on.  
(to Leona)  
Leona, get in touch with some of your friends at One Police, see if you can find who these Feds are and what they're looking for. But keep it quiet. We keep the Old Man out of it.

LEONA  
You got it, Lou.

She exits.

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

HARRIGAN  
Danny Boy, what happened up there?  
That was no drug-war shoot-out.

DANNY  
You tell me, Lou. But I'll bet you one thing. When you see the ME's report, if you ever see it, not one of those guys will have any bullet wounds. That guinea you blew off the roof? I think he was the last one alive and was shooting at someone still in the room when we were in the hall. Go and figure that one.

HARRIGAN  
You think one man did all that?

DANNY  
I know it sounds screwy, Mike, but from what I could see there was only one perp.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRIGAN

A rival?

DANNY

I don't know, but whoever he is, he killed five men armed with machine guns, by hand -- with a knife. I'd say this is one bad dude.

HARRIGAN

Yeah, and I want him off the streets. Listen, I want you to snoop around, see what you can nose up. But be careful.

Danny nods, exiting the room. Harrigan sits back in his chair, reflecting.

A KNOCK at the door. Harrigan looks up to SEE a young, neatly dressed MAN, Italian, mid-twenties, his face tough, confident, street-wise. He steps in.

D'ANGELO

Lieutenant Harrigan?

Harrigan sizes him up.

HARRIGAN

Right. Anthony D'Angelo?

D'ANGELO

(grinning)

Tony. They call me Tony.

He gestures to the fight photos.

TONY

I saw you fight, when I was sixteen. My dad was a big fan. You had a good hook, Lieutenant, went to the body real good. You shouda' kept at it.

Harrigan looks at the photographs.

HARRIGAN

That was my last hurrah, kid.

(looks back)

Hear you're alright yourself.

(beat)

Listen, we got one way of breakin' in new talent around here.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

HARRIGAN (CONT'D)

On the street. We get a double gross of homicides a week here, plus every type of robbery, mayhem, shoot 'em up take down known to man.

TONY

(grinning)

Yeah, everybody knows the 28th's where the action is.

HARRIGAN

Yeah, right kid. You're on with Williams and Cutter. They'll get you started.

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

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 towards the bushes. But he trips on the wooden border of the sand box, the gun sliding towards the bushes as he hits the grass.

Picking himself up, the boy walks over to retrieve his gun when suddenly he stops, staring quizzically at the bushes. 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...

PREDATOR'S POV OF THE BOY

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

BACK TO SCENE

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.

EXT. PREDATOR'S POV - ROOFTOP - LOWER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The Predator moving at high speed across the top of the building, strange TORNADOES OF HEAT-ENERGY swirling up around him from exhaust vents, the electric lights of signs carrying weird, EFFERVESCENT HALOS around them.

He reaches the edge, a momentary look below, the stream of CARS glowing STRANGE COLORS from their engines and exhaust pipes.

The Predator LEAPS the forty feet to the lower, opposite building. He impacts and is instantly running at incredible speed, reaching the opposite edge, now moving up slowly, peering down on a CAR as it pulls to a stop, doors opening, HEAT-FIGURES emerging, pushing, half shoving ANOTHER HUMAN towards a building. The heat-forms enter the building, satisfying TRILL emanating from the Predator.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

MOVING towards one darkened end of the building, 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 hands.

INT. THE ALCOVE - NIGHT

TIGHT ON the terrified, sweating face of a COLOMBIAN DRUGLORD, strange lights flickering upward onto his face. We PAN DOWN to his feet, toes barely dancing on the filthy floor. 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 feet, followed by a one gallon PICKLE JAR, the lid quickly unscrewed.

MOVING UP rapidly to the Colombian's chest, huge HANDS rip open his shirt, a BLOODIED CHICKEN'S FOOT used to paint a strange symbol on the bared skin.

The terrifying image of a JAMAICAN GANG MEMBER snaps into view, long dreadlocks, yellow, rheumy eyes. The huge man takes heavily on a ten inch SPLIFF of GANJA, 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 a mouth of brown teeth, one of them gleaming GOLD.

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.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

GOLD TOOTH  
Ah, dis not be 'bout money,  
mon...dis be 'bout power.

Another Jamaican VOICE from the shadows.

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

GOLD TOOTH  
But it ain't enough to kill you,  
mon...  
(holds up pickle jar)  
The King wants your soul. And dat's  
dread.  
(beat)  
You know what day say on da street,  
mon...

PREDATOR'S POV CLOSE ON GOLD TOOTH

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

GOLD TOOTH  
(whispering: filtered)  
'Shit happens.' Dat's what day say,  
Shit happens.'

Gold Tooth LAUGHS, chilling, terrifying.

RETURN TO SCENE

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 of blood.

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

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net



CONTINUED: (2)

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.

The firing stops, the room growing SILENT, floating on a heavy fog of gunsmoke. 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 gleaming DISKS the size of silver dollars, 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 Jamaican 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 still and silent as Gold Tooth circles in and out of the light. He looks down, the breech of his Baretta open, out of bullets. He drops the gun, raising the cane knife.

From the shadow-edge, the twin KNIFE BLADES flash into view, the vague outline of the Predator resolving, 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.

PREDATOR'S POV OF GOLD TOOTH

As he raises the cane knife in defense...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

From the darkened building, we HEAR the terrifying SCREAM of Gold Tooth, which resolves into the scream of a SIREN as we,

CUT TO:

EXT. PATROL CAR - CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Moving quickly through the heavy traffic. The car jerks to a stop at a corner, where from a building, Harrigan appears, jumping into the car. The car races on.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Danny at the wheel, Harrigan at his side, Tony in the rear. Harrigan is cool yet intense, ready for action.

DANNY

Nightwatchman thought he heard shots and screaming, checked out the building. That's when he made the call, something about bodies everywhere, wouldn't go any further into the building.

HARRIGAN

Christ, another one.

TONY

The take-down at the Mafia hardware store this morning? Heard it was a pretty good wet-down.

As Danny slides around the corner, the RADIO crackles to life.

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)

(filtered)

All units responding 841 West 38th and Eighth Avenue, be advised Federal officers will handle investigation. All units block off area West 38th street between Seventh and Eighth streets. Do not enter premises, Federal officers will handle, K.

Harrigan looks at Danny.

HARRIGAN

You didn't hear that. Step on it.

DANNY

We're a block away.

TONY

Why the fuck are the Feds sticking their nose into a local turf-war?

## EXT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

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, a MAN 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, Harrigan and Tony emerge, Harrigan spots the van.

HARRIGAN

It's that asshole, Pope. Jesus, he must sleep on the street. All we need is the tabloids on this.

Harrigan, Danny, and Tony approach the patrol car. One OFFICER is sitting inside, hat off, his PARTNER leaning on the door, looking up as Harrigan approaches.

PATROLMAN

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

Harrigan looks at Danny.

HARRIGAN

Let's go.

PATROLMAN

Lou, we got orders to block off the street and keep everyone out. Every...

HARRIGAN

And you're doing a great job, keep up the good work.

PATROLMAN

But, Lou...

HARRIGAN

Far as you're concerned, Nick, we got here first.

The startling FLASH of a STROBE-LIGHT.

POPE (O.S.)

Lieutenant, is this another gang-torture slaying?

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

Harrigan turns, confronting POPE, an unkempt, half-shaven weasel of a man, sallow-faced, looking indeed like he sleeps in his van, waiting for the next sensational call on the scanners.

Harrigan turns to the patrolman.

HARRIGAN

And keep this asshole out of my sight.

PETROLMAN

A pleasure. Lou, you'll need this.

Harrigan takes the offered ten-celled FLASHLIGHT.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

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

DANNY

Lieutenant, over here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. Harrigan's light plays across the scattered coffee cans and candles, coming to rest on the Colombian's face, eyes unresponsive to the light, beyond shock, catatonic. Harrigan plays the light down the man's body, open shirt, ceremonial markings, to the hands, 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 Manhattan. Hundred keys a week.

Over his shoulder, Tony appears, studying the Colombian.

TONY

I've seen this before. That mark. Jamaican voodoo shit. Gettin' ready to take his heart.

HARRIGAN

King Willie. Big leader of the New York posses. Headed up the terror gangs for Edward Seaga in Jamaica, until he got too powerful. The Jamaican chiefs are afraid to make a move without his approval.

(beat)

No one's ever seen him, just his work.

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

TONY

Why didn't they take him out?

Harrigan turns, moving the light through the debris, across the battle scared walls.

HARRIGAN

Good question. The killer sure the fuck wasn't Jamaican -- and if he was Colombian, why'd he leave him behind...

PREDATOR'S POV - CLOSE ON HARRIGAN - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRIGAN  
(filtered)  
... Sounds like we've got ourselves  
the Lone Ranger.

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

HARRIGAN  
(filtered)  
Here's another one.

BACK TO SCENE

Harrigan'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.

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

In the darkness, nearby there is a MOVEMENT, a large section or DRY WALL, chewed away by machine gun hits, tears away from the wall, hitting the floor with a loud SLAP.

The three men instantly spin, weapons cleared.

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

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

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 three men walk forward, where the dark figure is standing.

MAN IN SHADOWS  
Lieutenant. A word with you in  
private, if I could.

Danny and Tony exit as powerful WORK LIGHTS are turned on in the room, revealing the face of the man, PETER KEYES. Tall, studious-looking, early forties, hair slightly graying, wearing a suit and tie -- a consummate Fed. Keyes flashes a FEDERAL I.D.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED: (3)

KEYES

Peter Keyes, Department of Justice.

Harrigan studies the I.D., then the face.

HARRIGAN

That's vague enough. Just who the fuck are you, Mr. Keyes, and why am I being prevented from investigating crimes in my own precinct?

KEYES

Because that's the way it has to be, Lieutenant. I can understand your feelings, but these incidents are related to a Federal matter of extreme importance. You've been ordered by your department to cooperate by staying out of our way.

(beat)

This is none of your business, Harrigan, stay out of it. I hope for your sake that this is the last time you interfere in our operation, because the next time you cross me, I'll have your badge so fast you won't know what hit you.

(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

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLOSE ON POPE'S HAND

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

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

HARRIGAN  
He's right, you know.

Harrigan exits.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - STREET SCENE - NIGHT

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

They turn and WATCH as the catatonic colombian druglord is taken from the building on a stretcher, his eyes, even at this distance, cold, unseeing.

LEONA  
I heard.

HARRIGAN  
Score anything?

LEONA  
Spent the whole day snooping around. Got a good friend, go way back, close to the Chief, like I mean, real close. Nothin' that woman don't know, doesn't hear. I don't think the Chief knows shit about what's going down. Taking orders right from the Mayor's office.  
(beat)  
That take down at the armory this morning -- total hush-up. The stiffs are in the morgue but off limits, even to the ME, Feds bringing in their own people to do the work-ups.

HARRIGAN  
By the minute...  
(beat)  
Okay, good work. Not much more we can do tonight. Come on, I'll take you home.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net



CONTINUED:

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

HARRIGAN  
(to Tony)  
You, too.  
(to Danny, aside)  
Danny Boy...

He steps away, Danny following.

HARRIGAN  
These guys, whoever they are, mean  
business. We're going to have to  
play it real cool...

PREDATOR'S POV OF THE SCENE

From the top of the warehouse, lock-stepping into CLOSE-UP of  
Harrigan and Danny, talking.

HARRIGAN  
(filtered)  
Feds are playing for keeps...

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

HARRIGAN  
(filtered)  
These guys will be here for a good  
four hours. I'm taking Leona and  
the kid by Ray's...

BACK TO SCENE

HARRIGAN  
(continued)  
You stick around, stay out of  
sight. See what goes on. I'll meet  
you here at one o'clock. I want to  
take another look at that room.

PREDATOR'S POV

CLOSE ON Harrigan, studying his speech.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RETURN TO SCENE

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...

PREDATOR'S POV OF DANNY

as he takes a few steps and stops, looking back.

BACK TO SCENE

Danny, uneasy, looking back at the darkened roofline of the warehouse. He senses danger. He turns and walks away.

EXT. RAY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

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

INT. RAY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

The official watering hole of the 28th Precinct, in the tradition of the New York Irish pub: 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, running the length of the room, at the moment, packed four deep in off-duty COPS, clamoring for drinks from FIVE very busy BARTENDERS, including RAY himself, ruddy-faced, broad-shouldered Irish 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' -- 35 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 at the bar is Leona, toasted and hosted by a dozen CO-OFFICERS. She has her arm around a big, gentle-faced man obviously her HUSBAND who's feeling self-conscious, surrounded by so many cops.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

LEONA  
(shouting)  
I told you I didn't want anyone to know.

HUSBAND  
Honey, I didn't have nothin' to do with this. Honest.

LEONA  
(laughs)  
Like hell you didn't, you've been acting strange all week. By the way, who'd you get to look after the kids?

HUSBAND  
(laughs)  
Your sister. Set it up three days ago.

A WOMAN OFFICER pushes into view, toasting Leona.

WOMAN OFFICER  
Leona, didn't you turn 35 last year?

They LAUGH, clicking glasses.

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. You may be determined to toss your career in the shit-can, but I'm not. If I don't take you off the street, get you away from those Feds, it's both our asses.  
(drinks)  
Mike, can't you see I'm trying to save your job? If these drug fucks want to do themselves in, 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 killer, hunting these guys down in some kind of sick payback because somebody's sister died of an overdose.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRIGAN (CONT'D)

Whoever it is, they're doing it in my backyard and I don't like it. I want to nail 'em, Feds or no Feds.

PILGRIM

Mike, for the last time, let it go. It ain't worth it. They'll take your badge, and by God, I won't be able to stop 'em.

On Harrigan's look, reflecting on what the Captain has just said, we

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE STREET - NIGHT

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.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. RAY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

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.

## INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Danny is kneeling on the floor, near the alcove where the killings took place. He examines 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 ST. CHRISTOPHER'S MEDAL. Puzzled, he rolls it over, finding an inscription in ITALIAN on the back, the name: ROCCO, clearly readable.

Holding onto the medal 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...

In an instant the Predator's arm materializes, his hand slamming onto Danny's wrist, 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 Predator's helmet moving rapidly towards him, the flash of steel as the KILLING KNIVES slash outward...

INT. RAY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Harrigan standing at the bar, glances at his watch, now reading: TWELVE FORTY-FIVE. He throws down his drink and moves away from the bar, slipping into the crowd.

EXT. CORNICE OF OLD BUILDING - NIGHT

Twenty stories high, overlooking a section of Manhattan. 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.

PREDATOR'S POV OF THE STREET SCENE BELOW

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

RETURN TO SCENE

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.

EXT. TOP OF BUILDING - NIGHT

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

PREDATOR'S POV

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

EXT. TOP OF FIFTY STORY BUILDING - NIGHT

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.

EXT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the modern, all glass structure, serving as the headquarters of the N.Y.P.D.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DEPUTY-CHIEF HEINEMANN'S OFFICE - DAY

Where TWO SECRETARIES are busily at work, a steady flow of DETECTIVES, MESSENGERS and others filing by. On the closed, hardwood door we read: DEPUTY-CHIEF HEINEMANN. We GO IN on the door.

INT. HEINEMANN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

Heinemann is seated behind a massive desk, severely organized, reading from an open FOLDER. Beside him is his young Dobermann ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT, starring with smug contempt at Harrigan and Captain Pilgrim, standing in front of the desk. Harrigan is grim-faced, showing the results of a two-day bender, the shock of Danny's death still heavily weighing on him.

Heinemann closes the folder, handing it to the Dobermann.

HEINEMANN

Lieutenant, Harrigan, your cowboy-attitude and disregard for department policy has finally caught up with you. As the direct result of your flagrant and defiant disregard of departmental orders...

(voice rising)

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

(coldly)

I hold you personally responsible for this death, and I am going to do everything in my power to see that the Board of Review recommends your immediate termination. Until then, you are suspended from any and all duties as a New York Police officer.

Pilgrim steps forward.

PILGRIM

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

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

HEINEMANN

I don't want to hear it, Captain.  
Your involvement in this matter is  
not going unnoticed. I suggest you  
develop a more serious attitude  
towards the control and discipline  
of your personnel. 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.

INT. HALLWAY - ONE POLICE PLAZA - DAY

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.  
We're going to beat this thing,  
Mike. I've got some shit on that  
little fucker that won't quit.

HARRIGAN

Forget it, Captain. It doesn't  
matter anymore. Eighteen years can  
go to hell for all I care. But  
whoever killed Danny is going to  
pay. He belongs to me.

PILGRIM

It's a police matter now, Mike. The  
Feds can't keep us out. I'm getting  
temporary transfers from three  
precincts and we're going to tear  
this city apart. We'll find him. I  
want you to stay away from this,  
Mike. Stay away from it, get out of  
town, put this out of your mind...

They reach a bank of elevators, stepping inside a waiting  
car. A moment of silence as both men look at each other.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PILGRIM  
(continuing)  
... but if you find the bastard,  
stick that .45 up his ass and shoot  
him once for me.

The doors close.

INT. LOBBY - ONE POLICE PLAZA - DAY

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 towards a stairwell.

HARRIGAN  
Captain, I've got one last piece of  
business to attend to. I'll see you  
later.

PILGRIM  
God damnit, be careful.

Harrigan is already moving at a half-trot towards the opposite stairwell.

INT. LEFT STAIRWELL - DAY

Keyes moving down the stairs, thumbing through a FILE.

INT. RIGHT STAIRWELL - DAY

Harrigan taking the stairs three at a time.

INT. STAIRWELL LANDING - DAY

Keyes reaches the landing, heading towards the next set of stairs, still focused on the file.

From out of nowhere there is a blur of movement as something seizes Keyes by the coat, spinning him hard into the wall. 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.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

HARRIGAN (CONT'D)

You know who that psycho son-of-a-bitch is. But whatever your game is, it doesn't matter. Because now it's personal, and he's a dead man.

KEYES

(voice rising)

Stay away from this. You have no idea what you're dealing with. I'm warning you...

Harrigan slams him against the wall.

HARRIGAN

No, shit-head. You don't know what you're dealing with. So 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.

EXT. ONE POLICE PLAZA DAY

As Harrigan descends the stairway he SEES, Leona and Tony, leaning against a SQUAD CAR, parked at curbside. Harrigan hesitates and then moves forward. Leona raises her hand.

LEONA

None of your bullshit, Lou. I know what you got in mind, and we're in.

HARRIGAN

Stay out of this, Leona. I've already gotten Danny killed.

We can see the pain he is holding back, and so can Leona.

LEONA

Save it for the opera, Lou. We're in and that's it. What they did to Danny was inhuman. I want this bastard as much as you do.

TONY

(grinning; confident)

Besides, Lieutenant, we already caught the assignment. Pilgrim put us on the case this morning. But he said we should check with you first. For a guy with his ass in a sling, you got a lot of pull.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harrigan looks at them, both set and determined to go on, no matter what the cost.

HARRIGAN

(relenting)

Hit every snitch on the street.  
There's got to be some word out  
there, some rumor, somebody with a  
grudge. But watch your ass, this  
guy is smart, dangerous and wants  
it on the edge.

LEONA

But who are we lookin' for? He  
kills Colombians, Jamaicans, cops.  
What his motive? Revenge,  
vigilante?... It doesn't make any  
fucking sense.

HARRIGAN

(to Leona)

There's got to be a connection, a  
reason behind what he's doing. Find  
that, we find our killer.

(beat)

What about the Colombian? Has  
anybody talked to him?

TONY

The Feds checked him out of  
Bellevue with a habeas corpus this  
morning.

HARRIGAN

What about the warehouse?

LEONA

Forget it. Feds swept it clean  
nothing but Danny's body.

HARRIGAN

Which is where I start next.

INT. FORENSICS PATHOLOGY LAB CITY MORGUE NIGHT

CLOSE ON JAMES ARNOW, M.D., Chief Pathologist and Medical  
Examiner, City of N.Y., 55, salt and pepper hair, ruddy  
faced, a craze of broken blood vessels around his eyes  
proclaiming his daily need of a scotch or two. Arnow is  
moving at a plodding gait, his attention detached and removed  
from his surroundings.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

As he 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.

Arnow glances at a WALL CLOCK, reading 8:39. Moving on he arrives at a set of doors marked FIRE EXIT, a sign on the push-bar reading: EMERGENCY EXIT ONLY, ALARM WILL SOUND. Light from an outside source spills under the doorway, a SHADOW crossing over the light. Arnow pushes on the bar, a shrill HORN SOUNDING as he swings open the door, Harrigan stepping inside from a stairwell. Arnow closes the door, shutting OFF the alarm.

INT. ARNOW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

TIGHT on a FILE CABINET as a drawer is pulled open, Arnow fishing out a FIFTH of single-malt SCOTCH from the back. He pours two stiff drinks into COFFEE CUPS, handing one to Harrigan.

ARNOW  
You'll need this.

INT. FORENSICS LAB - NIGHT

Arnow removes a PADLOCK from the hasp to a refrigerator door, opening it, rolling out a stainless-steel drawer, containing a BODY covered with a rubber sheet.

Arnow looks at Harrigan, staring at the sheet, steeling himself. Arnow hesitates a moment before pulling back the sheet.

Harrigan's initial look of shock is replaced by one of profound sadness,

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Arnow 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

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

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

ARNOW (CONT'D)

Death was almost instantaneous. The attack took place in the rafters of the building, Danny falling approximately 30 feet to the floor, indicated by the massive hematomas and fractures to the left side of the body where he hit.

(beat)

The killer then removed the vertebral column and skull from the body. The same weapon that punctured the heart was used to sever the muscles, ligaments and cartilage, attaching the spine to the rib cage, all in one massive stroke, as good as, maybe better than a surgical instrument.

(beat)

Thirty-five years of forensic medicine and I've never seen anything like it.

HARRIGAN

What kind of weapon? A knife?

ARNOW

A double-edged knife-like weapon, twelve to fourteen inches long, razor sharp but with some properties I've never seen before.

HARRIGAN

Like what?

Arnow removes from a small lab REFRIGERATOR a mounted GLASS SLIDE. He 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.

ARNOW

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRIGAN

Like the metallic traces left by a bullet?

ARNOW

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.

HARRIGAN

Like honing-oil on a sharpening stone?

ARNOW

Good analogy. That's what I thought at first. But here's where it gets strange. Take a look at the same sample on a spectrographic analyzer.

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

ARNOW

(continuing)

What you're seeing is not oil, but metal.

HARRIGAN

Liquid metal. Like mercury?

ARNOW

Wrong atomic weight. This stuff doesn't correspond to anything on the Periodic Table. I don't know what the hell it is. But I'd say the only people with access to something like this would be the military or the government.

HARRIGAN

Or somebody who has something they want.

(beat)

Doc, what about the other victims?

ARNOW

Feds got them locked up in the adjoining wing. Brought in their own forensics team and examiners.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARNOW (CONT'D)  
I'm the Medical Examiner and the  
Chief Pathologist for the city and  
they've got me locked out of my own  
hospital.

Arnow walks to a SAFE, unlocking it. He removes something  
from an ENVELOPE.

ARNOW  
There's one other thing, Mike.

He hands Harrigan the GOLD ST. CHRISTOPHER'S MEDAL.

ARNOW  
Found this in Danny's hand. Had to  
pry it open to get it. The  
inscription is Italian: 'May God  
Protect and Keep You, Rocco.' I  
think this is what took Danny into  
the rafters -- he was after this.

HARRIGAN  
Rocco Tannauch, one of the  
greaseballs who bought it at the  
armory.  
(beat)  
Doc, any way you can get a look at  
those bodies, any of the evidence  
the Feds have collected?

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

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

Harrigan exits.

EXT. HOSPITAL SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Harrigan emerges from the morgue, standing in the light of a  
street lamp. He opens his hand, the St. Christopher's medal  
dropping free, suspended on its chain, turning, flashing in  
the light. Harrigan studies the medal.

PREDATOR'S POV OF HARRIGAN

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

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

RETURN TO SCENE

Harrigan looks up as approaching headlights appear, a CAR pulling to a stop beside Harrigan. Tony's confident face appears at the driver's window. Harrigan opens the rear door and slides in.

INT. UNMARKED PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Leona is seated in the front seat next to Tony.

HARRIGAN

Let's go.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

As the car pulls away and begins to accelerate...

PREDATOR'S POV

the Predator hesitates and then with unearthly speed, leaps from his perch to the ground, racing along the street, over cars, leaping fences into trees, pulling alongside the car, now keeping pace with it, the HEAT-IMAGES of the three humans inside GLOWING as they move and talk. The Predator's HEARING becomes more selective, filtering out the sounds of the engine, the tires on the pavement, until he has isolated the VOICES from inside, sounding warped and distorted.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Leona is leaning over the front seat, briefing Harrigan on the status of their investigation into Danny's murder.

LEONA

Word on the street is nyet, Lou,  
nothin'. We've got a hundred  
shields working this thing and not  
one solid lead.

(reaching for something)

Oh, you're going to love this.

She hands him several TABLOID NEWSPAPERS. Harrigan opens one, headlines emblazoned with: WEREWOLF KILLER STALKS MANHATTAN. A second reads: CITY PARALYZED WITH FEAR -- WHO'S NEXT? And a third: NYPD HELPLESS AS RITUAL KILLER RULES STREETS. On every paper, the same grizzly GRAB-SHOT of the hanging bodies, taken by Pope at the warehouse.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net



CONTINUED:

HARRIGAN

That bastard Pope finally made the  
big time.

PREDATOR'S POV - PURSUING CAR

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.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

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

2) The reactions of a CAB DRIVER; LIMO CHAUFFEUR; and an out-  
of-town COUPLE as their headliners collapse a good foot with  
the Predator's weight.

3) The cab 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!

PREDATOR'S POV - OF THE PATROL CAR

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

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Parked on a dimly lit street in the Harlem District, facing  
one edge of a park.

HARRIGAN

What do I have to work with?

LEONA

(protesting)

Lou, this is stupid. These people  
are animals. You can't trust 'em.  
And we can't cover you with just  
two people.

HARRIGAN

Just tell me what I've got.

Tony looks at Leona. Reluctantly he turns to Harrigan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

Pilgrim got the D.A. to kick loose the Grand Theft charges on Desmond Bishop. With that and the parole violation, he was looking at an automatic two years at Riker's Island. Desmond is the number two man in the East Harlem posse, a favorite of the king himself.

HARRIGAN

What's the set up?

Tony looks at his watch.

TONY

Eleven-thirty. The east entrance to the park. Take the walkway to the bridge. No weapon, no wire, no back-up.

LEONA

But we got them to agree to hold it in the open.

TONY

I've checked it out. I'll be in a good position, good field of view. I'll be with you all the way.

Harrigan hands over his .45.

HARRIGAN

Make sure you do, kid.

Harrigan opens the door, Leona restraining him with her hand.

LEONA

Mike, why are you doing this?

HARRIGAN

The Jamacians don't take to having their people killed. If anybody knows anything about who's behind this, it's this joker. They say he knows everything on the streets. If it gets me closer to Danny's killer, it's worth the risk.

He leaves, crossing to the other side of the street.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

EXT. PATROL CAR - REAR - NIGHT

Tony opens the trunk, removing from a case a SNIPER'S RIFLE with a headlamp-sized STARLIGHT SCOPE. He closes the trunk, quickly crossing the street, disappearing into the park.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Harrigan enters, following a winding pathway.

EXT. LANDSCAPED KNOLL - NIGHT

Tony moves into position, lying down on the ground, sighting in the scope towards a distant STONE BRIDGE.

Tony keys the button to a tiny MICROPHONE on his collar, wired to his radio transmitter.

TONY

Leona, I'm in place. He's just  
comin' up the walk. No one else in  
sight.

TONY'S POV THROUGH THE STARLIGHT SCOPE

The eerie blue-green field of intensified light reveals Harrigan as he walks forward, onto the bridge.

Without warning, a mid-70's black CADILLAC, no headlights, looms into view, stopping alongside Harrigan. Two heavily armed JAMACIANS emerge, hold a brief discussion with Harrigan, then search him.

TONY

(alarmed)  
Leona. It's going down wrong.  
They've got a car. They're  
searching him.

He continues to watch as Harrigan is turned around and pushed into the car which speeds away through the park.

RETURN TO SCENE

Tony is to his feet and running.

TONY

(panting)  
Leona, they've got him. Coming out  
on 78th street Black Cadillac...  
haul ass or we're going to lose  
em...

LEONA (V.O.)

(filtered)  
I'm on my way.

EXT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Leona whips the car across the street and onto the sidewalk as Tony charges into view from the trees and jumps into the car.

LEONA (O.S.)  
(screaming)  
Tony, hurry, God damnit!

Tony leaps into the car.

TONY (O.S.)  
(out of breath)  
Did you see them?

LEONA (O.S.)  
(shouting; pissed)  
No! They didn't come out this side.  
They're gone!

She tears away from the curb, the car flying down the street, SCREECHING to a stop to check down the intersection before racing away again.

INT. JAMAICAN CADILLAC - NIGHT

Harrigan sits in the back seat, surrounded by two, huge, silent JAMAICANS, wild dreadlocks, wearing vests over bare skin, beads, feathers and amulets. 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 down 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.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

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 at the very end, a deep, booming VOICE seems to come from nowhere, everywhere.

KING WILLIE (O.S.)  
(rumbling; chilling)  
De say you been a doin' favors for  
me. Tell me, why you do this for  
me, 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 AUTOMATIC WEAPON held loosely in one giant hand. He lays the weapon on a wooden crate, taking in Harrigan.

KING WILLIE  
About da one doin' all dis killin'  
in da streets?

HARRIGAN  
Yes, he's killed your people as  
well as mine. I want him. They say  
you know...

KING WILLIE  
Everything.  
(beat)  
But der's no stoppin' what can't be  
stopped.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KING WILLIE (CONT'D)  
You know what I'm sayin' to you,  
mon? No killin' what can't be  
killed.

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

KING WILLIE  
(low; frightening laugh)  
I'm talkin' 'bout the other side,  
mon. Dis thing be killin' your  
people and mine is from da other  
side. I feel him all around.  
(beat)  
You don't stop dis kind of thing,  
mon. Da only thing is stay out of  
his way. 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.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Harrigan emerges onto the street, looking around him, as if  
disoriented. He lights up a CIGARETTE.

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 a short way down the street to a POLICE CALL BOX.  
Using a key he opens the box, lifting the receiver.

HARRIGAN  
(Irish accent)  
This is McGuinness here, 1237. Say,  
see if you can raise Mobile Unit Z-  
68, Williams and D' Angelo for  
me...

EXT. REAR OF ALLEY - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KING WILLIE

... meet me at the corner. Send  
somebody to pick up Desmond. Want  
to see the boy.

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, gunsmoke wafting up from the breech, as Willie stares into the night. Unbelievably he SEES movement, something drawing closer.

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.

King Willie looks up from the feet, into the black shape he can only imagine is there. He reaches for his knife...

INT. PREDATOR'S LAIR - NIGHT

INSIDE A CHAMBER of strange design, in CLOSE UP as King Willie's HEAD, stripped of flesh, the dreadlocks still intact, drops heavily into view, dead eyes staring at us.

The chamber door is closed, the head enveloped in a SWIRLING GAS, pulling with it at high speed, the layers of FLESH, SINEW, LIGAMENTS, until there is nothing but a gleaming bare skull, patined and aged, as if an art object. The gas CLEARS, the chamber door opened, the Predator's hands removing the skull and spinal column.

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

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON a metallic panel 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. We see now that the skulls have been arranged in a diamond pattern, the apex space remaining empty, awaiting one last conquest. A low, satisfying TRILL is HEARD from the Predator as the metal panel closes with a HISS.

INT. RAY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Streaks of warm sunshine flood through the stained glass windows, illuminating the dark interior of the empty room.

Empty but for Harrigan, seated at the bar, a foaming mug of BEER before him. He cracks an EGG, dropping it into the brew, followed by another. A dash of Worcestershire sauce, salt and Harrigan downs his breakfast. He looks tired, harried and angry.

Tony and Leona enter, moving alongside Harrigan. Tony looks the bearer of serious information. Harrigan picks up on it right away.

HARRIGAN  
(impatient)  
What is it?

TONY  
(hesitant)  
Lou...

HARRIGAN  
God damnit, what?

TONY  
They found the King's body this morning, what was left of it... still in the alley.

LEONA  
Couldn't have been more than a few minutes after you left.

Harrigan stares at the image of himself in the bar mirror.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net



CONTINUED:

HARRIGAN

He was right there. I could feel him.

(beat)

Why is he waiting?

(beat)

What about the Feds?

LEONA

Guess. Got there before any of the local units could roll on it.

(beat)

But get this, they looked at the body and then left. Like they could give a shit anymore.

HARRIGAN

Or they've found what they're looking for.

LEONA

This is beginning to give me the creeps. Mike, what's going on?

HARRIGAN

I don't know. But Keyes and that horseshit DEA cover story is stinking worse by the minute.

(beat)

We've got to see whatever evidence they took from those killings. There's got to be some thread, some link connecting them all up.

TONY

Whatever they've got is going to be locked up tighter than a clam's ass -- water-tight.

HARRIGAN

Everything except what had to go through the morgue and the forensics lab. They must have run tests on something, maybe there's some record, something left behind in the computer that we can get our hands on.

LEONA

Arnow?

HARRIGAN

He's working on it. See if he's come up with anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEONA

I'm on it.

She exits the bar. Harrigan thinks a moment before turning to Tony.

HARRIGAN

Let's see if we can flush this fucker out. I've got some people to talk to. I want you to watch my back, but stay out of sight. Watch for anything, anybody that might be on my tail. I'll take it slow so use both sides of the street. You know Luigi's ?...

TONY

57th and 9th? Worked there as a kid.

HARRIGAN

We'll meet there for lunch. 12:30, back room.  
(beat)  
And kid, be careful.

TONY

My sentiments.

EXT. RAY'S - DAY

Harrigan leaves the bar, adjusting his eyes to the harsh glare of daylight.

PREDATOR'S POV OF HARRIGAN

The WHIP-CRACK of his presence as he lock-steps in on Harrigan as he steps from the curb into the intersection. The Predator leaps from his building perch towards a TRAFFIC LIGHT STANDARD, arching over the street.

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT - DAY

The standard sways with the impact of Predator's camouflaged body, the SOUND hidden by the heavy ROAR of TRAFFIC.

PREDATOR'S POV OF HARRIGAN

An AERIAL VIEW as Harrigan walks beneath the standard, the Predator following him to the other side of the street. As Harrigan continues down the street, the Predator leaps to the ground, moving behind Harrigan, keeping to a half block distance.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Reaching the next intersection, Harrigan SEES Tony, on the opposite side, looking into a store window. As Harrigan moves on, Tony begins his tail.

EXT. CROWDED INTERSECTION - DAY

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  
candy!

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

PREDATOR'S POV OF THE SCENE

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

BOY

Give me some candy!

RETURN TO SCENE

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

MOTHER

Allison, give your brother some  
candy before I smack your butt!

Harrigan reaches the next corner, moving down the crowded sidewalk, the Predator following.

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.

EXT. HOT DOG STAND - DAY

Harrigan is ordering up a dog, using the moment to survey his surroundings, checking for some sign of a tail. He SPOTS Tony, a block away, on the other side of the street.

Harrigan pays for the dog, moving on. He takes one bite before chucking the dog into a TRASH CAN, drawing a brief look of disdain from the VENDOR before tuning to his next CUSTOMER.

VENDOR  
Yeah, wadda' ya' want?

CUSTOMER  
Polish.

VENDOR  
The woiks?

CUSTOMER  
Right.

The vendor prepares the dog, extending it as he looks to the next person in line.

VENDOR  
What'll it be?

The first customer, admiring a great set of passing legs, is also looking away as:

The hot dog is swept from the vendor's hand by an invisible force. The customer and the vendor turn, locking eyes, each expectant.

VENDOR  
That's two dollars.

CUSTOMER  
Where's my dog?

VENDOR  
Don't pull that shit on me. Cough  
up the two bucks or I call a cop.

CLOSE ON the trash can as a SECOND HOT DOG lands next to Harrigan's, this one unsampled.

EXT. STREET MONTAGE DAY

As Harrigan prowls the streets of Lower Manhattan, talking to HOOKERS, PIMPS, DRUG PUSHERS, SNITCHES, BOOK MAKERS, roasting up those he usually knows are good for information. But in every case, we see them all shaking their heads, holding up their hands in innocence -- no one knows anything.

## EXT. SIDESTREET - MANUFACTURING AREA - DAY

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, using the window to look behind him, before moving on.

## INT. TAXIDERMISTS SHOP - DAY

Where at the back, a shriveled gnome of an OLD MAN, sits at a workbench, applying a set of teeth to a snarling WOLVERINE.

From the front he HEARS the TINKLING BELL on his front door, the SQUEAK of the hinges as they open and close. He rises from his stool, looking out over the empty shop. Puzzled he returns to his work.

## PREDATOR'S POV - TAXIDERMISTS SHOP

as he studies the stuffed features of a huge GRIZZLY BEAR, posed in a standing, fighting position. He moves on, examining other creatures, a RHINO, CAPE BUFFALO, a KUDU, and other exotic animals.

## RETURN TO SCENE

The Predator becomes visible, his hand stroking the hide of an AFRICAN LION, his fingers now touching the frozen, snarling teeth.

## EXT. TAXIDERMISTS SHOP - DAY

A MAN passes by, doing a double take as he SEES a strange FORM through the hazy front window. He moves closer, SEEING the Predator, posed next to the lion.

## INT. TAXIDERMISTS SHOP - DAY

Again the old man's attention is distracted as he HEARS the TINKLING BELL, looking up to see the puzzled face of the passerby, peering into the shop from the open door.

## TAXIDERMIST

Can I help you?

The passerby starts to point to the area where the Predator was visible, moments ago. He looks around the dingy shop, seeing nothing but stuffed animals.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

PASSERBY  
(puzzled)  
I saw a... It was right over there,  
but... Ah, never mind.

He closes the door, the old man returning to his work, shaking his head. A few moments later, he again HEARS the tinkling bell, the SOUND of the door CLOSING. He looks up, once more seeing the empty shop.

EXT. TAXIDERMISTS SHOP - DAY

as a CLOSED sign is flipped over on the door, the bolt thrown.

INT. LUIGI'S RESTAURANT AND DELICATESSEN - DAY

The walls lined with upholstered booths. At the back of the room, in the last booth, Harrigan sits, a BEER before him, watching the front of the room. From the back exit, Tony appears, sliding into the booth.

TONY  
You were clear the whole way.  
Nothin'.  
(beat)  
What about you?

HARRIGAN  
Dead end. Nobody knows anything --  
and they don't want to know.

Harrigan looks at his watch.

HARRIGAN  
See if Leona's had any luck with  
Arnold.

Tony goes to an enclosed PHONE BOOTH, making a call. Harrigan pours a mound of SALT on the table, nesting one edge of the BEER BOTTLE into the salt, leaving the bottle balanced on an angle. He blows away the excess salt, creating a leaning Tower of Pizza. His concentration is broken by Tony's VOICE.

TONY  
Lou!

As Harrigan looks up, the bottle CRASHES to the table. Tony gestures to the phone.

TONY  
We may have something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harrigan strides to the booth, taking the phone from Tony.

HARRIGAN  
Doc, it's Mike, what is it?

INT. MORGUE - LAB DAY

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

ARNOW  
We searched all the computer files,  
Feds pretty much swept it clean,  
erased everything after they were  
through.

(beat)  
Except for something that slipped  
between the cracks -- a fragment of  
a chemical test on some sample  
taken from the warehouse. It's  
mixed with wood fragments so it  
probably was taken from a wall or  
beam.

HARRIGAN (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Let's have it.

ARNOW  
It's not much but it's all we're  
going to get.  
(reads from the screen)  
The sample contains traces of N1  
H3; ONO2 and NO3, and bovine  
hemoglobin laced with  
Diethylstilbestrol.

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

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

HARRIGAN (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
DES. Steroids?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARNOW

Right, they inject it into cattle  
just before they send them to  
slaughter. Not exactly Kosher but  
it puts the weight on.

INT. LUIGI'S - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

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

HARRIGAN

Tell me.

ARNOW (V.O)

(filtered)

I think your perp 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.

Harrigan turns to Tony.

HARRIGAN

Get on to R and I. Check for anyone  
with a felony record who may have  
worked in a slaughter house. Check  
the psych records for the same  
thing.

(beat)

Find me a butcher.

EXT. PACKING HOUSE - INDUSTRIAL SECTION - LATE AFTERNOON

Harrigan and Leona exit the PERSONNEL OFFICE of the REDWING  
PACKING CO., Leona carrying a SHEATH of PAPERS.

Inside the patrol car, Tony is busily punching in names on  
the computer, taken from an open FILE on the seat beside him.

Harrigan and Leona stop at the car, Leona organizing her  
papers on the hood before handing them into Tony.

LEONA

Seventy-five full time, another  
thirty-two part time.

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

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net



CONTINUED:

TONY

So far, three or four possible hits, R and I's checking them out now.

HARRIGAN

What about Renkins?

TONY

That one's a real piece of work but he's doing thirty to life in San Quentin for a mutilation killing on the West Coast.

Harrigan looks at Leona.

HARRIGAN

One more on the list?

LEONA

(reading from her list)

East river. Eastern Pride Packing co.

They pile into the car.

TONY

Who dreams up these weak-assed names. I mean, they should tell it like it is. Hack 'em and Stack 'em Packing: Blood and Guts Industries; Chainsaw Meats, you know?

LEONA

(laughing)

Oooo, honey, you're bad. Bad. This heat wave has gone to your head, child.

EXT. PACKING HOUSE AREA - EAST RIVER - DUSK

In a transitional area, low-rent apartments adjacent to industrial buildings, cluttered along the sweltering, smog-choked East River.

The patrol car cruises slowly down a sidestreet, past several large tenement buildings, ten stories high.

INT. PATROL CAR - DUSK

Tony driving, the three detectives searching for the address to Eastern Pride.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

TONY

I thought my neighborhood was a dump, Jesus, people live in these places?

LEONA

Most of 'em can't afford anything else. Probably worked here all their lives and then retired.

(checks address)

Should be down here on the end, at the left.

The car pulls alongside a five story, ominous-looking building, windowless, coated with grime. There is no sign of activity on the loading docks, the doors locked and sealed.

TONY

Wadda ya think, Leona? 'Slaughter House From Hell?'

LEONA

(puzzled)

Doesn't seem to be doing much business. Maybe they close early.

EXT. LOADING DOCKS - EASTERN PRIDE - DUSK

CLOSE ON a New York Health Department QUARANTINE NOTICE: "Until further notice, this establishment is closed due to health violations." The notice is dated and signed: M. Harris, Inspector.'

Harrigan reads the date on the notice.

HARRIGAN

Closed yesterday. See if you can find out from M. Harris what the problem is and who authorized the quarantine.

They walk out on the loading dock, the red glow of the setting sun casting an ominous pall over the surrounding buildings. Tony descends the stairs, picking up a piece of paper on the ground, a LIGHT RED FLYER, advertising a local rock group. He begins to fold the paper.

HARRIGAN

Not much else we can do today. Let's get those names from the employment lists into R and I, maybe we'll have something in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He and Leona walk down the stairs where Tony proudly holds up a streamlined-looking GLIDER, made from the flyer.

TONY  
Check it out, Eighth grade  
champeen, P,S 96. I was the best.

PREDATOR'S POV OF THE GLIDER

In CLOSE-UP, as Tony carefully creases one of the folds on the wings.

TONY  
(filtered)  
Red always made the best flyers...

RETURN TO SCENE

TONY  
(continuing)  
... Don't ask me why, but red was  
it.

A bemused look from Harrigan and Leona.

LEONA  
Well, come on, let's see it fly,  
hot shot.

Tony holds up the glider, preparing to throw, gesturing for them to stand back.

TONY  
Stand back, you're blockin' the  
wind. I get a good updraft, this  
could make Staten Island.

PREDATOR'S POV OF TONY

studying the moment, obviously something meaningful about to happen.

BACK TO SCENE

as Tony releases the glider, which rises up into a hopeful arc for a few feet and then nosedives hard into the ground.

PREDATOR'S POV OF THE GLIDER

lying on the ground amid the trash and rubble of the street.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED: (2)

BACK TO SCENE

TONY  
(puzzled)  
Maybe it was the green ones...

They all LAUGH.

PREDATOR'S POV OF THE THREE

sharing this moment of camaraderie and release. Harrigan moves alongside Tony, the Predator going in TIGHT ON Harrigan's face.

HARRIGAN  
Listen, Tony...

BACK TO SCENE

HARRIGAN  
(continued)  
We might be getting close to something. I don't want anything to happen. You two watch your asses. Capiche?

TONY  
Capiche.

HARRIGAN  
Don't know about you but my ass is beat. Drop me by my place. You hear anything, call me.

They enter the car, driving into the swirling red heat of night.

EXT. HARRIGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

INT. HARRIGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Just what you'd expect: dingy, sparsely furnished, a place to hang your hat. Harrigan drops a handful of MAIL into an already overflowing pile on the hallway entry table. Harrigan moves to the kitchen, switching on the light.

Near the sink there is a suddenly blur of movement. We WHIP PAN, CLOSE into the HISSING face of a twenty pound, tattered and scarred, New York ALLEY CAT.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

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 goes for the old stand-by, taking a bite from the pepperoni stick, heading into the living room.

Harrigan lays down on the couch, sweeping a layer of NEWSPAPERS to the floor. He settles back, taking a sip from the beer, closing his eyes. In a second he is gone, his hand releasing its grip on the beer can, which THUMPS to the floor, the brew flooding into the carpet.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

Tony and Leona descend the stairs, walking down the street.

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

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

INT. SUBWAY STAIRS - NIGHT

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

PREDATOR'S POV OF THE STAIRS

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.

BACK TO SCENE

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?

## INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

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

## PREDATOR'S POV OF THE CAR

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.

## INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Tired, exhausted FACES, dripping with sweat in the oppressive heat. Tony is standing, holding on to the support rings, his face sagging from fatigue. Beside him, Leona is sitting, eyes heavy, nodding off to sleep.

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. He nudges Leona, who looks up with a start, seeing the toughs as they cruise through the car and into the next.

LEONA

Oh, shit. It never ends.

## EXT. SUBWAY TRAIN - IN TUNNEL - NIGHT

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

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

## INT. ENGINE COMPARTMENT - SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

The DRIVER, late 50's, overweight, chain-smoker, making his last run of his shift. He crumples up an empty CIGARETTE PACK, reaching for another on the dash next to an ASHTRAY overflowing with butts.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, from outside the train, the Predator drops into view, coming out of camouflage, his claws digging through the window with a horrifying SCREEE, his helmet pressing close to the window, as if examining the pilot of this fantastic machine.

The driver SCREAMS in horror.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

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

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

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 looking 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.

He places the point of the screwdriver on the briefcase, slowly running a furrow through the leather.

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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 Transit Authority.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

TONY (CONT'D)  
(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 at something with the shiv. In an instant he is eviscerated by something which SLAMS him against the window.

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 a seat, the Predator's SPEAR punching through the seat, and then, retracting, disappearing.

Tony and Leona FIRE into the darkness, emptying their weapons. They push the passengers, towards the front of the car, SHOUTING at them.

TONY  
Into the next car! Move! Move!

Suddenly there is a FLASH of steel, Tony torn off his feet like a rag doll, slammed into the ceiling of the car, a SPRAY of BLOOD, whipping across Leona's face.

Momentarily blinded by the blood and terrified out of her wits, she begins backing up, thumbing open her revolver, jacking out the spent cartridges. She SCREAMS to the passengers, huddled at the end of the car.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The door to the lead car is pushed open, the screaming passengers tumbling in on top of each other. Leona follows, fumbling a SPEED LOADER into her revolver, aiming her weapon behind her.

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. She pries loose his 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!

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)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED: (4)

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 KILLING KNIVES driving forward. Leona's eyes...

INT. HARRIGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The jarring, explosive RINGING of a TELEPHONE, snaps Harrigan into consciousness. He rolls off the couch, grabbing for the phone.

HARRIGAN  
Harrigan...  
(beat)  
Hello?

We HEAR STATIC on the line and then a VOICE.

VOICE (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Please hold for Captain Pilgrim.  
We're patching you through.

More STATIC, then the VOICE of Pilgrim.

PILGRIM (V.O.)  
(filtered; tense)  
Mike, I'm sending a car. You'd  
better get over here.

A look of panic crosses his face. Harrigan hangs up the phone and stumbles for the door.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

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 and the rigid, iron-lock expression on PILGRIM'S FACE as he pushes through the confusion towards Harrigan.

PILGRIM

Mike...

HARRIGAN

(numb)

Where are they?

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.

INT. ALCOVE - INSIDE THE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Looking out onto the tracks. Pilgrim and Harrigan appear, the harsh swept of the FLASHLIGHT, illuminating the dark FORMS of TWO BODIES, 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:

TWO DREDLOCKS, bound in beads and copper rings from King Willie, and beside them, the RED PAPER GLIDER that Tony had made that afternoon. Harrigan bends down, picking up the glider, deep black stains soaked into the pale red paper.

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

PILGRIM

Mike! Mike!

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

Harrigan pushes through the crowd, a mad man, SEEING a Transit Authority CAR, door open, an OFFICER talking on the radio. Harrigan runs to the car, hurling the officer to the ground.

OFFICER

Jesus...

Harrigan is inside, HORN HONKING, people scattering before him as he CRASHES through the police barricade.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

The trunk of the transit car is open, heavy BODY ARMOUR is thrown inside, followed by a DUFFEL BAG, a SHEET of slightly curved METAL, and on top, an M-203 ASSAULT RIFLE with GRENADE LAUNCHER

Harrigan slams closed the trunk, heading towards the front, an open garage behind, filled with FURNITURE, FILE CABINETS, and on the floor, two heavy metal FOOTLOCKERS, their lids thrown open.

Leaving the garage open, Harrigan jumps in the car, accelerating, laying rubber down the alley way.

EXT. CROSS TOWN DRIVING SEQUENCE - NIGHT

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

He slides through an intersection, forcing a CAB onto the sidewalk, Harrigan's car sandwiched between the cab and a telephone pole. Harrigan peels out in reverse, then accelerates off the sidewalk as the enraged CABBIE leaps from his cab, flinging a cut-down BASEBALL BAT, filled with lead, at the car, the bat cartwheeling into the rear window, which EXPLODES in a shower of glass.

At the next intersection, waiting for a red light is a late-model PICKUP TRUCK, a souped-up 4X4, oversized tires, a utility box in the bed and a sign on the door reading: BORONNI ELECTRICAL CONTRACTING.

Harrigan burns through the intersection, nearly sideswiping the truck.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Where three, thick-necked CONSTRUCTION HEAVIES, in tank-tops, react in anger at the near collision.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

DRIVER  
You motherfucker!

PASSENGER  
Let's get that son-of-a-bitch!

The driver peels out, laying rubber through the intersection, chasing after Harrigan.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

The driver switches ON his powerful ROOF LIGHTS, giant off-road driving lamps, attached to the roll bar, illuminating Harrigan's car in a harsh flood of light.

INT. HARRIGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Momentarily blinded by the lights, Harrigan knocks the rearview mirror to one side, speeding on.

EXT. NARROW STREET - NIGHT

The pickup, vastly more powerful than the city-issue sedan, ROARS up behind, riding on Harrigan's bumper. A moment later, the driver sees his opportunity as the street widens, whipping out and pulling alongside Harrigan's car.

From the passenger's window, one of the men is leaning out to his waist, brandishing a TIRE IRON.

RED NECK  
(shouting)  
Citizen's arrest, motherfucker!  
Pull over!

Harrigan turns his head towards the truck, a look of wild rage in his eyes.

RED NECK  
Pull over!

Harrigan reaches beside him, whipping up the long barreled .45 automatic.

HARRIGAN  
Kiss my ass.

Harrigan FIRES one round into the front right tire of the speeding truck. The tire BLOWS, the truck starting to swerve out-of-control, Harrigan pulling away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The truck powers sideways a moment, through an intersection before gaining traction, now heading across the street, directly towards a set of CONCRETE STAIRS.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

As it powers up the stairs, the three men SEE a set of double doors looming towards them, the gold letters reading: 42nd PRECINCT -- NYPD.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

The truck rockets through the front doors...

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

coming to rest in the desk area of the station. As the falling debris and dust settles, the bulldog DESK SERGEANT, flanked by a half-dozen OFFICERS, rises up over the booking desk, leveling their WEAPONS at the three, poleaxed rednecks.

EXT. EAST RIVER INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

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

INT. HARRIGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

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..

INT. HARRIGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

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.

## INT. NARROW CORRIDOR TO A BUILDING - NIGHT

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.

## INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

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?

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 fuck things up, again.

(beat)

Still don't have any idea, do you Harrigan.

(more)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KEYES (CONT'D)  
You're very good, you know. 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,  
anyway... 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 fuck is that?

KEYES  
(proudly)  
That, Lieutenant, is your killer.  
That's the best look at him we've  
ever had. Remarkable, isn't it?  
(beat)  
What you're seeing is an image  
constructed from the pheromone  
signature left by his body. Scent  
molecules. Everyone leaves them,  
even him.

HARRIGAN  
Him.

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)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

Another image, that of DUTCH SCHAEFFER, undergoing a debriefing in a Central American palapa. Schaeffer still appears to be dazed, in shock.

SCHAEFFER

(slow; labored)

... he was dying. And then, he activated something on his wrist. A timer, a computer. I knew that was the end of it all. I ran and ran...

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.

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

ANNA

(emotional; voice quavering)

... It used the jungle to move. Very fast, powerful. It was colored like the chameleon, invisible, unless it wanted to be. It was hunting the men, like a game, but only if they had weapons... if they were dangerous.

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 New York City.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KEYES

(quietly)

That's right, Lieutenant. An OWLF -- other worldly life form. In our thirty years of investigation into thousands of reported other worldly encounters, the incidents in Central America, and now here, are the only verifiable contacts between human beings and members of an alien species.

(beat)

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

HARRIGAN

To kill us.

KEYES

No, Lieutenant. To hunt us. For sport. Because of our intelligence and violent nature, the most dangerous species on the planet. That's why he's chosen you as one of his prey. He likes you. A lot.

HARRIGAN

(coldly)

I've noticed.

KEYES

His defensive adaptations are astounding, apparently possessing the ability to bend light around him, thus mimicking his surroundings to his body -- a perfect camouflage.

(beat)

He possesses weaponry ranging from ultra-sophisticated to nearly primitive, yet constructed of materials so far evolved as to make our most advanced metals obsolete in comparison.

(beat)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HARRIGAN

It sounds like 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

He's just entered the range of the first scanners. Still about a mile away. Keeping to the normal track. He's stopped now. His usual behavior.

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

He's moving again, sir. Looks like he's coming all the way, speed increasing.

KEYES

Incredible speed, capable of keeping up with a car. We've prepared a little trap for him in the packing house. You can see why I had to stop you.

HARRIGAN

If you've been tracking this thing for two weeks, why haven't you killed it before now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

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, equipped with a folding support-rod attached to the barrel, 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, but to capture him. We'd like to get to know him a lot better.

HARRIGAN

Nitrogen. You plan to freeze him?

KEYES

Precisely. One blast from that gun will reduce his body temperature to well below freezing, enough to 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 Manhattan it's quite another. The cost of life would be staggering.

HARRIGAN

(bitterly)

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

KEYES

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

HARRIGAN

The thought of what people like you would do with weapons like that terrifies me. At least this thing kills for the sport of it.

(beat)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

KEYES

It's simple, Harrigan. We've figured out how he sees -- in the infra-red spectrum. He sees 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.

EXT. ROOF TOPS - INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

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

PREDATOR'S POV - ROOF TOP

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

EXT. ROOF OF PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT

The Predator lands on the roof, moving towards a large VENTILATOR DUCT.

PREDATOR'S POV

drawing closer and then entering the duct.

INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

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.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

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.

EXT. PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT

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.

INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

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.

INT. PACKING HOUSE- NIGHT

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.

OWLF TEAM MEMBER POV OF THE ROOM

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.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

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.

INT. PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT

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

OWLF TEAM POV

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

INT. PACKING HOUSE UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT

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

INT. STAIRCASE NIGHT

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.



INT. UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT

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.

PREDATOR'S POV - SAME ANGLE - SAME VIEW

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

BACK TO SCENE - PREDATOR

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

INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

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.

INT. PACKING HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

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

INT. THIRD LEVEL - NIGHT

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

PREDATOR'S POV

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.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

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.

BACK TO SCENE - PREDATOR

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

INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

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.

TECHNICIAN

He's circling behind them, sir.

HARRIGAN

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

Keyes panics, hesitating before slamming his hand down on the transmit button on the console.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

KEYES  
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.

PREDATOR'S POV FROM THIRD FLOOR

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

INT. PACKING HOUSE SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

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.

POV OWLF TEAM MEMBER

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?

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...

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Where on the video-cam MONITOR, WE SEE the CAMOUFLAGED PRESENCE of the Predator, rippling, 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.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

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 DISK which slashes 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.

CLOSE ON a WATER PIPE and SPRINKLER HEAD

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.

CLOSE ON

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

INT. OWLF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

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 snatches up a hot-line TELEPHONE.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

KEYES

This is Keyes. We have a run-away  
at target location. Scramble  
termination team, immediately!

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.

EXT. SIDESTREET - NIGHT

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 (chicken-  
plate). 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. 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.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT

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)  
I'm here, motherfuck! You want me,  
come and get me!

INT. PACKING HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

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.

PREDATOR'S POV OF THE ROOM

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.

INT. PACKING HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Harrigan moving, darting through the rain-filled room, taking cover, moving.

Suddenly, from behind him, Harrigan HEARS the SLAM of a door. He spins and drops, moving for cover on the flooded floor.

Peering into the black rain, Harrigan SEES some furtive movement before him. He lowers the M-203, his finger touching the trigger. He draws closer, setting, waiting. More movement. Harrigan is about to fire when out of the rain he HEARS Keyes' VOICE.

KEYES (V.O.)  
This is none of your business,  
Harrigan. Stay out of it.

An incredulous look on Harrigan's face.

HARRIGAN  
(to himself)  
Keyes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.)  
Lou, they're all like this. What  
the hell did this?

Harrigan's eyes go wide with fear, diving for the floor as one of the Predator's KILLING DISKS flashes forward, missing his head by inches, cutting a swath through the top 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...

PREDATOR'S POV

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

BACK TO SCENE

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.

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.

INT. PACKING HOUSE - HARRIGAN - NIGHT

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.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

PREDATOR'S POSITION

The grenade EXPLODES against the wall behind him, flaming SHRAPNEL taking out his SHOULDER CANON, other fragments splattering into his back. The Predator's SCREAMS, raising his arm.

CLOSE ON his arm, where a smaller version of the LASER CANON POPS UP, FIRING...

HARRIGAN

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.

PREDATOR'S POV

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

INT. REFRIGERATOR ROOM - NIGHT

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.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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.

PREDATOR'S POV

hands lunging out, swinging the carcasses.

BACK TO SCENE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

PREDATOR'S POV

His vision awash in out-of-focus shapes and colors.

BACK TO SCENE

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.

INT. PACKING HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

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.

## INT. VENTILATION DUCT - NIGHT

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.

## EXT. ROOF OF PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT

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.

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.

## EXT. TOP OF BUILDING - NIGHT

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.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

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...

EXT. TRANSFORMER UNIT - NIGHT

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!

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

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.

PREDATOR'S POV

in his distorted field of vision, can barely make out the heat image moving towards him.

BACK TO SCENE

The Predator removes from a side pouch, the ancient fighting weapon of his race, the FLYING DISK. 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.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

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  
No, God-damn you!

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

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...

THE PREDATOR

falls, his right hand making a powerful swipe, the KILLING KNIVES embedding into the wall, leaving a SHRIEKING, double rent down the wall, SPARKS flying, slowing the Predator, his feet and toenails desperately digging for purchase.

The knives pull free from the wall, the Predator falling hitting a DRAIN PIPE, which rips away from the wall 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.

## EXT. ROOF TOP - NIGHT

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!

## INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A tiny, cloistered space, filled with old and tattered furniture, a life-time of memorabilia decorating the walls, the home of RUTH (played by Billy Crystal) 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.

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.

## INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

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.

## INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ruth is now standing beside her chair. She HEARS more CRASHING from the bathroom. She pokes Herb again.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net



CONTINUED:

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.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Predator tears up another section of CERAMIC TILE, dumping it into the sink along with the glass, other tiles and a COLD CREAM JAR.

Opening his thigh FIELD-KIT, he removes a small metal STRIP, eight inches long, a black knob at one end. He triggers the strip, which unfolds like a fan on a center point, forming a shallow DISH, the knob in the center containing three tiny PRONGS.

He places the dish on the toilet tank, touching its base, a BLUE FLAME leaping between the three prongs. He scoops up handfuls of the debris from the sink, dropping them into the mortar, which are instantly vaporized, forming a MOLTEN SLUDGE.

Into this the Predator breaks open a VILE, a blue LIQUID flowing into the mass, causing it to solidify and change color.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ruth still shuffling slowly towards the bathroom door, Jeopardy blasting away in the background, mingled with Herb's snoring.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

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.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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!

## INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

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, Frisbe-like weapon in his hand.

Harrigan passes Ruth and Herb's apartment, a jagged HOLE where the door used to be. He stops, looking inside, making eye contact with a still shaken Ruth.

HARRIGAN

It's okay, I'm a cop.

She points.

RUTH

That way, officer.

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 all the way to the basement.

## INT. APARTMENT BASEMENT - NIGHT

Harrigan enters through a door, moving down a set of stairs, the smart weapon before him. He reaches the bottom stair, looking around the dimly-lit room, crowded with a FURNACE, STEAM PIPES, ELECTRICAL BOXES and the support pilings and operating mechanism for the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

Harrigan cautiously enters the room, peering into the darkness. Suddenly, from the back of the room, 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 concrete, 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, sans helmet and arm, standing before him, breathing from his respirator. He drops the breathing mask, holding up 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.

Harrigan springs to his feet, moving right, circling the Predator on his bad side, the two looking like combatants in some bizarre gladiatorial contest.

The two circle each other, the Predator making huge, thrusting lunges with the blade end of the spear, Harrigan parrying them each time with the smart weapon, the room filled with FLASHES and SPARKS of alien metal on metal.

As the Predator makes a thrust, Harrigan fakes a parry and ducking and spinning, goes in low and close, slashing upward with the smart weapon, the Predator leaping back, but not in time, the blade laying open an inch of skin across his abdomen, green blood flowing.

The Predator rips up with a mighty kick, booting Harrigan across the basement and into the side of the STEAM BOILER, the smart weapon flying out of his hand and into the darkness.

Harrigan, now broken, bruised and exhausted, staggers to his feet, glaring at the Predator who moves forward for the killing blow.

Harrigan steps back, jumping as he is burned by the scalding hot metal of the boiler. He inches forward, a quick glance at the boiler and then to the Predator.

The Predator holds the spear, collapsing it to its base. He stows the weapon in its holder, the KILLING KNIVES slashing forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRIGAN

Come on, you son-of-a-bitch, come on!

The Predator replies with a mimic of Harrigan's OWN VOICE.

HARRIGAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Watch your ass, Danny Boy!

Harrigan seems mesmerized, frozen as with an awesome lunge, the Predator makes a vicious killing stroke with the knives, Harrigan waiting until the last possible second before he dives...

the KILLING KNIVES slashing into the boiler, opening a huge gash, a massive EXPLOSION of BOILING WATER and STEAM blasting onto the Predator.

He SCREAMS as his flesh turns RED, parboiled in the deadly flow. Still screaming, he turns, disappearing into the cloud of steam.

Harrigan gets to his feet, SEEING A FIRE AXE, clipped to a wall, next to a HOSE and REEL. He yanks the axe from the wall, stumbling through the steam and into the room beyond -- but there is no sign of the Predator. He has vanished!

Harrigan follows the glowing blood trail to a brick wall, where it abruptly ends. Enraged, Harrigan swings the axe at the wall. But instead of brick, he hits empty space, Harrigan and the axe vanishing into the wall.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Harrigan falls to the ground, inside an earthen tunnel, a BLINDING LIGHT shining into his eyes. Moving towards and past the light, he finds a PROJECTOR-LIKE DEVICE, focusing a HOLOGRAPHIC BEAM on the wall, disguising a RAGGED HOLE.

Harrigan turns, stumbling through the tunnel towards an opening beyond.

INT. PREDATOR'S LAIR - NIGHT

Harrigan enters a hole through solid concrete, entering the towering interior of an ABANDONED SUBWAY TUNNEL, part of the city's early transit system, now buried and forgotten.

Parts of the tunnel have collapsed, leaving huge piles of RUBBLE, the tracks nearly covered over, water dripping down the walls, creating a tiny river.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

To Harrigan's right, he SEES the awesome sight of the Predator's scared and battered SPACECRAFT, aged with meteor hits, burns and space dust. Behind it, Harrigan SEES an ovoid SHAFT, fused into the earth, the path of the ship's entry way into the abandoned subway.

Mesmerized, Harrigan approaches the ship, walking beside it. He reaches out, running his hand over the strange metal. As he does, his hand cuts a BEAM, a section of the ship's skin HISSING OPEN, revealing a wall of GEL-LIKE MODULES. At the corner of each module is a small DISK, like a button. Harrigan touches one of the disks, a block of gel sliding forward, soundlessly.

He stares into the gel, where entombed in the preservative are three HUMAN SKULLS, vertebrae attached: GOLD TOOTH, DANNY, and KING WILLIE, dreadlocks still visible. At the top of the diamond shape arrangement is an empty space. Harrigan touches the surface of the gel.

HARRIGAN

Danny...

Behind him he HEARS a noise. Turning, his mind raging with anger, he staggers back toward the entrance, where behind a pile of rubble, he finds the dying Predator, lying on his side, burned and bleeding, taking his last breath, unable to make the safety of his ship. Harrigan looks into the face of the dying alien.

HARRIGAN

That's right, fucker, shit happens.

He raises the axe high above his head and is about to swing 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.

In disbelief he turns, paralyzed in shock as he SEES, walking from the blackened subway tunnel, 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 until there are TEN PREDATORS standing abreast.

Harrigan stumbles backwards in complete astonishment, dropping the axe.

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.

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED: (2)

As the others carry the dying Predator to the ship, the grayback moves closer, Harrigan backing up. The Predator scrutinizes the human before him, a low TRILL and slight movement of his head signifying respect.

He turns to go and then stops, removing something from the trophy collection on his body. He flings the OBJECT towards Harrigan...

who catches it, slowly looking down, holding in his hand the engraved silver and wood forestock of a seventeenth century MATCHLOCK PISTOL.

He turns the pistol over, SEEING a NAME and a DATE engraved into the silver, the name in ITALIAN, the date: 1640.

In shock, Harrigan looks up, the grayback now turned away, joining the others as they enter the ship. A low WHINE begins to vibrate throughout the room...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

Harrigan, barely walking but still on his feet, moves into the room. Outside, through the windows of the front door he can SEE flashing RED and BLUE lights.

As he opens the door he is greeted by an onrush of POLICE, FIREMEN, and REPORTERS who rush up the stairs, Harrigan making his dazed way through them, looking like a man risen from the dead.

Off to one side he sees another OWLF TEAM VAN, the back opening, more MEN in environmental suits emerging. walks on, around the corner.

EXT. VACANT LOT NIGHT

Adjacent to the apartment building, overgrown with weeds and junked cars.

In the middle of the lot, a huge MOUND of NEWLY UPTURNED EARTH is seen, revealing a massive shaft, leading underground.

By the mound, standing alone is Keyes. Harrigan walks up, Keyes turning to look at him, dumbfounded, incredulous to see Harrigan alive, but seeming more heartbroken than anything.

KEYES  
We came so close...

(CONTINUED)

avpgalaxy.net

CONTINUED:

HARRIGAN

(weary)

Don't worry, Keyes, you'll get  
another chance.

They stare into the night sky as we begin to CRANE UP and UP,  
rising ABOVE the city skyline, above the SOUNDS of SIRENS and  
humanity, into the SILENCE of space, where we SEE the track  
of a MOVING POINT OF LIGHT, outbound.

END CREDITS ROLL

THE END