

PREDATORS

by

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EXT. AERIAL SHOT OVER AN OCEAN - DUSK

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

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

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

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

But they seem little match for the Invisibles...

The Fight is **BRUTAL**.

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

The men **SPILL INTO THE WATER**.

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

One of the Invisibles enters the hull of the ship.

INT. HULL

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

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

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

INT. OTHER ROOM

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

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

INT. STORAGE ROOM

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

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

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

An **EXPLOSION** and a **HUGE HOLE** appears in the ceiling.

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

INT. WAR ROOM

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

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

EXT. DECK

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

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

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

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

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

The LEADER reaches up to remove its HELMET-MASK.

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

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

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

WILSON
(to Captain)
This your ship?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

Dutch says nothing.

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

PINES AND VEGAS
Yes sir.

WILSON
Buell!

BUELL
Yes, sir!

As Wilson passes him...

WILSON
Burn it.

BUELL
Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF THE GALLEON

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

On impact the canisters EXPLODE into the camera. The frame is filled with bright orange flame.

Through this the Main title:

P R E D A T O R S

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

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CONTINUED:

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

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY ON THE MOTHER SHIP

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

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

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

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

DAK

Prisoner coming through!

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

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

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

DAK

Heads up, Rocko.

ROCKO

(rubbing sore spot)

Sonofabitch...

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

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DAK
How's it hanging, Cadillac?

Cadillac's eyes never leave Dutch.

CADILLAC
It's damn near scraping the ground.

Dak smiles widely.

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

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

WILSON
(to Dutch)
A teletribunal is being assembled which you will attend within the hour.

MOLINEAUX
As if he deserved one, the fuck.

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

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

WILSON
Vegas and Dak here will keep an eye on you.

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

WILSON
If you need anything, anything at all...

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

WILSON
Don't ask...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

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

WILSON

(screaming, holding his bloody broken nose)

Get him, goddammit!

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

DAK

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

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

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

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

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

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

DAK

(yelling into open ship monitors)

Open the fuckin' gateway!

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

CADILLAC

Hello.

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

CADILLAC

Goodbye.

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

DAK

You kill him?

CADILLAC

(holds up electro gun)

Nah. Just put him out.

WILSON

Then this won't hurt him none.

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

CUT TO:

INT DECK OF SHIP

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

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

JC

Do you like my boots?

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

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

JC
Welcome aboard, Dutch.

JC nods and they drag Dutch away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DECK - DUTCH'S TRIAL

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

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

The FACES on the video monitors look stern and angry.

Dutch's head is bowed down in quiet disgust.

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

SUPERIOR

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

JC turns to Dutch.

SUPERIOR

Do you have anything to present in your defense?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUPERIOR

What say you all?

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

The Superior nods to JC. JC nods back.

JC

Lock him up. Everyone else on deck.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL

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

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

DAK

Name's Dutch.

KNAPPER

So that's the legendary sonofabitch.

DAK

That's him.

KNAPPER

He don't look anything special.

DAK

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

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

DAK
That our food?

PINES
That's one word for it.

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

DAK
Hey Pines.

PINES
Yea.

DAK
Dance for Knapper here.

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

KNAPPER
That's beautiful, man.

PINES
Cost me a month's pay.

The soldiers that strapped down Dutch exit.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

DAK
We're going home, jack.

They smile slightly and light up their cigars.

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

CUT TO:

INT. DECK OF SHIP

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

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

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

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

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

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

JC
Sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SADLER

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

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

JC

Say again?

SADLER

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

WILSON addresses the computer screen.

WILSON

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

SADLER

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

JC

We're nowhere near Arkus 6.

Sadler checks on a computer-generated map.

SADLER

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

JC waves Wilson over.

JC

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SADLER

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

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

PARISH

(quietly to JC from across room)

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

JC nods and turns back to Sadler on the screen.

SADLER

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

JC

Was Arkus 6 his original destination?

SADLER

Come again?

JC

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

SADLER

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

JC looks around at his men.

JC

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Most nod "no." Others simply shrug.

MOLINEAUX

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

SADLER

Compensation will be doubled from the original
specified amount.

Parish nods "Yes."

JC

We accept the mission.

SADLER

Very well.

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

MOLINEAUX

Goddammit, JC...

JC

Proceed with the flight pattern transmission.

TURKEY

Who wants to tell Dak?

MOLINEAUX

Not me...

SADLER

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

TURKEY

(surprised)

Full armor?

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

CUT TO:

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

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

KNAPPER

Can't go in there, missy.

HARDWICK

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

Knapper looks at Dak.

SAMSON

I'd do what the lady says.

DAK

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

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

HARDWICK

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

DAK

What?

HARDWICK

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

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

SAMSON

(to the guards)

There's no smoking on this ship.

Knapper and Dak put their smokes out. Fast.

DAK

(serious)

What the fuck's she talking about...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL

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

HARDWICK
(to Samson)
Watch him...

SAMSON
(stepping in)
Yes ma'am.

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

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

HARDWICK
Commander's orders. They want you sedated.

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

HARDWICK
That won't be necessary.

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

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

Dutch gazes up at her on mention of Arkus 6.

DUTCH
Arkus 6?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARDWICK

(re: band)

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

Dutch gazes up into her eyes.

HARDWICK

I wouldn't even dare to trot.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CELL

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

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

JC

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

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

JC

(tossing the cards down)

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

DUTCH

How long was I out?

JC

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUTCH

Thirteen days. Long enough to be near Arkus 6.

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

JC

What do you know about Arkus 6?

DUTCH

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

JC

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

DUTCH

They can all go to hell.

JC

And here I thought you had respect for the uniform.

DUTCH

I lost it when mine was taken from me.

JC

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

DUTCH

(a little groggy)

Is that why you drugged me?

JC

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUTCH

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

JC indicates the tattoo down Dutch's face.

JC

You want to tell me about that?

DUTCH

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

JC

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

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

JC

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

DUTCH

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

JC smiles and removes his boot.

JC

Okay, Dutch.

He walks to the door then adds...

JC

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

He goes. Dutch examines his cuffs.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORY ROOM

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

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

Vegas slips on some cool shades.

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

KNAPPER

What?

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

DAK

See? I told you he was boning the doc.

KNAPPER

Sonofabitch.

(To Wilson)

Hey Captain, let me smell your finger.

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

WILSON

(slightly nasal)

What?

Knapper and Dak laugh.

KNAPPER

Nothing.

DAK

(to Knapper)

I don't trust that motherfucker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNAPPER

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

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

WILSON

(addressing the room)

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

DAK

We should be home now, chief.

WILSON

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

(to the group)

Prepare to move out.

Wilson leaves the armory.

DAK

(mumbling loudly to himself)

I'm sick to shit of all of you.

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

VEGAS

Yeah, we hate you too, Dak.

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

CUT TO:

SICKBAY

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

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SAMSON

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

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

HARDWICK

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

SAMSON

Yes. I did.

HARDWICK

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

SAMSON

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

Hardwick drops the syringe and juice into a waste box.

HARDWICK

Thanks.

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

CUT TO:

CONTROL ROOM

The ship is preparing to land.

Cadillac enters carrying something looking like a sandwich.

WILSON

(to Cadillac)

You're late. Here.

Wilson hands Cadillac a GOLDBAND RING.

Cadillac sticks the sandwich under his arm.

CONTINUED:

CADILLAC

What's this?

WILSON

Tracking device fed by remote to a terminal Parish carries.

Cadillac looks at Parish who nods.

CADILLAC

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

PARISH

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

CADILLAC

That's Cadillac to you, Preacher.

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

KNAPPER

What you got there?

CADILLAC

Sandwich.

KNAPPER

Look again.

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

KNAPPER

That's fucking sick, Cadillac.

CADILLAC

That's protein, Knapper.

Cadillac grins through roach-stained teeth.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP FLOATING THROUGH SPACE

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHIP LANDS ON ARKUS 6 - DAY

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

EXT. LANDING STRIP AND BUILDINGS

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

The crew deplanes and disperses.

DAK

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

HARDWICK

(interrupting)

Shut it, Dak.

DAK

Just an observation.

Knapper laughs to himself.

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

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

BUELL

Been dead awhile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

CADILLAC

Just stay cool, troublemaker.

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

HARDWICK

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

KNAPPER

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

Dak laughs at Knapper's funny.

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

JC

Where's the contact?

PARISH

No signal of anyone else in the area sir.

JC

Pines radio the post.

PINES

Already trying, sir. There's nothing.

PARISH

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

JC

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

PARISH

It's not very big, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JC

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

WILSON

Maybe we should...

GONZALEZ

Over here Major!

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

CADILLAC

Nice and easy.

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

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

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

TURKEY

It's beautiful.

JC

What is it?

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

GONZALEZ

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

DAK

Tell us something we don't know.

GONZALEZ

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUELL

Yeah? What's it say?

GONZALEZ

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

BUELL

Glyphs?

GONZALEZ

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

(shrugs)

It's hard to say.

DAK

(glaring at Wilson)

Did somebody say Cakewalk?

Wilson's eyes dart around the area.

WILSON

What, you scared there, Dak?

Turkey reaches up and touches a glyph on the pole.

SUDDENLY

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

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

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

WILSON!

Don't you fucking move, asshole.

DAK

Let him go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DUTCH
If I let him go, he falls.

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

Vegas and Cadillac grab Turkey and lift him up.

CADILLAC
(to Dutch)
Stand up. Slow.

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

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

Wilson steps away from the kiosk and gathers the others.

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

Parish looks up.

PARISH
Sir!

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

Buell's interest is growing on the totem pole.

BUELL
What is this shit?

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

(CONTINUED)