

Trouble Man

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A giant photograph of A BOY THROWING A PAPER AIRPLANE,
the words "IT'S A BREEZE!" Above him. MOVE DOWN TO REVEAL:

MID CONTINENT AIRPORT (WICHITA) -- LATE AFTERNOON

Security lines. Folks checking bags. Picking up luggage.
PEOPLE EVERYWHERE in this gleaming white modern structure.
This is a regional hub airport, everything in one terminal.

AMONG THE CROWD, moving toward us on an escalator, we find
ROY MILLER, well put together in a suit, no tie.

INT. AIRPORT -- BREEZEWAY / GATE AREA -- SAME

People exit a plane from BOSTON. We follow A WHEELED CARRY-
ON bag, pulled by a LONG-LEGGED WOMAN in warm-up sweats
and Nikes. We track her, moving purposefully.

Then, into the WOMEN'S REST ROOM.

And into A STALL. *Slam. Lock.*

INT. AIRPORT -- LOCKER AREA -- SAME

Standing before a sea of lockers, Miller holds KEY #314.
He looks about cautiously, checks the panning airport
camera, then crosses to--

LOCKER #314. HE OPENS IT TO REVEAL-- TWO VINTAGE TOY
SOLDIERS atop a folded newspaper.

Miller reaches for them but reacts as one of them is hot.
He gingerly puts them in his jacket pocket, then looks at--

THE FOLDED NEWSPAPER-- A USA TODAY folded to MLB box scores
for the Boston Red Sox.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - SAME

Her back to us, THE LONG LEGGED WOMAN sets her carry-on
atop the toilet and, in precise well rehearsed movements,
unzips it, pulls out a BLACK WIG and hangs it on a hook.

Then, she pulls out a FLORAL PRINT DRESS and drapes it
over the wig. She shoves her sweat top into the carry-on,
now down to her bra. Nice body. Toned arms.

She pulls out an EVIAN BOTTLE, unscrews the lid. Opens a
MAKE-UP KIT, removes A POUCH OF GREEN POWDER, and adeptly
dumps it in the bottle. She gives the mixture a shake.

INT. AIRPORT - MAGAZINE STAND - SAME

As Miller tosses the USA TODAY in the trash, he checks out
the people around him. Notes a man in an overcoat nearby.

Eyes a security camera above the ticket counter.

MILLER (V.O.)
One way to Boston.

EXT. TICKET COUNTER - SAME

Miller slides an I.D. and credit card to a sweet-looking, corn fed TICKET AGENT.

TICKET AGENT
Okay, Mr.--
(checks his I.D.)
--Miller.

She smiles, begins typing into her terminal.

MAN#1
We found him!

CLOSE ON A SECURITY MONITOR - SAME

In a room somewhere, we see a high angle shot crash zooming in on Miller and the Ticket Agent. A red square signifying facial recognition software frames Miller's head. We see A REFLECTION OF TWO MEN IN THE MONITOR:

MAN#2
Destination?

MAN#1
Covered his lips. I got nothing.

MAN#2
Move in on the keys. Magnify. Now.

The shot cranks in on the Ticket Agent's fingers. Highly pixilated but one can make out THE QWERTY KEYBOARD.

MAN#2
Run it again... B-O-S.
(into phone)
Boston. Its a go for Boston, Logan.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - SAME

The woman takes TWO BALLOONS from her carry-on. Fits one over the mouth of the water bottle, and starts filling the balloon with green liquid.

INT. AIRPORT - DEPARTURE MONITOR - SAME

WE PAN DOWN the list of flights, stopping at "BOSTON," then PAN OVER just as "ON TIME" now becomes "DELAYED."

REVERSE - CLOSE ON-- ROY MILLER looking up at the monitor, he checks his watch, moves on.

ON THE SECURITY MONITOR-- SAME

MAN #2's REFLECTION-- As he watches Miller move on.

MAN#2

Its done.

INT. AIRPORT - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - SAME

As the woman pulls the big dress over her head, puts on the wig and stuffs two LIQUID-FILLED BALLOONS into her bra and now turns to face us.

Lovely JUNE HAVENS takes a deep breath.

INT. AIRPORT - BAR - NIGHT

Miller sits, nods to the bartender. Out the windows, the sky is getting dark. From this seat, Miller has a view of almost all activity at this airport.

MILLER

Club soda. Two cherries.

He takes out his iphone, plugs in ear buds, and starts discretely panning it around, checking out who's in the bar with him. Like that guy with a buzz cut in the coat, on his cell...

Miller aims the phone in the guy's direction, zooms on his face, hits an icon, the screen flashes "LIP READER." And now we hear, out of sync, what we see on the phone:

SYNTHETIC VOICE

Daddy's bringing you a present... a
Mr. Pookie like you asked for.

Okay, no threat there... focuses on two gentlemen in suits who, glance around, speak to each other in hushed voices...

SYNTHETIC VOICE (MAN1)

I just feel like I can be myself
when I'm with her--

SYNTHETIC VOICE (MAN2)

She's sixteen, Ralph.

Whoops. Moving on. Miller again looks at--

THE PHONE SCREEN

As Miller continues PANNING the crowd in the bar. He stops when his phone frames some rather large CLEAVAGE. Tilts up to see June Havens at a table in her wig, on her cell:

SYNTHETIC VOICE

I'm in place. The hit's on.

Miller looks up from the screen to--

June across the bar, sketching something on a napkin. She puts down some cash as the waiter brings a Tequila Sunrise. Then...

JUNE

I'll call you when its done and I'm on the way.

She hangs up, checks her watch, downs the fruity drink in one long go through the straw, then gets up from the table.

She starts walking toward Miller.

Miller sits up, watching her approach...

She keeps coming. We see her take a deep breath. Ten feet away now.

He doesn't move, HIS BRIGHT EYES ZEROING IN ON A BOARDING PASS TO BOSTON in her hand... as she walks right past him.

Miller looks over his shoulder, watching as she now strides away toward baggage claim.

WE HEAR A BEEP and Miller looks down at his iphone.

ON THE SCREEN-- A STRAIGHT-ON SHOT OF A HOUSE, traditional and charming on a tree-lined street. The words "5826 AMAPOLA MOVEMENT ALERT" flash at the bottom.

Miller watches the house for a moment... As a figure unloads bags from a sedan.

INT. AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - SAME

Passengers meeting up with rides and their bags on a luggage carousel. Among them, a small group of MEN IN SUITS AND COWBOY HATS. One of the "execs," smaller, wire-rimmed glasses, checks his blackberry when suddenly--

HE'S PELTED IN THE CHEST WITH A BALLOON FULL OF GREEN PAINT.

JUNE

Mike Jerbic!

The man, stunned, brushes at the green paint all over his suede jacket as WE PAN TO JUNE, shouting...

JUNE
CFO of Great Plains Mining!
ECO Criminal!

She reaches into her bra, extracts the other balloon and this time nails him in the face, splattering the other two execs as well...

AT THE BAR-- ROY MILLER

notices a commotion at the distant carousel. He leans on his stool, watching as-- June, a speck, stands before the stunned crowd and dripping executives.

BACK AT BAGGAGE CLAIM--

JUNE
This is our land!

June unfurls A GREEN FLAG for the security camera that reads **ECO WARRIORS**, throws it into the air so it floats above their heads-- then she turns and bolts.

AT THE BAR-- MILLER'S EYES

Follow a portly quartet of AIRPORT SECURITY as they race down an escalator --

Meanwhile, JUNE RUNS FROM THE CAROUSEL THROUGH THE TERMINAL, rounding a corner, taking a turn behind a help kiosk.

Miller smiles, charmed by her.

AT THE KIOSK-- JUNE

flattens herself between the kiosk and a plastic ficus, cat-like, and sheds the dress with ruthless efficiency.

THE DRESS is shoved into a trash can and JUNE RESUMES moving through the crowd, brisk, in her track suit now as--

AT THE BAR-- ROY MILLER

watches June coming this way. Charmed by her, he slides along a railing, getting a better view.

In the concourse, passing Cinnabon, June disappears behind a column-- as security blows past-- then she reappears A BLONDE, jamming her wig (wadded) into a another trash can.

AT THE CINNABON-- BLONDE JUNE

looks back-- no one is following her.

But instead of relief, she appears deflated. As if the high was already wearing off... Suddenly, from behind :

MAN'S VOICE

Excuse me, ma'am.

June gasps and spins around to see-- A MAN IN UNIFORM.

MAN

Help for the needy?

He's holding a SALVATION ARMY bucket.

JUNE

Oh. Sure...

June fishes in her pocket, drops change as--

GATE AGENT (P.A.)

Now boarding for Air West flight 10
to Boston.

As she turns, June walks straight into-- ROY MILLER.

JUNE

Oh. Excuse me. I'm sorry.

When June's eyes meet his, she's a bit dazzled.

MILLER

(flashes a smile)

Don't apologize, it was all my fault.
Staring at my phone instead of where
I was going.

JUNE

That's alright.

MOVING TOWARD SECURITY -- MOMENTS LATER

Miller follows June inconspicuously, a few steps behind, off to the side, both headed toward THE SECURITY CHECK AREA. She turns once, checking him out as--

He picks out a magazine. ONE WITH A COVER STORY ABOUT AN UPCOMING G-8 ENERGY CONFERENCE IN SPAIN.

AT THE TSA SECURITY CHECK

June carefully puts her wheeled bag in a plastic bin.

Miller sends his briefcase through the X-ray, and puts his jacket in a bin along with his wallet and iphone...

CLOSE ON-- A TSA SECURITY MONITOR

A reflection of SOMEONE WATCHING as Miller walks through the METAL DETECTOR without incident.

PAN TO ANOTHER MONITOR showing what the x-ray sees: His briefcase (nothing but pen and a paperback) followed by the bin containing his folded coat, iphone and wallet...

SECURITY OFFICIAL

Nothing.

THE GATE AGENT COUNTER, BOSTON ON THE BOARD.

June passes her boarding pass to the Gate Agent as Miller lands a few feet behind her, reading his folded magazine.

GATE AGENT

Oh. I'm sorry, miss, but you're on the next flight.

JUNE

What? No, I thought--
(looks at her ticket)
Dammit, Rodney.

GATE AGENT

Your flight departs at eleven forty.
So you've got a little time.

JUNE

Three hours. No. Please, Miss. Isn't there anything? This is the flight I'm supposed to be on.

GATE AGENT

I'm sorry. I show the flight booked.

JUNE

But I can't. I won't be home till one in the morning. Please. You don't understand. Its my nephew's birthday. I'm throwing his party. My sister will kill me. Nathan's counting on me.

GATE AGENT

I'm sorry. Would you like to be on the wait list?

MILLER

She can have my seat.

The Gate Agent and June turn and look at Miller.

MILLER
I'll take the next one.

JUNE
Oh, no--

MILLER
Its fine. Nathan's waiting. And
there's a Patriots game on at the
bar.

The Agent looks flustered, smiles... picks up a phone.

GATE AGENT
Let me call my manager.

INT. BREEZEWAY - NIGHT

Miller and June walk the narrow breezeway toward the plane.
A couple passengers are boarding just ahead of them.

JUNE
That was really very nice of you, Mr--
I'm sorry, I didn't get your name.

MILLER
(extends his hand)
Miller. Roy.

JUNE
June Havens.

Miller smiles and looks past her towards the plane... June
looks back at him again.

MILLER
After you.

REVERSE-- PUSHING IN ON A SMILING MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
standing just inside.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Welcome aboard Air West.

CUT TO:

INT. SUV - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A SECURITY SCREEN, showing SHOTS OF JUNE from
security cams in the airport.

DIRECTOR GEORGE (O.S.)

(a woman)

And why the hell did you let her on board?

WIDEN TO REVEAL WE'RE INSIDE A MOVING SUV --

A SHARP FEATURED MAN (36) sits in the back, in the dark, watching the image on a monitor mounted behind the front passenger seat. This is DEREK ACKERMAN.

He ZOOMS IN on the image of June, as the computer FLASHES through a facial recognition software.

ACKERMAN

We had no choice. Any other move would have blown our cover.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Who is she?

ACKERMAN

June Havens is the name on the boarding pass. There are seven of them in the Boston area. We're running facial rec, she's not coming up.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Any what about the Brain?

ACKERMAN

In Boston, we believe, waiting to rendezvous with Miller and the Zephyr.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

I need the situation contained, Derek.

Ackerman turns to another screen-- ON THE SCREEN, the Air West flight lifting off into the sky.

ACKERMAN

It is, boss.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Miller flips an in-flight magazine and glances at a passenger a few rows ahead.

June steals a glance at Miller as a Stewardess hands her a mini bottle of Cuervo into a cup of O.J. June pops it, and mixes her drink and sips it.

JUNE

It's no wonder they're all going bankrupt.

MILLER

Who?

Miller turns from observing the other passengers, watches June pull out an inflatable U-shaped travel pillow and blows it up.

JUNE

The airlines.

(puts the pillow around
her neck)

They overbook for conventions and stuff. You fight your way onto a flight and then you discover there's nobody on the plane. Such a waste.

June notices some green paint on her hand. Dabs at it with a towelette.

MILLER

So are there gonna be balloons?

June turns.

JUNE

Excuse me?

MILLER

Balloons.

JUNE

Balloons.

MILLER

--at Nathan's party.

June blinks. Unsure what Miller's up to.

JUNE

Yeah. Of course.

June takes a profound swig of her drink.

MILLER

That was some get-up you had on before.

June stiffens. She does not turn to face him.

MILLER

Earlier. I saw you. The wig, the dress, the... balloons.

June tenses. Removes the pillow. Levels a look at him.

JUNE

Are you in law enforcement?

MILLER

(smiles)

No. Oh, no.

JUNE

Sky Marshal?

MILLER

No.

JUNE

Because if you're law enforcement,
and you are asked by a citizen if
you are, you are compelled to tell
them, even undercover.

MILLER

I'm not in law enforcement.

Miller smiles and goes back to his magazine.

June slugs the remainder of her drink. She puts down the
empty glass, looks squarely at Miller. He looks up and
meets her eyes.

JUNE

I'm an Eco Warrior.

MILLER

A what.

JUNE

There's no Nathan. I made that up.

MILLER

...Okay.

JUNE

I mean there is. But he's not my
nephew. He's a carp.

MILLER

I see. So... What's an Eco Warrior?

JUNE

A lot of people haven't heard of us.
We do confrontational non-violent
protest action.

MILLER

Uh huh.

JUNE
We stand up to polluters.

MILLER
And throw paint on them.

JUNE
Well, it's not like you can walk up
and shoot them.

Miller considers this.

JUNE
After Miami and Seattle, this is my
3rd mission--

Miller checks out the other passengers.

MILLER
I like Miami. Nice town.

JUNE
I wouldn't know. I never leave the
airport.
(to the passing
attendant)
May I have another? Thanks.
(back to Miller)
I just do the hit, get back on a
plane and go home. My friend, Rodney,
he plans the jobs. He works at a
travel agency, so he has access to
the itineraries of the targets...
What?

MILLER
Nothing.

JUNE
You're judging me.

MILLER
No, June. Although what you're doing,
when you do it inside an airport, is
a federal offense with a stiff prison
sentence.

She stares at him. Uncomfortable.

MILLER
But when you do the same thing,
outside an airport, it's a
misdemeanor.
(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

(then)

Your friend Rodney, as a trained travel agent, should know that.

JUNE

...Right...

June takes her fresh drink from the attendant.

MILLER

I say, get off the tarmac. See the world. And while you're at it, minimize your risk of hard time.

TURBULENCE rocks the plane. Miller glances at the passenger in back, meeting his eyes.

MILLER

Then again, I'm the last person who should be giving life advice.

Suddenly, the flight gets REALLY BUMPY. The overhead bin above June FLIES OPENS and her CARRY-ON FALLS--

-- but Miller, quick as lightning, reaches up and catches it. Holds it above her.

JUNE

(impressed)

Wow. You're fast.

She keeps looking at him as he shoves it back in the bin. They hit more TURBULENCE and she spills her drink.

JUNE

Oh, man...

(looks at him, stands)

I think I need to use the...

She gets up, the plane ROCKS, and she grabs the top of the seat...

JUNE

Whoa--

MILLER

Here-- lemme give you a hand.

Miller gets up, helps June to the lavatory. The PASSENGER in the back, keeps his eyes glued on his newspaper. She notices the DIAMOND tattoo on the back of one hand.

JUNE

I'm good-- Thanks--

She goes in. As soon as THE DOOR LATCHES--

--MILLER KNIFE-HANDS THE PASSENGER IN THE NECK, then sharply twists his head, killing him in his seat.

Miller then reaches into the dead guy's coat, pulls out a SILENCED PISTOL as the OVERHEAD BIN is hit with a bullet.

MILLER TURNS AND SHOOTS ONE OF THE OTHER FOUR PASSENGERS, One guy now standing in the aisle, POINTING HIS OWN SILENCED WEAPON AT MILLER. Miller drops him with three quick shots.

The other TWO PASSENGERS now turn in their seats, aiming their own guns at Miller who grabs the first passenger out of his seat, uses him as a shield...

INT. LAVATORY - SAME

June, blissfully unaware of the mayhem in the main cabin, stares at herself in the mirror as she wipes herself off.

JUNE

Ok. He's charming. But stop talking
for God's sake. Listen.

She bends down to fish through her purse as A SILENCED BULLET RIPS NOISELESSLY THROUGH WALL AND PIERCES THE MIRROR. A tiny bit of cabin light now comes through the wall.

JUNE

You don't know anything about him.
Other than he looks good in a suit.
They all look good in suits...

INT. CABIN - SAME

MILLER HAS SHOT AND KILLED THE OTHER TWO "PASSENGERS", the breach on his gun clicking open as he runs out of ammo. He shoves the first dead guy into a seat as now...

The "FLIGHT ATTENDANT" steps out of the galley with a BIG GUN in his hand.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Where's the Zephyr?!

Miller offers nothing. The Attendant keeps coming, raises the gun towards Miller's head.

The plane hits a big pocket of turbulence-- and Miller takes the opportunity to punch him hard, driving his head into the ceiling, dropping his gun.

Miller moves to hit him again, but this time the guy grabs Miller's fist, starts pushing him back...

INT. LAVATORY - SAME

As June now applies a fresh coat of lipstick, someone BANGS UP AGAINST THE DOOR.

JUNE
Ocupado! Be right out!

FROM OUTSIDE THE PLANE, LOOKING IN--

Rapidly tracking along the windows, as Miller and the flight attendant go hand-to-hand UFC-style up the aisle of the plane. The Attendant's face is suddenly SMASHED INTO A CLOSE UP AGAINST ONE OF THE OVAL WINDOWS, then yanked back--

INT. CABIN - SAME

AS MILLER PALMS THE ATTENDANT IN THE THROAT--

MILLER
Where's the Brain?! Where is Simon?!

--The guy drops to his knees, clutching his neck, gagging as Miller now picks up the gun and puts it to the man's forehead... Miller's eyes are on fire.

MILLER
...Did Ackerman take Simon?!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(coughing)
He lost him.

The Flight Attendant's eyes stay fixed on Miller as--
HIS HAND slips a KNIFE from the sheath on his ankle.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
He thinks you're meeting up with him
in Boston to--

--and the Flight Attendant SLASHES upward, going for Miller's throat.

Miller whips to the side, the blade barely misses him-- he pulls the trigger, PFFTT! shoots the Flight Attendant--

-- then suddenly, Miller is violently spun around when A BULLET RIPS INTO HIS SIDE.

THE PILOT of all fucking things, standing in the doorway to the cockpit firing a silenced pistol.

MILLER QUICKLY SHOTS THE "PILOT" TWICE--

The shots throw the man's arms back and cause him to shoot the "copilot" in the head who pitches onto the yoke--

And the plane BANKS HARD...

INT. LAVATORY

June, just about to open the lavatory door, is thrown against the wall...

JUNE

Whoa.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

As Miller enters the cockpit, he pulls the co-pilot off of the controls, reaches forward and engages the AUTOPILOT. He looks back down the aisle at the bodies strewn about the cabin.

INT. CABIN - SAME

June emerges from the lavatory and-- everything appears normal. The fifth passenger "sleeps" a newspaper over his face. June's eyes find--

MILLER, casually on the arm of his seat. Smiling at her. Beyond him, the other three passengers sit facing forward. He holds a fresh drink for June. Has one for himself too.

JUNE

Thank you.

She retakes her seat, looks at him.

JUNE

(a sip, then)

You think I'm some kind of paint-flinging lunatic.

MILLER

No, I don't.

JUNE

That's only part of me.

He smiles, glances up at the cockpit, the door slowly swinging open with the motion of the plane...

JUNE

I have a business, I pay taxes, I live in the real world.

(another sip)

I dunno.

(MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)

These missions are starting to play havoc with my-- sometimes I think I want to get caught... just to know it even mattered.

MILLER

Huh. Interesting. I can identify with that. But. Listen. June, if I can change the subject for just a second--

JUNE

I'm going on, aren't I?

MILLER

No. I'd love to hear more of whatever you're exploring, but I need to tell you something first.

JUNE

Oh. Sure. Go ahead.

(then)

You're in a relationship.

MILLER

No. That's not what I was--

JUNE

Sorry. I'm all ears.

MILLER

First of all, there's no need to panic, I've fully contained the situation--

JUNE

Situation.

MILLER

We've lost both pilots.

JUNE

What do you mean, "lost" them?

MILLER

I mean they're dead.

JUNE

The pilots are dead.

MILLER

Yes. That's correct. They've both been shot.

JUNE
Shot... by... who?

MILLER
By me. Well, actually I only shot one pilot, but then he accidentally shot the other pilot. Just one of those things.

JUNE
I see. So who's flying the plane?

MILLER
Right now? Nobody. Plane's on autopilot. So you're perfectly safe.

She keeps looking at him. Suddenly bursts out laughing.

MILLER
I'm glad you're taking it so well.
This makes her laugh even harder. He stands up.

JUNE
Where you going?

MILLER
I was just gonna go up front, think about landing the plane.

This makes her spit out some of her drink, double over.
Miller walks up the aisle to the cockpit.

She sits up, watching him. She looks up the aisle at the back of the other three passenger's heads, the closed cockpit door. She sits there a moment. Huh.

JUNE
This is weird.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

Miller settles into the left seat, puts on a headset. He disengages the autopilot, takes the yoke...

INT. CABIN - SAME

THE PLANE BANKS STEEPLY and JUNE WATCHES AS--

The "passengers" all simultaneously schlump in their seats... The plane banks again (other way) and the passengers all slump back...

And now the Flight Attendant topples from the galley, pitching face-first onto the floor.

June leans into the aisle, looks at him lying on the floor. Eyes staring blankly at her. Bullet hole in his forehead.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

As we hear JUNE SCREAM, Miller reaches for the mic...

MILLER
Mayday mayday mayday, this is Air
West Heavy DC--

INT. CABIN - SAME

June clambers up the aisle, stepping on seats to avoid bodies, SCREAMING LOUDER as one of the other passengers falls over and she sees he too is dead.

We FOLLOW her to the cockpit where she throws open the door, SEES MILLER IN THE LEFT SEAT, THE DEAD PILOT PILED ON TOP OF THE DEAD COPILOT IN THE RIGHT SEAT...

MILLER
Lost cabin pressure, descending from
37,000--

JUNE SCREAMS even louder now...

TOWER
Air West, we didn't catch that last
transmission. Say again.

JUNE
WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

MILLER
(holds up a hand)
Hang on a second, June--
(into mic)
Air West Heavy descending from 37,000--

And now Miller blows into the mic, faking STATIC, then reaches forward and TURNS OFF THE ALTIMETER.

TOWER
Air West we've lost you on radar...

JUNE
EVERYBODY'S DEAD!

Miller starts humming as he flies the plane, descending rapidly through the clouds.

TOWER
Air West Heavy, do you copy?

JUNE
WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED?!

Miller TURNS OFF THE RADIO.

JUNE
Who are you, what are you?!
(then)
Are you gonna kill me?

MILLER
Of course not. June.

JUNE
How do I know?

MILLER
Because you're not dead.
(then)
I need you be quiet for a second,
June. I need to find a place to land.

He looks out the window. Farmland glowing in the moonlight.

MILLER
I noticed a strip around here
somewhere. Probably a little short,
but we can use the brush to slow us.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

A FARMER emerges from the barn, slowly heads for the now dark main house. He pauses on the front step to listen to what sounds like A JET APPROACHING.

He looks up at the night sky, sees A BLINKING LIGHT low on the horizon, COMING FAST. The growing sound of a SCREAMING JET ENGINE. He quickly goes into the house.

INT. PLANE - SAME

A rapidly sobering June stands behind Miller, watching him work the controls of the plane...

JUNE
What's wrong with an airport?

MILLER
Bad guys waiting for us. Mission protocol.

JUNE
What was the mission?

MILLER
To capture or kill me.

JUNE
So you knew?

MILLER
I had a feeling.

JUNE
You helped me get on this flight.

We hear the ENGINES WHINE. Miller lowers flaps--

MILLER
Okay, here we go...

--All of a sudden A LIGHT GOES ON IN A HOUSE RIGHT WHERE
THEY'RE HEADED. A HUGE SILO DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THEM...

MILLER
Whoops.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

AS THE JET PULLS UP, SCREECHING over the darkened farm...

INT. PLANE COCKPIT - SAME

As Miller sees a HIGHWAY UP AHEAD... the surface barely
lit up by a large truck moving along it...

MILLER
That'll work...

EXT. INDIANA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Quiet. Suddenly an EIGHTEEN WHEELER THUNDERS past.

Quiet again. Still quiet. And then THE JET TOUCHES DOWN on
the highway, a hundred yards behind the truck and rapidly
closing in, the plane's tires smoking...

INT. EIGHTEEN WHEELER - SAME

The Scorpions blasting on the stereo. The DRIVER, an over
thirty head-banger, is oblivious to--

--THE LARGE JET in his side-view mirror, landing on the
highway behind him and now RAPIDLY GAINING ON HIM...

INT. PLANE COCKPIT - SAME

As Miller tries to keep the plane steady, the tail lights from 18 wheeler veer left in the distance as the truck follows A SHARP GRADED CURVE in the road...

MILLER

Uh-shit...

(then)

Hang on!

EXT. HIGHWAY / CORN FIELD - NIGHT

MOVING FAST, the plane leaves the highway and-- PLOWS INTO A CORN FIELD WHERE-- KA BOOM!-- THE LANDING GEAR BREAKS OFF and the plane slides on its belly before it slows to a stop and hisses. The engines wind down as the hatch opens.

Miller stands there, hands on hips, looking down. A moment later, the EVACUATION SLIDE INFLATES.

We hear June protesting, then see her as Miller holds onto her, takes her down the slide to the ground.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

As Miller leads June briskly through the corn, the plane lies in the moonlight behind them like a beached whale. June notices that Miller has a knapsack with the airline logo on it and a large ORANGE BOX.

JUNE

What's that?

MILLER

The black box.

JUNE

It's orange.

MILLER

Yeah.

JUNE

What are you doing with it?

MILLER

Taking it.

Leaves it at that. She looks at the knapsack.

JUNE

And what's that, a bomb?

MILLER
First aid kit.

He stops walking, reaches into the knapsack, holds out a mini Tequila bottle...

MILLER
You want a little something to take the edge off?

June grabs it and drinks all of it in one go. He turns away, opens his coat to check something. She takes out her phone...

MILLER
(his back to her)
Good luck with that. I clipped a cell tower back there.

Her phone doesn't work. He sees that she's staring at him.

MILLER
What?

JUNE
You've been shot.

He looks down at himself.

MILLER
Yeah.

He lifts his shirt, turns his back to her.

JUNE
...Goes all the way through.

MILLER
That's good news.

He pulls some supplies from the knapsack. She sits down on the ground, puts her hand to her forehead.

JUNE
I feel kinda weird...

MILLER
That'll pass once you fall asleep.
Which should be in about--
(looks at his watch)
--two minutes.

She looks up at him as he pulls off his shirt, begins tending to his own wound,

JUNE

What?

MILLER

I need you to listen to me, June,
before you go under.

She stares at the little tequila bottle.

JUNE

You drugged me?

MILLER

Listen. Some people are gonna come
looking for you.

JUNE

People like the people on the plane?

MILLER

Yes.

JUNE

But I don't know anything!-- I don't
have any--

MILLER

And that's what you're gonna tell
them. Tell them you don't know me.
That I knocked you out. And that you
don't remember anything.

JUNE

Who are they?

A local volunteer fire alarm wails in the distance. There
are red lights on the horizon. Miller pauses his
ministrations and crouches in front of her.

MILLER

Bad guys, June. They will identify
themselves as FBI or some other
government or international agency.
They'll D-I-P you.

JUNE

"Dip" me?

Miller is busy with equipment the whole time he's talking.

MILLER

Disinformation Protocol. They'll
tell you a story about me.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

About how I'm mentally unstable and had a psychotic break recently. About how I'm paranoid and violent and dangerous.

(chuckles)

It'll all sound very convincing, but there are a few common DIP keywords I'd listen for; words like Stabilized, Secure or Safe. If they use these, particularly with repetition, it means they're probably going to kill you. Or at minimum, intern you somewhere far far away for many many years.

JUNE

(eyes getting heavy)
Ohhhh...

MILLER

Stay with me, June.

JUNE

If they tell me I'm safe--

MILLER

They're gonna kill you.

JUNE

And I should run.

MILLER

And when they ask about me?

JUNE

You knocked me out. I don't know you. *Which is true...*

(looks at him)

I don't know you at all.

Suddenly, her eyes roll up and she passes out. Miller quickly catches her, prevents her from hurting herself.

MILLER

Good girl.

He looks at her a moment, gathers up the box and the knapsack. He checks the toy soldier, thoughtfully holds it against his cheek, puts it back in his pocket.

He then scoops up the sleeping June and starts walking across the dark field when, all of a sudden, the world lights up as, some distance behind them, THE PLANE EXPLODES.

FADE OUT.

CLOSE ON-- JUNE

Sleeping. Out cold.

Out the window, A JUMBO JET ROARS BY. She stirs. Opens her bleary eyes. Rolls over and squints, looking to--

AN ENORMOUS POUTY LIPPED CARP, swimming in a large freshwater tank. The carp stares at her.

SUDDENLY: RINNNG! The phone. RINNNG!

June turns. Her bewildered gaze lands on--

A chair by the door-- ON IT, HER CLOTHES FROM LAST NIGHT, EXPERTLY FOLDED. Her boarding pass tucked neatly in a pocket. *Wait-- What?*

RINNNG!

June sits up, looks under the covers, throws them off. She's wearing A T-SHIRT AND UNDERWEAR. How did that happen?

RINNNG!

WIDER ON-- HER ROOM. Clothes, a few wigs scattered, a bag of balloons on the dresser. Vintage fabric stretched over the windows as a makeshift drapes. A few music posters, a shot of a whale breaching.

Her hair a mess, June scrambles about disoriented, looking for the phone. The answering machine picks up--

RODNEY (O.S.)

June! My God. Pick up! I need to know you're okay! June! I heard what happened last night with the plane!

June finds the phone-- answers it. Her voice hoarse. We hear Rodney's voice on the machine.

JUNE

...Hello? Hi, Rodney.

RODNEY (O.S.)

Oh my God. You must be so freaked out.

JUNE

Why? Why would I be freaked out?

RODNEY (O.S.)

Turn on the TV. I was worried you tried to take the earlier flight. I thought you might be dead.

JUNE

I'm not dead, I just overslept. Why--

RODNEY (O.S.)

Just turn on the TV, CNN!

INT. JUNE'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

June's slipper's race down the stairs as she crosses to a TV and turns it on. As the television warms up, we see the house--

Furniture well-kept but dated. Framed pictures of a older man and his blonde little girl; at Disneyland, stock car races, etc. This is not a single girl's place but rather the place she grew up and never escaped.

ON THE TV-- FOOTAGE of a FIELD ON FIRE. The words PLANE CRASH IN NEBRASKA. NO SURVIVORS rolls across the bottom...

NEWSCASTER

...Investigators searching for the black box on the Boston bound commuter jet...

Shocked by the reality of it all, the phone drops from her ear. She leans on the kitchen counter, bracing herself. That's when she notices--

A PERFECTLY FOLDED OMELETTE in a covered pan. A plate, napkin and fork. And a post it note--

Best thing for a hangover-- Roy

And a second note--

*Thanks again for last night!
I enjoyed meeting you. - R*

RODNEY (O.S.)

June-- Are you listening?!

JUNE

Rodney, I can't talk right now-- I have to get to work.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOSTON / FENWAY AREA - MORNING

A plain-wrap rental sedan flies past. We PAN WITH IT and CRANE UP to reveal an ABANDONED HOUSING DEVELOPMENT containing acres of identical, newly constructed tract homes. All in the shadow of Fenway Park.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

The car comes to a hard stop in front of one of the homes. Roy Miller hurries up the walk--

INT. HOUSE - SAME

Dust motes float in the light from the door as Miller steps inside, looks around. SOUND OF TV OS.

MILLER

Simon. We gotta move.

REVERSE - MILLER'S POV - THE "LIVING ROOM"

Someone's been squatting here. A mattress on the floor. Fast food bags and containers. As Miller crosses through the house, we notice--

CHEMICAL FORMULAS ON THE WALLS. Scrawled in chalk on nearly every inch of wall space.

MILLER

Simon! Let's go.

Miller pauses, glancing around into the silence. Looks back at the formulas covering the walls.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Miller walks out the door, gets back to the rental, driving away casually--

--and behind him, THE HOUSE EXPLODES.

EXT. JUNE'S HOUSE / WINTHROP, MA -- DAY

June stumbles out the back door of the modest house hauling AN UNUSUAL BICYCLE-- the front wheel has a sleek compact engine mounted behind star-shaped hubcaps.

POV THROUGH A WINDSHIELD FROM ACROSS THE STREET: June swings on the bike, pedals hard, and the engine coughs into action.

REVERSE ON-- TWO DARK-SUITED LATINO MEN IN AN AUDI SEDAN, one with a long lens camera. LATINO MAN 1 is on a cell phone and pulling the Audi into traffic, following June.

We see they each have tattooed diamonds on their wrists.
One of them has a SPANISH FLAG tattooed below that.

LATINO MAN 1
(in Spanish on phone)
Si. Target is acquired.

LATINO MAN 2 keeps clicking pictures--

LATINO MAN 2
(under his breath)
Target is hot.

BACK TO-- JUNE

As she weaves through local traffic. We see the town of WINTHROP, charming Massachusetts hamlet just across the harbor from the great gleaming city of Boston.

ON THE FRONT OF HER BIKE between the handlebars, a license plate reads: BIODIESEL: GREASE FOR PEACE.

We glimpse the HARBOR, fishing boats on blue water. ANOTHER PLANE roars over. Logan airport borders the township.

ANOTHER POV OF JUNE -- FROM A VEHICLE, TAILING HER--

REVEAL **ACKERMAN** IN A BLACK SUV with two agents. They too are taking pictures. The agent with a camera nudges Ackerman.

AGENT
We're not alone.

Ackerman follows his gesture to the side window-- driving right beside them-- THE LATINO MEN.

The two sides see each other. Ackerman and the Agent draw silenced weapons.

ACKERMAN
(to driver)
Take them out! NOW!

SILENT SHOTS ERUPT-- TINTED GLASS SHATTERS -- The BLACK SUV SIDESWIPE THE AUDI, overpowering it and driving it into an alley behind a 7-11.

We don't see what follows but we hear the screams in Spanish...

BACK TO-- JUNE

who doesn't notice any of this as she rounds a corner and chains her bike to a post, then enters an AUTO PARTS STORE.

PAN UP to see the sign at the door: **HAVENS AUTO SUPPLY.**

INT. HAVENS AUTO SUPPLY - DAY

June tries to enter quietly. A SOLID WOMAN, mid-thirties, is counting cash at the register.

ALISON
Morning, June.

JUNE
...Morning.

June keeps moving, through the shop-- past racks of auto parts covering every wall, old oil and tire posters, books for rebuilding engine blocks-- making her way to the back.

A 19-YEAR-OLD, BRIAN, is restocking shelves.

BRIAN
Whattaya think?

He proudly shows her a CAR WAX display.

JUNE
Great, Brian.

As June moves for the back of the store--

ALISON
Uh, we need to go over quarterly taxes!

JUNE
...In a minute.

CROSSING INTO A BACK OFFICE

June closes the door and takes a deep breath. She finds refuge behind a cluttered desk and a laptop. Puts her head in her hands. Her web page is open to CNN. Pictures of the firey commuter jet crash.

JUNE
Oh my God, my God, it happened...

WILMER (O.S.)
Forty minutes late.

June springs out of her chair.

WILMER
Your Dad was never late.

AN OLDER MAN, 60's, has been waiting for her, head back, eyes closed, hands on his belly in a tipped chair in the corner. Gruff, he's worked here so long he's part of the building -- WILMER THOMPSON.

JUNE

Jesus, Wilmer. Please don't lay in wait. I don't like ambushes.

WILMER

Sorry, princess. Needed some checks signed. Its Friday.

Wilmer drops a pack of checks on her desk. She signs them.

WILMER

What was the "oh my God" for? You okay?

JUNE

Oh. Nothing. Bad date.

(looks up)

Can I have a moment.

Wilmer puts his hands up sweetly. Heads out the door, moving into the store. No sooner does he exit, June reaches for her jacket and runs out -- the back door.

EXT. WINTHROP-- DAY

As June weaves through the local traffic, fast on her bike, WE SEE -- **ONE, TWO, THREE BLACK SUVS** behind her. Shadowing her. Through the tinted glass, Ackerman in one of them.

June pulls up to a TRAVEL AGENCY, swings off the bike.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY-- DAY

A small TRAVEL AGENCY GLOSSY POSTERS cover the walls, showing beautiful destinations all over the world.

The heavysset RECEPTIONIST looks up as June comes in, smiles, glad to see her. June tries to do the nicities though she is not herself.

LINDA

Junie!

JUNE

Hey Linda. How's it going?

LINDA

Economy's bad, nobody's traveling, and the internet ate our business model.

(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)
(gestures to back)
He's waiting for you.

RODNEY pops out of his nearby office eagerly. Handsome in a granola way, outdoorsy, he grabs her. She is stiff in his arms.

RODNEY
So brave and amazing. Come here,
come on, bask in some glory.

INT. RODNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Rodney closes his office door, pulls the blinds-- He steers June to his desk in front of his computer--

RODNEY
We're on YouTube! Two hundred and
thirty thousand hits since it went
up this morning.

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN: security camera footage of her at the airport throwing paint balloons at Mike Jerbic. Unfurling the banner, but we can only read part of it.

RODNEY
Awesome, June.

As he crosses the room to a credenza--

RODNEY
It would be great if next time you
could fit in more of the banner.

--and he opens the credenza, revealing piles of ECO WARRIOR materials, and a taped up "hit list" of CEO's and CFO's.

RODNEY
Emails from Eco chapters in Seattle,
Arizona, California-- they're calling
you a hero!

JUNE
Yeah... Listen about that plane
crash...

Rodney glances to June while clicking on the computer.

RODNEY
Yeah. Its horrible. And they can't
find the black box.

JUNE
It's orange, actually.

This gets him looking at her.

JUNE

I was on it.

RODNEY

On what?

JUNE

The flight. The earlier--

LINDA (O.S.)

Hey, hey! You can't go back there!
Rodney!

Concerned, Rodney crosses to the door, opens it to reveal--

ACKERMAN, flanked by SEVERAL MORE AGENTS. Linda's behind, trying to poke past them, but the Agents are like a wall.

LINDA

(flustered)

June, these men say they need to
talk to you immediately, I told them
to wait but--

Ackerman flashes a badge, looks past Rodney to June.

ACKERMAN

June Havens. I'm Special Agent in
Charge Ackerman with the Federal
Bureau of Investigation. It's nice
to meet you.

June reacts to the badge. Remembers what Miller told her.

ACKERMAN

We have a few questions about what
happened last night.

RODNEY

I can handle this, June.

(to Ackerman)

Why play games guys? We speak the
truth here. We proudly admit it. We
proclaim it. June Havens hit Mike
Jerbic, vice president of Great Plains
Mining last night with non toxic
dye.

Ackerman crosses to the credenza, playing with Rodney's
stash of ECO WARRIOR SUPPLIES, BANNERS BUTTONS, ETC.

RODNEY

Please step away from my property.

ACKERMAN

(turns)

Actually, Mr. Jerbic is head of Accounting.

JUNE

Accounting.

RODNEY

That can't be right.

A CRASH as an Agent overturns a desk drawer-- the Agents are quickly, efficiently searching the room.

RODNEY

Whoa, you guys need a warrant.

(to Linda)

Call the police, Linda.

A FEW OTHER TRAVEL AGENTS are coming out of their offices at the commotion, crowding in the door.

TRAVEL AGENT 1

Rodney, what the hell is going on?

ACKERMAN

Agent Knott, please show all these folks out of here.

A freckled AGENT with red hair and braces grabs Rodney by the shoulder. Other Agents push the Travel Agents and Linda, squawking-- out of the office door, herding them out of the building and into the street.

Slam. The door closes. The place is suddenly very quiet. Ackerman sits down at Rodney's desk.

ACKERMAN

Have a seat, Miss Havens.

June refuses.

ACKERMAN

Please.

A chair is pushed behind her. A TAPE RECORDER DROPPED in front of her. She glances at all of the faces looking down at her... sits...

ACKERMAN

Where's Roy Miller?

JUNE

Who? I thought you were here about the airport hit.

ACKERMAN

(relentless)

Roy Miller, a.k.a John Stevens, a.k.a.
Monty Johnson, a.k.a Allen--

JUNE

I have no idea who you're talking
about.

ACKERMAN

We know you were on the flight with
him last night. The one that
crashed. You want to tell us how you
got home?

JUNE

I don't know.

ACKERMAN

You don't know?

JUNE

I passed out. And I woke up at home.

ACKERMAN

You passed out. When exactly?

JUNE

During the flight.

ACKERMAN

What's the last thing you remember?

JUNE

Drinking Tequila. It was bumpy.

Ackerman exchanges looks with the other agents, who are
now all gathered around.

ACKERMAN

Miss Havens, I don't think you quite
understand what you're dealing with
here.

A subordinate takes out a PHOTOGRAPH OF ROY MILLER.

ACKERMAN

Until last month, this was one of
our most trusted and capable covert
agents. But he's had a breakdown.

JUNE

A mental breakdown?

ACKERMAN

(nods)

He now sees everything as a conspiracy, and himself as the only man who stands between the forces of good and the forces of darkness.

JUNE

I told you, I don't know him.

He puts ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH ON THE TABLE. THE SECURITY SHOT OF JUNE AND MILLER GETTING ON THE PLANE TOGETHER.

JUNE

That doesn't mean I--

He puts another shot on the table. THIS ONE OF MILLER LEAVING JUNE'S HOUSE IN WINTHROP.

JUNE

--know who he is.

ACKERMAN

This next one's a little harder to look at.

He sets another photograph down... she winces.

ACKERMAN

They were all civilians. Worked at a top secret research lab. Miller broke in, stole a prototype-- an object of critical importance to global security. And in the process, he murdered them all.

She stares at the photographs.

ACKERMAN

He also kidnapped the inventor.

(intensely)

Now, June, he's out there, in the Boston area, as far as we can tell, and you seem like a very nice person. I'd hate for what happened to these folks...

JUNE

(blurts out)

I was in the bathroom. I came out and everyone was dead. Everyone. Even the pilots.

ACKERMAN

Slow down. Why did he help you get on the plane?

JUNE

I don't know. Actually, I think he just...

ACKERMAN

What?

JUNE

...liked me.

Ackerman and the others chuckle at that one. We hear SIRENS in the b.g. Ackerman stands.

ACKERMAN

Miss Havens, you are going to need to come downtown with us.

JUNE

Why?

ACKERMAN

Because you need to come downtown with us.

(to Braces)

Get her in the car.

EXT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

June squints into the sun as she's lead to a BLACK CHEVY SUBURBAN. TWO MORE SUBURBANS are lined up behind. There is a small crowd outside the travel agency. Rodney tries to peek his head around the wall of agents

RODNEY

Don't worry, June! I'll call my brother's lawfirm! You're gonna be fine. Speak truth to power!

She gets in, watches as Ackerman confers with Braces, gets in the SUV behind hers.

Braces gets into the Suburban with June.

INT. SUBURBAN - DRIVING - BOSTON I-93 - DAY

June sits in the backseat wedged between Braces and ANOTHER AGENT. TWO MORE AGENTS up front. June stares straight ahead. She sits up as they gain speed on the interstate...

JUNE

Where are we going, New Hampshire?

DRIVER
Secure location.

She looks at his eyes in the rearview mirror.

BRACES
Don't worry, ma'am. You're safe.

JUNE
Excuse me?

BRACES
You're safe with us.

The car SWERVES and she looks up as the Driver now takes the highway. June looks back, sees that the other two SUV's are still behind them.

JUNE
Um. This doesn't lead to Boston.
This leads to New Hampshire.
(no answer)
Will someone please tell me where
we're going?

BRACES
Nothing to worry about. Just a short
cut. You're safe with us.

JUNE
You said that already.

BRACES
Because I mean it.

The two up front start WHISPERING to each other, glancing back at her. This makes June feel uncomfortable--

--Especially when Braces is suddenly misted with BLOOD from the front passenger's head.

BRACES
Someone's shooting! Evade!

THE DRIVER STARTS TO TAKE EVASIVE ACTION, BUT INSTEAD HIS HEAD JERKS BACK AS HE'S SHOT, his body going stiff all the way down to his foot which-- floors the accelerator.

June is thrown back into her seat just as the agent on the other side of her gets shot.

Braces opens his door, takes a bullet in the shoulder as he jumps out of the careening car.

EXT. ON A ACCESS ROAD PARALLEL TO I-93

MILLER KNEELS ATOP A MOVING FLATBED CONSTRUCTION TRUCK, a HIGH POWERED RIFLE in his hands. He aims at--

THE GOVERNMENT SEDAN cruising concurrently on I-93

Braces rolls onto the shoulder of the road...

INT. SUV - ON JUNE - SAME

JUNE LUNGES OVER THE FRONT SEAT, reaching around the dead agent for the wheel, struggling to steer the car through a slalom of Boston rush hour traffic and tunnels.

The dead agents flop left and right over as the car lurches to and fro. MILLER HOLDS STEADY WITH THE RIFLE ATOP THE MOVING TRUCK...

RIFLE SCOPE POV-- REFOCUSING-- to see Braces running through a field alongside the highway. Gets Miller in his sights, then loses him.

THE SCOPE PANS AGAIN, RE-FOCUSSES so that now we see the #2 SUV behind the first one.

Ackerman in the passenger seat, now staring at Miller, barking at the driver. Ackerman in the CROSSHAIRS. About to lose his head when the SUV takes evasive action-- leaves the highway.

MILLER REFOCUSES back onto--

June, still trying to drive the SUV from the back seat. CARS ARE WHIZZING BY ON EITHER SIDE, HONKING HORNS. The THIRD SUV now trying to make it's way through traffic...

FROM THE FLATBED TRUCK-- Miller watches as June's SUV snakes precariously through traffic.

MILLER
Nice driving, June.

Then, Miller notices--

Ackerman's SUV now coming up the embankment towards the overpass. Miller slips the rifle back into a leather case and JUMPS FROM THE FLATBED TRUCK TO A GRASSY EMBANKMENT...

INT. SUV - ON ACKERMAN - SAME

Ackerman watches Miller put the gun over his shoulder, climb over the side of an overpass...

ACKERMAN

Do not lose him!

...and Miller calmly jumps over the side--

INT. SUV - JUNE / MILLER - I-93 - SAME

SMASH! -- AS MILLER LANDS ON THE HOOD OF JUNE'S SUV, the sheathed gun over his shoulder.

June looks up, wide-eyed, grateful to see him but having to keep her eyes on the road as she swerves around several more cars.

JUNE

I can't keep this up much longer!
This dead guy's got his foot jammed
on the gas.

Miller's clings to the hood as they swing wildly back and forth through traffic at high speed, with every swing of her wheel. Miller tries to climb around-- he presses his face up to the windshield...

MILLER

June?! 'Think you can open the door!?

She releases the latch... THE DOOR OPENS and its immediately RIPPED OFF BY A PASSING CAR...

She looks back as-- the door bounces about in traffic, taking out one or two cars that break into rolls and bounce into the Charles River.

MILLER

Nice.

Miller swings to the drivers door, calmly yanks the dead driver from his seat, and out onto the freeway.

June looks over her shoulder as the body rolls across the lanes, causing a pile up behind them including SUV #3 which veers sharply, upends and flips.

MILLER

Do me a favor? Put on your seatbelt.

She does. He smiles at her.

MILLER

So how was the omelette? You know,
there wasn't a lot to work with in
your fridge.

INT. SUV - ACKERMAN - TOP OF THE I-93 OVERPASS

As he gets out of the car, Ackerman sees Miller and June's SUV make a u-turn across the highway-- chaos behind it-- and heads back in the opposite direction.

ACKERMAN

Get me the Director.

INT. SUV - JUNE

Miller drives off the highway, sees--

AN ARMED AGENT scrambling out of the upended SUV. The Agent reaches inside, grabs a machine pistol and is about to aim it at Miller--

But Miller holds his gun out the window--June ducking out of the line of fire-- and shoots the Agent first...

JUNE

Please stop doing that.

Miller swerves the SUV off the highway and does a 180 in the dust, coming to a stop. June catches her breath, freaked.

Miller gets out, looks around. He sees A DUFFLE BAG in the back, unzips it. It's FULL OF GUNS.

MILLER

Very nice.

Another agent comes through the brush and Miller quickly pulls a gun from the duffle and shoots him.

JUNE

PLEASE STOP SHOOTING PEOPLE!

Miller looks at June. This all too much. Her eyes are shut, her head shaking. He gently taps her cheek.

MILLER

June?

She opens her eyes.

MILLER

Hi. You're in shock. I want you to stay here while I go have a word with the red-head. Okay?

JUNE

A word?

MILLER
(pulls his gun)
Actually, I'm just gonna go shoot
him and come right back.

He starts to go, turns back...

MILLER
By the way, when you ducked back
there, so I could get a clear sight
on that guy next to you... that was
great. Like you could read my mind.

JUNE
Are you fucking kidding me?

MILLER
In fairness, I did tell you not to
get in the car with them, didn't I?

JUNE
So this is my fault?

MILLER
I would've had to kill them anyway--
if not today, eventually. I'm just
sorry you had to see it.

JUNE
Look, I have to go. This is too
much for me. I'm not really much of
a gun and death person--

MILLER
(grabs the duffle)
Just stay in the car. Okay?

He takes off after Braces. June watches him go, waits a
moment, then quickly throws open the door, gets out of the
SUV and takes off running... ACROSS THE HIGHWAY.

ON MILLER-- as he hears SCREAMING CAR HORNS-- he looks
back to see--

--JUNE, ON FOOT, DODGING SPEEDING CARS, zig-zgging across
four lanes of the I-93...

EXT. I-93 / BOSTON STREETS - DAY

As June runs down an on-ramp, to the surface streets. Heads
for the central section of the city.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

As June just keeps running... she loses a shoe... doesn't stop to pick it up... sees AN MBTA BUS at the stop ahead. It starts to pull away from the curb--

JUNE (O.S.)

Wait!

INT. MBTA BUS - DAY

June hobbles on, then walks down the aisle no one noticing this crazy-eyed one-shoed woman scratched up, covered in dirt... She sits down in the back. Closes her eyes.

A moment later, we hear the AIR BRAKES as the bus stops again.

JUNE

No no no no.

(opens her eyes)

No.

Miller gets on, smiling, rifle-case over his shoulder. Duffle in his hand. He sits down next to her. After a beat.

MILLER

You know, June, you can't just run across a six lane interstate. That's dangerous.

(then)

Although, I will say you can run. Nice moves.

June just stares back at him.

MILLER

Good idea by the way. No one's gonna look for us on a bus.

He drops the duffle on the floor and we hear the loud CLUNK of the weaponry. He turns to her.

JUNE

They said they were FBI.

MILLER

I told you they'd say that.

JUNE

They said you were FBI.

MILLER

It's a little embarrassing that you bought that, June.

JUNE

They had badges.

MILLER

And what else?

She looks at him.

JUNE

They said you were having a breakdown.

MILLER

They're full of shit.

JUNE

You are a little high strung, Roy.
Which is okay, except that people
around you tend to die.

MILLER

Violence is always a last resort.

JUNE

Really? Because from what I've seen,
for you it's pretty much always the
first resort.

She takes out her cellphone. He puts his hand over it.

MILLER

You can't use your phone. They'll
track us.

JUNE

I have to call some people, Roy, let
them know I'm okay.

MILLER

Is Rodney your boyfriend?

JUNE

No. God, no.

MILLER

It's okay if he is.

JUNE

He's not my boyfriend. He just--

MILLER

If you need to talk to him, you can
talk to him. Just use a payphone.

He reaches up and pulls the cord, signaling the driver.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

As the bus pulls away, leaving Miller and June. Rifle case over his shoulder, holding the duffle, Miller is moving... looking of a payphone.

MILLER

I think I see one across the street.

June is a little self aware, walking alongside a man with a raft of clanking weapons in a bag.

JUNE

Look, forget it. I don't need a payphone. I don't need to talk to anyone.

MILLER

Okay. So, what were you doing... were you just trying to escape again? Were you trying to call the cops/ What, June?

She doesn't answer which is answer enough.

MILLER

Please stop. You have to trust me. The same way you trust Rodney.

JUNE

I don't-- look, Roy, there has to be someone we can talk to or--

MILLER

You see those dots on the horizon, June? Up in the sky?

She squints at the sky, seeing nothing.

MILLER

That's a Black Ops helicopter. They're looking for us.

JUNE

Where?

She starts to move, he pulls her back down.

MILLER

Don't move. They're scanning the crowd with UMPIRE.

JUNE

UMPIRE?

MILLER
Unusual Movement Pattern Recon
Equipment. Anybody moving erratically,
a bit too fast, comes up bright red.
Or yellow. I forget which.

Now she sees the helicopter. More than one actually.

JUNE
Shit.

Miller looks around.

MILLER
We really need a car. Preferably one
heavy enough to hit other cars if we
have to. A truck, an SUV...

She follows his gaze to a VALET STAND in front of a nice
RESTAURANT. Presently, a MAN in a silk suit gets out of
Bentley Coupe, starts telling the Valet to take good care
of his car.

JUNE
You're kidding.

MILLER
Stay with me.

He takes her arm, they casually stroll for the valet stand.

MILLER
Just like this. Nice easy pace.

They walk up to the car just as the valet's about to get
in it. Miller grabs him by the shirt and yanks him back
out of the car into the street.

MILLER
Okay. Get in the car, June.

She stands there staring in disbelief.

MILLER
Get in the car, June.

JUNE
Okay. I'm at my limit now.

Miller backs up, hits the car behind him, which gets the
attention the of the OWNER.

MILLER
In the car, June..

Chopper are getting closer. June jumps in and Miller lays rubber out into traffic.

INT. BENTLEY - SAME

June looking back at the valet who is getting to his feet, the owner watching them go...

JUNE

Okay! That's it! I've had enough!

EXT. BOSTON HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Bentley cruises at high speed onto the highway leaving town. But immediately runs into a sea of brakelights.

INT. BENTLEY - SAME

JUNE

I deserve some answers here! This is insane. I have no idea who the hell you are or what this is about?

He glances at her, smiles.

MILLER

Breathe, June.

JUNE

Tell me who you are! Who are you running from? Where are you running to?

Miller reaches into his pocket and hold out A TOY SOLDIER.

JUNE

A Burger King toy?

He unscrews the head and dumps-- a METALLIC OBJECT into her hand.

JUNE

It's warm.

MILLER

It's a battery.

JUNE

A battery.

MILLER

Only not your average Duracell.

JUNE

What does that mean?

MILLER

It means that it never runs out.

JUNE

What do you mean, never?

MILLER

I mean, never ever. Ever.

(looking around)

What's with this traffic?

(back to June)

Maybe let's not call it a battery. A battery stores energy. This thing creates it.

JUNE

So that's good, right. I mean, my God, it's the answer to everything. It could render fossil fuels obsolete.

He looks at her. ...Yes?

JUNE

I guess some people might not be happy about that.

MILLER

Some people might want to make it go away. And some other people might want to use it as a weapon. How big a bomb could you make from something with an infinite supply of energy?

June stares at the battery as he puts it back in his pocket.
HONKS THE HORN AT THE CARS IN FRONT OF THEM--

MILLER

C'mon! Go! They're waving you through!

(yelling at the cars)

Let's go, people! It's called construction! Nothing to see!

JUNE

Ackerman says you stole it.

MILLER

He's right. Ackerman and I were assigned to protect the battery and the guy who invented it. But then Ackerman betrayed the unit, made a deal to sell it to the wrong people, ...so I took it and stashed Simon Feck. He's the inventor.

JUNE

That's a real person's name?

MILLER

Only now he's missing
(pounds the wheel)
Dammit, we're not moving...

Getting impatient, Miller QUICKLY CUTS ACROSS TRAFFIC AND PULLS OVER. Stares straight ahead. Dust billowing around the Bentley. He calms himself, taking a couple deep breaths.

MILLER

I thought he'd be in Boston, which he was, but I got here too late. Now I'm worried that they got him.

JUNE

You mean Ackerman?

MILLER

He's not the only one after it.

A moment. Then Miller bends forward, leans on the wheel.

JUNE

Roy? Are you ...crying?

MILLER

This has been a less than ideal month for me, June. I've lost the guy I'm supposed to be protecting on whose shoulders millions of lives and trillions of dollars and the future of the planet, rests. If that isn't bad enough, my partner of 12 years betrayed me and is running around telling the world I've gone apeshit, and now, along with the agency I've devoted my life to, is trying to kill me. To top it off, I've met a person I like. Which is new for me, okay?

She looks at him.

JUNE

What's so bad about that?--

He guns the Bentley and pulls into traffic which is once again flowing.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON A TV SCREEN, showing **FOOTAGE OF JUNE**:

--June throwing paint balloons at the airport-- Going into the auto parts store-- Grainy through-the-window footage of her talking to Wilmer; eating a muffin; helping a customer.

DIRECTOR GEORGE (O.S.)
Why is he still with her?

WIDEN TO REVEAL AN OFFICE--

--and our first look at DIRECTOR GEORGE, a 50-something woman in Jill Sander, sitting on the edge of her desk watching footage of June on a large flatscreen.

ACKERMAN (SPEAKER)
We don't know.

DIRECTOR GEORGE
Check all the airport footage again.
Every moment they were together that we have on tape.

ON THE FLATSCREEN-- more footage of June driving the car from the back seat, running across the freeway.

DIRECTOR GEORGE
Someone has trained this woman.

ACKERMAN (SPEAKER)
Maybe he did. Maybe he didn't. Maybe this is what she learned throwing water balloons. Maybe he's just hot for her. 'Probably been a while.

Director George gives him a look.

DIRECTOR GEORGE
Miller's a killing machine, a 357 Magnum we point at problems to make them go away. He doesn't get crushed.

She sits down on the desk and we PULL AWAY FROM HER...

DIRECTOR GEORGE
Get the battery.

NOW PULL OUT THE WINDOW... TO REVEAL she's actually inside...

AN AGENCY C17 AIRCRAFT - DAY

The huge cargo plane banks away from us now.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

As we CRANE UP OVER THE BACK OF THE BENTLEY we see a STATE POLICE ROAD BLOCK in the distance ahead.

INT. BENTLEY - SAME

Roy Miller stares ahead at the roadblock, rapidly approaching. June reacts.

JUNE

Oh my God-- Don't you have someone you can call at headquarters who can watch you from a satellite, tell you where to go now?

MILLER

Wow. I'd love to have someone like that, June. But, thing is, June. You want to go home. I respect that. You can turn yourself into them if you want.

She looks at him. What?

MILLER

Those are State Police. Odds are good they'll take care of you.

JUNE

Really?
(hesitant)
I can go.

MILLER

Yeah. They're the good guys.

She nods. They sit there a moment. He holds out his hand.

MILLER

Nice knowing you, June.

JUNE

It's been interesting.

They shake hands. She opens the door. He puts the car in reverse, starts to back up, but sees something in the rearview mirror. Rolls down the window.

MILLER

June?

JUNE

What?

Just then, A BLACK OPS HELICOPTER appears out of nowhere.

MILLER

Get back in the car.

JUNE

Who are they?

The helicopter whips up a tornado of dust.

MILLER

Shut the door.

Miller starts backing up now...

JUNE

What-- aren't they the cops?

MILLER

No--

Miller points to the roadblock--

MILLER

Those are the cops.

(pointing to helicopter)

These are bad guys.

JUNE

Ackerman's guys?

MILLER

No. Some other guys.

JUNE

Other bad guys?

MILLER

Actually, worse guys.

Putting the car into a high speed 180, he then reaches over the seat and pulls the duffle up front, unzips it...

MILLER

Okay, listen to me carefully and try to do exactly what I say. Here--

He pulls a MACHINE PISTOL out of the duffle.

MILLER

I need you to take this gun and start shooting at the helicopter.

JUNE

What?

MILLER

Keep shooting until it falls out of the sky or explodes. Either one is good. And put on this vest.

He hands her a Kevlar vest which she desperately tries to put on, getting tangled in Velcro.

JUNE

Is this the front?

MILLER

That's fine. And, June, this is important: whatever you do, do not get out of the car.

She puts on the vest. Miller throws the car into another 180 so as to now face the helicopter which is rapidly approaching. Miller checks his own gun...

MILLER

On three: One. Two...

She gets out of the car.

MILLER

June!

EXT. BOSTON AREA HIGHWAY - SAME

June dives out of the car, scrambles to her feet and starts to run like crazy.

They start shooting at her from the helicopter, riddling the ground all around her. June runs back to the Bentley...

INT. BENTLEY - SAME

As June dives in...

MILLER

What did I tell you?

JUNE

Don't get out of the car.

MILLER

And what did you do?

JUNE

I'm sorry! I panicked!

Miller throws the car into drive and takes off, rocket explosions all around them as they head straight for the roadblock.

MILLER

It's not about panic. You don't trust me--

JUNE

First of all, I have trust issues, okay. Trust is something you earn. Listen to you! Bad guys. Worse guys. Dips and Umpires! What if you are having a breakdown?! That's nothing to be ashamed of.

MILLER

Reassessing one's priorities is not a breakdown!

He fires out the window, swerves to avoid an explosion. The car is getting shot up.

MILLER

June, I really need your help here. I can't drive and shoot right now.

She holds up the gun, looks at it...

JUNE

I'm not really onboard with killing people.

MILLER

Shoot at the helicopter!

She tries to raise the machine gun, accidentally shoots out the windshield. Shoots out the roof, part of the dash, all the while shouting, before Miller pushes the gun away...

MILLER

Jesus, June! Shoot them! Not us!

JUNE

I don't want to shoot anybody!

Miller reaches into his coat, pulls out a FLASK.

MILLER

You want a swig of this?

JUNE

What is it?

MILLER

Tequila.

She knocks back a mouthful from the flask and winces.

JUNE

I need a lime...

June tries to focus as the SOUND OF THE EXPLOSIONS STARTS TO GO QUIET ALL AROUND HER.

JUNE

I feel fuzzy-- I mean, funny.

She looks at Miller who locks and loads...

JUNE

Okay, that wasn't tequila, was it?

She begins to fade in and out of consciousness...

EXT. VARIOUS - JUNE'S POV - NIGHT

-A HELICOPTER catapults towards us out of a giant FIREBALL.

-MEN WITH GUNS shoot at us, rappelling past the windshield.

-Miller firing a surface to air missile...

-A POLICE CAR corkscrews through the air, barely missing us.

FADE IN ON-- JUNE

As she wakes up. She's on a cement floor, looking at a cinderblock wall--

MILLER swings through frame, shirtless and chained upside down.

MILLER

(confidently)

We'll be out of here--

He swings out of frame, then back into her line of sight--

MILLER

--in just a second June--

Out of frame again, then back--

MILLER

--don't worry.

It goes BLACK again as she passes out again and we...

CUT TO BLACK-- SOUND OF A HELICOPTER OVER...

FADE IN ON THE INSIDE OF A HELICOPTER--

It's crashing. Spinning.

Miller straps a parachute on a floppy incoherent June...

MILLER

We have to hurry!

He helps her up...

MILLER

Jump!

And as he PULLS HER out the door, we hear JUNE SCREAM and...

CUT TO BLACK-- SOUND OF A POWERBOAT...

FADE IN: A CIGARETTE BOAT

As June wakes up on the boat, Miller at the helm, they streak across the open ocean. Miller looks back at her, smiles.

MILLER

Almost there.

CUT TO BLACK.

We hear SEAGULLS. WAVES.

FADE IN: MILLER'S HIDE-OUT - TROPICAL ISLAND - DAY

June blinks, her eyes adjusting as she sits up on her elbows.

HER POV - THE OCEAN

Sunflares kick off the water as an out-of-focus silhouette emerges from the sea: it's Miller, carrying two lobsters on a chain.

JUNE

Where am I?

She sits up. Her eyes adjust-- taking in the raw splendor of the stunning tropical island she is now resting upon. An island seemingly untouched by modern man. Shimmering clear water, silken sand, rich wildlife everywhere.

June is wearing a bikini, laying on a huge shaded towel.

MILLER

Beautiful, isn't it?

June stumbles to her feet.

JUNE

You drugged me... again...

MILLER

You weren't coping that well and I needed to get us out of there.

Miller calmly drops the lobsters by a small grass hut.

JUNE

What are we doing here?

MILLER

Hiding out, reloading, relaxing.

It is at this moment that June realizes that she is wearing a bikini. A bold (yet flattering) bikini. She storms over to him.

JUNE

Uh, okay. This is not acceptable.

MILLER

What is not acceptable?

JUNE

What am I wearing?

MILLER

A Berry Dog Brazilian. I thought I was being conscientious. I got the tie bottom. The thong was too much too soon. Although I think you could handle it.

JUNE

The issue is not the swimwear, the issue is how my unconscious body got out of my regular clothes and into the swimwear.

MILLER

June. I've been trained to dismantle a bomb in the pitch black with nothing but a safety pin and a Junior Mint, I think I can get you in and out of some clothes without looking.

(beat)

I'm not saying I did that. I'm just saying I could.

He smirks at her. June looks at him-- steaming-- then cocks a fist and BELTS him, her whole body behind it--

--but Miller CATCHES her fist lightning-fast, an inch from his face, his grip like STEEL. Just as quick, he lets go--

MILLER

Sorry. Instinct.

He puts his hands at his sides, open-palmed.

MILLER

Take another shot if you want. I won't stop you. Promise.

JUNE

(backing away)

Ahhh! That is-- not normal!

MILLER

What? June...

JUNE

Just-- stay away from me!

June whirls, runs off down the beach.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

June storms through the jungle, furious. Ignores the vines and branches that scratch at her. She pulls a bush aside and sees another beach.

JUNE

Shit.

She stands there, looking out a more treacherous stretch of coastline. She takes a breath and starts walking.

EXT. HUT - DAY

With the flair of a professional chef, Miller hums as he bastes some fish over coals, then adds some seasoning. He grates some cheese over some simmering seafood jambalaya.

EXT. COASTLINE - DAY

As June makes her way through the marshy terrain, she slips, falls into a puddle of mud up to her waist. *

JUNE

Dammit!

Suddenly, a heavy TROPICAL DELUGE slams down on her head. June climbs out of the mud-hole, forcing herself forward.

EXT. HUT - DAY

Miller expertly squeezes out an icing glaze from an icing bag atop a few fudge truffles, making delicate swirls.

EXT. JUNGLE COASTLINE - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun is getting lower. June drags herself along -- wet, exhausted, starving. Like a miracle, she sees something in the distance. Squints...

June quickens her pace, crawling towards the structure, scrambling up the beach...

She stops dead as she realizes-- this is the place she left hours ago.

Miller stands there, seasoning a simmering pot over a fire.

MILLER

Hey, you hungry?

She just stands there.

MILLER

I made Jambalaya. I don't have any cilantro, but I made do.

She stares at the pot.

MILLER

I saw your Facebook page. Under your favorite foods. Right near that picture of you and Rodney.

June looks at him. Not even sure where to begin.

MILLER

Why don't you go inside, rinse off, put on some dry clothes. I'll get dinner on the table.

She goes inside without another word.

INT. HUT - LATER

Water streams down a shower made of rough-hewn island rock, simple but charming. A chain pulls and a valve shuts the water off. June gets out of the shower, dripping wet.

ON A TABLE-- NEATLY FOLDED BIKINIS in every style and color. And nothing else.

June's mood isn't improving. She grabs up a bikini randomly-- then stops, noticing--

A BUZZING NOISE, like a vibrating phone. She follows the sound to a shelf where --

MILLER'S IPHONE is flashing. She looks down at it:

CLOSE ON THE PHONE, which is flashing "5286 AMAPOLA: MOVEMENT ALERT". The screen shows THE SAME HOUSE WE ALWAYS SEE--

--but this time, there's a MAN with his back to us, standing in the yard.

June moves closer, curious.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN, the man turns sideways, he's holding a hose-- watering the brown lawn.

JUNE

What the--?

POV JUNE, noticing a CLASSIC PONTIAC in the driveway.

JUNE

(a little impressed)

69 Bonneville.

She picks up the iPhone to get a closer look --and the screen instantly goes BLACK.

June quickly puts it back down. Unnerved.

INT. HUT - LATER

June comes out of the bedroom, showered, in a another bikini with a wrap for her shoulders. Just as Miller takes a machete and chops a coconut in half, hands June a cocktail in it.

MILLER

Here. Have a coco lanai. It's very refreshing and loaded with natural electrolytes.

JUNE

Will it knock me out?

MILLER

Only if you drink like nine of them.

June looks at him-- pointedly walks past, looking around.

MILLER

(as he watches her)

You're the first person besides me to ever see this place.

June turns at this, surprised-- and Miller takes a drink from the coconut, then holds it out to her. A moment... Then she takes it, drinks.

Miller goes back to putting the finishing touches on the meal. June watches.

JUNE

So... I'm what-- your hostage?

MILLER

You can leave anytime you want.

JUNE

But they'll kill me if I do.

MILLER

Well, right now they're wondering why I haven't.

JUNE

What do you mean?

MILLER

They know I don't leave loose ends. So they have to assume that you're somehow useful to me. That you're part of it.

JUNE

But I'm not part of it.

MILLER

No.

JUNE

I have a life.

MILLER

I understand.

JUNE

I don't think you do. Reading my Facebook page does not constitute--

MILLER

June, I'm trying here.

JUNE

I just need you to understand, Miller--
I had a real life, a nice life.
Yes, okay, once long ago, I imagined
it would be more, different, but
I've come to peace with that--

MILLER

...okay...

JUNE

--and just because I balloon-bomb
serial polluters once in a while-- I
mean, maybe that's bullshit. But
maybe you're bullshit too.

MILLER

Maybe.

JUNE

I'm not some laser focused, super
secret lethal operative--

MILLER

On the contrary, June, I think--

JUNE

(unraveling)

I can't kill people on a daily basis!

MILLER

No one's asking you to.

JUNE

Then what am I doing here?!

MILLER

Look, June. I never should have let
you on that plane. But I did. I'm
sorry. I haven't been myself lately.
Or maybe I'm more myself lately.
Because wanting your company was
something for myself, not the mission.
And I admit, yes, okay, it was
selfish. I don't know why you imagine
I have such laser focus and clarity.
Most of the time I don't know why I
do anything anymore. It used to be
Good Guys and Bad Guys. Now it's Bad
Guys and Worse Guys.

(beat)

But when I saw you, running around
that airport with those balloons and
that wig and that expression on your
face, and it turned out you were
headed to Boston too-- well, it seemed
like it was meant to be.

JUNE

You're talking like a Hallmark Card,
Miller, which is not comforting,

(MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)
because you're in a lot of trouble.
And so am I, thanks to you. I mean,
if you're not sure what you're doing
is right anymore, then maybe you
should quit.

Miller looks at her. Intent.

MILLER
Is that what you would do? See the
funny thing is June, it's hard to
quit when you finally start to see
the big picture.

June looks uncomfortable, doesn't answer. Ding! A cooking
timer goes off.

MILLER
How about we eat.

Miller brings a couple of plates to the table.

MILLER
Dig in.

They start eating. June stops chewing. Looks at him.

MILLER
What.

JUNE
Oh my god.

MILLER
What?

JUNE
This is good!

MILLER
Thank you.

JUNE
No, really good. Like "the almost
best thing I ever tasted" good--

She pauses before the next bite, gives him look.

JUNE
-- The only other man I ever knew
who could make fish stew like this
was my Pop.

MILLER
He was a good cook?

JUNE
(beams)
Great cook. He could do anything
with his hands. Make a you a seven
layer birthday cake, fix the hem on
a prom dress, sail a boat, grow
heirloom tomatoes or change plugs on
a '71 Saab Diesel.

Miller smiles.

MILLER
You were close.

JUNE
(nods)
It was just us. Long as I can
remember.

MILLER
So you always knew you were going to
work in the family business?

JUNE
Wasn't the plan. I was gonna study
Environmental law. But my Freshman
year, he got sick. So I came back.
And I never really thought about
leaving again. He needed me. Home
has gravity, you know?

MILLER
I do.

JUNE
Anyway. Last year he died.

She meets his eyes, smiles softly.

JUNE
I missed my chances.

EXT. ROCKY POINT-- SUNSET - EVENING

Carrying her wine glass, June follows Miller to a place
where they can see the ocean and the sunset. Colors
shimmer on the water.

Miller shows June to a level place to sit down-- a spot
where surf crashed against the rocks beneath them. The
wind blows in their hair. The sky opens up like a great
brilliant canvas.

JUNE

So. Tell me. Do all super spies have island retreats?

MILLER

I don't know what they have. I'm not really a super spy.

JUNE

What are you then?

MILLER

More like a trouble shooter. My agency would point me at trouble and I'd--

JUNE

--shoot it?

MILLER

I was going to say fix it.

June smiles, takes a last drink of wine.

Miller is silent a moment.

June meets his eyes. He looks back at her. So honest it hurts. Without thinking, June leans forward, kisses him.

They pull apart, Miller looking at her, eyes searching-- then kisses her back.

MILLER

This-- might not be-- the best-- idea.

June is already unbuttoning his shirt.

JUNE

It's a great idea--

Miller's hands are all over her, caressing her.

MILLER

Adrenaline, near-death experiences, it distorts your judgment. You're under the influence--

JUNE

Of what?

MILLER

Adventure.

Suddenly, an ALARM GOES OFF BACK AT THE CAMP. The lights go out. They pull apart.

JUNE
What's going on?

Miller looks off, sees black dots in the dimming sky. Seems genuinely dumbfounded:

MILLER
I don't get it. This place is secure.
How did they--

He looks at June, standing in front of him disheveled, breathing hard.

MILLER
June. Did you use your phone when
you were changing?

JUNE
What?

MILLER
Did you call anyone on the phone?

JUNE
No.

MILLER
June.

JUNE
I didn't call anyone! I swear! I
just checked my voice mail.

MILLER
You checked your voice mail.

JUNE
I had to make sure Alison got my
message to feed Nathan!

EXT. ISLAND - DUSK

HELICOPTERS GETTING LOUDER as Miller now leads June through the jungle...

JUNE
I didn't know.

MILLER
It's fine. Don't worry about it.

And now behind them, in the distance, THE HUT EXPLODES.

JUNE
I'm sorry, ok?

Miller just keeps PLUNGING deeper into the jungle, his voice calm even as FLAMING HUT PIECES drop from the sky.

MILLER

Its just it was the only safe place
I had... in the world. A beautiful
secret place where I could think and
breathe and pretend to be normal...

JUNE

I GET IT! I'M SORRY!

The SOUND OF APPROACHING HELICOPTERS GETS REALLY LOUD....

MILLER

Although for future reference, June,
there are no messages inside your
phone. When you check voice mail--

He picks her up by the waist, LIFTING her out of the way a
split-second before --

MILLER

-- you're making a call.

A FLAMING PIECE OF HUT WRECKAGE hurtles to the ground where
June was standing a moment before. Miller keeps going
without missing a beat.

JUNE

What are we going to do?

Miller stops, yanks a branch down that was concealing A
CAMOFLAGE MINI CHOPPER.

MILLER

Get in.

She climbs in, A HIGH PITCHED WHIR as he starts the blades.

EXT. ISLAND - AERIAL - DUSK

The mini chopper goes flying past us, followed a moment
later by-- TWO RUMBLING APACHE WARSHIPS.

The larger helicopters are rapidly gaining on the smaller
one... In fact, the mini-chopper's engine sounds like a go-
cart compared to the profound growl of the Apaches' jets.

INT. MINI CHOPPER - SAME

June looks back at-- the large rumbling warships, missiles
poised in their turrets. She looks around the "smart-car"
sized cockpit of the little bird they're flying in.

JUNE

Do you have missiles on this thing?
What are we gonna do? They're getting
pretty close.

MILLER

Here--

He pulls a PISTOL from behind his shirt.

MILLER

Aim for the pilots.

She stares at the small gun, then watches as--

Wssssssh!-- A MISSILE CAREENS RIGHT PAST THEM, THEN INTO
THE JUNGLE AND EXPLODES.

MILLER

Hang on--

And now the mini chopper drops from frame.

EXT. ISLAND - AERIAL - SAME

MILLER DIVES INTO A NARROW VALLEY in the middle of the
island, keeping the little chopper at tree level so that--

--THE APACHES have to stay above him.
Woooosh! Wooosh!-- THEY BEGIN FIRING MORE MISSILES AT HIM.

The canopy below Miller and June begins exploding all around
them. He grabs the stick and banks the little bird hard to
the left (June almost slides out) so that--

--THE BIGGER CHOPPERS PASS HIM, HAVE TO COME AROUND AGAIN.

JUNE

Ahhhhhhh!

MILLER

Shoot the gun!

Miller skims the tree tops, June hanging on for dear life.
They fly up and over and rocky cliff, then back down into
another canyon, the Apache right behind him.

A SHAKEY CLOSE UP ON-- JUNE'S FACE. It is the ultimate
roller coaster. And she might lose her lobster as they
bank to and fro-- her eyes go wide when she sees up ahead--

--A TUNNEL in the side of the huge mountain. Not very wide.
But like a donut, we can see daylight through the center.

MILLER MAKES A RUN TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN. But he maintains it off to the starboard side so he doesn't give away his intention (yet) to the Apaches.

JUNE

Uh. Miller. What are you thinking right now?! Miller. You're not thinking we can go through that!

MILLER

Goes all the way through to the other side of the island.

JUNE

We're not going to fit.

MILLER

I don't know, I keep meaning to come up here and measure it against my rotors. I think we *might*...

JUNE

You think we might. You think!

MILLER

I need to concentrate June.

MILLER BANKS THE MINI-CHOPPER, HARD, now heading straight for the donut hole at full speed. The Apaches are right on his tail. Rapidly approaching-- the moment of no return...

MILLER

Hang on, June. There should be tolerance for our blades if I tip our nose down as we--

Closer, closer, closer-- it's too small, it can't possibly--

JUNE

We're not gonna fit! WE'RE NOT GONNA FIT! NOOOOO! ROY-- OH GOD!

(then)

Roy!?

WHOOSH-- They enter the narrow tunnel, June screaming her head off as Miller, keeping the nose down, reaches for the back of her neck--

--THE APACHES, RIGHT BEHIND THEM, CAN'T PULL UP IN TIME-- one tries to pull away from the mouth of the tunnel but can't, IT EXPLODES, sending scrapenel into the other's blades.

IT SLAMS INTO THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN... KA BOOM!

EXT. ISLAND - SEA SIDE - TWILIGHT

SWOOOOSH!

THE MINI CHOPPER EMERGES in a billow of dust and sand from the other side of the rock tunnel. The pink faded sun kisses blue billowing clouds at magic hour. A beautiful sight.

INT. MINI CHOPPER

As Miller lets out his breath, pulls his hand away from the pressure point on the back of June's neck. Out cold, she slumps in her seat. He brushes some hair from her face. She is so lovely to him.

MILLER

Get a hold of yourself, Roy.

He banks the mini chopper, flies off into the setting sun.

ON JUNE-- ASLEEP

She wakes up. PULL BACK TO REVEAL that we're...

INT. DARKENED ROOM - DAY

June, confused, looks up to see Miller sitting in a chair, his back to her, working at something. Miller looks down at notes he's taking, muttering to himself...

She sits up on the bed. Watches him. His intensity, his focus.

June tears her eyes away, notices the beautiful room, wallpaper, linens and furniture.

He turns, sensing she's awake. They meet eyes. She smiles softly.

JUNE

I'm sorry about the island. It's just, Nathan was dad's fish.

MILLER

It's okay.

JUNE

I had to make sure Alison got my message. Or the damned thing would die. He eats a lot.

MILLER

June. I'm over it.

June moves to the window, opens it and WE PUSH PAST HER TO REVEAL, BEYOND THE BALCONY--

JUNE

Oh, my God...

--PAMPLONA, SPAIN. Narrow Spanish streets bisect and intersect like a glorious brick labyrinth. Dappled sunlight hits beautiful red stone buildings across the courtyard and doves fly into the golden sky.

MILLER

Welcome to Espana.

June turns and looks at Miller, now standing. Sees he's in a fine linen jacket. Sees she's now wearing different clothes as well...

JUNE

What happened to my bikini?

MILLER

Underneath.

She checks as-- he puts on a pair of sunglasses...

MILLER

There's someone we need to meet.
I'll tell you about it as we walk.

EXT. STREETS OF PAMPLONA SPAIN -- DAY

Preparations are underway for the run of the bulls. Early spectators are arriving and taking positions. Banners hail Pamplona's patron saint, San Fermin. Miller and June walk.

JUNE

You ever read Ferdinand the Bull when you were a kid?

MILLER

Never got to that one.

They pass A TEMPORARY CATTLE PEN CRAMMED WITH GIGANTIC MUSCLE-BOUND, SNORTING BULLS.

JUNE

Ferdinand liked to smell the flowers and never wanted to fight. And then, one day, he sat on a Bumble Bee. And everyone thought he was the most fierce Bull in all of Spain.

They round a corner to the Plaza del Castillo. A beautiful park surrounded by 14th century stone buildings.

Across the street, SECURITY DETAILS are loading TWO FAMILIES OF DIGNITARIES into the GRAND HOTEL PAMPLONA.

MILLER

That's the Sultan of Brunei and his "family". And that's the Prime Minister of Belgium.

JUNE

Belgium is super toxic.

MILLER

Is it.

JUNE

Massive nuclear waste, smog and heavy metal from industry-- water supply's loaded with mercury and phosphorus.

MILLER

Itchin' for a green balloon right now?

JUNE

Shut up.

They round a corner.

MILLER

The G-8 Energy Conference starts tomorrow, just outside the city at the National Center for Alternative Energy. And we're on our way right now to meet one of the attendees.

JUNE

Who?

MILLER

Antonio Salazar. A billionaire with vast petrol and energy holdings. He's the man who financed Simon's research. He's a little bent out of shape since my agency took the battery from him.

JUNE

And why did you do that?

MILLER

Because his real business is selling weapons to the highest bidder. Which, by the way, he neglected to mention to Simon.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

Antonio looks at the battery, and he sees an endless power supply for new and improved killing machines.

June stops cold, looks over Miller's shoulder.

June shakes her head and nods toward -- ACKERMAN'S NUMBER TWO, THE BIG RED-HEAD. He loiters across the street, pretending to look in a shop, ARM IN A SLING.

MILLER

What--

JUNE

Don't turn around.

MILLER

Who is it?

JUNE

One of Ackerman's guys... the big guy with braces.

MILLER

I shot him. Didn't I?

JUNE

Well, he's here.

MILLER

Just keep walking.

Miller ducks into--

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

He presses June up against a wall. They wait, up close like this, and a moment later THE AGENT WALKS BY, but doesn't look down the alley...

MILLER

You're right. That's him.

(looks at June)

Nice get, June.

They stay close for a moment. Look at each other.

MILLER

We should probably wait here a few extra minutes, just to be safe.

JUNE

Yeah. Okay.

A sweet moment. The moment is broken, however, when a GUN is put into Miller's ear.

MILLER

Ow.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: THE RED HEADED AGENT

Pushing Miller's head against the brick, "Braces" waves with his other hand.

BRACES

Ciao, Miller.

MILLER

That means "good-bye," shithead.
In Italian.

BRACES

Really.

JUNE

Actually, it's like aloha, you can say it either coming or going... And they do say Chao in some Spanish speaking countries. Like Argentina. But not in Spain.

MILLER

(smiles at June)
You're full of surprises.

BRACES

Whatever. Move and it's aloha to your fuckin' brains.

MILLER

(meets June's eyes)
I'm happy right where I am.

She smiles at him. And suddenly, Braces cries out as SHE KICKS HIM HARD IN THE SHIN.

Miller, impressed with June, elbows Braces in the face.

June kicks him again, this time in that higher spot that bends a man over.

Miller takes June by the hand and they take off running.

MILLER

Where did that come from, Havens?

JUNE

(smiles)

Bumble Bee bit me.

As they turn onto a side street, Miller's eyes--

A LARGE GROUP OF IMPOSING SPANISH IN SUITS ARE MOVING IN
ON THEM FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, SURROUNDING THEM. *

MILLER

(urgent)

Change of plans. June, listen, I
need you to understand what's going
to happen with Salazar--

JUNE

--What?

Miller shakes his head. He can't say more. The men are
upon them. Miller turns to face the biggest and most
imposing of them.

MILLER

Our appointment is not for another
fifteen minutes.

Like synchronized swimmers, all of the men lift their
jackets on the left side, revealing-- HUGE GUNS BENEATH.

GUNMAN 1

Antonio is eager to see you, Monty.

EXT. SPANISH VILLA - DAY

THREE YELLOW HUMMERS WITH A DIAMOND LOGOS on the door,
pull up to A BEAUTIFUL VILLA. June and Miller emerge from
the lead car, along with the Gunmen who stay a little too
close to be friendly.

As they walk inside, June notices MORE MEN AND YELLOW
HUMMERS parked by the villa.

INT. VILLA - DAY

The Gunmen walk Miller and June through a gorgeously
decorated villa. Beautiful plantings hang from above,
dappling the spanish sun.

JUNE

Monty?

MILLER

I don't pick the names. June.
Listen, I want you to understand--

TWO GUNMEN SEPARATE JUNE AND MILLER from each other as they escort them up onto --

EXT. LOGGIA - DAY

-- a beautiful LOGGIA. A table set with an OPULENT LUNCH is waiting, with a breathtaking view of the streets below.

A MAN turns from the balcony to greet them: ANTONIO, elegant, suave, handsome. He holds his arms out to Miller.

ANTONIO
Monty. My friend!
(embraces him)
Its good to see you. You know, they told me you were wandering the Plaza Castillo and, well, that pissed me off. I'm impatient.

MILLER
Sorry about the helicopters.

ANTONIO
(shrugging)
I'll buy more. I'm just glad you've seen the light of free enterprise.

Antonio turns to June, takes her in with an lingering look.

ANTONIO
And your lovely friend...?

JUNE
June.
(in Spanish)
It's a pleasure to meet you. You have a beautiful home.

Miller looks at her in surprise; Antonio smiles, charmed.

ANTONIO
Your accent is good, my dear.
(to Miller)
I must say, Monty, I am pleasantly surprised.
(to June)
You are nothing like the company he usually keeps.

JUNE
Really?
(fishing)
And that would be...?

ANTONIO

Men with guns, men with explosives,
men with warheads.

Miller and Antonio grin at each other, like old friends.

MILLER

Shall we?

CUT TO:

ON THE STREETS, children wearing the same red-and-white as
the adults run shrieking with delight from --

"A FIRE BULL" -- a man with an iron bull-shape on his back,
sparklers and fireworks on its metal horns.

PAN UP to the Loggia, where Antonio waves to the servant
to refill their plates.

ANTONIO

(nostalgically)

They used to tie burning pitch and
fireworks to a real bull.

JUNE

They -- that's terrible!

ANTONIO

Certainly, the children ran much
faster.

(pouring sangria)

The right incentive can make people
do the most interesting things.

Antonio motions to a BODYGUARD, who comes forward with a
briefcase, snaps it open:

STACKS OF BILLS, neatly wrapped. Easily millions.

June gapes. Miller is cool, unfazed, checks over the bills.

MILLER

Looks a little short. You wouldn't
try to cheat me would you, old friend?

ANTONIO

The price we agreed on was for the
both Dr. Feck and the battery.

June reacts-- *what?* But Miller and Antonio are fixed on
each other.

MILLER
I don't have Simon. I thought you
did.

ANTONIO
Clearly not. Now, do you have the
item or not?

Miller takes THE BATTERY out of his pocket.

JUNE
(shocked)
Miller...?

MILLER
Not now.

Smoothly, Miller takes the money, simultaneously sliding
the battery to Antonio-- but June catches his arm.

JUNE
Can I talk to you for a second?

Miller looks up from the briefcase to June-- something
cold in his eyes, the emotional doors slammed shut.

MILLER
I said, not right now.

June locks eyes with him, she's not backing down.

JUNE
Actually, right now would be good.

Antonio looks back and forth between them. His tone is
genial, but there's something hard beneath it:

ANTONIO
Is there a problem?

THE GUNMEN move closer to the table, the room is tense.
The potential for explosion.

Miller doesn't take his eyes off June as he answers.

MILLER
No problem.

JUNE
You can't sell him the battery!

Miller cuts her off, abrupt, rude. Dismissive.

MILLER

When I want advice on stalking someone
with paint balloons or rebuilding an
engine block, I'll ask you. But
let's leave the high-stakes
international intrigue to me, all
right?

June can't believe he's speaking to her like this.

JUNE

Excuse me?

MILLER

I've known you four days, June. I
don't think you should be telling me
what I can and can't do.

He looks at her, and his eyes are cold. Like a stranger.

MILLER

So why don't you just. Sit. Down.

JUNE

(she's had it)
Ok, that's enough.

June is looking at him like she's never seen him before.

JUNE

Call me when you're done selling out
the free world. Or, you know what?
Don't.

She heads out, reaching the doors just as--

A HAIL OF BULLETS hits the table, ripping through the
silverware and dishes, food flying in shreds.

MILLER AND ANTONIO dive in opposite directions, JUNE runs
for cover behind a marble statue--

A SWARM OF AGENTS come swinging in over the edge of the
balcony, they've RAPPELLED from the roof above.

ANTONIO rises from behind huge stone planters, a GUN in
each hand, FIRES at the Agents while he SHOUTS at Miller:

ANTONIO

This is how you value our friendship,
Monty? You lead these vermin to my
home?

MILLER

I didn't do this, Antonio--

Antonio FIRES crazily at Miller, who DUCKS as the bullets
TEAR into the table and the balcony railing behind him.

ANTONIO

Pardon me if I think you are a lying
Boludo.

(to his men)

Kill them both!

*
*

THE BODYGUARDS start FIRING at Miller and June as well as
the Agents--

JUNE makes a run for the doors--

ANTONIO aims for her-- and

MILLER dives after her, catches her ankle and sends her
sprawling --

Antonio's shot cracks over her head as Miller rolls
smoothly, fires from the floor --

-- nailing Antonio, who collapses into the stone planter.

Someone reaches into frame and grabs June, jerking her to
her feet--

ACKERMAN. Ackerman and Agents start hauling June toward
the door.

JUNE

Miller!

MILLER is pinned down at the balcony's edge-- he looks
over at June--

MILLER

Don't worry.

-- and he jumps off the balcony, vanishing.

INT. VILLA - DAY

Agents hustling June down the stairs, Ackerman has his gun
drawn.

GUNSHOTS and THUMPING continuing upstairs.

She twists around to Ackerman, all her frustration and
fury boiling over --

JUNE

Go ahead! Shoot me, it's what you
people do --

Ackerman abruptly holsters his gun. He touches a hand to the EARPIECE in his ear.

ACKERMAN
I'm bringing her in now.

EXT. AIRPORT - TARMAC - NIGHT

A Spanish airport. A huge C-17 transport aircraft sits on the tarmac like an enormous beast, crouched and waiting.

INT. C-17 TRANSPORT - NIGHT

Ackerman escorts June into the huge interior of the C-17. Vast, cavernous, the inside has been converted to--

A HIGH-TECH COMMAND CENTER, so big it fills the plane. MONITORS flash in the dim light, a low hum of machines, the mutter of people's voices. A feel of ruthless expertise and efficiency. These people are not fucking around.

A BRIGHT WHITE CIRCLE OF LIGHT illuminates the center of the craft, where DIRECTOR GEORGE works at a desk. A large bay of communication modules and surveillance monitors arrayed around her.

A beat. Director George doesn't look up as she says:

DIRECTOR GEORGE
I'm Director Isabelle George.

She raises her head, her gaze on June piercing.

DIRECTOR GEORGE
I run an multinational counter-espionage agency. You've never heard of it and you never will again.

June glares at Ackerman.

JUNE
So you're not FBI.

ACKERMAN
Cover story. Sorry.

DIRECTOR GEORGE
My agents do not pass out business cards, Miss Havens.

JUNE
Why should I believe anything you tell me?

DIRECTOR GEORGE

A reasonable question. Especially considering that for the last 4 days you've been fed a steady diet of misinformation and outright fantasy from a former agent of ours, one who's recently gone rogue and has since exhibited clear signs of psychosis.

June looks unimpressed.

JUNE

Miller says Ackerman's the one who's gone rogue. That he tried to steal the battery. Miller stopped him, so Ackerman told you that Miller's gone nuts, when all he's really been trying to do is protect the battery.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

How... baroque. Perhaps facts are of dubious value in the auto parts business, but I assure you, they are the sole commodity of mine.

June scoffs.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Miller told you he was protecting the battery from people who want to misuse it-- then two hours ago he tried to sell it to an international arms dealer. Miller told you Agent Ackerman was a dangerous traitor who wanted to kill you-- and yet, he left you with him. And here you are. Breathing.

June doesn't answer. Becoming unsure.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Ask yourself, Miss Havens: has Roy Miller said one thing to you that has proven to be true?

Director George stands, crossing to her bank of monitors.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

At first, we weren't sure why he was with you. You told my agent you thought Miller had developed a personal attachment to you.

JUNE
...Something like that.

Director George smiles and nods to Ackerman who clicks a remote. A monitor flickers to life, showing--

SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE OF MILLER in the airport, standing next to June's bag. He moves forward, nothing seems to have happened.

JUNE
I don't see--

ONSCREEN, the image replays, MAGNIFIES, the pixels resolve--
-- Showing Miller DROPPING THE BATTERIES into June's bag.

DIRECTOR GEORGE
It took us a while to find this footage. Miller's very good. One of the best in the world.

JUNE
He-- he didn't tell me--

DIRECTOR GEORGE
He's been playing you, Miss Havens. This man is master spy. This is what he does. He lies for a living.

Ackerman opens a small case and hands Director George A NORMAL LOOKING PEN from inside.

Director George moves closer to June.

June stares at the footage, playing over and over on the monitor. She turns to George.

JUNE
Why are you showing me this?

WOMAN
Because Miller still believes you're wrapped around his finger. You have access to him.

JUNE
I will not help you kill him.

DIRECTOR GEORGE
I don't want to hurt him, Miss Havens. I am trying to save him.

JUNE
I just want to go home.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

You can. After you assist us with this task. Make things right with your nation, whom you have betrayed, and with Miller, whom you have encouraged and enabled with your own special brand of uneducated disassociative idealism.

JUNE

Gee, thanks.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Get me the battery. He gets the help he needs. And you go home.

June blinks, exhausted, torn, not sure what to think.

JUNE

You won't kill him.

ACKERMAN

Miss Havens--

JUNE

Promise me.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

I give you my word.

INT. CAB - DAY

June turns the ballpoint pen in her hands. Looks out the window as the cab winds through the Old Quarter of Pamplona.

The streets are filling with spectators for the running of the bulls-- the cab crawls through the streets, crowds clogging the roads and sidewalks, people shouting in Spanish.

The cab pulls to a stop outside the charming cafe they were at yesterday.

INT. CAFE - DAY

June enters to find-- A NOTE ON THE TABLE.

EXT. PAMPLONA STREETS - DAY

On the streets, preparation for the running of the bulls is at a fever pitch. Crowds are getting thick. June follows the note to an address-- an apartment building.

INT. PAMPLONA APARTMENT - DAY

MILLER looks intently at his iPhone. A KNOCK. He crosses to the door. Opens it--

June is standing there. He doesn't seem surprised to see her; there are TWO STEAMING CAPPUCCINO's on the counter.

MILLER

I was starting to get worried.

June just looks at him. He brings the coffees to the table. Sits down.

JUNE

You were a jerk at Antonio's.

MILLER

I had a role to play, June. I had to be convincing.

JUNE

Well you convinced me.

MILLER

That wasn't the real battery. I needed an excuse to get close to Antonio, find out if he had Simon.

Off June's look.

MILLER

I was gonna to let you in on the plan, in the cafe, but we got interrupted.

JUNE

That happens to us a lot. Why is that?

MILLER

Have some coffee, June.

She sits down, reaches past Miller, takes his coffee, leaves him with hers. Miller suppresses a small smile.

JUNE

So... you've still got the battery? The real one?

MILLER

Yes.

JUNE

I want to see it.

Miller takes it from his pocket. Puts it on the table between them.

She reaches out, touches it-- pulls her hand back.

JUNE

It's warmer than I remembered.

CLOSE ON -- HER OTHER HAND

reaching into her purse, clicking the pen.

MILLER

Huh. This hurts more than I thought it would.

June looks up at him.

MILLER

What did they offer you?

A beat, then:

JUNE

That you'd be safe.

Miller SMILES, rueful, not unkind. He stands up, pockets the battery, takes out a key and opens a door:

A WEAPONS CACHE, guns of all shapes and sizes-- and a gleaming, sleek DUCATI.

Miller's movements are practiced, quick, professional, his voice CALM.

MILLER

I've haven't lied to you.
(chambers a gun round)
I never lied to you.

JUNE

That's not what it looks like.

MILLER

Nothing is ever what it looks like.

JUNE

Damn it, Miller, what did you expect me to do-- ?

MILLER

Whatever you want.

He turns, eyes intense. This is the Roy Miller who kills people and never looks backs.

MILLER

You don't want to believe me June?
Then don't. You want to believe
them? Go ahead. Stay, go, betray
me, shoot me-- just decide for
yourself.

Their eyes lock-- and the tense silence is broken by LOUD
KNOCKING.

ACKERMAN (O.S.)

Miller. Open up.

Miller reacts-- swings on the Ducati, pulls out a HUGE
MACHINE GUN.

MILLER

(evenly)

You should get down, June.

JUNE

No. I won't. Miller, don't--

MORE KNOCKING, LOUDER, insistent--

ACKERMAN (O.S.)

It's over, Roy! Open the door!

JUNE

--just put down the gun--

Miller slams a clip into the machine gun.

MILLER

I don't think that's a good idea.

ACKERMAN (O.S.)

*The whole building's surrounded!
There's nowhere to go!*

JUNE

(over her shoulder)

Give us a second!

(back to Miller)

Listen to me, if you turn yourself
in, they won't hurt you.

And strangely, Miller smiles. Gentle, touched.

MILLER

I love your optimism. Never lose
it.

Miller guns the Ducati.

JUNE
Miller, they promised me--

ON JUNE, with her back to the door-- as BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM!!!
the door is riddled with bullets right behind her.

JUNE
(shocked)
Ahhhh!

She drops flat to the floor without thinking--

The windows in the apartment EXPLODE inward-- GRAPPLING
HOOKS slam below the sills, go taut, as--

GAS GRENADES are lobbed in through the broken windows,
start hissing billows of thick gas. June scrambles up.

JUNE
Son of a bitch.

MILLER
Get on!

June jumps on the bike-- Miller revs the Ducati--

THE APARTMENT DOOR SHATTERS INWARD, revealing a TEAM OF
AGENTS with a door ram--

MILLER roars forward on the bike RIGHT THROUGH THEM.

AGENTS dive out of the way as Miller tears down the hallway--
then dives the bike

DOWN THE NARROW STAIRS

JUNE hangs on as they stutter down-- BULLETS tear the stairs
around them, gouge the walls. She looks up, sees--

AGENTS leaning over the railing above, shooting down.

Miller whips the bike around the corner of the landing,
down the next flight.

They burst out of the stairwell into--

THE APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - SAME

-- and Miller guns it, tires squealing as they race through
the lobby, then straight out into the street.

Behind them, AGENTS race down the stairs, SHOOTING.

EXT. STREETS OF PAMPLONA - DAY

Miller plunges into the crowded, narrow streets, weaving through white-shirted RUNNERS preparing for the Running of the Bulls, SPECTATORS thronging the streets, CARS moving at a crawl.

JUNE
(furiously)
Do any of you people even know how
to tell the truth?

MILLER
I didn't lie to you.

ANGLE BEHIND THEM-- TWO SUVS screech away from the curb after them, as Agents swarm out of the apartment, jumping into the remaining SUVS.

JUNE
They showed me the tape, Miller.

GUNFIRE behind them--

JUNE
You put the battery in my bag in
Wichita!

MILLER
Yes. I did.

ON THE SUVS as ACKERMAN leans out, OPENS FIRE--

PANIC ON the streets, people run to get out of the way, opening a path for the SUVS, which speed toward--

MILLER AND JUNE-- Miller glances back, sees the SUVS gaining--

MILLER
(evenly)
It might not be the best time to
discuss this.

JUNE
We can't talk when we're running for
our lives? How convenient for you.

GUNFIRE slams into a wall next to them, the SUVS are almost on top of them-- Miller slices a hard turn into

A TINY ALLEY --

too narrow for the SUVS to follow.

ACKERMAN'S SUV skids to a halt in the alley mouth, he FIRES--

MILLER swerves the bike, bullets SPARK on the brick walls.

JUNE

All that crap about seeing me and
knowing something, feeling something--
that was a lie. I was your mule!

Miller darts the bike across a street into ANOTHER ALLEY--

MILLER

The two ideas are not mutually
exclusive, June.

JUNE

Actually yes. They are.

ANGLE HIGH OVERHEAD--

THE DUCATI darting through the network of alleys--

THE SUVS split up, fanning out into different streets,
trying to box Miller in.

BACK ON MILLER AND JUNE racing through the alleyways.

MILLER

I put the battery in your bag because
I felt something.

JUNE

Listen to yourself. Do you make
this shit up as you go along?

MILLER

I could have picked anyone, June. I
picked you.

JUNE

Lucky me.

They turn a corner-- AN SUV screeches to the alley mouth,
blocking them, Agents FIRING.

Miller whips the bike around in the hail of bullets-- they
dart into another alley-- ANOTHER SUV CUTS THEM OFF.

MILLER

It's not like you never lie.

Miller whirls the bike hard and dirty, guns into another
alley--

MILLER

Do all the people in your life know
you're an Eco Warrior?

They're cut off again-- skid into another alley-- cut off again--

MILLER
And what about Nathan?

JUNE
I was lying to get a seat on an
airplane! It's not the same!

THE SUVS cat-and-mouse them faster and faster, the vehicles
hemming them in, closing like a vise--

MILLER
You're splitting hairs.

Miller races out of an alley into the bright light of an
open street--

--and the Ducati comes to a SCREECHING HALT as--

THE RUNNERS AND BULLS THUNDER BY

A raging river of horns and muscle and foaming sweat, inches
in front of them.

June glances back, sees SUVS closing from BEHIND THEM.

JUNE
(warning)
Miller...

At the same moment,

Miller looks DOWN THE STREET, where the bulls just came
from--

--and sees ANOTHER SUV coming from that side, shoving its
way through shouting, scattering Spectators.

MILLER
I see it.

Miller guns the Ducati-- pulling into the street, following
the bulls.

EXT. RUNNING OF THE BULLS STREETS - SAME

MILLER AND JUNE roar forward--

BEHIND THEM, THE SUVS crash through the barricades onto
the street.

GUNFIRE explodes behind them -- Miller SPEEDS UP, the bulls
right in front of them now, hooves like hammers.

JUNE
What are you doing?!

MILLER
Going where they're not.

MILLER AND JUNE PLUNGE INTO THE HERD OF RUNNING BULLS--

--instantly surrounded by tons of sweating, snorting pissed-off bovine fury, plus shouting, furious Spaniards.

THE SUVS race up the road after them--

WIDE ON THE CHASE: CHAOS, Runners and Spectators panicking, bulls galloping, SUVS, gunfire-- June and Miller in the middle.

MILLER swerves through the bulls and shouting angry RUNNERS. He pulls a gun, hands it back to June.

MILLER
Aim for the tires.

June grabs the gun from his hand.

JUNE
(pissed)
Fine.

Miller WHIPS the bike around a corner--

SUV GUNFIRE tears into the building as they turn.

June turns and tries to SHOOT at the pursuing SUVS.

BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM! June's shots go WIDE, shattering a STOREFRONT WINDOW, ricocheting off a lamppost.

THE BULLS go nuts as she shoots, lowing, swiping their horns sideways at the bike--

Miller swerves wildly, June barely holding on.

JUNE
Miller. I don't think the bulls
like me firing the gun.

And Miller's PHONE RINGS, the ringtone "BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE."

MILLER
I have to take this.
(off her look)
Keep shooting. You're doing great.

He flicks on the phone, a grainy VIDEO IMAGE comes up on the screen--

MILLER

Simon? Where the hell are you?

ON THE PHONE SCREEN, SIMON FECK, thin, surprisingly young, British, looks like he hasn't bathed in days.

His sentences are choppy, unfinished, like he's talking with voices in his own head.

SIMON

*It's-- I've been, you can't-- just
the, the obviousness of it, it's so--
(like an epiphany)
You know what it is?*

ON JUNE as she fires again, smashing the windshield one of the SUVs.

SIMON

*(intense)
Artificial sweeteners.*

MILLER

Simon, are you all right?

SIMON

*People think they can have sweet,
sweet, sweet, no calories-- no! Get
fat or get cancer. No free ride!*

ON THE STREET, ANGRY SPECTATORS are YELLING and throwing things at Miller and June--

SIMON

*Cause and effect-- like cookies and
milk. Bert and Ernie. Dick Cheney
and climate change.*

Miller dodges a fallen Runner, brushes up against a barricade--

A SPANISH MOTHER, children at her side, WHACKS June with her purse, yelling at her furiously in Spanish.

JUNE

We're sorry! Really!

Miller surges forward before June gets nailed again.

JUNE

What the hell kind of driving is that?

SIMON
Is this a bad time?

MILLER
No! No. Simon, don't hang up.
Just tell me where you are.

SIMON
*I mean, look at philosophy, look at
literature-- human history--
everything costs!
(shouting)
It's the fundamental-- I mean, basic--
it's the truth of existence, all
right, Miller? Do you understand?!*

MILLER
Honestly, Simon? No.

ON JUNE seeing a COMMOTION ahead, the Runners and Spectators
SCATTERING, she can't see why.

JUNE
(worried)
Miller...

SIMON
(sudden calm)
Is it getting hotter?

And Simon hangs up, the screen abruptly black.

MILLER
Simon? Simon?

ON JUNE, seeing **ONE OF ANTONIO'S YELLOW HUMMERS** tear around
the corner in front of them, Runners dive out of the way--

JUNE
MILLER!

-- The Hummer's headed right for them. Playing chicken
with the bulls, apparently expecting them to scatter.

THE HUMMER roars forward--

--but instead of going around the Hummer, **THE LEAD BULL**
(white forelock) swerves hard to the right--

AND ALL THE OTHER BULLS TURN IN A HERD, following the Lead
Bull to the right--

-- TRAMPLING over a barricade and into the streets.

MILLER

Hang on!

Miller stays in the center of the herd-- they're swept along by the stampede into--

EXT. OUTDOOR MARKET - SAME

--an outdoor market, stalls hung with white tarp shades, filled with tourist souvenirs.

THE BULLS thunder through the market like an earthquake.

MILLER AND JUNE dodge bulls and flying debris--

--and SIRENS sound behind them. June looks back, sees SPANISH POLICE CARS now joining the SUVs and HUMMER, all chasing after them.

JUNE

This is extreme. Even for you.

Miller reaches down, jerks free the MACHINE GUN from the side-sheath on the bike.

MILLER

Take this.

JUNE

And do what?

MILLER

When I stop the bike, shoot the ground. A lot.

JUNE

(confused)

What--?

But she's cut off as the bike LURCHES forward, Miller GUNS IT to the front of the herd, swerving between bulls, finds the Lead Bull with the white forelock--

--and Miller sticks out a leg, kicks the bull in the ribs.

Miller dodges as the Lead Bull BELLOWS, the animal butts at the bike furiously, horns barely missing--

JUNE

(horrified)

Are you suicidal?

Miller guns the bike closer-- kicks the Lead Bull again.

The Lead Bull's eyes are rolling, wild with fury--

JUNE
(has he lost it?)
Miller. Please stop kicking the
bull.

--and the enraged Lead Bull bellows again, butting wildly
with its head, trying to gore the bike.

Miller RACES ahead--

THE LEAD BULL gallops after the Ducati, full-tilt--

--and the bull herd thunders after them.

WIDE ON MILLER AND JUNE on the Ducati, racing like wildfire
through the narrow twisty streets with--

--THE FULL HERD OF BULLS thundering behind them, and--

--THE SUVS, HUMMERS AND POLICE chasing behind that.

ON MILLER as he banks sharply, leads the bulls into

A WIDE COURTYARD--

MILLER sprays dirt in a 180 turn, skids to a halt--

MILLER
(to June)
Now!

June aims the machine gun at the ground in front of them,
shoots a deafening barrage of gunfire--

THE BULLS all wheel around, eyes rolling in fury--

--Turning to stampede right at the SUVS, HUMMER and POLICE.

PANIC as the vehicles all try to SWERVE out of the bulls'
path-- a Police car SMASHES into an SUV--

ON MILLER AND JUNE as the bike darts away, leaving the
bull-created carnage behind.

EXT. RUINS - DAY

Miller pulls to a stop in front of an old stone church.
The bike is banged up, leaking gas.

They look at each other, then:

MILLER
I never thought I'd say this to you,
but...

She waits, uncertain--

MILLER
Nice shooting, Havens.

June almost laughs. They get off the bike. Miller glances around.

MILLER
I need to get us a car.

He starts across the street, when:

JUNE
Miller...

He turns back.

JUNE
I want to believe you. But it's hard,
when you keep leaving out parts of
the story.

Miller comes closer. They're both sweaty and dirty, a mess from the chase. Something very honest, primal about this.

MILLER
I never wanted you to believe me. I
just wanted you to trust me.

Miller takes her hands, pulls her gently to him, and kisses her. Gentle, tender, incredibly romantic.

He pulls away. June looks at him, a question in her eyes.
What was that?

MILLER
(touches her face)
Don't worry.

He turns, jogs for a car down the street, smashes the window and gets in. He starts the car, circling down the street to pick her up--

THE HUMMER comes screeching around the corner, a Gunman leaning out of the window-- with an RPG.

JUNE
(screaming)
Miller!

The grenade hits Miller's car--

-- AND MILLER'S CAR EXPLODES.

June is frozen for an instant-- then sprints all-out for the burning car.

JUNE

Roy! ROY!!

June almost reaches the flaming wreck, but she's pushed back by the HEAT of the explosion, like a wall.

She staggers backwards, her expression anguished.

JUNE

(a shaking gasp)

Roy...

THE HUMMER wheels in the street, turns toward her-- just as

TWO AGENCY SUVs come speeding up the street behind her, skidding to a stop around her. Shielding her.

The Hummer races off, leaving June standing between the SUVs as Director George and Ackerman jump out, run to her.

Ackerman looks at the flaming ruin of the car.

ACKERMAN

Goddamn it.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Miss Havens, are you all right?

June just looks down at her hand, like a person in a trance, opens her closed fingers--

THE BATTERY sits in her palm, where Miller put it when he kissed her.

Director George gently takes the battery from her hand.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Miss Havens. It's over.

Director George hands the battery to Ackerman.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Get it to DC. And try to hold on to it this time.

Ackerman nods, takes the battery.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Let's get her on a plane home.

CUT TO:

INT. SPANISH AIRPORT - NIGHT

A normal gate at a regular civilian airport.

Dull-eyed, June stands in line, ticket in hand, waiting to board her flight. Babies crying, people pushing each other.

She gives her boarding pass, heads into the airplane-- glances behind her to see ACKERMAN and few other agents standing on the concourse, watching. Making sure she gets on the plane.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

June moves toward the back of the plane-- checks her boarding pass, finds her seat, on the aisle. Its a bigger plane but she has roughly the SAME SEAT LOCATION she had on the 1st flight with Miller.

The seat across from her is EMPTY.
June looks at it, wondering, hoping--

AND THEN A WELL-TONED MAN IN A SUIT tosses his bags on it. His face obscured for a moment as he stows them.

June leans sideways, trying to glimpse... could it be...

THE MAN smiles at her as he sits down. Not Roy Miller.

June looks off, crushed.

INT. JUNE'S HOUSE / WINTHROP - NIGHT

The door cracks open, letting in light from the hall. June looks over her place, exactly as she left it.

Nothing moved. Nothing changed. She feeds the fish.

INT. JUNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

June lies rigid in her bed. Wide awake. A JUMBO JET ROARS past her window. She tosses, turns-- gets up.

She leans her head against the cool glass and watches the sunrise over Winthrop Harbor, Boston beyond. Her eyes find--

AN OLDER MAN watering a small brown lawn.

We move in on June's eyes, remembering Roy's iphone alert, and suddenly--

JUNE

5826...

She bolts.

AT HER KITCHEN COUNTER-- MOMENTS LATER

June skids to a stop in her slippers and throws open her laptop, starts typing.

ON THE SCREEN, her browser goes to GOOGLE EARTH. She closes her eyes, concentrating, muttering to herself

JUNE

5826 Amoeba, 5826 Aruba...

Suddenly her eyes spark -- she types "5826 AMAPOLA."

THE COMPUTER SCREEN DIVES INTO THE EARTH, circles to the U.S., then dives to the East Coast.

June leans forward in her chair, looking at the screen.

EXT. HAVENS AUTO PART - MORNING

June emerges from the store -- still closed -- with A BOX OF PONTIAC AUTO PARTS IN HER HANDS. She tosses the box in the back of A SUBARU PICK-UP, **Havens Auto Supply** written on the side. She climbs in, about to pull out when Alison flags her down, running from her car.

ALISON

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold on, June.

JUNE

Alison. I 'll explain later. I really have to go.

ALISON

We've been worried sick, June. Where the hell have you been?

JUNE

Uh ...around the world.

Wilmer has just pulled in the lot-- he emerges from his Dodge.

ALISON

That's not an answer. Wilmer's been pulling his hair out. So have I. Rodney calls every day with one conspiracy story after another.

Wilmer arrives next to Alison. Both wear wounded expressions

JUNE

(sweetly)

Guys. Look. You're right. I'm sorry.
I love you both and I promise I will
explain where I've been. ...As soon
as I know myself.

This leaves them completely vexed. June drives off.

WIDER-- As June's pick-up leaves town and we see she is
being followed by TWO BLACK SUVS AND ANOTHER AUDI which
slide out from opposite streets, falling in behind her.

INT. PICK-UP - DAY

June glances in the rear-view, sees the cars following
her. And strangely, she smiles a little.

June twists the wheel--

EXT. CHASE - BACK ROADS - DAY

June takes the two SUV's and Audi (both Ackerman and
Antonio's men, NOT working together) on a wild ride down
Massachusetts back roads, through a clam shack drive-through
and a deep woods fireroad, revealing she is quite gifted
back woods driver.

Spinning on her tires, June evades them all, sending two
of them off a quaint bridge and the other two into each
other.

EXT. SUBARU PICK-UP ON INTERSTATE - AFTERNOON BECOMES NIGHT

-- June drinks coffee, following maps.

-- June drives on a highway.

-- Then onto a smaller road, passing a sign for REDDINGTON.

-- And finally a street marked Amapola.

EXT. HOUSE ON AMAPOLA STREET - NIGHT

A sweet a tree-lined street-- an all american spot-- She
pulls past the house from Miller's Phone. The Pontiac
Bonneville in the drive.

ON THE SUBARU PICK-UP as June parks up the street.

She opens the glove box, pockets pepper spray and a
flashlight-- then picks up THE BOX OF AUTO PARTS from the
bed.

ON THE HOUSE as June walks up to it, moving quietly.
Stealthily.

She flattens herself against the wall.

Slowly, she eases herself around to peer through the corner of a window-- there is a light on, someone moving inside, she stretches to get a better view when

--THE SPRINKLERS GO OFF.

June JUMPS like a spooked cat, SLAMMING into the window so hard it rattles--

-- then scrambles back from the house, sprinklers SPRAYING her from every direction-- and one of them GOUTS up water, the head broken, hitting her like a fire hose.

June goes down, sprawling on the lawn, tripping over a LAWN GNOME.

LIGHTS go on, blazing out from the windows and the porch. The door opens and a OLDER MAN, 70's, emerges, wearing button flannel pajamas and carrying a baseball bat.

OLDER MAN

Who's there?

(brandishes the bat)

I'm not afraid to use this!

A WHITE-HAIRED WOMAN, also 70's, pokes her head out around him, spots June.

WHITE-HAIRED WOMAN

Frank, look at her!

She hurries onto the lawn, helps June up, taking her elbow and hurrying her out of the water.

WHITE-HAIRED WOMAN

Are you alright?

FRANK

I want to know what she's doing on my lawn in the middle of the night!

June vamps, trying to piece together the gnome--

JUNE

Uh. I have the vintage tail lights you ordered.

FRANK

(discomfited)

Tail lights?.

JUNE
For your 69 Bonneville.

The woman looks at Frank.

FRANK
I never. ...Molly.

MOLLY
(sighs, to June)
You're soaking wet. Come inside,
dear. I'll get you a towel.

INT. AMAPOLA HOUSE-- KITCHEN-- NIGHT

Wrapped in a towel, wearing a bathrobe, June looks about.
A traditional middle-class home. Pictures on the mantle, a
big tv running sports in the background, porcelain knick
knacks.

And a lot of GUNS HANGING ON MOUNTS.

June peers into the garage as Frank GLOWERS at her. She
notices-- a beautifully laid out set of work benches, well
organized tools. Welding and metal punch equipment.

JUNE
(to Frank)
That Pontiac is a real beaut, Frank.
I love pre-seventies Bonneville.

He grunts.

JUNE
And that's some tool room you got in
the garage. My Dad had a room like
that.

MOLLY
Frank was an riflery engineer in the
Air Force.

Molly is visible down the hall, checking the clothes dryer.
She steps back into the kitchen.

MOLLY
An engineer who can't manage to fix
a sprinkler head for two weeks.
(regarding laundry)
Another couple minutes for your
clothes, honey.

Molly crosses to the fridge and makes a plate of homemade
cake and a glass of milk.

JUNE

You two have lived here a long time?

MOLLY

Forty eight years. Frank says we should move, but-- I'm comfortable. And we can afford to stay thanks to Publishers Clearing House

June notices --

THE PUBLISHERS CLEAR HOUSE plaque on the wall. "THREE MILLION DOLLAR WINNERS" it proclaims.

MOLLY

People say we're the luckiest folks in New Hampshire. We're always winning sweepstakes.

June blinks, ticking off a mental list-- so they didn't just move here. Sweepstakes winners. Retirees-- she glances over the knick-knacks, looking for a clue, anything.

JUNE

You know the purchase order on the tail lights was made out to Simon Feck.

FRANK

Who the hell is that?
(to Molly)
I told you I didn't order it.

MOLLY

You never know what you're typing on that computer, Frank.

JUNE

Maybe someone wanted it to be a special gift? Maybe that's why they requested delivery? Does anyone else live here too? Renters?

FRANK

Why? You looking for a room?

JUNE

No, just curious.

MOLLY

Have some cake, dear.

Molly guides June to a seat at the kitchen table. June sits, takes a bite. ON JUNE'S FACE as she tastes the cake, amazed.

JUNE

This cake is incredible. I mean, I think this might be the best cake I've ever--

She stops, suddenly, her eyes finding-- on a credenza--

A FADED PICTURE OF ROY MILLER as a child. Sweet. In Osh Kosh. And another of him-- 19 YEARS OLD IN MARINE'S UNIFORM.

CLOSE ON-- JUNE'S EYES, moved.

More pictures. Halloweens, different costumes; 16-year-old Miller holding an oboe, a band geek; standing with his parents in front of a camper at Yosemite.

MOLLY

Our son Michael. We lost him in Kuwait. He was...
(means it)
No mother could ask for a better boy. ...Are you all right, dear?

June turns, looking at them, looking at them for who they really are. Her eyes filled with feeling.

JUNE

I just-- I've been so rude.

She holds out a hand to Molly.

JUNE

My name is June Havens.

WHITE-HAIRED WOMAN

Molly Jenkins. And you already know my husband Frank.

They shake hands, June is caught between laughing and crying, but keeping a lid on both.

JUNE

It's wonderful to meet you.

CLOSE ON-- AN IMAGE ON AN IPHONE

The same old shot of the house on Amapola street. On a small LCD screen.

MILLER (O.S.)

Don't tell them, June.

REVERSE-- WE ARE CLOSE ON ROY MILLER

In a darkened room, we can't tell where. His eyes charged with emotion.

MILLER

Don't tell them.

He watches as--

ON THE LCD SCREEN: Molly and Frank wave goodbye as June, carrying a plate of tin-foil-wrapped cake, climbs into her pick-up and drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

*

June driving. She rubs her eyes, pulls into a TRUCK STOP.

INT. TRUCK STOP - DAWN

*

June sits in a booth, finishes a cup of coffee. She smiles to herself, sadly.

A SHADOW falls over her-- she looks up, sudden hope in her eyes--

--which vanishes when she sees it's ANTONIO, backed by Gunmen.

GUNMEN slide into the booth on either side of her. Antonio sits down across from her, offers her a fresh cup of coffee.

ANTONIO

One more for the road?

June looks at the cup.

JUNE

Are you going to drug me?

Antonio smiles.

ANTONIO

Not with that.

JUNE

What-- ow!

She slaps at her arm-- sees one of the Gunmen has pricked her with a needle.

JUNE

(losing consciousness)

This is getting... really...old...

She passes out.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

*

June comes to groggily, handcuffed to a chair in the middle of darkened warehouse-- she's facing Antonio across a metal table.

GUNMEN stand just outside the circle of light, machine guns threatening. The edges of the warehouse are lost in shadow.

ANTONIO

I'm sure this is all very disorienting for you.

But June doesn't look freaked out or panicked. More like slowly, surely getting angry.

JUNE

(evenly)

It's not that bad.

ANTONIO

I have a few questions, about the battery.

(pleasantly)

Since we both know what you gave to the Agency was a fake.

JUNE

Like I give a damn.

ANTONIO

You insult me, June?

He gets up, circles her as he speaks.

ANTONIO

Tonight you evaded both Agency surveillance and my own-- well done, I might add-- and vanished for several hours. When you reappeared, you were in another state. Where did you go?

JUNE

None of your business.

ANTONIO

They say Miller is dead. I, myself, am not so sure.

(with disgust)

The man is a cockroach. Impossible to kill.

Antonio motions into the darkness impatiently--

ANTONIO

Enough of these games.

--A MAN comes forward, wheeling a medical cart. The tray on top contains several SYRINGES.

JUNE

What are you doing? What is that?

Antonio nods, and the Man swiftly INJECTS June.

ANTONIO

Truth serum.

She looks fuzzy as the drug takes washes over her. Her pupils dilate, she looks dizzy. Looks at Antonio.

JUNE

I don't like you very much.

ANTONIO

How honest. Then we can begin.
Where did you go tonight?

June isn't really listening to him. She's drifting a little.

JUNE

I did like Miller, though. I might have loved him.

ANTONIO

Did you meet with Miller tonight?
Is he alive?

JUNE

God, I hope so. Do you really think he is? Cause that would be so great.

Antonio sits back, a little frustrated.

JUNE

Maybe he was crazy. But all the rest of you are worse.

Her eyes well up. She's really on a tear now, letting it all out.

JUNE

You know, I thought it was strange when he was so emotional in the car. But I really get that now.

ANTONIO

Did Miller ever tell you where he hid the battery?

JUNE

I mean, one minute you're wearing wigs and throwing water balloons, and the next minute, you're on a desert island and running from bulls and it's adventure, real adventure, I know there were bullets too, but I never got to say thank you to him for giving me that. I didn't trust him-- I didn't believe him-- and now he's dead. I should have told him.

ANTONIO

Do you know where the battery is?

JUNE

Right, the battery! That's what I'm saying! They're bad, and you're worse, and Miller's crazy-- you know who that leaves to try and save the world? Me.

She looks at him, and there's something new in her eyes, some rock-solid core she's found inside herself.

JUNE

So I am not going to tell you. Jack. Shit.

June's eyes bore into Antonio's-- and suddenly she laughs.

JUNE

And besides, I have no goddamned clue.

Antonio leans back, confused-- as his cell phone rings.

ANTONIO

Yes?

(a beat)

I am coming now.

He turns to June.

ANTONIO

It's been a pleasure, June.

(to his men, in Spanish)

Kill her quickly, and see to it she will never be found. A pity. She is so beautiful, but...

He shrugs eloquently.

ANTONIO
Goodbye, *bella Signorina*.

Antonio goes out, several Bodyguards behind him. June SHOUTS after him--

JUNE
That's so typical! You can't handle
the conversation, kill someone!

The remainder of Antonio's THUGS close on June-- one of them points his gun at her head-- BLAMM!

The Thug COLLAPSES, shot in the chest.

BLAMBLAMBLAM!!! the other Thugs are all shot in quick succession, one flopping over June.

She SHOVES him off, looks up-- seeing MILLER silhouetted crouching in the rafters above.

He jumps down lightly, hits the lights-- revealing a large hangar-like space, several more bodies by the doors, and near the edges of the room.

MILLER
(a grin)
Hi.

JUNE
(in disbelief)
Miller?

He unlocks the handcuffs-- June throws her arms around him.

JUNE
(overjoyed)
You are! You are a cockroach!

He tries to disentangle himself from her, hands her a bottle of water. *

MILLER
Drink this. *

JUNE
(mock sternly)
You know we don't have time for me
to pass out right now... *

MILLER

It's just water. They gave you sodium pentathol. You need to hydrate, get it cleared from your system.

JUNE

How do you know what they gave me?

MILLER

I've been here a while.

June takes a drink, then realizes--

JUNE

You were listening?

MILLER

Actually, I've been following you. I needed to see who would come after you.

JUNE

I'd be mad at you if I didn't want to take all your clothes off.

MILLER

Come on, June, we've gotta go.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

*

Miller pulls her through a hallway-- June is out of it, acting tipsy.

JUNE

You came back for me. That is sooo romantic...

GUN SHOTS rip into the wall next to them, Miller jerks her back.

MILLER

Careful.

JUNE

I really meant that thing about the clothes. I don't care if you are crazy.

He checks his gun -- leans out, shoots the Gunmen down the hall.

JUNE

Life with you is so exciting. You excite me, Miller.

MILLER
All clear. Come on.

He pulls her behind him.

JUNE
You're so brave. That excites me.
And you care about the world. You
know how that makes me feel?

MILLER
(checks around a corner)
Excited?

JUNE
Alive.

She shouts around the corner as loudly as she can:

JUNE
Anyone there? Cause Roy Miller's
gonna kill you! He's got a huge
gun!

*
*

MILLER
Let's keep it down a little, ok,
June?

June gulps down some more water.

JUNE
(considering)
I feel like having sex. We'd have
really, really great sex right now.

*

MILLER
I wonder how much of this you're
going to remember.

He shoots two men coming down the corridor-- another gunman
comes behind them, Miller PIVOTS and shoots over June's
head.

JUNE
I mean, I think we're ready to take
this thing to the next level, right?

A GRENADE rolls down the corridor-- Miller quickly throws
his body against a door, CRASHES into--

AN OFFICE--

pulls June to the floor as the explosion rips through the
corridor.

They lie on the floor together, she looks at him.

JUNE
I really like your parents.

Miller stands, pulls her to her feet.

MILLER
I bet they liked you too.

JUNE
Your mom bakes a mean cake.

He picks up a metal desk chair, throws it through the window as June keeps talking with the same drug-assisted honesty: *

JUNE
But you never see them. You take
care of them, you win them
sweepstakes, but you're alone in the
world. No one understands you, no
one even knows your real name. *

Miller gives the barest reaction to that one, as he lifts her up to the window. She starts to climb out, turns back.

JUNE
You're not really alone, Miller. I
know you.

MILLER
June--

JUNE
I know you're not crazy, I know you'd
never hurt me and I do trust you-- *

MILLER
June--

GUNSHOTS rip into the office.

MILLER
--GO!

JUNE goes out the window, Miller KICKS the desk over, FIRES from behind it to take out the two GUNMEN.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY *

Miller steers June up an embankment to his car. June rubs her head, looking like she has a hangover.

JUNE
My head hurts.

MILLER

Good. Keep drinking. You'll be fine soon.

JUNE

And very, very embarrassed.

He gets to a BLACK MUSTANG, parked at the top of the street. They get in.

JUNE

Where are we going?

MILLER

Antonio's men found Simon.

*

He PEELS OUT, the Mustang tearing into the darkness.

EXT. HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - DAY

*

The Mustang pulls to an overlook. Spread out below them,

AN ABANDONED HOUSING DEVELOPMENT-- miles of framed-in tract homes, left unfinished. Like WOODEN SKELETONS.

A sign reads *CHESTNUT ACRES PLANNED FAMILY COMMUNITY, VISIT OUR OFFICES NOW!* And over the cheery sign is plastered a FORECLOSURE NOTICE.

IN THE CAR, Miller is pulling out GUNS and EQUIPMENT from a duffel in the back.

MILLER

I have to go get him.

JUNE

No.

MILLER

June. I can't let Antonio have him, it's worse than if he got the battery--

JUNE

I mean, you're not going in there without me.

She reaches back for a kevlar vest, putting it on without hesitation, fast and accurate.

JUNE

I don't know where you think this relationship is going, Miller, but I won't be staying at home waiting for you to show up so I can stanch the blood.

She picks up a gun, slaps the clip in-- it jams, then falls out, clatters to the floor.

Miller gives her a look.

JUNE

So I'll drive.

A beat-- then Miller points to the MODEL HOME below them, LIGHTS on in the windows.

MILLER

They're holding him in there.

June hides a smile.

JUNE

Do we have a plan?

MILLER

Rescue Simon. Don't die. That about covers it.

A look between them. They're in this together, real equals. No secrets.

MILLER

Take the wheel, Havens.

INT. MODEL HOME - DAY

*

A modern, well-appointed living room/family room combo. Decorated in upper-end generic.

WIDEN ON SIMON FECK, tied hand and foot to a Pottery Barn barstool by the granite countertops. ANTONIO and the BODYGUARDS all around him.

ANTONIO

How long will it take you to formulate another prototype?

SIMON

Months. Maybe years--

Antonio nods to a Bodyguard, who CUFFS Simon across the temple.

SIMON

-- or, quite possibly, next week.

(frustrated)

But you're asking the wrong question.

It's not "can I", I can do anything,

I'm a genius, you're not seeing the

big picture here--

Suddenly, the lights go OFF, plunging the house into BLACKNESS.

ANTONIO
(demanding)
What is this?

SIMON
How should I know? I'm tied to a barstool.

ANTONIO
(to his men, in Spanish)
Check the perimeter! And find the lights, get them back on at once!

A WASH OF LIGHT suddenly rakes over the room from the big bay window--

Antonio looks up sharply, sees--

HEADLIGHTS coming straight for the window. Fast.

ANTONIO AND HIS MEN dive out of the way as--

THE MUSTANG COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW

--right into the middle of the living room.

ON THE MUSTANG as the doors FLY OPEN--

MILLER leans out, FIRING--

JUNE maneuvers the car right beside Simon--

-- And Miller grabs him, heaving him (barstool and all) into the back seat.

MILLER
(shouts to June)
Go, go, go!

June SLAMS it into reverse, they start to pull out--

ON ANTONIO as he sweeps up a machine gun, sprays gunfire.

THE HOOD OF THE MUSTANG is shredded, the engine DIES in a gout of steam and sparks.

Miller whips out a KNIFE, slices Simon free in two quick strokes.

*

SIMON
It's about bloody time, Miller.

Miller grabs up his duffel of weapons--

MILLER
It would have been easier if you had
told me where you were.

SIMON
(genuinely perplexed)
Did I forget to mention that?

GUNFIRE hails around them as--

JUNE, MILLER AND SIMON slide out of the car on Miller's
side, darting--

BEHIND THE KITCHEN ISLAND--

SIMON
I was hoping a rescue might mean we
could actually leave.

JUNE
I'm June. Nice to meet you.

SIMON
Simon Feck.

Miller pulls a grenade, TOSSES it into the crowd of Gunmen--

MILLER
Let's move.

They RACE out of the kitchen-- the room EXPLODES behind
them, shock wave throwing them to the laundry room floor.

SIMON
My car-- in the garage.

They scramble to their feet, run into--

INT. GARAGE - DAY

MILLER AND JUNE stop short-- a CHINOOK sits in the garage,
rusty and decrepit looking.

SIMON
Come on!

MILLER
Can you drive it?

JUNE
That depends. Will it start?

They get in, June CRANKS it-- the motor COUGHS to life.

GUNMEN emerge from the laundry room--

JUNE ducks as the windshield SHATTERS. She slams the car into reverse.

Miller lobbs another GRENADE, the Gunmen SCATTER back into the house--

--and the Chinook sputters and DIES.

MILLER looks at the grenade on the floor--

MILLER

(tight)

June... we should really go.

The car starts, June screeches it backwards, crashing through the garage door as the garage explodes behind them.

EXT. HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - SAME

THE CHINOOK fishtails through the half-finished roads-- behind them,

ANTONIO AND HIS MEN come racing out of the burning model home, leaping into HUMMERS and coming after them.

INT. CHINOOK - DAY

*

GUNFIRE hitting the back of the Chinook--

MILLER

Can you go any faster?

JUNE

You're joking.

MILLER

Simon, where did you get this piece of junk?

SIMON

I've been living in this piece of junk, thank you very much.

And suddenly, out of nowhere--

A FLASH OF LIGHT THE SKY-- bright and quick as lightning-- and a high WHISTLING NOISE.

Something is ARCING DOWN from the sky in a trail of flame-- headed for the Chinook.

SIMON

What's that?

MILLER
Hard right! June! Now!

June SWERVES hard as she can--

EXT. HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - SAME

--as a MISSILE hits the ground a few YARDS from the Chinook and EXPLODES IN A RAIN OF DIRT AND ASPHALT.

INT. CHINOOK - SAME

Miller points to an open garage in one of the unfinished houses--

MILLER
In there!

June skids in to the garage. Turns to Miller.

JUNE
What the hell is that?

MILLER
A drone, firing from the air. My agency's tech.

JUNE
Ackerman.

SIMON
I detest that man.

O.S. THE WHISTLING NOISE--

MILLER
Go!

June rams the Chinook into gear, they FLY out of the garage--
--just as it EXPLODES behind them.

QUICK SHOTS as THE CHINOOK DARTS IN AND OUT OF GARAGES--

Barely staying ahead of the EXPLODING MISSILES, going off one after another KERBOOM! KERBOOM! KERBOOM!

INT. CHINOOK - SAME

JUNE
Miller, they missiles are getting closer--

MILLER
This might get them to back off.

*

*

Miller pulls out THE BATTERY. Simon looks horrified.

SIMON
You have the battery?

MILLER
Don't worry, Simon. They're not
going to get it.

SIMON
But--

KERBOOMM! Another explosion ROCKS the Chinook--

Miller leans out of the window, holds the battery up to
the sky--

MILLER
(shouting)
You want to blow this up, Ackerman?

CUT TO:

INT. AGENCY SUV - DAY

ON A TARGETING SCREEN, showing Miller holding up the battery--

PULL BACK ON ACKERMAN, standing over the targeting
equipment.

ACKERMAN
Fire.

BACK ON THE CHINOOK

As June skids them around a skeletal house-- ANOTHER MISSILE
comes arcing down, she SWERVES wildly--

JUNE
We're not gonna--

MILLER
(grabs up the duffel)
Out!

They all JUMP from the Chinook-- as the missile HITS IT.

JUNE, MILLER AND SIMON all go flying in different
directions, thrown by the force of the explosion.

ON MILLER as he scrambles to his feet. Looking around--

MILLER
(harsh whisper, calling)
June-- Simon--

ANTONIO (O.S.)
 (shouting from the
 darkness)
 My friend! It does not have to be
 this way between us.

LIGHTS COME ON at the cul-de-sac nearby.

Miller drops flat behind some lumber, sees--

HUMMERS WITH THEIR HEADLIGHTS ON forming a pool of light,
 with

ANTONIO AND HIS GUNMEN standing in front of them.

Antonio has Simon.

MORE LIGHTS COME ON-- it's THE SUVS--

ACKERMAN AND AGENTS step up next to Antonio.

Ackerman has June.

She looks out into the darkness, Ackerman's gun to her
 head, defiant but scared.

ACKERMAN
 I know you're watching, Roy. Little
 explosion like that isn't enough to
 even scratch you.

ON MILLER, watching, mind racing-- starts searching through
 his duffel bag.

ANTONIO
 We are allies now, Monty. Myself
 and your former employers. It would
 seem we are all interested in making
 a profit.

ACKERMAN
 You can't survive this, Roy.

REVERSE TO THE BAD GUYS POV--

-- As they see Miller emerge from his hiding place-- AN
 RPG on his shoulder.

MILLER
 I'm not giving you the battery.

ACKERMAN
 I'll kill her if you don't.

JUNE
Don't do it, Miller.

SIMON
(piping up)
Absolutely! Do it!

JUNE
(to Simon)
What's wrong with you?

SIMON
What, you don't want to live? That's shortsighted.

Ackerman is ignoring both of them, concentrating on Miller.

ACKERMAN
Save the world or keep your girlfriend?
(snorts)
Like you actually care about anyone but yourself.

MILLER
You know what? Take it.

Miller tosses the battery to the ground-- and aims the RPG at it.

MILLER
But you let her go, now, or I swear to god I'll blow it to kingdom come.

Ackerman shoves June forward.

MILLER
Simon too. Right now.

Antonio nods to his men-- they let go of Simon.

Miller keeps the RPG aimed at the battery.

MILLER
(to Ackerman)
Give her the keys to your car.

Ackerman tosses June the keys. She gets in his SUV, Simon climbs in with her. She drives over to Miller, opens the door.

Miller keeps the RPG trained on the battery as he climbs in.

ACKERMAN

Go on, Miller. Run. You know sooner or later I'm going to hunt you down and put a bullet in you.

MILLER

Yeah, good luck with that.

Miller gets in the car.

MILLER

(to June)

Go.

June PEELS OUT.

ANTONIO AND ACKERMAN rush for the battery.

INT. SUV - DAY

As they race away--

JUNE

Miller. We can't let them have it. We've got to get the battery back.

SIMON

No, we don't! Doesn't anyone listen to me?

MILLER

We listen, Simon. You just don't make any sense.

SIMON

(speaking very quickly)

Here it is in small words: the battery doesn't work. It can't work. It defies the laws of nature. You can't get something for nothing, there's always a cost. Energy doesn't come from nowhere, it has to come from somewhere else. That's why it's getting hotter. We need to get out of here now!

June and Miller trade a glance-- and she floors it.

EXT. HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - DAY

ANTONIO AND ACKERMAN and their men around the battery. Antonio tries to pick it up--

ANTONIO

Ow!

(MORE)

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
 (in Spanish)
That lying stealing son of a pig--
 (to Ackerman)
 I think it is a fake!

ACKERMAN
 Goddamned Miller!

Ackerman talks into his earpiece--

ACKERMAN
 Take them out.

Ackerman looks out over the road.

ACKERMAN
 Bye, Roy. It's been--

And that's all he gets to say, because

THE BATTERY EXPLODES--

A blast of energy so massive it tears a huge crater in the ground, and levels the houses in a cloud of splinters. No flame, no fire, just a BLAST of raw power that sends--

A MASSIVE SHOCKWAVE racing out in every direction, leveling trees, flattening bridges.

EXT. SUV - DAY

June is flooring it, the SUV roaring down the road--

IN THE REARVIEW she sees the blast wave coming like a tidal wave--

JUNE
 Roy...

Miller reaches over, grabs her hand, as--

KAABLLLOOOOM!

They're caught in the blast wave, the car tumbles end-over-end-- and everything goes black.

INT. SUV - LATER

June comes slowly awake, opening her eyes groggily--

-- To see she's facing A DUCK, looking at her with interest from the other side of the cracked windshield.

WIDEN ON THE SUV

Which has landed in a PARK, front tires half-buried in a
DUCK POND.

The duck QUACKS, a little belligerently.

June turns her head-- to see Miller sitting next to her.
Just watching her.

For the first time since we've met him, something about
him seems at peace.

MILLER
(a smile)
Hi.

JUNE
Hi.

SIMON
(groaning)
My blood head bloody hurts.

Simon sits up in the back seat, clutching his head.

MILLER
(without looking)
You'll live.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

June, Simon and Miller walking down the road from the park.
FIRETRUCKS and POLICE CARS rush by them, going the opposite
direction.

JUNE
About the things I said when I was
drugged...

MILLER
You remember that?

JUNE
Mostly the stuff about sex.

MILLER
Ah.

CUT TO:

CODA ON THE ISLAND TBW:

**JUNE DOPES MILLER AND HE WAKES UP WITH HER ON A NEW,
WONDERFUL ISLAND TO MAKE UP FOR THE ONE HE LOST.**