

Knight & Day

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FADE INTO A JUNKYARD - WICHITA, KANSAS - FROM ABOVE

SCRAP METAL. AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE. Skeletons of cars, whole and segmented, forming tangled rust-covered mountains. Somewhere in the middle of it, a woman's voice... We follow THE OWNER, in overalls, as he walks through a valley of junk.

VOICE (O.S.)

There you go... don't break the jets,
nice and easy... watch the hose.

He comes around a corner and sees JUNE HAVENS (33) standing atop an engine block reaching into the hood of a bedless Ford pick-up. A wrench in one hand and a mallet in the other.

OWNER

We're closing up. --Ma'am?

JUNE

Almost there. One more second.

Using both hands like a midwife, June pulls a large hunk of GREASED METAL out, sets it down. She takes a swatch of paper and rubs graphite on it, a serial number appearing.

JUNE (CONT'D)

yes, yes. Got it.

OMITTED

MID CONTINENT AIRPORT-- WICHITA, KANSAS-- LATE AFTERNOON

ROY MILLER, well put together, jacket, no tie, Ray Bans, alert, always scanning faces, plays "WARLOCK", a medieval shooting game in a small arcade. He keeps an eye on--

TWO JANITORS on a scissor lift, changing light bulbs, making their way toward THE TICKETS AREA.

ON THE GAME SCREEN-- A Warlock bites into Miller's avatar. The screen goes orange, then flashes YOU ARE DEAD.

KID

Y'got one life left.

Miller looks down. A KID watches him. Maybe 9.

KID (CONT'D)

Let me play, I'll win high score and
put your initials in there.

Miller looks at A DEPARTURE SCREEN. WE TILT TO WHERE IT SAYS: **BOSTON**. It changes from **DELAYED** to **BOARDING 30 MINUTES**.

MILLER
(now moving away)
The crossbow pulls left.

4 INT. GIFT SHOP - SAME

4

Souvenirs, magazines, candy. Killing time, Miller stares at a SHELF FULL OF TOY SOLDIERS, KNIGHTS IN ARMOR, WIZARD OF OZ FIGURINES, CORN COBS, ETC. Miller hears KA-CLANK, KA-CLANK. Looks up as--

--JUNE HAVENS as seen through the shelf, lugging her very heavy carry-on around the magazine rack. She struggles to pay. He watches her leave the gift shop.

Miller looks at the toy knights and smiles ruefully.

5 AT THE TICKET COUNTER

5

June is on a long line, sliding her heavy klanking bag along--

JUNE
(to another customer)
Oh. Sorry. Excuse me.

PULL FOCUS TO REVEAL-- MILLER, in the b.g., going up the escalator. Watching.

6 INT. AIRPORT BAR - SAME

6

Miller nods to a bartender.

MILLER
Chocolate drumstick.

Miller crosses to where he has a view of almost all activity at this airport. He eats the ice cream, watches as down below June struggles with her bag towards the escalator.

7 AT THE TOP OF THE ESCALATOR - SAME

7

Tired, June pulls her hair back, inadvertently leaving a smudge of grease on her forehead. At the top, she lugs her heavy carry-on off and IMMEDIATELY COLLIDES WITH ROY MILLER. Almost topples, but he catches her.

JUNE
Oh! Excuse me. I'm sorry.

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

MILLER
Sorry. I was looking at my phone
instead of where I was going. I hate
it when people do that.

JUNE

...That's all right.

MILLER

(touches forehead)

Uh. You've got something here.

June blinks, uncomprehending for a second. He releases her and moves off. June watches him go, stirred, then turns to a mirrored column, wiping the smudge.

8

INT. SECURITY AREA - CONTINUOUS

8

On two security lines, June and Roy are separate but aware of each other. Miller puts his shoes back on, re-threads his belt, watching June with a TSA officer who completes her "hand inspection". THE OFFICER pulls out the carburetor.

JUNE

I restore old cars.

(next item)

...that's a valve cover.

(re: another item)

That's an exhaust tip for a '74 Z28.

(and another)

Hairdryer.

She turns, looking for Miller on the other line. But he's moved on. Huh.

9

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL-- BY THE GATES

9

MOVING WITH JUNE as she lugs her bag toward the gates, glancing this way and that for signs of the stranger. There's none until, out of nowhere, she walks into him.

JUNE

Oh! --God. Excuse me. I'm so sorry.

MILLER

Its getting to be a habit. You need a hand?

JUNE

No. I got it. Thanks.

Roy hands her back her duffel while covertly retrieving A TOY KNIGHT-- like those we saw at the gift shop-- one that he apparently stashed there the first time they bumped into each other. Still close, he notes the Red Sox sticker on her bag.

MILLER

This way for Gate 12.

(off her reaction)

You're going to Boston, right?

10

AT THE BOARDING GATE-- MOMENTS LATER

10

The Gate Agent looks up from June's boarding pass.

GATE AGENT

I'm sorry, you're not on this flight.
You're on the next one.

JUNE

What? No, I just checked in for this
flight-- ten minutes ago--

GATE AGENT

Its right here on your boarding pass,
Miss. You depart at 11:50.

Standing behind June, Miller observes-- THE GATE AREA. A few
people asleep in their seats. Quiet.

JUNE

But that's in five hours! Please.
Aren't there any seats?

GATE AGENT

The computer shows we're booked.

JUNE

Look. You don't understand. Tomorrow
is my sister's wedding. My little
sister. I'm June. She's April. She's
counting on me to march her down the
aisle.

GATE AGENT

That's very sweet. But the 11:50 will
get you there tomorrow morning with
plenty of time.

JUNE

Oh, come on--

GATE AGENT

(looks past her to Miller)
May I see your boarding pass, sir?

June looks around as the Gate Agent takes Miller's boarding
pass.

JUNE

Look at this gate. There's got to be
empty seats on this flight.

MILLER

Sometimes things happen for a reason.

June blinks, mystified by this. He steps past her...

GATE AGENT
(gestures to the skyway)
Welcome aboard, Mr. Miller.

Miller walks onto the plane with a hint of regret.

11 INT. PLANE-- SAME

11

Miller is greeted at the door of this mid-sized commuter jet by a male FLIGHT ATTENDANT.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Welcome aboard.

Miller steps in and checks out the plane. There are only SEVEN OTHER PASSENGERS. All reading or working.

12 INT. SUV-- NIGHT

12

CLOSE ON A VIDEO SCREEN. It shows Midland Air Flight 77 at the gate. The skyway pulls from the hatch.

DIRECTOR GEORGE (PHONE)
(woman's voice)
You wanna tell me just what the hell happened in Kansas?

13 WIDEN TO REVEAL WE'RE IN A MOVING SUV

13

JOHN FITZGERALD, 30's, sits in back, watching a monitor. Sturdy. Handsome. He speaks plainly on a speakerphone.

FITZGERALD
I should have seen it coming. He just went on tilt, boss. He came undone.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Fitz, in our business, "coming undone" means you need a Marguerita. It does not mean capping a dozen people in a government lab and blowing it up.

14 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

14

INTERCUT WITH-- Another intense figure, a sharply dressed woman in a darkened office holding a phone. Government buildings shimmer outside. This is DIRECTOR GEORGE (45).

DIRECTOR GEORGE
It does not mean stealing an object of critical importance.
(MORE)

DIRECTOR GEORGE (CONT'D)

It does not mean kidnapping the
inventor of said object.

Fitzgerald only half pays attention, staring at the Video.

DIRECTOR GEORGE (CONT'D)

Does he have the Zephyr or not?

FITZGERALD

We believe so.

THE AGENT beside Fitz points to another monitor featuring Slo-
mo of MILLER BUMPING INTO JUNE, STASHING SOMETHING IN HER
BAG. Fitz' eyes brighten. He covers the phone--

FITZGERALD (CONT'D)

Go back. Run it again--

DIRECTOR GEORGE

You *believe* so.

FITZGERALD

(distracted by clip)

I'll have it in hand by the time he
lands in Boston.

Fitzgerald presses a button and his phone goes dead.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

(phone dead) Hello. Fitz...

FITZGERALD

Let me see the tape again.

They watch JUNE ON THE TAPE AGAIN.

FITZGERALD (CONT'D)

Find out who and what she is.

AGENT

Should I have the field office pick
her up in Wichita?

FITZGERALD

I have a better idea.

15

INT. AIRPORT SHOPPING AREA / CINNABON-- MOMENTS LATER

15

Listening to her earpiece, frantically looking about the
airport shops, THE GATE AGENT accelerates toward JUNE who
sits, checking her blackberry, picking at a cinnabun.

GATE AGENT

Uh... Miss Havens?

16

INT. PLANE-- NIGHT

16

Miller sits in his seat, watches A STEWARDESS and A MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT get ready to depart. His iPhone BUZZES.

He looks down at it...

ON iPHONE SCREEN-- A SURVEILLANCE SHOT OF A SHED, BEHIND A HOUSE. "5826 AMAPOLA MOVEMENT ALERT" flashes at the bottom.

17

MILLER WATCHES. WE CAN SEE THE SILHOUETTE OF A MAN MOVING INSIDE THE SHED. USING AN ARC WELDER IN HIS HOME WORKSHOP.

17

A COMMOTION AT THE FRONT OF THE PLANE. Miller looks up as--
--JUNE enters, hauling her bag, lecturing the Gate Agent.

JUNE

...It's just lame, that's all. I know
it's policy or whatever. But there's
nobody on board.

GATE AGENT

Again, I apologize.

The door closes and June comes down the aisle-- clanking.

MILLER

(quiet)

Oh, Fitz. What did you do.

June clanks past Miller. Smiles at him.

JUNE

Looks like I made it after all.

18

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

18

Jolts of turbulence every now and then. June sits across the aisle, one seat back from Roy. A bit anxious, she cuts a look at him. He turns, catches her.

JUNE

I'm June, by the way.

MILLER

Nice to meet you, June. Roy Miller.

STEWARDESS

Tequila. Club soda.

Their drinks have arrived. Miller subtly sniffs his and consequently does not sip it.

MILLER

You might not want to drink that.

JUNE

I'm sorry?

MILLER

With the wedding tomorrow. Alcohol in a pressurized cabin.

JUNE

Oh. ...Right.

Miller smiles, returns to his magazine. June takes a slug of her drink.

JUNE (CONT'D)

You know what, Roy?

Miller turns to her.

JUNE (CONT'D)

I'm a bad liar.

He looks at her.

JUNE (CONT'D)

About the wedding. I lied about that.

MILLER

You had me fooled.

JUNE

I mean, April is getting married, just not till Saturday.

MILLER

I see.

JUNE

So. Small lies. White lies.

Miller nods, notices-- up in the galley, the STEWARDESS returns. Shares a brief look with a FEMALE PASSENGER who gives a subtle shake of the head: he didn't drink it.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Anyway. There's a dress fitting tomorrow. So I have to be back.

Miller nods, reclines his seat. He watches the movements of other passengers closely. Another shudder of turbulence.

JUNE (CONT'D)

I hope this isn't a rough flight.

MILLER

It might be.

She nods, settles back. He keeps looking at her.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Wichita is a long way to fly for a set of carburetors.

JUNE

How do you know about that?

MILLER

I've been hit with them twice.

JUNE

Right. Sorry. Actually it's not just a carburetor. It's a triple deuce. I'm restoring a 65 GTO. Kansas has the best scrap.

MILLER

Huh.

JUNE

My Dad owned a garage. When I was a kid, he bought this chassis and he'd take us on trips to yards... Anyway, he passed in '98. And with April getting married, I figured I'd finish it up and make it a wedding present. Like from our Dad too, you know?

MILLER

That's nice.

JUNE

I used to dream someday, after the last part went in, I'd just climb inside, start it up and drive. Drive and just keep driving till I got to the tip of South America.

MILLER

...Cape Horn.

JUNE

Yeah.

MILLER

Beautiful islands down there. Pirate islands.

Miller watches the male Flight Attendant on the cockpit phone. Their eyes meet.

MILLER (CONT'D)

That's a dangerous word. Someday.

JUNE

Dangerous?

MILLER

It's really just code for "never".
I think a lot about all the things I
haven't done. Deep sea dive in the
Great Barrier Reef. Ride the Orient
Express. Live on the Amalfi coast
with nothing but backpack. Kiss a
stranger on the balcony of the Hotel
Du Cap.

JUNE

Where's that?

MILLER

Cote Azur, France.

Miller meets her eyes. She is lost in the dream.

MILLER (CONT'D)

What about you? You got a list?

JUNE

...those sound nice.

SUDDENLY, TURBULENCE rocks the plane and June's drink spills.
The overhead bin above FLIES OPEN and her BAG FALLS --

Miller CATCHES IT inches from June's head. June's stunned:
that's gotta be seventy pounds he snagged in mid-air.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Wow. Thank you.

MILLER

No problem.

June keeps staring as muscles play in his arms. He restows
the duffel. Then she notices the drink stain on her dress.

JUNE

Oh, boy... I better use the...
(the plane ROCKS again)
Whoa.

MILLER

Here. I'll help you back.

Miller escorts a somewhat tipsy June to the lavatory. A
PASSENGER nearby keeps his eyes glued to his newspaper.

JUNE

Thanks.

She goes inside. And as soon as THE DOOR LATCHES--

19

INT. CABIN - SAME

19

--MILLER turns. His eyes suddenly dark. Another passenger is reaching into his coat. Miller moves to him--

--AND KNIFE-HANDS THE PASSENGER, pulling the man's hand out of his coat, revealing he holds a syringe, and plunging it into his neck. Miller turns to --

THREE "PASSENGERS" APPROACHING from the front of the plane.

MILLER destroys the first with his fists and disables the next by slamming his neck in an arm rest--

The third raises A TRANQ GUN and-- phsst-- Miller ducks and the dart hits THE STEWARDESS behind him. Miller catches her.

MILLER

You alright?

She looks at him, HEAD BUTTS HIM SAVAGELY. Okay. Miller spins and charges the shooter now using the Stewardess as a shield.

20

INT. LAVATORY - SAME

20

June, blissfully unaware of the mayhem in the main cabin, wipes her dress clean.

JUNE

Pull it together, June. "Live on the Amalfi coast with nothing but back pack. Kiss a stranger on the balcony of the Hotel Du Cap." Please. What kind of a line is that?

(looking at herself)

A good line.

21

INT. CABIN - SAME

21

MILLER HAS DISABLED TWO MORE "PASSENGERS" as the male FLIGHT ATTENDANT steps from the galley with a SILENCED PISTOL.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Where's the Zephyr, Roy?

Miller offers nothing. The Attendant keeps coming, raising the gun to Miller's head. The plane hits a big pocket of turbulence --

-- And Miller leaps over two rows of seats and drives the Attendant's head into the ceiling. The gun drops, DISCHARGING ON IMPACT.

22

INT. LAVATORY - SAME

22

June bends down to dig through her purse for lip gloss as --

--SILENT BULLETS RIP THE WALL AND THE MIRROR. A bit of cabin light comes through the bulkhead. June is oblivious.

JUNE

Okay. What could possibly happen? You
flirt for a couple hours--

Sharp banging on the door.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Occupado! Be right out!

23

FROM OUTSIDE THE PLANE, LOOKING IN -- WE ARE :

23

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--

24

INT. CABIN-- AS MILLER PALMS THE ATTENDANT IN THE THROAT--

24

MILLER

Why is the girl on the plane?!

The guy drops to his knees, clutching his neck, gagging as Miller now picks up the gun and puts it to the man's head...

MILLER (CONT'D)

Tell me! She's a civilian. Why did
Fitz put her on the plane?!

While he speaks, the Flight Attendant's HAND SLIPS A KNIFE from the sheath on his ankle. He 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.

MILLER SPINS AS A BULLET GRAZES HIM. He dives behind a seat.

THE PILOT stands in the doorway to the cockpit firing an automatic pistol.

MILLER LEAPS OUT AND SHOOTS THE PILOT, which throws the man's arms back, causing him to shoot the "co-pilot" in the head. The co-pilot's body pitches onto the yoke. And the plane BANKS HARD.

25

INT. LAVATORY

25

June is thrown against the wall.

JUNE

Whoa--

(then the other wall)

----Whoa!

As the plane pitches, June's purse spills to the floor.

26

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

26

June emerges from the lavatory. Everything appears normal. She passes a "sleeping" passenger, comes up to --

MILLER, seated on an armrest. Smiling his winning smile. Beyond him, the other passengers sit, facing forward. He holds a fresh drink for June. One for himself too.

MILLER

I decided to join you.

Just as June is about to sit-- MORE TURBULENCE-- and June is thrown into Miller's arms. Inches from each other, June and Miller lock eyes.

SHE KISSES HIM.

Miller tries to figure out what to do with the drinks in his hands-- but then that doesn't matter, as the kiss deepens, and we can see he's forgotten about the drinks--

While he's kissing her, the plane enters into a gentle bank, Miller's eyes opening in time to see the cockpit door swing with the plane's motion. He pulls back. Hands her the drink.

JUNE

Sorry. I'm just--

MILLER

--it's okay.

JUNE

No, I shouldn't have done that.
Altitude.

MILLER

No. It was nice, June. Great, in fact. But listen. There's something I need to--

JUNE

You're in a relationship.
(pissed at herself)
God--

MILLER

No. It's not that.

JUNE

Sorry. I'm all ears.
(looks around)
Are we landing?

MILLER

No, not yet. But there's no need to
panic. I've contained the situation.

JUNE

Situation.

MILLER

We've lost both pilots.

She stares at him, playing along.

JUNE

Where'd they go?

MILLER

I mean they're dead.

JUNE

The pilots are dead.

MILLER

That's correct. They've been shot.

JUNE

Shot? By who?

MILLER

Me. Actually I only shot one pilot,
he accidentally shot the other one.
One of those things.

JUNE

So who's flying the plane?

MILLER

Right now? Nobody. Plane's on
autopilot. We're perfectly safe.

She keeps looking at him. Finally bursts out laughing.

MILLER (CONT'D)

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 laugh even harder. Miller smiles with her.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Do me a favor and put on your seatbelt, okay?

JUNE

And how bout I return my seat to the upright position?

MILLER

That'd be good.

She laughs, sits back down as Miller walks up the aisle to the cockpit. 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. The plane shudders...

JUNE

This is weird.

27

THE PLANE BANKS STEEPLY AND JUNE WATCHES AS--

27

The "passengers" all simultaneously slump in their seats... The plane banks again, the 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.

The OXYGEN MASKS NOW ALL DROP. Hanging at 45 degrees as the plane banks a turn.

28

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

28

JUNE SCREAMS as Miller, holding the yoke, grabs the mic.

MILLER

Mayday mayday mayday, this is U.S.
Midland Air 77 Heavy DC--

29

INT. CABIN - SAME

29

June clambers up the aisle, GASPING 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

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON, ROY?!

MILLER

(holds up a hand)
Hang on a second, June--
(into mic)
M.A.77 Heavy descending-

TOWER

M.A.77, we didn't catch that last
transmission. Say again.

JUNE

(into radio)
EVERYONE'S DEAD!

Miller reaches forward and TURNS OFF THE ALTIMETER.

TOWER

M.A.77, we've lost you on radar...

ALL THE LIGHTS IN THE COCKPIT ARE BLINKING. A GLIDE SLOPE
ALARM GOES OFF. A SYNTHETIC VOICE REPEATS "PULL UP! PULL UP!"

JUNE

Oh my God, we're going down!

MILLER

Its a rapid descent, June. Sit down,
June. The elevator's mush. One of
those assholes shot out the
hydraulics--

JUNE

Are you a pilot?! What are you?!?

MILLER

(wrestling with controls)
Well, technically, I work for the
C.I.A., but if you were to ask them,
they'd say they never heard of me.
(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

The less you know, the better, June.
I'm gonna have to insist you stay
seated and fasten your seatbelt.
(looks out)
That'll do.

30 **AND NOW A STRETCH OF DISTANT HIGHWAY IS JUST VISIBLE BENEATH THE CLOUDS, THE SURFACE LIT ONLY BY A LARGE TRUCK MOVING ALONG IT... ROY BANKS THE PLANE TOWARD IT.** 30

31 **INT. CABIN - SAME** 31

June peers out the windshield with fear.

JUNE

Can't we land at an airport?

MILLER

Can't. They'll be waiting for us.

JUNE

Waiting for us?

He throttles back. We hear the ENGINES WHINE. June DROPS into the Flight Attendant's seat, frantically trying to buckle in, as Miller lowers flaps--

MILLER

Here we go...

32 **EXT. INDIANA HIGHWAY-- NIGHT** 32

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.

33 **INT. EIGHTEEN WHEELER-- SAME** 33

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

34 **--THE LARGE JET IN HIS SIDE-VIEW MIRROR, LANDING ON THE HIGHWAY BEHIND HIM AND NOW RAPIDLY GAINING ON HIM...** 34

35 **INT. PLANE COCKPIT-- SAME** 35

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

JUNE

That's a curve-- that's a curve.

MILLER

Yes, it is. Hold on.

36 EXT. HIGHWAY / CORN FIELD - NIGHT

36

MOVING FAST, the plane leaves the highway and-- FLOWS INTO A CORN FIELD WHERE -- KABOOM! -- 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.

37 OMITTED

37

38 EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

38

Carrying several bags, Miller leads June through the corn, the plane behind them like a beached whale. June takes out her phone, tries to make it work.

MILLER

Good luck with that. I think I clipped a cell tower back there.

June notices Miller has a knapsack with the airline logo on it, a large ORANGE BOX-- and her carry on.

JUNE

What's that?

MILLER

The black box.

JUNE

It's orange.

MILLER

I know. Weird, huh.
This is a good distance.

Miller stops, tosses down his bags and reaches into the first aid kit. June paces. Miller pulls a tiny bottle of tequila, hands it to June.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Here. It'll take the edge off.
(she's staring at him)
What?

JUNE

You've been shot.

MILLER

Oh yeah. How 'bout that.

He lifts his shirt, turns his back to her.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Just a scrape. That's good news.

June drinks all the tequila as Miller tears off a sleeve of his shirt, starts tending to his wound.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Listen, June: we need to discuss what happens next.

JUNE

What happens next? You have to go to a hospital. Then prison maybe, I don't know.

MILLER

Some people are gonna come looking for you now. Bad people.

JUNE

People like the people on the plane?

MILLER

Yes, June. Bad people.

JUNE

...Why!?

(blinks)

I feel kinda weird...

She puts her hand to her head. She stares at Miller as he pulls off his shirt, presses gauze to the wound.

MILLER

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

JUNE

What...?

MILLER

I need you to listen, June.

She stares at the tequila bottle.

JUNE

You drugged me?

MILLER

These bad people who are going to come and see you, June, they are going to ask you about me. You need to tell them you don't know me.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

You need to tell them you don't remember anything. You need to stick to that. And you need to avoid getting in a vehicle with them at all costs.

JUNE

Who are them?

MILLER

Serious people, June. They'll identify themselves as federal agents. And they'll D-I-P you.

JUNE

"Dip" me? In what?

MILLER

Disinformation Protocol. They'll tell you a story about me. About how I'm mentally unstable and paranoid. About how I'm violent and dangerous. It'll sound very convincing.

JUNE

I'm already convinced...

MILLER

There are a few common reassuring DIP keywords to listen for -- words like "stabilized," "secure," and "safe." If they use these, particularly with repetition, it means they're either going to kill you or intern you somewhere off shore for the rest of your life.

JUNE

(eyes getting heavy)

Ohhhh...

He crouches in front of her. A volunteer fire alarm wails in the distance. There are red lights on the horizon.

MILLER

Stay with me, June. If they tell you you're safe...

JUNE

If they tell me I'm safe...

MILLER

They're gonna kill you.

JUNE

They're gonna kill me.

MILLER

Do not get in what?

JUNE

Vehcicles.

MILLER

Any vehicles. Just run.

JUNE

Run.

MILLER

And if they ask about me?

JUNE

I don't know you. Which is true. I
don't know you at all.

(looks at him)

Who are you, Roy?

Her eyes roll up an she passes out. Miller catches her. He tenderly brushing hair off her forehead.

Miller scoops up June and starts walking across the dark field, then something occurs to him and he stops and turns back and looks at the plane. He keeps looking at the plane.

A moment. Then--

The world lights up as THE PLANE EXPLODES. He turns back around, resumes carrying June across the field as we...

FADE OUT.

39

CUT INTO A CLOSE-UP OF JUNE

39

Sleeping. Out cold. A JET PASSES OVERHEAD. June bolts upright, looks to--

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

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

Ooh, but her head hurts. She glances at her nightstand. There's a GLASS OF WATER and TWO ASPIRIN. That's funny. She pops 'em, washes 'em down. Then sees a note--

"Thanks again for last night. I enjoyed meeting you. Roy."

SUDDENLY: LOUD KNOCKING on the door below.

WIDER ON-- HER ROOM. Vintage fabric stretched over the windows as drapes. A few music posters, model cars. June grabs the CLOCK by the bed-- which reads 11 o'clock.

JUNE

Oh, no...

KNOCKKNOCKKNOCK!!! Her hair a mess, June scrambles out of bed. Grabs a pair of jeans, nabs a shirt as well.

40

INT. JUNE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

40

June rushes down the stairs, struggling into the shirt. KNOCKKNOCKKNOCKK!

JUNE

Coming!

We see the HOUSE as June hurries for the door-- past April's room and dated furniture, framed pictures of Dad and his little girls; at stock car races, etc. This is the place April and June grew up. -- KNOCKKNOCK-- As she opens door, June freezes, coming upon another note--

"Remember don't tell anyone."

41

INT/EXT JUNE'S HOUSE - DAY

41

June steps outside to find-- RODNEY PETERS, 30's, handsome, in a FIREMEN'S UNIFORM, t-shirt, yellow waders. He had given up and started walking away. June steps outside.

JUNE

Uh... hi, Rodney.

RODNEY

Oh. Whew. Good. I wanted to make sure you were okay.

(off her blank look)

You flew to Kansas, right? For that part? I saw that crash on the news--

JUNE

--What news?

RODNEY

Anyway, you're alive. I see that now.

He stands there. Finally--

RODNEY (CONT'D)

You okay otherwise?

JUNE

Yes. I'm Fine. But I'm late. Really late. I overslept. Can we talk later?

RODNEY

Sure. That's cool. But one thing. I told myself, if you were still alive, I'd ask you to dinner.

JUNE

Rodney, after people break up, they're not supposed to go on dates.

RODNEY

So don't call it a date. Call it a fire inspection.

JUNE

(closing door)

I'll call you later.

42 INT. JUNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

42

June turns on a TV on the way to the refrigerator. But she's distracted as her eyes land on the breakfast table where the carburetor sits.

June then notices A COVERED SAUTE PAN on the stove. A plate, knife, fork and napkin laid out. She opens the pan to see a perfectly folded omelette. And now she turns to face the TV just in time for:

NEWSCASTER

"...Leaving nothing but a crater. Investigators are searching for the black box from the Wichita to Boston flight--"

43 ON TV: THE CORNFIELD WHERE THEY LANDED LAST NIGHT. ONLY THE PLANE IS NOW A BURNT CARCASS IN A CRATER.

43

June drops the lid with a clang.

44 INT. JUNE'S SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER

44

June freaks as she quickly showers:

JUNE

(scrubs harder)

Oh, my God, I made out with him!

45 INT. JUNE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

45

As she races down the stairs, grabs the carburetor and out the door.

46 **EXT. HAVENS GARAGE - DAY**

46

She screeches to a halt.

JUNE

Everything's fine. Its just another day. A regular day.

47 **INT. HAVENS AUTO SUPPLY AND REPAIR - DAY**

47

June enters, anticipating a bevy of people concerned about her well-being.

JUNE

Hey everybody, I wasn't on the plane!

Everyone turns, blank-faced. What?

I'm okay!

A bunch of mechanics look up, confused. ALISON, mid-forties, crosses with a clipboard.

ALISON

Well, good for you. You're OK, I'm OK. You're also late.

(launches into messages)

Mr. Tice called panties-in-a-bunch, saying you promised his Impala last Thursday.

JUNE

I'm on it.

ALISON

And don't forget your sister's fitting!

48 **INT. HAVENS AUTO -- REPAIR BAY -- LATER**

48

Walking through, June brings the bag with the carburetor and other parts over to WILMER, a sixty-something mechanic.

JUNE

Brought you some goodies.

WILMER

(peers into the bag)

Jesus, you got the deuce.

49 **HAVENS AUTO-- BACK YARD-- DAY -- CONTINUOUS**

49

In the corner of the yard, A VEHICLE sits covered in a large tarp. She throws it back.

IT'S THE '65 GTO. A beautiful metallic gold machine. She runs a hand along the panels, the chrome, across the mirrors.

50

LATER-- AT THE GTO--

50

June leans under the hood, tools brandished-- skillfully finishing installing the carburetor.

She climbs in the GTO, starts it up. It sputters, then rumbles. She smiles, closes the door, about to drive when--

APRIL

June! Your fitting!

The car stalls out.

JUNE

...Someday.

51

EXT. HAVENS AUTO -- MOMENTS LATER

51

POV THROUGH A WINDSHIELD: We see June exit the shop and jump into her truck. A lens rises, snapping pictures.

MAN'S VOICE

She's moving.

52

INT. CAMBRIDGE DRESS SHOP - DAY

52

Bridesmaids getting fitted in their dresses, gossiping/giggling with APRIL, (26) June's little sister, who snaps pictures and holds a glass of champagne.

June is last to emerge from the dressing room in her satin dress, ill-at-ease, but looking amazing.

APRIL

Wow.

June takes in her sister as April motions for the tailor.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Petra, can't we do something extra for my sister? A wrap maybe, something for when she walks me down the aisle. She isn't just maid of honor, she's giving me away.

PETRA THE TAILOR

Let me see what we have.

April turns to June.

APRIL

Can I talk to you for a second?

JUNE

Sure.

APRIL

This weekend, I was thinking about Dad's GTO.

JUNE

Really.

APRIL

Yeah, how it's just sitting there. And I was wondering how you would feel about selling it?

JUNE

Huh.

APRIL

Yeah, Ben was on ebay. We could get a hundred thousand for it, easy.

JUNE

You wanna sell Dad's GTO?

APRIL

Why not? Nobody uses it. We'd split the money.

June just looks at her.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Ben and I want our own place, June. We live in his parent's garage. Fifty thousand could help us buy a house.

JUNE

It was Dad's dream car, April.

APRIL

Right. Dad's dream. Not mine.

VOICE

S'cuse me...

APRIL

Just think about it. Please?

A MAN sticks his head in the door... speaks with a nondescript, heavy Boston accent.

PASSERBY

Anyone here belong to the white truck parked outside?

JUNE

I do, why?

PASSERBY

You're about to get a ticket.

JUNE

What?! I put money in the meter!

June grabs her bag, marches out, still in her dress--

53

EXT. DRESS SHOP - CONTINUOUS

53

Four black SUVs, tinted windows, idling. The "passerby" opens the door to the sedan.

PASSERBY

(accent gone)

Please step inside, Miss.

JUNE

What's going on?

PASSERBY

(flashes a badge)

Please. It concerns your air travel last night.

June hesitates. Looks at the badge. Men are blocking the alley in both directions. No choice. She gets in.

54

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

54

Fitzgerald awaits her. Other AGENTS, too. Special forces types. They smile, friendly. The door shuts.

FITZGERALD

Miss Havens. Special Agent in Charge Fitzgerald. Sorry to mislead you, but I'd like to keep your sister out of this.

JUNE

Out of what?

FITZGERALD

(signals the driver)

We're green.

Off June's reaction, the SUV starts rolling...

55

EXT. DRESS SHOP - CONTINUOUS

55

The caravan of SUVs and sedan speed away.

56

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

56

Fitzgerald hands June an 8x10 glossy of...

FITZGERALD

...Roy Miller, a.k.a John Stevens,
a.k.a. Monty Johnson, a.k.a Allen
Rasmussen. We know you were on the
flight with him last night. The one
that crashed.

He waits for her to volunteer. June glances at the agents
around her. One tries to mimic Fitzgerald's smile, flashes a
mouthful of BRACES.

JUNE

I'm sorry: who are you again?

FITZGERALD

FBI. You do know Mr. Miller.

JUNE

No. I don't.

Fitzgerald nods and security footage comes up on his monitor:
June and Miller chatting at the gate.

JUNE (CONT'D)

We chatted at security.

FITZGERALD

I see. And once you were on the
flight? What happened then? More
chatting?

June starts to speak, then remembers Miller's admonition.

JUNE

I, I -- nothing really. I had a
drink. Then I was out. Maybe he
drugged me. Who is he?

FITZGERALD

Roy Miller was one of the most
trusted and capable covert agents in
the world. Until a week ago.

JUNE

What happened a week ago?

FITZGERALD

There's a great deal I'm not at
liberty to discuss, Miss Havens. But
let's just say stress caught up with
him.

(MORE)

FITZGERALD (CONT'D)

It started with a simple mistrust of fellow agents, command and control, and it grew into a full blown break with reality.

JUNE

He was very... charming... during the time I was awake.

FITZGERALD

Charming one moment, homicidal the next. Is this funny to you?

JUNE

No...

FITZGERALD

He's incredibly dangerous, Miss Havens, and out of control. To be alone with him and be alive to talk about it, you're a lucky woman.

JUNE

He said you'd say he was crazy.

FITZGERALD

(eyes bright)

So you did talk to him. About me, no less.

JUNE

No. Not you, specifically, no.

FITZGERALD

About who then? Simon Feck?

JUNE

Who's that? You know what, this is getting twisted. I should probably get a lawyer, don't you think?

FITZGERALD

Are you his co-conspirator, Miss Havens?

JUNE

What! No! Co-conspirator! NO! I'm just a regular person. Honestly.

Fitzgerald looks to his associate. On the monitor, IMAGES OF A CRIME SCENE SUDDENLY APPEAR. June's expression falls.

FITZGERALD

These were regular people, Miss Havens.

(MORE)

FITZGERALD (CONT'D)

Civilians working at a research lab
in Kansas. A few days ago, Miller
stole a prototype and murdered
everyone there.

The monitor flickers, more images. Its starting to sink in to
June, the enormity of this. She locks eyes with Fitzgerald.

JUNE

I went to the bathroom. I came out
and everyone was dead. Everyone. Even
the pilots. That's all I know!

FITZGERALD

Why didn't he kill you?

JUNE

I don't know.

FITZGERALD

Why do you think?

JUNE

I think maybe he liked me.

FITZGERALD

(smiles at that)

We're going to take you to a secure
location, Miss Havens, until Miller
is contained. Someplace safe.

As the word "secure" and "safe" resonate in June's memory--

57

EXT. ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

57

The caravan stops and Fitzgerald gets out. An SUV pulls up
alongside to carry him away.

FITZGERALD

I'll see you in a few hours. Until
then, my men will take care of you.

The door to June's sedan slides shut again.

58

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER

58

June notices the route. She watches as Fitzgerald's SUV takes
a different exit and speeds away.

JUNE

Where is he going? Where are we
going?

(no response)

Hey, fellas?

June looks at the Driver in the rearview mirror.

BRACES

Don't worry, Miss. You're safe.

JUNE

Excuse me?

BRACES

You're safe with us.

Ok, now she's worried. June looks back, sees that the other two SUV's are still behind them. Only one of them is driving strangely, swerving.

JUNE

Um. This highway leads to New Hampshire.

(no answer)

Where are we going?

BRACES

Just a short cut. Until the situation is stabilized. We'll keep you safe.

JUNE

You said that already.

He smiles, teeth glittering. Not reassuring.

BRACES

Because I meant it.

OTHER AGENT

What is Jackson doing?

The Other Agent leads everyone's eyes to the forward SUV, which is swerving wildly-- careening toward the guard rail.

59

SUDDENLY-- CRACK! A BULLET HOLE APPEARS IN THE WINDSHIELD. THE FRONT PASSENGER AGENT COLLAPSES AGAINST THE WINDOW.

59

JUNE

Oh my God!

A RED TARGETING LASER DOT dances over the Agents.

BRACES

Shooter! Shooter! Evade, evade!

60 THE DRIVER TWISTS THE WHEEL, ZIG-ZAGGING THROUGH TRAFFIC. JUNE 60
WATCHES AS THE DOT DANCES ON THE NEIGHBORING SUV, TAKING OUT AN
AGENT. THE SUV SWERVES AWAY!

BRACES

Get down!

JUNE

The dot! Its on you!

61 ON BRACES AS THE LASER DOT DANCES ON HIS BODY, HIS HEAD. HE 61
DUCKS BEHIND THE DRIVER AND--

THE DRIVER'S BODY JERKS AS HE'S SHOT DEAD, LEGS LOCKED--
flooring the accelerator. The car careens through traffic--

BRACES

Follow me! Now!

Tangled in her maid of honor dress, June looks up from the
sedan floor to see-- Braces opening his door--

JUNE

No, wait! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!

Braces takes a shot to the arm and DIVES out.

62 **EXT. HIGHWAY -- GRAVEL SHOULDER-- SAME** 62

Braces rolls to the shoulder, cars whizzing past-- the sedan
screeches away from, back across lanes.

63 **INT. SEDAN - SAME** 63

JUNE LUNGES OVER THE FRONT SEAT, pushing down the stiff
fabric of her bridesmaid's dress, reaching around the dead
agents for the steering wheel, struggling to navigate the
sedan through a slalom of wrong way traffic.

The agents' bodies flop to and fro as June desperately tries
to get to the gear box and slow the car down. That's when she
hears and sees in the rear view--

64 A MASSACHUSETTS HIGHWAY PATROLMANS MOTORCYCLE, RAPIDLY 64
APPROACHING, FLASHERS BLINKING, SIREN WAILING.

JUNE

Thank God!

65 **EXT. HIGHWAY** 65

As the patrolman GUNS HIS ENGINE, GETTING CLOSER SHE NOTICES
HE IS WEARING NO HELMET. He rides up a side ramp and then,
SUDDENLY, GOES AIRBORNE, leaping over June's car. June loses
sight of him when-- SMASH-- ROY MILLER LANDS ON HER HOOD.

JUNE

Ahhh!

Miller looks in at June through the windshield.

MILLER

Hey, June! --Great dress!

Miller's arrival makes it hard for June to see the road.

JUNE

I can't keep this up! His foot's on the gas! I tried the handbrake but--

MILLER

You're doing great. Breathe, June.

JUNE

You're in my way! I can't see!

MILLER

Open the door. June.

JUNE

I can't see!

MILLER

Open the door.

JUNE

I can't-- ahhhh--

66 AND IN THAT INSTANT, JUNE SIDESWIPE A TRUCK-- SENDING MILLER 66
FLYING OFF THE HOOD ONTO--

67 A MINIVAN ON A PARALLEL STREET-- 67

68 KIDS INSIDE STARE AT GAMEBOYS, OBLIVIOUS, AS-- MILLER GRABS 68
THE LUGGAGE RACK, AND HOISTS HIMSELF ONTO THE ROOF.

June watches, astounded as--

69 ATOP THE MINIVAN, MILLER CROUCHES, JUDGING THE DISTANCE-- 69

70 MILLER JUMPS ONTO ANOTHER MOVING CAR-- THEN LEAPS TOWARD 70
JUNE'S CAR-- JUST AS SHE SWERVES TO AVOID A BREAD TRUCK AND
MILLER DISAPPEARS!

JUNE

--Oh God!

71 ANGLE ON-- MILLER CLIMBING OUT OF THE BACK OF A CONVERTIBLE. 71

72 HE THEN LEAPS-- ONTO THE ROOF OF JUNE'S SEDAN. HE CLINGS TO IT 72
AS THEY SWING AGAINST TRAFFIC TOWARD A TUNNEL. MILLER PRESSES
HIS FACE TO THE WINDSHIELD... UPSIDE DOWN.

MILLER
June. Open the door.

73 WITH FITZGERALD'S SUV - TOP OF THE I-93 OVERPASS 73
FRANTIC WORD OF THE ATTACK SQUAWKS OVER A WALKIE.

FITZGERALD
Turn us around. Now.

Fitzgerald's driver makes a hard u-turn and screeches to a
stop at the railing of an overpass. Fitzgerald climbs out,
just in time to see...

74 ...JUNE'S SEDAN VEERING WILDLY ACROSS THE HIGHWAY, MILLER ON 74
THE ROOF, ENTERING THE TUNNEL, LEAVING CHAOS BEHIND IT.

FITZGERALD
Very dramatic, Miller.

HIS DRIVER
Should we pursue?!

75 BACK TO -- MILLER AND JUNE --AGAINST TRAFFIC IN THE TUNNEL 75
Roy fires a few rounds at the LAST SUV on their heels as--

MILLER
Open the door!

76 JUNE MANAGES TO RELEASE THE DOOR-- WHICH -- BLAM!-- IS 76
IMMEDIATELY RIPPED OFF BY A PASSING CAR.

77 POV JUNE LOOKING BACK AS THE DOOR BOUNCES-- TAKING OUT THE 77
REMAINING BLACK SUV.

78 INT. SEDAN - DAY 78

MILLER
(impressed)
Nice.

79 MILLER SWINGS TO THE DRIVERS DOOR, YANKS THE DRIVER FROM HIS 79
SEAT AND TAKES THE WHEEL. JUNE FALLS BACK INTO THE REAR SEAT.

80 INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS 80

MILLER
Do me a favor? Put on your seatbelt.

June starts to buckle when Bullets strike the car--

81

IT IS BRACES, FIRING AN AK-47 FROM THE SHOULDER. SIRENS ARE RISING IN THE DISTANCE.

81

ANOTHER ARMED AGENT, scrambles out of the upended SUV, firing at Miller. But Miller holds his SIG out the window-- and June ducks out of the line of fire-- BLAM BLAM BLAM!

JUNE

Please stop doing that!

MILLER

Like I didn't see that coming!

82

MILLER SUDDENLY SWERVES THE SEDAN AND DOES A 180 IN THE DUST, COMING TO A STOP UNDER AN OVERPASS. JUNE CATCHES HER BREATH.

82

Miller gets out, looks around. He crosses with June to A DUFFEL BAG in the trunk, which he unzips. It's FULL OF GUNS.

MILLER

Very nice.

Miller pulls out the bag and starts sorting through the guns as he looks at June. Her eyes are shut, her head shaking.

MILLER (CONT'D)

You're doing really well, June.
Seriously great driving. You're a
natural. And that dress. Really
pretty. Is that for April's wedding.
Saturday, right?

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

JUNE

PLEASE STOP SHOOTING PEOPLE!

MILLER

I understand. You're in shock.

More shots ring out.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Hey. You know what. You stay here
while I go have a word with the guys
in the tunnel. Okay?

JUNE

okay...

BANG! BANG! BANG! Yet more bullets come sailing by Miller. A remaining panel on the sedan shatters. It's Braces, firing from the tunnel mouth. Miller pulls his gun.

MILLER

Actually, I'm just gonna go shoot them and come right back.

He starts to go, turns back...

MILLER (CONT'D)

By the way, your timing when you opened that door. Excellent. Do you realize, you saved us. You saved our lives. That takes skill. Do you realize that?

June stares at him. ROY PRESSES A GLOCK IN HER HAND...

MILLER (CONT'D)

Here. I feel like we have a connection, you know? Ever since we kissed.

He then takes off after Braces and the others. June watches, then at the sound of ROY'S GUNFIRE-- takes off.

83 ON MILLER-- AS HE HEARS SCREAMING CAR HORNS-- TURNS TO SEE-- 83

84 JUNE, ON FOOT-- WIDE EYED-- DODGING SPEEDING CARS, ZIG-ZAGGING 84
ACROSS FOUR LANES IN HER DRESS, HOLDING A GLOCK.

85 A TRAFFIC HELICOPTER ABOVE AIMS ITS CAMERA AT JUNE. 85

86 EXT. I-93 / BOSTON STREETS - DAY 86

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

87 EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY 87

June keeps running. Sees AN MBTA BUS, pulling from the curb.

JUNE (O.S.)

Wait!

She tosses the Glock and runs like mad.

88 INT. MBTA BUS - DAY 88

June jumps on, walking down the aisle. A crazy-eyed limping woman. She sits down in the back. Catches her breath.

The bus goes underneath a low bridge. As it emerges --

THUNK! Something lands on the roof. Then STEP-STEP-STEP from rear to front. June has a bad suspicion about this.

Miller drops down from its roof. June tries to hide.

JUNE

Oh god.

Miller steps aboard, out of breath. He approaches down the crowded aisle, gun bag clanking. June sits there, stricken.

MILLER

Hey. There you are. Excuse me, folks.

(sits down next to her)

So. Wow. June. I mean, running across that highway like that. That was... crazy. But I will say: you can run, June, however given where things have gone, I think its best we stick together.

(looks about)

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

June pulls out her blackberry and starts surreptitiously typing on it.

MILLER (CONT'D)

It buys us time. Which quite honestly I don't have a lot of right now. In fact, someone else is waiting for me. I'm late, you know, due to the fact that you got into the car with them, anyway, this guy is waiting for me, and he's in a bit of danger.

(re: her phone)

Don't use that. They can track it.

June puts the phone away.

JUNE

They said you had a breakdown.

MILLER

As I told you they would.

JUNE

--and that you killed a bunch of people at a lab in Kansas. I saw pictures.

A WOMAN across the aisle is listening unashamedly. Miller smiles at her, points to the window.

MILLER

Look at the bay, ma'am.

(back to June)

So you saw pictures of me actually killing people in Kansas?

CLOSE ON -- JUNE. She's had enough. We see her eyeing some passengers preparing to leave the bus at an upcoming stop. She tightens her grip on her purse.

JUNE

No. I didn't.

MILLER

Why, June? Because...

JUNE

Someone else did it.

MILLER

Exactly, June. Not me. Hey, did you get a chance to try the omelette? Was it warm?

JUNE

I didn't get a chance to try it. No.

MILLER

Oh. That's okay. You didn't really leave me much to work with in that fridge of yours.

June suddenly bolts for the door.

MILLER (CONT'D)

June! Hey -- We need to stick together-- June!

June races off the bus as Miller gathers his gun bag, pushing his way out the closing bus door.

89

EXT. STREET - DAY

89

She runs up the sidewalk. Miller stands, watching her as the bus pulls away.

MILLER

June--

She crosses the street and enters a FIREHOUSE. He sighs, checks his watch.

90

INT. FIREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

90

June scrambles inside its open door, presses herself against a big red fire truck. catches her breath.

VOICE (O.S.)

June! What are you doing here?

She turns to face A FIREMAN, smiles...

JUNE

Paul! Hi!

91 OMITTED

91

92 INT. LIVING QUARTERS - FIREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

92

Rodney is bench-pressing. Other FIREMEN watch TV, cook. June exhales in relief: strong biceps and familiar faces.

FIREMAN

Rodney! Look what I found!

RODNEY

(sitting up)

June? What're you doing here?!
What's with the dress? Guys, say
hello to June!

They all do. June waves hi. Rodney sizes her up: she looks like she just stepped off a roller coaster.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Everything alright?

JUNE

Yes! Well, no. It's not. It's...
complicated.

He sees her look at the other guys, all of them looking this way. He puts his hand on her shoulder.

RODNEY

You know what? I'm feeling the same
way. You wanna talk, maybe over a
piece of pie?

JUNE

That sounds great.
(he starts to the front)
Let's use the back door.

93 INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

93

Rodney speaks as he digs into his pie. June is too rattled to eat. She looks over Rodney's shoulder to the entrance.

RODNEY

So that's when Rick admitted it had
nothing to do with members being
married or engaged or any other fire
league rules. The reason he was cool
with other guys spouses on the team
was cause they don't kick his ass on
the lanes. You, on the other hand--
(MORE)

RODNEY (CONT'D)
(noticing her eyes)
You expecting somebody?

JUNE
Sorry. No.

RODNEY
Point is, that plane crash made me think. About our break up. This bulb went off, bing, like Rod, why are you giving up? You're being passive, getting back at her cause she didn't want the ring. Big deal. So June didn't want to be engaged right now, so that freaks out your mom, big deal. What about all the things you and June wanted to do? The list. Camping in Vermont with my brother and Sheila in their new Winnie. Tickets to Blue Man Group. The battlegrounds tour. whatever.

JUNE
Rodney. Uh. Listen. The plane crash. The one on the news last night. I want to talk about that.

RODNEY
What about it?

JUNE
I was on it. I mean in it. I wasn't supposed to be but --

RODNEY
You were in that plane crash?

JUNE
It didn't crash. Not really. There was a man on the flight, an agent. Or so he said. He killed everyone on board and landed the plane.

RODNEY
What? The plane crashed, June. It didn't land. I saw it on Fox News--

JUNE
Rodney-- I was there. We landed.

Rodney blinks. Sits back now. Looks at her differently.

JUNE (CONT'D)
I wake up in my room this morning. I don't remember how I got there.
(MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)

And then there's these other agents.
They pick me up at April's fitting.
Next thing you know, I'm in Grand
Theft Auto on the I-93. Why are you
touching my hand?

RODNEY

Because I am here for you. Jeeze. You
are really stressed out.

JUNE

Well, yeah.

RODNEY

And I get it. I completely
understand. I mean. Wow. June.

JUNE

I know.

RODNEY

It makes total sense. April's getting
married, getting all the attention,
you are the older sister.

JUNE

(pulls her hand back)

Jesus. Rodney. This isn't about my--
You're not even listening to me.

June notices a TV above the counter: BREAKING NEWS footage of
her dashing across the I-93 in her Maid of Honor's dress.

RODNEY

--It can't be easy. Would make me a
little crazy too.

JUNE

Oh, Christ.

--as ROY MILLER slides into the next booth. Taps his watch,
giving June the universal "We gotta go" signal.

MILLER

Maybe you didn't understand, but we
really need to stay together. And we
also need to get going.

RODNEY

Who are you?

MILLER

I'm sorry.
(extends his hand)
Roy Miller.

RODNEY
(shakes it)
Rodney Burris.

MILLER
Nice to meet you. I hate to be rude
but we really gotta go, June.
(to June)
Remember, our little situation?

JUNE
Rodney's a fireman, in case you
didn't notice. Which means he's more
than capable of handling any
"situation" that might come up.

MILLER
I'm sure he is, June. I have great
admiration for firefighters. For the
record I don't think they pay you
guys enough.

RODNEY
They don't.

MILLER
Taken your captain's exam yet?

RODNEY
Working on it.

MILLER
You'll probably need a tour across
the river if you ever want to be
Battalion Chief, right?

RODNEY
Who are you?

MILLER
Whatever happens, Rodney. Please stay
in the booth.

RODNEY
What are you talking about?

Miller whips out THE GLOCK from his waist and YANKS June out
of the booth.

MILLER
EVERYBODY DOWN NOW OR I BLOW HER HEAD
OFF! NOW! You too!

Everyone in the restaurant freezes, dives. Miller waves the
gun about, eyes wild.

JUNE

Somebody, help me! Please! This man
is a lunatic!

He cups June's mouth.

RODNEY

Okay. Calm down, pal --

Miller fires his gun into the ceiling. BAM BAM BAM!

MILLER

Calm?! Calm?! How can anyone be CALM
around this woman? Tell me Rodney,
does she ever do what you tell her
to? Does she? Ever? Rodney, answer!

RODNEY

Uhhh...

MILLER

(a bead on a waitress)
Pies for everyone, everyone in this
place, understand?! No ice cream! Or
she gets it?! Now!

(backing out)
A la mode weakens the legs, people!
Lincoln knew it, that's why they got
to him!

(at the door)
Anyone follows us, I'll kill myself
and then her!

94

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

94

Miller drags June to where a Volvo waits at the curb, engine
running. He forces June inside the car. He spins, gun level,
catching Rodney trying to make a move.

MILLER

I don't want to shoot firemen today,
Rodney!

Rodney lunges. MILLER SHOOTS HIM. Rodney falls to the ground
grabbing his thigh.

JUNE

(stunned)
Miller! What'd you just-- You asshole--
- YOU SHOT RODNEY!

MILLER

(points the gun at her)
Stay in the car, June.

Miller waves the gun at some other bystanders...

MILLER (CONT'D)

Anyone else wanna get shot today?

Everyone runs. Miller crouches beside Rodney. Checks his wound. Meets his eyes.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Rodney, it's all good. Totally through and through. No bone. No tendon. Pull it together. This is your moment. Okay?

RODNEY

(in shock)

...Yeah. Okay.

Miller jumps in the car, gun back on June, and lays rubber.

95/96 INT. VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

95/96

The Volvo RACES into traffic, away from the restaurant. June glares at Miller.

JUNE

You shot Rodney.

MILLER

Yes, I did.

(beat)

There were four security cameras in that restaurant, June. Now there's hard proof that you're my hostage. We've cleared your name. With the locals at least. Its a start, something to build on.

JUNE

You shot Rodney.

MILLER

I know June. And it might be the best thing that ever happened to him.

JUNE

Right! Yes! Absolutely! We should all get shot every now and then!

MILLER

Rodney's a good guy. Not really right for you. In my opinion. But a good guy. And now he can move on. He's got a story now. He took a bullet.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

He's gonna be a hero. Probably get a promotion, wait and see.

JUNE

You shot him.

MILLER

In the fleshy part of the leg, June.
It was harmless... like a piercing.
Like a... nipple ring.

Sirens in the distance. June turns to Miller, resolute.

JUNE

Stop the car. Now. Stop it.

MILLER

Okay. Look. June. You're freaked out.
I understand you want off the
carousel.

JUNE

Yes, Roy, I do. I want off the
carousel. Right now.

MILLER

I don't want to be one of those "I
told you so" guys but I did warn you
stay off the plane last night.

JUNE

Uh huh. And when was that?

MILLER

You don't remember me saying to you
when they wouldn't let you onboard
that "things happen for a reason"?

JUNE

That's not a warning! That's a
needlepoint expression! That's a
bumper sticker! How about saying,
"June, your life will be ruined if
you get on this plane."

Miller's eyes darken. He keeps driving.

MILLER

Was I clear enough for you when I
told you not to get into a car with
them? Not any vehicles, I said.

JUNE

Maybe they meant it when they said I
was gonna be safe.

MILLER

'You really think that, June. Did you feel safe with them?

JUNE

Safer than I do now.

MILLER

Okay. Okay. Alright.

97

MILLER JERKS THE WHEEL AND TURNS, HARD, INTO A PARKING GARAGE. HE DRIVES UP INTO A SHELTERED AREA AND STOPS. GLARES AT HER.

97

MILLER (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Get out.

He reaches across and opens her door but she just sits there.

MILLER (CONT'D)

I wouldn't advise going home but its up to you. They'll be all over you. Not just CIA, mind you. Chinese intel, private security. You're in the middle of something big, June. But I need to keep moving. So if you're gonna get out, get out. Because as I said earlier there is someone else depending on me--
(June looks up)
--someone who's life is also in danger, someone who does trust me, but every second I waste arguing with you, I am letting him down.

Sirens getting louder. A chopper too.

MILLER (CONT'D)

So make a decision, June. In or out.

A pause as she thinks, hard.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Just so you understand. Out there, on your own, your life expectancy is gonna be like-- here.
(holds his hand low)
With me, if we stick together, its like here.
(holds his hand high)
Without me. Here. With me. Without me.

She is frozen in place. Miller checks out the rear view mirror. A chopper passes overhead. Sirens in the distance.

June closes the door --

JUNE

Fine.

and Miller gets out of the car...

MILLER

We need a fresh set of wheels.

98

EXT. PARKING GARAGE

98

June is quiet.

MILLER

When's your sister's wedding?
Saturday? Okay. So. Four days. Easy.
I'll have this cleaned up, and you
back to your life. You will not miss
your sister's wedding.

(off her look)

You don't have to believe me, June.
Just trust me.

(beat)

You will walk your sister down the
aisle.

(three fingers)

Scouts' honor.

JUNE

Right. Whatever.

99

OMITTED

99

100

EXT. SUBURBAN GAS STATION -- SUNSET

100

Miller's at the edge of the building, thoughtfully watching
several EMERGENCY VEHICLES, SIRENS WAILING, APPROACHING as--

--June stomps out of the bathroom, wearing a man's suit, and
looking pretty darn good. She's about to say something to
him, but pauses when she sees an old TV inside the garage...

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)

--and that's when Boston firefighter,
Rodney Burris leapt into action.

101

**A SHOT OF RODNEY BEING WHEELED INTO THE HOSPITAL, MICROPHONES
IN HIS FACE. FLASHES FIRING AS...**

101

RODNEY (ON TV)

I didn't think. I just I did what any
man would do in that situation.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)

While the whereabouts of his ex girlfriend, June Havens, are unknown, Doctors say that Rodney's gonna be just fine. Just a flesh wound. A true blue, Boston hero, folks. Back to you, Don.

June glares at Miller and then walks past him.

MILLER

No. This way. We're done with that car.

June doesn't move. Miller watches the POLICE CARS getting closer. Sirens getting louder. He crosses toward an access road that leads to --

102 A SUBURBAN AUTOPARK. A car transporter is dropping off new Audis at a dealership.

102

MILLER (CONT'D)

Let's get a new ride. Come on. We gotta pick up my friend.

103 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

103

SECURITY FOOTAGE of Miller going apeshit in the coffee shop, taking June hostage as Rodney looks on.

WIDEN TO REVEAL A MEETING ROOM-- DIRECTOR GEORGE sits on the edge of her desk watching the footage. She clicks a button, freezing on June. She turns to FITZGERALD, surrounded by other agents.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

What do you think? Are we looking at a new player?

FITZGERALD

We're looking at a pawn. I talked to the girl. She owns a garage. No passport. Gone nowhere, been nowhere.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

And that doesn't give you pause? You've been two steps behind since this began, Fitz. Someone's taking you to school.

FITZGERALD

She's a nobody.

104

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

104

RIDING WITH THEM ALONG THE HIGHWAY. Miller looks at June, her head leaning against the glass, watching the world go by. He reaches into his pocket, sets the TOY KNIGHT on the dash.

MILLER

This is what it's all about.

(points at it)

That right there is what everybody wants. This is it. This will change the world.

JUNE

A burger king toy.

MILLER

Open the top.

June does, pulls out a handmade prototype dry cell.

JUNE

It's warm. What is it?

MILLER

A battery.

JUNE

A battery.

MILLER

Code name Zephyr. Not your average Duracell. Its high output. And it never runs out.

JUNE

What do you mean, never?

MILLER

I mean, never. Ever. That little thing is the first perpetual energy source since the sun.

JUNE

So what. You flashlight never runs out of juice.

MILLER

It can power a lot bigger than a flashlight, June.

JUNE

Like how much bigger?

MILLER

Like a small city or a large submarine.

(off her expression)

Its a game changer, June. And the guy who invented it is barely out of high school. His name is Simon Feck. And I was assigned with another agent to watch him at a facility, a lab in Wichita. The other agent was the man who picked you up this morning. Fitzgerald. A couple weeks ago, I found out he was going sell the battery and kill Simon. So I got Simon out of there, put him someplace safe, and went back for the battery. And Fitz, who is a very smart guy, set me up and made it look like I went rogue. Over the edge. That's when I met you.

JUNE

And now what? What's the plan? I mean this battery may run forever. But we can't.

He turns to her.

MILLER

What we need to do right now is get some rest. That's the plan. I am very good at what I do, June. You're gonna be fine. I promise. You're gonna be safe.

JUNE

(smiles)

Safe and secure?

(beat)

Are you trying to dip me, Roy?

MILLER

Good night, June.

JUNE

Good night Roy.

After a beat.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Were you really a Boy Scout?

MILLER

Eagle Scout, in fact.

JUNE

I was a Brownie.

MILLER

That's cool.

JUNE

Goodnight, Roy.

MILLER

Good night, June.

He puts away the toy knight, closes his eyes and releases the wheel.

105 WE PULL OUT AND AWAY TO REVEAL --

105

-- the Audi is one of half dozen cars on the two-tiered CAR-TRANSPORT TRUCK. Roy is as much a passenger as she is. The truck rumbles into night, under a sign marked "New York."

106 CUT TO-- CLOSE ON A MONITOR

106

We are watching SECURITY FOOTAGE of Miller going apeshit from the coffee shop.

REVERSE TO REVEAL-- ANTONIO QUINTANA. Handsome, charming, intense. We are in a beautiful villa.

ANTONIO

Who is this girl?

A HENCHMAN stands in the door. He speaks SUBTITLED SPANISH.

HENCHMAN

We don't know, Antonio. But we've tracked him to New York.

ANTONIO

Get to him before the Agency.

107 EXT. TUG BOAT HOUSE - BROOKLYN DOCKS - DAWN

107

A large brick warehouse, a tug boat repair facility, sits facing the East River. Brooklyn Bridge in the distance.

Behind a dry-docked tug, Miller's eyes are lasers focused on the building. June waits behind him. Speaks low.

JUNE

This is Simon's safehouse?

MILLER

Shhh.

JUNE
(lowers her voice
...What're you looking for?

He hands her a gun. She looks at him as he leads her across the lot to the warehouse. At the front door Miller sticks a key in the lock.

108 INT. WAREHOUSE-- DAWN

108

Miller steps inside. The place is a dark. Metal tools, die cutters, high powered drills. They move down a corridor to a door that leads to--

The main warehouse. Miller signals for June to follow; she does, quiet as she can be.

JUNE
(whispering)
Is it safe? Are we cool?

He nods, moves toward several sealed giant sea containers stacked at the back. Spooked, June follows closely.

Miller starts opening doors of the sea containers. June peers over his shoulder as a door reveals--

109 A white room, a recliner chair, a TV, a cot and a toilet.

109

MILLER
(concerned)
Simon?

Miller flicks on a light switch and a bank of florescents flicker on. The walls are all covered by scribbled CODE -- numbers, letters, mathematical hieroglyphics -- all in marker. He starts snapping pictures with a mini-camera.

JUNE
What does all this mean?

MILLER
It's what he does. He scribbles. But
it could also be a code for where he
went...
(he stops suddenly)
You hear that?

JUNE
What?

Miller definitely hears something. A distant rumble.

Miller reaches into his coat...

MILLER

Here.

He pulls out a Glock 10.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Works like this...

(demonstrating)

Rack the slide to cock it. Here's the safety. Uncock it like so...

He then passes it grip first to her as they move off.

JUNE

It's heavy. Feels good, though.

She then tries to do what he just did, ends up dropping the clip on the floor. Makes a racket. He looks back at her.

MILLER

Shhh.

He crosses to a better defensive position. June follows.

110

UP ABOVE -- THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT

110

Several agents rappel down on ropes to the roof. Miller grabs June and they run towards a large exit door BUT TWO ESCALADES SCREECH TO A STOP, blocking their exit. Men get out, bark orders in SPANISH...

JUNE

Who are they? Fitzgerald's guys?

MILLER

No. Other guys.

Miller reverses direction toward a side exit.

JUNE

Other bad guys?

MILLER

Worse guys.

MILLER FIRES his weapon toward the door, driving the intruders back. Bullets pound the ground. Too much for June, she cowers behind Miller.

JUNE

Worse guys?

MILLER

There's a lot of people trying to get the battery.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

Based on the fact these guys are speaking Spanish, I'd say they belong to Antonio Quintana, a weapons manufacturer out of Seville.

Suddenly, AN INTRUDER FIRES DIRECTLY DOWN ON THEM FROM A SKYLIGHT. Miller shoots him quickly-- and he drops to the floor--- dead-- Roy grabs June and pulls her beneath a giant engine block.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Ok. Listen carefully and do exactly what I say. On three, we're gonna run over there to those shelves. On three. One, two-
(June starts running)

A spray of gunfire. Miller watches June, dancing around the bullets that are flying-- she runs back to him.

JUNE

Sorry. I panicked.

MILLER

Its okay. What number would you like.

JUNE

Three's good.

MILLER

three.

JUNE

Let's go with three.

MILLER

Okay, ready -- one, two, three.

111 **A NARROW CHASM BETWEEN HIGH SHELVES.**

111

June and Roy dive into a narrow space between shelves.

JUNE

How are we going to get out of here?

MILLER

Working on it.

JUNE

And where is Simon.

MILLER

He split. Left me a message.

JUNE

A message.

MILLER

We'll figure... Look... What I need
you to do now is wait here. I'm going
to find us a way out. Take this.

He hands her the gun. She stares at it.

MILLER (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.
(moving off then coming
back)
Please don't move.

Miller exits.

Suddenly June is alone. She hears the voices of the ninjas
around her. Whispering in Spanish. Then she hears some sort
of skirmish, shots getting fired. Then it is quiet. She
tightens her grip on the gun.

JUNE

Oh God...

Bad men getting closer. Fear rising. Over her shoulder,
Miller appears.

MILLER

...June.

Startled, June SQUEEZES HER MACHINE GUN TRIGGER and
RATATATATATAT! sprays the area Miller is standing with
bullets, raining glass and shrapnel down on him. He dances
thios way and that, diving for cover as the gun controls her
and she't seem to shut it off.

MILLER (CONT'D)

June, June, June! Release the
trigger! June! Chill!

Outside the shelves, Intruders blink and watch the spectacle
of hundreds of shots being self-inflected inside the shelving
area. A whirling dervish of bullet hits and dust.

MILLER (CONT'D)

June! JUNE! Chill. JUNE!!

Miller does a flip and lands right in front of the barrel
just as the magazine runs out.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Okay, June.

JUNE

Stop saying my name! I'm not chill
and you keep saying my name and it's
freaking me out!

*

Miller looks around as the warehouse fills with men, spanish
speaking voices getting closer, advancing on them. He reaches
into his coat, pulls a VIAL.

*

*

MILLER

Drink this.

JUNE

What is it?

MILLER

Brontine-zero. They're gonna smoke us
with D-5.

*

She knocks it back, alarmed.

JUNE

Where's yours?
(she realizes)
Oh shit! Not again...

MILLER

Sorry... it getting hairy...

*

*

June loses focus as she sees-- INTRUDERS AMASHING THROUGH THE
SHELVES BEHIND MILLER-- it looks like they are going to be
captured... and she fades out of consciousness--

*

*

*

112 UP FROM BLACK ON -- JUNE

*

112

She's on a cement floor, looking at a cinderblock wall--
MILLER swings through frame, shirtless, chained upside down.

*

MILLER

(confidently)
Hey--I know this looks bad--

*

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

MILLER (CONT'D)

--but I'll get us out in a minute--

*

Out of frame again, then back--

MILLER (CONT'D)

--I got this.

*

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

113

CUT TO BLACK--

113

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, strapping her to a tandem harness...

MILLER (CONT'D)

Jump!

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

114

CUT TO BLACK--

114

SOUND OF A POWER BOAT OVER...

FADE IN ON A CIGARETTE BOAT

June's eyes open groggily to see Miller at the helm as they streak across the ocean. Miller smiles.

*
*

MILLER

Almost there!

*

115

CUT TO BLACK.

*

115

We hear SEAGULLS. WAVES.

*

FADE IN: TROPICAL ISLAND - DAY

*

June blinks, eyes adjusting. She finds herself in a beach chair under bamboo roof in some sort of Robinson Crusoe-like hut. All sorts of masculine things lie about -- A fishing rod and reel, survival gear, etc. Tropical birds sing overhead. Then June's eyes catch--

*
*
*
*
*

Sunflares off A CRYSTAL BLUE OCEAN. Waves against volcanic rock. An out-of-focus silhouette emerges from the sea: Miller, carrying large fish on a hook. A bandage affixed to his side where the bullet clipped him.

*
*
*
*

June's eyes adjust as Miller approaches.

*

MILLER

Good morning, sleepyhead.

*
*

JUNE

Where am I?

*
*

MILLER
My place. We're off grid.
(smiles)
You can't get any more off grid. No
one can find me here. No one ever
has. I'll have lunch soon. Its a
shame we can't stay longer; we gotta
rendevous with Simon. I cracked his
code. He's fine by the way. Good kid.

June stands. She is wearing a bikini. She shuffles toward
Miller looking about.

116 EXT. HUT -- COOKING AREA-- DAY

Miller drops the fish on a cutting table.

JUNE
You drugged me. Again.

MILLER
Yeah.

JUNE
You can't do that.

MILLER
You weren't coping well.
(then off her look)
I'm not sure if you were awake they
would have even let you live.

JUNE
What are you talking about?! Who are
you talking about?
(looking down)
What am I wearing?

MILLER
A bikini.
(off her look)
We're in the tropics.

JUNE
(slowly)
How did I get in the bikini?

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

She looks at him, then takes a swing. Miller catches her fist in mid air. Quickly lets go...

MILLER (CONT'D)
Sorry. Reflex. Do it again. I won't stop you this time.

She turns on her heels and storms off, grabbing Miller's shirt (hanging on a post) and following a path into the jungle.

117 THE JUNGLE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

June stomps through the lush foliage. She stops when something falls to the ground. It is Miller's iphone-- it was in the pocket of the shirt she pulled on. She stops, looks at it.

CLOSE ON THE PHONE, which flashes "5286 AMAPOLA: The screen shows THE SAME HOUSE. ON THE SCREEN, we see AN OLDER MAN exit the house, get into A CLASSIC PONTIAC--

JUNE
... '69 Grand Prix.

Then the screen goes BLACK. She puts it away. Suddenly, HER OWN PHONE RINGS in her pocket. The ID screen says 'APRIL'. Reflexively, June answers it. BLURTS VERY VERY FAST--

JUNE (CONT'D)
APRIL-I-CAN'T-TALK-NOW--EVERYTHING'S
OKAY--WELL--NOT OKAY--BUT-FINE-I-MEAN-
DON'T-WORRY-BYE--BUT GET-ME-ANOTHER-
DRESS.

June hangs up and looks to see if she's been busted. That's when June looks up through the bushes and realizes she's come rather quickly to--

--ANOTHER BEACH. She's on an island. A rather small island. She walks around the end of the beach and now sees Miller and his hut from the other side. Great.

118 EXT. HUT - DAY

Miller carries a platter of cooked lobsters from a grill to the table. He looks up and smiles as--

June emerges from the jungle. She does not smile.

MILLER
Lunch is ready.

Miller takes a machete and chops a coconut in half, pours a cocktail into each half. He hands one half to June.

MILLER (CONT'D)

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

She goes to take the drink but instead pulls a move on Miller
and tries to flip him to the sand. But as June lunges-- Roy
smoothly evades her and she grabs air.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Determined, June takes another swing and another -- Roy is
impressed.

MILLER (CONT'D)

You have skills.

JUNE

Dad wanted boys.

June makes another lunge and Roy ends up with her in a hold.
It is kind of close and sexy.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Let go of me.

MILLER

You can get out any time you want.
Think hands like Houdini. Stay
relaxed. Turn your wrists to the
inside. And drop.

June follows Miller's advice and evades his hold, sliding
downward. She meets Miller's eyes, excited. Then proceeds to
grab Miller's leg and take him down to the sand. It's hard to
tell if they're fighting or flirting. Or both.

They finally stop, breathless, with June on top. Miller looks
up at her. Their faces close, breathless. They might kiss.

There is a drone sound. We see gears turning in Miller's
head. Confusion.

MILLER (CONT'D)

I don't understand.

JUNE

What.

MILLER

We gotta run.

Miller looks up at the sky behind her and sees: AN INCOMING
MISSILE FROM A HIGH TECH DRONE OVERHEAD.

He has her on her feet, and he rips her forward as--
The first BOMB HITS THE ISLAND, BLASTING THE HUT.

Miller looks up to see: THE UNMANNED DRONE IN THE SKY. FIRING
MISSILES. And he's already leading her away...

124

EXT. THE ISLAND - DAY

Miller pulls June through the Jungle as it BLOWS UP BEHIND
THEM... He looks back sadly as his beach is destroyed...

MILLER

My phone you can't track. I turned
your phone off. You didn't make a
call. So how did they do it--
(turns)
You didn't make a call.

JUNE

No. I didn't. But I took a call.
Just a quick one.

MILLER

A quick one.

JUNE

My sister. I hung up before she could
even talk but I--.

He moves away, shoves some bushes aside, slowly revealing
something--

JUNE (CONT'D)

I didn't know-- Ro, I'm sorry--

MILLER

No, no. Its okay. Its the only place
in the world that I've ever been...
its okay... its just a place...
tropical paradise,.. never been
touched by man... its okay...

HE UNVEILS A MINI CHOPPER. He kicks the door twice to get it
to open.

JUNE

I am really so sorry, Roy.
(suddenly looking at the
chopper)
Uh. No. I am not getting in that.

MILLER

June.

JUNE

I can't get in that. No.

Miller puts his hand on June. Explosions getting closer.

JUNE (CONT'D)

You're grabbing my neck.

MILLER

Yes.

JUNE

Why?

MILLER

You asked me not to drug you.

And she passes out and we go to-- BLACK.

130 INT. A SMALL ROOM-- TIME UNDETERMINED

June is curled up in a chair by a window. She opens her eyes, darts them about.

She gets up, throws aside the curtain to reveal THE ALPS moving past with a sunset behind them. She's on a train.

We see the curtains swept something off the window. It flutters to the floor: a POST-IT NOTE.

As June heads for the door, she unwittingly steps on the note, which STICKS to the bottom of her shoe.

131 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NORDIC TRAIN - DAY

As June pokes her head out, looks up, then down the train. We follow her as she passes the kitchen, entering--

132 INT. SALON CAR - DAY

A BAR, BOOTHS. People standing, milling about. An old couple, skiers. June makes her way over, smiles at the bartender.

JUNE

Hi. Are you still serving breakfast?
Or lunch...? What time is it?

He approaches, hands her a menu.

BARTENDER

Nine, madame. We are serving
breakfast.

She scans the menu with one glance, starving.

JUNE

Great, I'll take pancakes, bacon,
eggs, sausage, and apple strudel.
With a glass of milk.

A couple of TOURISTS look at her. She smiles.

JUNE (CONT'D)

I haven't eaten in a while. I think.

They step away, leaving her alone there. Her expression changes, she takes out her phone, as it BUZZES. She sets it down on the bar without answering it. She's learned her lesson. The Bartender delivers her glass of milk.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

She takes a sip as a GUY in sunglasses steps up to the bar. We recognize him as BERNHARD.

GUY

(American)

Harvey Wallbanger please.

The bartender looks at him, then nods. The guy looks at June now. Smiles sheepishly.

GUY (CONT'D)

Trains make me very nervous.

He grips the bar to steady himself, then...

GUY (CONT'D)

Statistically, you're more likely to die riding on a train than any other form of transportation. Ten-point-three times more likely than dying on a plane.

June looks back at him. A thought occurring:

JUNE

Simon?

He looks at her, a thought occurring to him too.

SIMON

Yes?

JUNE

I'm June. June Havens.

SIMON

Oh. Roy told me about you.

JUNE

Where is Roy?

SIMON

He said he was gonna meet me here.

HER PHONE STARTS VIBRATING AGAIN. She just stares at it on the bar top. Simon gives her an odd look.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Don't you wanna answer that?

JUNE

No. It's okay.

It KEEPS VIBRATING. She sees Simon looking at her.

JUNE (CONT'D)

They can track the signal.

Simon nods.

SIMON

Did Roy happen to tell you the plan here? I mean, I don't even know where we're going.

June gives a little smile back.

JUNE

Roy's not real big on sharing, is he?

She crosses her legs, and notices something on the bottom of her shoe: the post-it note. She shifts to read it:

STAY IN ROOM. I'M WITH SIMON.

June goes cold, as her phone keeps VIBRATING.

133

INT. TRAIN PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

133

Miller is on his cell, listening to June's phone ring. Behind him: the real SIMON, early twenties dressed like a skate kid. He's got the battery in his hand. A little sheepish:

SIMON

Uh, Roy, it's getting hotter, I don't think...

But Miller isn't listening, he's focused on June.

MILLER

She's still not answering...

As Miller picks up the pace, Simon pockets the battery--

134 INT. TRAIN - SALON CAR - CONTINUOUS 134

June downs her milk. She gives a strained smile.

JUNE

Simon. Will you order me another
glass of milk. I'll be right back.

She gets up, starts walking towards the front of the train.

135 INT. PASSAGEWAY - JUNE - SAME 135

June moves along, squeezing past another passenger. And now behind her, we see "Simon." Very calm, but coming this way. June glances back, turns to speed up, but A DOOR CLOSES, so she moves through the first open door, into-- *

136 INT. RAILWAY KITCHEN / STORAGE AREA - NIGHT * 136

June enters, her eyes flitting fast. A sweet-looking COOK turns from the stove. He sees June. *

COOK *

Can I help you? *

JUNE *

Yes, no, I'm just feeling a little
train-sick, can I stand here a
second? *

COOK *

Let me get you some water. *

June steps deeper into the kitchen. The Cook approaches with a glass of water. *

COOK (CONT'D) *

Here you-- *

He suddenly STOPS. His eyes flutter and he DROPS DEAD. *

Revealing--"Simon" behind him with a blood-stained KNIFE in his hand. When he speaks, it's now with a GERMAN accent. This is BERNHARD. *

JUNE *

You killed him. *

BERNHARD *

No. You did. *

He grabs June and pins her over a bubbling fryer---

BERNHARD (OPTIONAL) (CONT'D)

Do you ever watch the nature channel?
Have you ever seen when the Cougar
catches the fawn, and the fawn, who's
been running, just stops and lies
down. Where is the battery?

June grabs a hot pan and HITS BERNHARD. He falls back a step.
She races for the other end of the kitchen car and leaps
behind a cart, but Bernhard steadily moves toward her. June
throws utensils, heaves trays, but he keeps coming, amused.

Suddenly, Simon enters-- he sees the dead chef at his feet.
Looks up to meet eyes with June and Bernhard.

SIMON

Uh. I'm sorry. I'm... lost.

Roy steps into the car. Meets eyes with Bernhard. Takes Simon
and turns him around, facing Bernhard.

MILLER

Bernhard.

BERNHARD

Miller.

MILLER

Whoa whoa... Pull the power back.
This is what you're looking for.

JUNE

You know him?!

MILLER

Yeah. Button man. Platinum grade.
'Been dispatched to get Simon.

SIMON

Oh my God.

MILLER

And here he is.

SIMON

Roy!

JUNE

That's Simon?

MILLER

Oh. Sorry. June, Simon, Simon, June.

(OPTION TO GO DIRECTLY TO LUNGE)

JUNE *

Hi. *

SIMON *

...Hi. *

MILLER *

Antonio sent you didn't he? *

Bernhard smiles. *

MILLER (CONT'D) *

He did a number on my island by the *

way. *

BERNHARD LUNGES at Miller with his knife-- Miller knocks it *

out of his hand but gets thrown to the corner of the car, *

SMASHING INTO SHELVES. He looks over at Simon and June -- *

MILLER (CONT'D) *

Don't worry. I got this. *

Then-- Bernhard picks up Roy and throws him over a table and *

the lifts him again-- *

MILLER (CONT'D) *

Simon. Move. *

--and hurls him over the counter and into a window which *

shatters-- Miller rolls onto the counter, unconscious. *

That's when June leaps on Bernhard -- and he gets her into a *

tight hold, reminsent of the island-- *

JUNE *

(says it like a countdown) *

Hands-- like-- Houdini. *

And bam-- June escapes via Roy's island method-- and as she *

does the move, her hands hit a knife sticking from a brick of *

cheese, the knife flies in the air and-- June turns to face-- *

-- Bernhard with the knife in his chest! -- *

JUNE (CONT'D) *

Oh... ...I'm sorry. But you were *

trying to kill me. *

Berhard slowly removes knife from his own chest-- *

JUNE (CONT'D) *

That's disgusting! *

As Bernhard lunges for June with the bloody knife in his hand, he suddenly gets kicked backward-- HARD--- by Miller, who has come to. He drops the knife. Miller kicks him a second time and sends him SMASHING OUT THE WINDOW.

Bernhard desperately grabs at a hanging sausage as he sees A LOCOMOTIVE COMING AT HIM. HIGH SPEED FROM AN ONCOMING TUNNEL. His eyes go wide and--

WHAM!! His head SMASHES into the train 150MPH, the sheer force instantly snapping his neck AND WHIPPING HIS BODY right out of the train like a ragdoll. Shocking, brutal. The train car is plunged into the flickering darkness of the tunnel.

Simon stares at the empty window, a sleeve of Bernhard's jacket stuck amid the broken glass.

SIMON

Shit.

Out of breath, spitting some blood, Roy slides down between June and Simon. Simon is terrified.

MILLER

I'm not gonna let anyone hurt you,
Simon. Scouts honor.

(to June-- optional)
When's your sister's wedding, Sunday?

JUNE

Saturday.

Miller nods, eyes dark.

137 EXT/INT. SALZBURG TRAIN STATION - LATER

137

The train sits in the station. Through the windows, we see INTERPOL cars and local POLICE.

138 INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR

138

A crime-scene. A bodybag rolls past...FITZGERALD. He moves quickly, with Braces.

BRACES

Miller's not on the train.

FITZGERALD

Oh, you mean he's not here waiting
for us? Thank you.

They pass the KITCHEN full of police, and continue to--

139

INT. MILLER'S COMPARTMENT - DAY

139

Fitzgerald enters, gun at his side. He finds the room is empty. No sign of Miller.

BRACES

Interpol checked the compartment.
Looked everywhere. Couldn't find a
thing.

Fitz steps past Braces, to the train WINDOW. He sees the slightest hint of a STREAK in the glass. He BREATHES on the glass, revealing....

A perfect CIRCLE. He smiles, quiet.

FITZGERALD

Always the classics, Roy.

He looks through the circle to see:

Across the station, through the crisscross of bodies...

MILLER stands. Looking straight at him.

FITZGERALD (CONT'D)

(to Braces)

Check the other cars. I'll be back in
five.

140

EXT/INT. SALZBURG TRAIN STATION - DAY

140

Fitzgerald moves quickly through the station. He reaches the spot where Miller was standing. Fitzgerald turns, sees:

A flash of Miller in the crowd. Fitzgerald follows, catching glimpses of Miller, losing him, seeing him, a dance through the crowded station, Miller leading him upstairs to...

A high PERCH with a view of the whole station.

Miller is gone. Fitzgerald stands there. Slowly turns, looking everywhere. When he comes all the way around... *

Miller is standing right behind him, holding an ice cream. *

MILLER

Hey, Fitz. *

FITZGERALD

Hello, Roy. *

MILLER

Thanks for meeting me. *

FITZGERALD

Thanks for the white flag. You know,
when I saw you through that little
circle, I saw a man looking for a way
out. Not that the last few days
haven't been absolutely spectacular.
But I think you know its coming to an
end. I think you know you're gonna
get your lady friend killed.

Miller starts walking. Fitzgerald follows.

MILLER

Yeah. Its not going great, Fitz.
That's true. You've played the cards
well.

FITZGERALD

You wouldn't ben in this mess, Roy,
if you hadn't killed all those people
in Wichita, kidnapped Simon, stolen
government property.

MILLER

Lessons learned.

FITZ

The way I see it, you have some
options. You could sell Simon. He is
still aline.

MILLER

Yes.

FITZGERALD

You could sell the battery. I mean,
you still have it, right?

MILLER

I know where it is.

FITZGERALD

Shit. You could sell both. Really set
yourself up. Buy yourself a new
island.

MILLER

I could...

FITZGERALD

Or you could turn yourself in. That's
the safest option for the people you
seem to care so much about. Boy
genius will be fine. No one wants to
see him hurt.

MILLER
And the girl?

FITZGERALD
She goes home having an adventure
that no one in her little world will
ever believe.

The words resonate. Fitzgerald leans on a railing. Miller
joins him. They watch the trains pull in and out.

FITZGERALD (CONT'D)
Give it up and she can go free and
you can go find yourself or lose
yourself or whatever the hell it is
you think you need to do.

Fitzgerald looks back to Miller-- but he is gone. He sees
through the crowd, a whisp of movement at the opposite
railing. He runs there in time to see--

A train pulling out. Miller on the roof in a crouch.

141-146 OMITTED

141-146

147 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DUSK

147

Miller moves down the hall. He pauses at a door. Then moves
to the next door, opens it, enters his room. We push inside
that first room:

148 INT. JUNE'S HOTEL ROOM/TERRACE- DUSK

148

June wears a satin robe, from the hotel, freshly showered.
She fills a glass with water. She heads out to the terrace,
takes a ROSE from of a flower-box, and drops it in the glass.
She puts it on the table, arranging a nice spot, overlooking
the flickering skyline of Salzburg.

She looks out at the setting sun, so far from Wichita. And...

She hears Miller in the next room.

MILLER (O.S.)
Hi, Naomi. It's good to hear your
voice.

She steps closer and hears:

MILLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yeah, it's been a long time. I just
got here...

She spies Miller in the mirrored reflection of the adjoining
room: the phone gripped close, his back to her.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Okay, meet me at Cafe Stein. 21
Getreidegasse. I look forward to it,
as well.

He notices June in the reflection. She steps back off her balcony, trying to cover. Miller hangs up the phone, steps out on his balcony. June backtracks into her room. There is a knock on the adjoining door. She opens it. Miller.

MILLER (CONT'D)

You okay?

JUNE

Yeah. Just took a shower. I forgot
how good that could feel. You?

MILLER

I'm fine.

*

She looks at him, his eyes dark.

JUNE

...I was thinking maybe we could do
some room service tonight.

*

*

*

MILLER

Sounds good. But there's something I
need to do. I'll be back in an hour.
Say seven?

*

She nods.

JUNE

Seven o'clock. See you there. Here.

*

He looks at the view, the terrace, this beautiful woman. All the things he can't have. He manages a smile. And he's gone.

June stands there a beat. Knowing something feels off. She moves to her door, opens it a crack and peers out...

149 JUNE'S POV - THE HALLWAY

149

Miller moves down the hall. Knocks at another door.

SIMON opens the door. Miller whispers something to him, AND HANDS HIM A LITTLE PIN. Miller moves on, walking away.

*

150 JUNE

150

Closes her door. Considers. And she's moving, grabbing pants.

151 OMITTED

151

152 EXT. CAFE STEIN - NIGHT

152

A restaurant. A glass wall separating the inside tables from the bar on the patio. Miller inside, alone at a table. JUNE NOW ENTERS FRAME. She watches him, moves towards the patio.

153 EXT. PATIO/BAR - SAME

153

June stays out of Miller's sight, keeps an eye on him sitting there. She watches Miller stand as a beautiful woman, NAOMI, joins him. Miller holds out her chair; she sits. He smiles, leans in, talks into her ear.

June's face falls-- suspicious, confused, hurt. We follow her as she moves inside. Always staying BEHIND Miller.

She takes a seat at an empty table nearby with her back to him, but within earshot:

NAOMI

I wasn't sure you'd come. Considering what's happened, I appreciate you giving me another chance.

MILLER

I'm here.

NAOMI

Life can funny, The many paths we take. lovers and friends. lost and found.

Miller smiles.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

You seem different.

MILLER

Do I?

NAOMI

So who is your companion? She's beautiful. The blonde.

MILLER

You don't have to worry about her.

NAOMI

She seems capable.

MILLER

She's not a threat to you. I just met her. She's a nobody. Someone I picked up along the way.

June's face drops, hurt bad.

NAOMI

That's a shame.

*
*

MILLER

This is getting boring. Are we gonna
make a deal or not?

*
*

June turns slightly, not used to hearing Miller like this.

NAOMI

Don't speak to me like that.

*

Miller takes Naomi's head in her hands, for a moment it
appears he may kiss her, but instead he speaks directly into
a radio earpiece in her ear.

*
*
*

MILLER

I'll speak to you, Tony, anyway I
please. We both know you're lucky I'm
here. I have the battery. I'm on a
schedule. The world is full of other
bad guys.

*

*

INT. ANTONIO'S OFFICE - SAME

*

WE CUT AWAY TO REVEAL-- ANTONIO on a phone in Spain. He
speaks the words that Naomi speaks.

*
*

NAOMI/ANTONIO

I understand, Miller. What's your
price.

*
*
*

BACK TO THE CAFE--

*

MILLER

I have a figure in mind. What's it
worth to you? Tic, tic, tic, Tony.

*
*
*

NAOMI/ANTONIO

Are you angry I blew up your island,
Roy?

*
*
*

156

EXT. CAFE STEIN - NIGHT

156

As a despondent June exits the restaurant, starts walking
back to the hotel. A car rolls up alongside her. A window
glides down and we see Braces grinning at her.

BRACES

My boss would like a word.

157

INT. EMPTY OFFICES - NIGHT

157

The place is shut down. Director George sits at a table in the back looking at a laptop as Braces leads June over.

DIRECTOR GEORGE
I'm Isabelle George.

She raises her head, finally looks at June.

DIRECTOR GEORGE (CONT'D)
Director of counter-espionage at the
C.I.A.

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 an agent of ours who's recently
gone rogue.

June turns as now Fitzgerald ambles into the office. June
glares at him-- Fitzgerald calmly sits down.

DIRECTOR GEORGE (CONT'D)
Let's examine the facts: Miller told
you he was protecting the battery
from people who want to misuse it--
but is now trying to sell it to an
international arms dealer.

She spins the laptop around to show an image of Antonio.

FITZGERALD
Antonio Quintana. One of Europe's
leading weapons manufacturers.

DIRECTOR GEORGE
Miller told you Agent Fitzgerald was
a traitor who wanted to kill you--
and yet, here you are in a room with
him. Breathing.

June doesn't answer. Becoming unsure.

DIRECTOR GEORGE (CONT'D)
Ask yourself, Miss Havens: has Roy
Miller said one thing to you that has
proven to be true?

Director George nods to Fitzgerald who hits another key on LAPTOP, the screen now June showing--

THE SECURITY FOOTAGE OF MILLER in the airport, as he runs into June.

DIRECTOR GEORGE (CONT'D)
He's been playing you.

ONSCREEN, the image replays, MAGNIFIES, the pixels resolve--

--A SINGLE FRAME glimpse of Miller's hand slipping one of the batteries into June's bag.

DIRECTOR GEORGE (CONT'D)
He is a master spy. This is what he does. He lies for a living. Any love, empathy-- we train that right out of them.

June just stares at the footage, playing over and over.

DIRECTOR GEORGE (CONT'D)
What did you imagine? That the two of you would move into a condo? Get a dog. There's no life to share with him, that's a fantasy. But you can have yours back.

Fitzgerald places a plane ticket on the table.

DIRECTOR GEORGE (CONT'D)
If you help us fix the mess you made. Help us retrieve what is ours.

JUNE
I won't help you kill him.

DIRECTOR GEORGE
Kill him? I don't even want him hurt. I want to help him and protect our hemisphere.

June blinks, exhausted, torn. Fitzgerald opens a small case and takes out A NORMAL LOOKING PEN from inside.

BRACES
She's been gone eight minutes.

DIRECTOR GEORGE
You need to return to the hotel before Miller.

JUNE
What am I supposed to do?

FITZGERALD

This is a transmitter. Once you've confirmation Miller has not hidden the Zephyr, that it's nearby or on his person

158/159 EXT. SALZBURG HOTEL -- NIGHT

158/159

Braces drops off a heartbroken June at the hotel...

FITZGERALD (V.O.)

--confirm it by simply clicking the top button.

159A OMITTED

159A

160 INT. JUNE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

160

FITZGERALD (V.O.)

We'll do the rest.

June sits, stressed out on the couch. Pen in hand. Miller enters. After a beat, he takes off his coat, throws it over a chair.

He looks toward the terrace-- table dressed just inside, looks beautiful, candles flickering, a rose swimming in the glass, a five-star meal and ten-star view. The moon hangs low over the river.

Miller grabs an ice bucket with a champagne bottle inside. June watches as he takes the soldier out of his pocket, looks at it...

MILLER

It's getting hotter.

He drops it into the ice bucket. We hear it SIZZLE.

He grabs the bottle, puts her hand behind the cushion. He sits down beside her on the couch. Both of them are distracted as he pulls the foil from the neck.

JUNE

Everything go okay?

MILLER

Well enough.

He pops the cork. He fills a glass...

JUNE

Did you make your deal?

*

Miller looks up.

*

JUNE (CONT'D)
I followed you tonight.
You have nothing to say?

*
*
*

He hands her a glass. She refuses it. Fills his own--

*

MILLER
Here's to Wichita. Where we first...

*

He seems stuck, so she helps him...

JUNE
..."bumped into each other."
(then)
You think that was fate, Roy?

MILLER
I don't believe in fate.
(then)
But I believe in luck.
(raises his glass)

*

She looks at him. CLOSE ON -- HER HAND clicking the pen.

*

JUNE
It's time.

*
*

Miller is affected by this.

*

MILLER
Huh. That hurts more than I thought
it would.

June looks at him. Miller stands up, re-pockets the battery.

MILLER (CONT'D)
What did they offer you?

JUNE
They promised you wouldn't get hurt.

*

MILLER
I love your optimism. Never lose it.

He pauses, considers the battery a moment.

JUNE
Miller--

MILLER
You should get on the floor, June.

163 **INT. JUNE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 163

Suddenly, without warning, THE DOOR BLOWS OFF THE HINGES-- splinters flying as GAS GRENADES hit the floor, hissing billows of thick gas. All at once the room is FULL OF AGENTS led by Fitz and Braces...

Fitzgerald bursts inside, sees the battery is gone, nothing there but the empty toy knight. He crosses to the terrace in time to hear voice from below. He looks to--

164 **AUSTRIAN SWAT TEAMS AND OTHER AGENTS PURSUING MILLER** 164

Miller is running across the rooftops of Salzburg.

FITZGERALD
(to Braces, others)
Go! Go! He's on the roof!

165 **INT. JUNE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 165

June watches through the door as Braces and another agent take Simon and escort him away down the hall.

Simon doesn't resist, almost as if he knew it was coming. He looks sadly at June as they escort him out of there.

166 **EXT. HOTEL / ROOFTOPS - SALZBURG - NIGHT** 166

As Miller runs across the rooftops, other agents and police vehicles follow from below.

Fitzgerald, Braces run onto the street. Fitz leaps in a police vehicle pulling away, giving chase.

167 **EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT** 167

As Fitzgerald drives away -- June is escorted to a van. DIRECTOR GEORGE sits up front, numb.

June watches, stricken, as officers, lights, and vehicles track Miller over the rooftops, sirens screaming. They're moving toward the river.

168 **EXT. SALZBURG ROOFTOPS - NIGHT** 168

Miller still running. He leaps across a gap between buildings. The beautiful lit city beneath him.

EXT. RIVERSIDE STREET- SAME

Fitzgerald leaps from his car, scrambling up a fire escape. He yells into his walkie and he climbs higher.

FITZGERALD
 Nobody fire, hold your fire! Say it
 in German.

169 OMIT

169

171 EXT. ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

171

The whirr of HELICOPTERS cuts through the air. Miller hits
 the edge of a roof and sees--

He's at a dead end. A sheer hundred foot drop to the dark,
 swirling river below. He turns, sees--

Fitzgerald incoming on the next roof.

FITZGERALD
 Hold your fire!! He's got the
 battery!

172 OMITTED

172

173 EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

173

Miller spins. VOICES blare from LOUDSPEAKERS on a helicopter.
 SNIPERS assemble on an adjacent roof.

VOICES
 Halt! Halt! Sonst schiessen wir!

Suddenly, Miller OPENS FIRE, aiming vaguely at the chopper,
 into the air, his bullets going nowhere, hurting no one.

FITZGERALD
 (into his radio)
 HOLD YOUR FIRE!

BUT THE SNIPERS ON THE ROOF RETURN FIRE AND -- Miller spins
 from impact. He falls over the side of the building, down
 down through the air into the roiling river below.

FITZGERALD (CONT'D)
 No!

173A INT/EXT. DIRECTOR GEORGE'S CAR -- ON THE STREET - SAME

173A

Director George stares at the place in the air where Miller
 just flew past her in his descent.

JUNE
 No!!

June looks down at the water below, devastated.

174

EXT. SALZBURG HOTEL - DAWN

174

A new morning. Simon is escorted by a disheveled Fitzgerald and Braces to a waiting car. They put him in the back. Braces gets in the passenger seat. Fitzgerald nods to the Director, gets in.

June emerges from the hotel. She turns to Director George. Sad but still hopeful.

JUNE

Did they find Roy?

DIRECTOR GEORGE

(shakes head)

It's a fast river. We'll find the body. We have to. He went down with the Zephyr.

(meets her eyes)

I'm sorry it didn't work out the way either of us hoped.

JUNE

Where are they taking Simon?

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Somewhere secure to continue his work.

June looks at Director George.

DIRECTOR GEORGE (CONT'D)

The freedom of one gifted twenty-six year old is something, Miss Havens, I have to weigh against other considerations.

(smiles)

Take care...

Director George opens the door to a GOVERNMENT CAR. As June gets in. Stares out the window as she pulls away...

174A

EXT. AUSTRIAN ROAD - DAY

174A

Fitzgerald drives. Simon sits in back. He touches his button. Braces in the passenger seat. Braces looks out the window at the scenery. Fitzgerald is tense, upset.

BRACES

Uh, Fitz? Fitz. I think we just made a wrong turn. Ramstein is that way, west, I think we're going south.

Fitzgerald considers, looks at Braces.

FITZGERALD
You know? You're right.

BANG!

Braces opens his mouth. But nothing comes out. He's staring at the smoking GUN in Fitzgerald's hand. Fitz FIRES again. Braces slumps, dead in his seat. Simon cowers in back.

Fitzgerald snaps his phone open.

FITZGERALD (CONT'D)
This is Fitzgerald.
(then)
Tell her we've been hit. I'm okay, scraped up, but Johnson's dead, and they took Simon. It was the Chinese, they got him.

He snaps the phone shut. Hits another digit. Calmer.

FITZGERALD (CONT'D)
Tell him we're back on track. No, I don't have the battery -- nobody's getting to it now. But I've got the next best thing...

As he looks back at the cowering Simon, we hear WEDDING BAND MUSIC OVER...

175

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - EARLY EVENING

175

Dinner being served by waiters. June sits at the head table, trying the best she can to hide how forlorn she feels. She smiles at guests as they pass or greet her. A band finishes playing. And guests tink their glasses with spoons. June looks over at--

April and Ben. They kiss. They are very happy. April now taps her own glass and stands up...

APRIL
Ben and I would like to thank you all for coming. Thanks to everyone in my new family. Don and Emily. My new bro in law, Dave. Gonna be nice to have some new people to annoy and stop speaking to.

(laughter)
But I'd like to say a special thanks to my sister, June, whom many of you will recognize from America's Most Wanted. Thank God that mess got cleared up.

More laughter. April looks June a moment, then...

APRIL (CONT'D)

Thank you. Not just for helping me with tonight, but for helping me every night. For being there. I know it wasn't always the life you envisioned yourself living. But I'm so grateful for all that you've done for me. You gave me the greatest gift I could ever have: yourself. You gave up so much so that I could lead the life I wanted. Now it's your turn.

June can't move. Just stares back at her little sister who now raises her glass...

APRIL (CONT'D)

Here's to a year when June comes before April.

June smiles at her sister, moved.

176 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

176

The GTO, a red ribbon on it, sits in the moonlight. A tired June shuffles into the shop, stares at the car. She sees a LIGHT FLICKERING IN THE SHOP.

177 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

177

June moves to the doorway, sees Wilmer, the old mechanic, working with a blow torch on another car. Fenders all off, making it unrecognizable.

JUNE

Hey, Wilmer.

He looks over at her. Shuts off the torch.

WILMER

How was the party?

JUNE

Nice.

WILMER

I see the Goat's still out there.

JUNE

Yeah.

WILMER

Thought it was a wedding present.

JUNE

It was. But I don't think she wants
it as much as I want her to want it.

WILMER

Okay...

She stands there a moment, then...

JUNE

I'm gonna give her the house.
(off Wilmer's look)
She and Ben need their own place.

WILMER

That's nice.
(starts cleaning up)
I'll be outta here in a minute.

June looks at the "car" he's dismantled.

JUNE

That just come in?

WILMER

Yeah. John Delorean's G body-- Grand
Prix. Longest hood in history. Gonna
be a real beaut, we get through with
her.

June stares at the car as he moves out.

177A **QUICK CUT TO THE ISLAND**

177A

As June picks up Roy's iphone...

JUNE

'69 Grand Prix. Nice.

177B **THEN QUICK CUT TO:**

177B

June sees 5826 AMAPOLA: The screen shows THE HOUSE.

JUNE (CONT'D)

"5826 Amapola."

178 **INT. GARAGE OFFICE - NIGHT**

178

June sits at the computer typing into GOOGLE EARTH.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN DIVES INTO THE EARTH, circles to the
U.S., then dives to the East Coast.

June stares at the image of the house, the same house Miller
had been watching. She gets to her feet--

- 179 **EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT** 179
- As the GTO blows out of the garage, the big red bow blowing off the roof as June lays rubber down the street. A moment later, a black sedan ENTERS FRAME and follows.
- 180 **EXT. HIGHWAY / BACKROADS-- NIGHT-- CHASE** 180
- Picking up consistent headlights in her rear view, June senses she is being tailed. She suddenly down-shifts, guns the GTO, swerves across lanes, and exits the interstate at high speed.
- 181 She takes another turn, looks back at the interstate and sees the Follow Car, jamming on its brakes, trying to get off the interstate to no avail. June punches it out of there... 181
- 182 **OMITTED** 182
- 183 **EXT. HOUSE ON AMAPOLA STREET - NIGHT** 183
- A modest home on a sweet, tree-lined street-- an all-American spot. It's the house June has seen on Miller's phone. The Grand Prix in the drive.
- ON THE GTO as June parks up the street. She opens the glove box, pockets pepper spray and a flashlight-- then grabs A BOX OF PARTS from the bed.
- 184 ON THE HOUSE as June walks up to it, moving quietly. Stealthily. She flattens herself against the wall. 184
- 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 GOOTS up water, the head broken, hitting her like a fire hose.
- June goes down, tripping over a LAWN GNOME. And now 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 (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

FRANK

I want to know what she's doing on my lawn in the middle of the night!

WHITE-HAIRED WOMAN

Frank! It's only 8:30!

June vamps, trying to piece together the gnome--

JUNE

Uh. I have the pistons you ordered.

FRANK

Tail lights?

JUNE

For your '69 Grand Prix.

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.

185

INT. AMAPOLA HOUSE-- KITCHEN-- NIGHT

185

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

That Pontiac's a classic, Frank. I love pre-seventies Grand Prix's.

(off his grunt)

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 (CONT'D)

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

Have you two 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 CLEARING HOUSE plaque on the
wall. "MILLION DOLLAR WINNERS" it proclaims.

JUNE

You won Publishers Clearinghouse?

FRANK

Twice.

MOLLY

Plus two Lotto Quick Pik's that Frank
didn't even remember buying.

FRANK

That's because I didn't buy them.

MOLLY

Just like you didn't order anything
off the internet.

(smiles)

We're very lucky. Folks say we're the
luckiest people in New Hampshire.

JUNE

Wow...

June blinks, glancing over the knick-knacks, looking for a
clue, anything. She takes a bite of a cookie, looks at Molly.

JUNE (CONT'D)

These are really good.

Molly smiles. Some pride there.

MOLLY

I'll check the dryer.

June waits for her to leave, gets up and moves to the doorway, watches Frank work, then summons the courage--

JUNE

So. You knew Roy Miller?

Frank turns around and looks at her.

JUNE (CONT'D)

This is his safe house, isn't it?

He says nothing, just looks back at her.

JUNE (CONT'D)

It's okay, you can trust me. I was his friend.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

JUNE

I'm June Havens. Roy must have mentioned me. I was on the plane with him. With the Zephyr?

FRANK

The Zephyr.

JUNE

I cared about him. Oh my God. You don't know what happened...

Frank considers June another moment, finally--

FRANK

Young lady, are you stoned?

JUNE

Excuse me?

FRANK

You're talking gibberish.

June realizes she's made some sort of mistake.

JUNE

I'm sorry--

MOLLY

Honey, what is this all about?

June sees Molly standing in the kitchen, holding her clothes, realizes her cover is blown.

JUNE

Roy had a safehouse. He had this address. Roy Miller. That name doesn't ring a bell? You can tell me.

Molly's and Frank's faces are both blank.

MOLLY

Honey. We don't know anyone by that name. ...Who is he?

She looks from one to the other, confused about everything.

JUNE

Look, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I bothered you, and I'm sorry I wasn't straight with you. I don't know what I was thinking. I just--

Molly gives her a look, hands June her clothes.

MOLLY

You can change in there.

June starts for the bathroom. Stops suddenly, as she sees a credenza, her eyes finding --

A FADED PICTURE OF ROY MILLER as a child. Sweet. In Osh Kosh. And another of him-- 19 YEARS OLD IN MARINE'S UNIFORM.

June nearly gasps, covers it. She's standing in front of Miller's parents. Halloweens, different costumes; lastly, a shot of Miller in an Eagle Scout uniform..

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Our son Michael. We lost him in Kuwait. Chopper crash. He was...

(means it)

No mother could ask for a better boy. Saved two of his crewmen's lives.

(looks at June)

Are you all right, dear?

June turns, looking at them, her eyes filled with feeling.

JUNE

I just-- I've been so rude.

(She holds out a hand)

My name is June Havens.

MOLLY

Molly Knight. And you already know my husband, Frank.

Frank grunts. They shake hands. Back to the pictures:

MOLLY (CONT'D)

He was an Eagle Scout. That was from the day he got his swimming badge.

JUNE

He could hold his breath a really long time.

MOLLY

Oh, yes. Longer than anyone.

JUNE

And he could swim in really cold water.

FRANK

We live in New Hampshire.

186 OMITTED 186

187 INT. GTO - NIGHT 187

As June drives, fast, she finds herself in the rear view mirror. Her face is filled with emotion.

JUNE

He's alive.
(starts laughing)
Of course, he's alive!

188-193 OMITTED 188-193

194 INT. GTO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 194

She thinks for a moment. Takes out her phone.

JUNE

I'd like the number of the F.B.-- You know what, strike that. I'd like the number of the White House...

195 OMITTED 195

196 INT. VILLA - TERRACE - DAY 196

Antonio stands on the terrace of his lavish villa, looking out at the city where banners flap in the breeze.

One of his men approaches.

MAN (SPANISH)
Sir, I think you should hear this.

He pulls out a small DIGITAL RECORDER. Hits play...

JUNE'S VOICE
"Just let the President's National Security whatever Chairman person know that my name is June Havens and I have the Zephyr, that's with a Z, which my friend Roy Miller gave me. Thanks. You too"

He shuts off the tape.

MAN (SPANISH)
We intercepted this eleven minutes ago.

Antonio considers, intrigued.

ANTONIO (SPANISH)
Bring her to me.

197 INT/EXT. QUIET HIGHWAY - NIGHT

197

June drives her GTO. She checks her rearview mirror, sees HEADLIGHTS behind her. She accelerates, the car behind her speeds up. June slows down, the car does the same.

She watches as HEADLIGHTS appear down the road, moving slowly, deliberately, then STOPPING in the center of the highway.

June speeds up, heading toward that parked car. Her headlights hit the car, revealing several MEN WITH GUNS standing around it...

As June speeds toward the black car. Faster and faster.

The figures standing beside the car get nervous when they see she isn't slowing down. They start yelling at each other in Spanish, moving out of the way when at the very last moment--

--June puts the GTO into a 180, the rear bumper stopping a mere inches away from their car. She's now facing the car which was behind her, coming up fast.

198 INT. GTO - SAME

198

As she watches the car careen toward her, smiles. She opens the carton on the seat beside her takes out the HEAVY GRAND PRIX PISTONS, drops them into her handbag. Now grabs that and opens the door... Pops a conventional battery from the car flashlight...

199 **EXT. QUIET HIGHWAY - SAME**

199

June stands there, glances at the MEN from the stopped car who now move cautiously out the dust towards her. June turns, watches as the pursuing BLACK VEHICLE glides to a stop.

JUNE

Hey guys. You want the Zephyr?
(waves the little battery)
I got it right here.

The doors open and a rather large male unfolds himself from the front seat, stands up...

JUNE (CONT'D)

You want it? Here. Come get it.

One of the men behind her makes a move and she swings her bag containing the heavy pistons and hits him with it so hard his dark shades come flying off. He goes down and stays down.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Who's next?

Three men pull GUNS. June slows. And someone throws a hood over her head from behind. The world goes black. And we hear:

FLAMENCO GUITAR. PEOPLE LAUGHING, CHEERING...

200 **EXT. SEVILLE - DAY**

200

Firecrackers pop. The city is preparing for the Festival of San Fermin. Paper mache figures dance about. Crowds of people in red and white fill the sidewalks. And we find:

FITZGERALD driving a car through the streets, SIMON in the passenger seat. Simon looks out the window at:

Stores being boarded-up with decorated, wooden barriers. GIANT BULLS in their CORRALS, trapped animals, just like Simon. As he looks at these beasts with sympathy, we hear:

VOICE (V.O.)

Today is the Festival of San Fermin.

201/202 **OMITTED**

201/202

203 **EXT. SEVILLE DOCKS - DAY**

203

Fitzgerald stands at the dock talking to a sleazy-looking SMUGGLER, the car parked with Simon. The Smuggler continues:

SMUGGLER

It's the busiest day of the year.
He'll land here at three, but if
you're not back by then, the plane
takes off without you.

Fitzgerald hands him some cash.

FITZGERALD

I'll be here, don't worry. And I'll
have a lot more of this with me.

He hands over his last bills. He turns back toward Simon, who
sits petrified in the car. And we hear a voice:

JUNE (V.O.)

Ouch!

AS WE CUT TO A HOOD COMING OFF IN--

204

INT. VILLA - ROOM - DAY

* 204

JUNE blinks. She finds herself cuffed to a chair.

*

A MAN walks away from her with a syringe, having just
administered a shot. ANTONIO stands at a window, looking out
at the city. The MAN speaks to Antonio.

*
*
*

MAN (SPANISH)

*The drugs need a moment to take
effect.*

*
*
*

Antonio keeps his eyes out the window. June looks around,
blinking, a little dizzy. She sees GUARDS with big guns.

*
*

ANTONIO

Its the festival of San Fermin today.
Have you ever seen a bullfight, Miss
Havens? The bullfighter, el matador,
he wears silk... gold... women's
shoes. His movements delicate. Do you
know why? The Matador may be a man --
but he plays the woman. The bull is
the man. Powerful. Strong. And never
to be controlled.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

He turns to her, for the first time.

*

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

My name is Antonio Quintana.

*
*

JUNE

I know who you are.

(beat)

What did he just give me?

*
*
*
*

ANTONIO

Something I've been developing at my company. A new kind of truth serum.
(pleasantly)
I have a few questions about the battery. Since we both know what you gave my men was a joke.

JUNE

I don't like you very much.

Eduardo looks to Antonio, who smiles.

ANTONIO

The truth. Good. It's taken effect.

He gets closer.

JUNE

I do like Miller, though. I had it all wrong in Salzburg. He wanted me to hear that call, he wanted me to follow him. He wanted me to follow him so that I'd turn him in and get home safe. He was trying to protect me. I feel stronger with him but at the same time he took care of me. And I gotta tell you, for someone like me who has always taken care of everyone else, that's a big deal.

Antonio and his men look to one another.

ANTONIO

Where is the battery? Where is it?!

JUNE

You're not the kind of guy who makes a girl an omelette, are you? Or helps you get to your sister's wedding. Its the little things, Tony.

Antonio finally snaps, whipping out a gun.

ANTONIO

Enough! Miller's dead. Roy Miller is dead!

JUNE

I don't think so, Tony. He can hold his breath a really long time.

ANTONIO

What the hell are you talking about?!
I'm not going to ask again: where is
the battery?! I don't know what kind
of game you're playing, but you are
going to die if you don't tell me
what I need to know!

She thinks for a second -- looks up at him, the gun.

JUNE

I have no idea.

ANTONIO

Then why did you tell people you had
it?

JUNE

I was trying to find Roy.

ANTONIO

I don't understand.

JUNE

I woke up. I woke up and I realized
that someday is today. And knew I had
to find Roy.

ANTONIO

How did you think you'd find him
here?!

JUNE

Just a hunch, Tony. Wherever the bad
guys are, Miller's never seems too
far away.

Antonio just shakes his head.

ANTONIO (SPANISH)

This bitch is crazy.

A GUARD enters, approaches Antonio, whispers in his ear.
Antonio turns to his other guards.

ANTONIO (SPANISH) (CONT'D)

Get rid of her. Kill her.

As Antonio walks out...

205

INT/EXT. VILLA - DAY

205

Antonio's men open the FRONT DOOR, revealing....

FITZGERALD waiting in the courtyard, leaning on his car. No sign of Simon. Antonio approaches.

ANTONIO

Where's the boy?

FITZGERALD

You didn't expect me to just walk in
with the package in my hand, did you?
(a smile)

Follow me to the river. And bring the
money.

*

Antonio nods to his men, who click the alarms for a pack of souped-up SMART CARS. Antonio and his men head for the cars. Fitzgerald fires up his engine, as we PULL BACK BACK BACK TO--

206 UP AND ACROSS THE STREET

206

A BOOT steps into frame, coming around a corner. We slowly pan up the leg, GUNS strapped to hips, and we continue up the body to reveal the face of:

ROY MILLER.

He wears sunglasses again. His face hard, expressionless. The killer is back. He checks his iPHONE:

A flashing TRACKING DOT.

207 As Fitzgerald starts to pull out of the courtyard, the
tracking dot moves with him...

207

208 Miller pulls his guns, stepping toward the street to
intercept the cars, but...

208

He slows when he catches something IN THE VILLA. He sees:

209 The GUARD leading JUNE at gunpoint through the house.

209

210 Miller freezes. He slowly takes off his sunglasses. And we
see something in his eyes: anger, confusion, emotion.

210

211 A beat to make a decision. And Miller steps back, watching
Fitzgerald and Antonio drive away. He turns his full
attention to June led at gunpoint through the villa.

211

212 EXT. VILLA - VARIOUS - DAY

212

The Guard leads June across a courtyard. She's still loopy
from the drugs.

JUNE

Where are we going?

GUARD
Safe -- somewhere safe.

June looks at him.

JUNE
Oh, I know what that means.

And suddenly, they hear a THUD. A SLAM. The Guard slows.

JUNE (CONT'D)
(with a big smile)
And I know what that means...

The Guard calls out to three GUARDS.

GUARD (SPANISH)
Keep an eye out, while I finish this.

The men nod, all of them look out. The Guard walks June into the COURTYARD. And we see--

INT. VILLA - VARIOUS - DAY

QUICK FLASHES: a SHADOW moves through the villa, his hands snatching items off the walls: a bullwhip, a saber.

EXT. VILLA - COURTYARD - DAY

One of the GUARDS turns in place. Something snakes down from above him: a BULLWHIP. It wraps around his neck and lifts him off the ground, killing him silently. His feet shake.

ANOTHER GUARD: he senses something, turns and finds himself face-to-face with MILLER, who has Antonio's SABER in hand. The Guard's eyes roll back, as he slumps softly to the floor.

THE THIRD GUARD: he looks out, notices his other Guards are gone. He opens his mouth to shout, but--

Miller is suddenly right behind him with a hand to his mouth. Miller PINCHES the Guard in the neck (the same way he did to June on the island). The Guard slumps to the floor...

206

ON THE ROOF ACROSS THE STREET

* 206

A BOOT steps into frame, coming up a fire escape. We slowly pan up the leg, GUNS strapped to hips, and we continue up the body to reveal the face of:

ROY MILLER.

He wears sunglasses again. He checks his iPHONE:

A flashing TRACKING DOT. He watches as--

*
*
*
*
*

Fitzgerald starts to pull out of the courtyard, the tracking
dot moves with him...

Miller pulls his guns, stepping toward the street to
intercept the cars, but...

He slows when he catches something IN THE VILLA. He sees:

Eduardo the GUARD (and two others) lead JUNE at gunpoint out
of the house and into the gardens.

Miller freezes. Looks over his sunglasses. Back and forth
between June and the departing caravan.

212 EXT. VILLA - COURTYARD GARDENS - DAY

212

Moving through the Villa gardens toward a dark back area--

JUNE

Hey. Hands to yourself, Eduardo. No
need to push. Just tell me which way
you want me to walk. Do you really
need this many guys?

EDUARDO

This way, blondie. We are taking you
to Antonio's special place.

JUNE

His special place.

EDUARDO

Yes.

Suddenly, one of the henchmen, the one in the rear, is yanked
into the air by a bullwhip. The others don't notice.

Eduardo chuckles as do the other men. As they do, another is
jerked away into a tree. He says something in spanish like
"This bitch has a big mouth, I'll be glad when we shut it."

That's when Eduardo turns because no one is laughing with him
at his joke. He looks left and right for his compadres--

GUARD (SPANISH)

Hector? ...Luis?

He gets no answer. Nothing. Silence.

JUNE

Roy's gonna kill youu... (or)
Something wrong Eduardo?

GUARD

Callate!

Eduardo pulls his gun, raises it at June, but-- Miller lands and, with a quick motion, disarms Eduardo and holds him.

JUNE

Hi, Roy.

MILLER

Hi, June.

(beat)

You're supposed to be home.

JUNE

You're supposed to be dead.

MILLER

I can explain. I can.

JUNE

You dont have to.

MILLER

But I'm kinda in a hurry cause I'm really here to get Simon.

JUNE

That's cool.

The Guard tries to pull a knife, Roy catches him in a hold.

MILLER

Okay. Listen, pal.

JUNE

His name is Eduardo.

MILLER

Eduardo. Habla Englese?

GUARD

Si. Yes.

MILLER

When you wake up, Eduardo, I need you to call your boss and tell him that Roy Miller, that's me, tell him that I have the battery--

JUNE

You have the battery?

MILLER

Yes, right here --when you wake up, tell him I escaped with the girl and I'm coming to get Simon and maybe kill Fitzgerald.

GUARD *
 ...When I wake up? *

THWACK! ROY'S FIST CRASHES INTO THE EDUARDO'S FACE. *

MILLER *
 Lets go. *

And Roy and June are off and running. June looks at him as *
 they move down a corridor. GUNSHOTS rip into the wall next to *
 them, Miller jerks June around the corner. *

MILLER (CONT'D) *
 I'm a little worried about Simon. *
 I just caught up with him. *

JUNE *
 Life with you is so exciting. You *
 excite me, Miller. *

Miller's eyes are everywhere. *

MILLER *
 It took too long to get here. My *
 tracker was spotty. I got *
 hyperthermia in that river. *

JUNE *
 Nine o'clock. *

MILLER *
 What? *

JUNE *
 Nine o'clock. *

Miller spins to a shadow through a window and FIRES past *
 June, killing a Guard. *

JUNE (CONT'D) *
 I love your guns. *

They move on through a garden. *

JUNE (CONT'D) *
 You know what would be fun? I think *
 we should have sex. We'd have really, *
 really great sex. *

He looks at her, still on the move. *

MILLER *
 What they gave you will wear off *
 soon. You need to hydrate. Come on. *

JUNE

Roy?

Miller heads into the courtyard, ANTONIO'S RED DUCATI BEFORE HIM, but June doesn't follow.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Roy.

MILLER

June. --June.

JUNE

You don't seem happy to see me, Roy.
Not really.

He turns, sees her standing there. He hears the sounds of footsteps pounding closer. More gunfire.

He steps to her and...KISSES her, looks at her.

MILLER

I am happy, June. I love you.

JUNE

I love you, Roy.

The moment hangs there, their eyes locked, gunfire increasing, shots getting closer.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Wanna go get Simon now?

Miller nods as the guns grow louder.

223

EXT. VILLA COURTYARD - SAME

223

A STATIC VIEW OF THE GATE TO ANTONIO'S VILLA as we ghear the rising panicked yelling of Antonio's men. THEN:

RRRRRRMMMMM! SMASH! MILLER AND JUNE RIP THROUGH THE GATE! AND HEAD OFF AFTER FITZ.

Moments later, several of Antonio's smart cars screech put of the gate, revving their engines and gnning their way through the San Fermin crowds toward--

ROY AND JUNE on the Ducati. June holds Miller's iphone, watching dots on a navigation display.

JUNE

Whuch one is Simon.

MILLER

The red.

JUNE
Which one is us?

MILLER
Yellow-- say how was the wedding?

CUT TO:

INT. SAN FERMIN FESTIVAL-- STREET-- CONTINUOUS

Fitz (impatient, in his Mercedes) and Antonio (In his smart car) are making their way slowly through the crowds. Antonio drives with another Guard in one of the THREE SMART CARS. He holds a black bag that seems filled with heavy pebbles (the diamonds). We see Antonio check the diamonds in his bag-- that's when his phone rings --

EDUARDO
--Boss. He says his name is Miller
and he says that he's got the
battery!

ANTONIO
What?

INTERCUT WITH EDUARDO DRIVING AT HIGH SPEED-- CONTINUOUS

EDUARDO
He says that he going to kill you and
then kill Fitzgerald.

BACK TO ANTONIO

He waves to his men in the follow cars and yells in Spanish--

ANTONIO
(in Spanish)
Turn around. Head to the square!
Eduardo says Miller is alive. Coming
this way! Go kill him! Go!

His men's cars peel out. Antonio turn bac to Fitz, trying to
lear a way for their cars through the traffic.

CUT TO:

227

EXT. SEVILLE STREETS- SAME

Racing down Seville streets on the Ducati, the smart cars now
firing at them from behind, June holds Miller's iPHONE, and
watches a RED DOT blinking.

JUNE
Turn left. Turn right.

227

MILLER

Turn right here? Right or right left,
June?

JUNE

Right. Correct.

The SMART CARS give chase through traffic. Miller sees
something ahead, goes full throttle straight at--

TWO CROSSING TROLLEYS. Miller squeezes through the tightening
space between the trolleys, losing the SMART CARS.

He swings around a corner toward the dot. They hear the sound
of CROWDS getting louder...

SEVILLE BULL RUN -- CONTINUOUS

As they move through the crowds, Antonio hears gunshots in
the distance. Impatient, he pulls up alongside Fitz--

ANTONIO

You going to the river? Follow me!

Following Antonio, Fitzgerald rounds a corner just missing a
wave of oncoming Spaniards in white and red outfits.

Right behind, Roy and June suddenly find themselves blocked,
by the crowd and facing-- ONCOMING SPANIARDS SPRINTING TOWARD
THEM, YELLING AND WAVING AT THEM, FOLLOWED BY--

18 HUGE ANGRY...

MILLER

...bulls.

Miller puts the Ducati into a 180 and starts to retreat. But
they are soon surrounded by THE ANGRY SNORTING BULLS. Roy and
June have found themselves in the middle of the running of
the bulls. People in the crowds are yelling at them, scolding
them.

JUNE

There's a lot of bulls. Roy! The bike
is red Roy! And they're angry.

229

EXT. STREETS - DAY

229

Miller and June speed through the streets. June checks the
tracker, Miller whips out his gun, FIRING BACK AT--

The SMART CARS rounding the corner behind them.

JUNE

ROY!!

He spins back around, nearly hitting a car. He makes a hard turn, nearly tipping over. *

June checks the tracker: the dot is running PARALLEL with them. She looks through the crowds and wooden slats to see: *

A flash of FITZGERALD'S CAR speeding along a parallel ALLEY. *

June points to the car. Miller takes a sharp turn but --THE BULLS FOLLOW THEM INTO-- *

EXT. NARROW ALLEY *

June and Roy turn into a blind alley in pursuit of Fitz and -- *

get pinned between A SINGLE HUGE BULL (on one end) and A TRUCK blocking the exit on the other. *

MEANWHILE-- THE BULLS CUT FITZ OFF FROM ANTONIO *

Antonio speeds away, leaving Fitz behind-- *

ANTONIO
(in spanish)
Lets go! I'm gong to kill Miller
myself! *

BACK IN THE ALLEWAY *

As Roy and June try to evade the bull, A SMART CAR arrives. Miller pulls a matador move on his Ducati, evades the hulking bull, sending it headlong into the smartcar, just as the truck pulls away, setting them free-- *

BACK ON THE STREETS, IN PURSUIT OF FITZ-- *

The SMART CARS give chase through traffic. Miller sees Fitzgerald ahead, goes full throttle straight at him. Fitzgerald pulls away from the crowds, turning down a side street, the convoy coming with him, moving faster now... *

234

EXT. STREETS - DAY

234

Miller bears down on Fitzgerald's car, turns a corner, and--

ALL OF THE SMART CARS ATTACK HIM.

They swing into his path, nearly hitting the bike. Miller whips left and right, slaloming around the cars, as GUNMEN FIRE. Miller swerves away, and--

He speeds up an ARCH of the CHURCH, using it as a ramp, FLYING over the cars. He lands on the other side of the street. *

236 **EXT. WIDE STREET - SAME** 236

The pack of SMART CARS is on them. Gunmen FIRE. A bullet hits the back of the bike, almost hitting June. Miller sees it. *

TWO SMART CARS emerge, blocking their path, chasing ROY AND JUNE through-- *

241 **A SERIES OF SHORT, TIGHT LANES** 241

The ROAR of the crowd is louder. Miller slews around a bend, trailing the RED DOT-- *

MILLER *

Where are we? *

JUNE *

I don't know-- I lost the signal! *

They crash through a wooden gate and into-- CHEER!-- *

242 **EXT. BULL ARENA - SAME** 242

In eth middle of the Seville Bul Arean, Miller has a near miss with the MATADOR, his cape flying. Suddenly the BULLS charge into the ring. The crowd goes wild. *

The two SMART CARS race into the ring. Miller speeds straight INTO THE PACK OF BULLS, expertly weaving through the stampede. The SMART CARS are not as smooth. They skid in the mud, flip, crash, trampled. *

The crowd goes wild, thinking that was all part of the show.

Miller speeds out of the arena looking back once to see-- *

Antonio-- taking aim, about to shoot at Roy and June. *

Miller smiles as-- *

THE STAMPEDE OF BULLS RUNS OVER ANTONIO -- pummeling him. *

243 **EXT. STREET - DAY** 243

Miller and June see A SEA PLANE as it starts dropping below the tree-line, coming down for a landing at the docks. Miller and June race toward those docks, but suddenly-- *

BANG!BANG!BANG! Bullets fly from behind them. More of Antonio's smart cars are hot on their tail. *

JUNE *

These guys are pissing me off. *

MILLER

Let them have it.

June FIRES back, her rounds pinging harmlessly off the
BULLETPROOF windshield.

The car come closer.

Now EDUARDO APPEARS, block them from the front. Firing.

Miller looks into her eyes, and...hoists the speeding Ducato
into a wheelie, the bullets pinging off its underside.

Meanwhile June blows out the tires of their follow cars,
which go into a rolls and take our Eduardo just as Roy and
June drive past and away.

Roy and June meet eyes. And kiss. And up ahead they see
Fitz's Sea Plane pullig in for a landing.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEVILLE DOCKS -- DAY

Fitzgerald swerves onto the dockside road as his dash lights
start going crazy. He sees the SEA PLANE up ahead.

FITZGERALD

Come on, come on!

Approaching an overpass, Fitzgerald catches a glimpse of --

ROY AND JUNE ON THE DUCATI, racing toward the docks from
above. He loses sight of them as he passes underneath the
overpass and then, suddenly sees--

THE RED DUCATI-- airborne-- with no riders-- flying overhead
through and -- splash-- into the causeway. And just as
suddenly--

WHAM-- JUNE lands on the hood of his Mercedes.

JUNE

Hey, Fitz.

WHAM. Then Miller--

MILLER

Hey, Fitz. Where's Simon?

Startled and furious, Fitzgerald PULLS HIS WEAPON AND UNLOADS
AT THE WINDSHIELD AS -- Miller grabs June and they slide off
the hood and into--

Fishing nets piled along the causeway. Miller recovers but
tuens to see June is winded and Miller. He looks back as--

Fitz pulls to a stop at the end of the dock, POPS THE TRUNK,
revealing: SIMON WAS IN THE TRUNK THE WHOLE TIME. He drags
SIMON out from inside. Simon has ripped out alot of the
Mercedes wires inside the truck. Fitz drags him down toward
the Sea Plane.

Miller turns, helps June up. June looks up to Miller--

JUNE
I'm okay-- Go. Go!

MILLER turns toward the pier, and leaps over the edge of the
dock, grabbing onto a ship's mast and swinging down to the
pier at the water's edge where the sea plane waits, idling.

There he faces, Fitzgerald, poised to board the plane,
dragging Simon, and realizing the plane is a two seater.
Fitzgerald reacts to Miller, spins and aims his weapon at--

Simon, throwing him down on the dock. Fitz is losing his cool
and it looks like he might just pull the trigger.

MILLER
Hey Fitz.

FITZGERALD
Freeze right there, Roy! And don't
tease me about the damned plane.
(to Simon)
On your knees. Now! NOW!
(to Roy)
Lose the weapons, Roy. Easy!

Miller raises his arms and tosses his guns down.

MILLER
I just want the kid.
(to Simon)
Simon. Its okay.

FITZGERALD
I got a two seater here, Roy. So I
hope you have what I want. Cause if
you don't I gonna kill him.

MILLER
I got it. Here it is.

Miller reaches for a small black pack on his ankle.

SIMON
Roy! No! Don't!

FITZGERALD *
Throw it right here. Do it! Or I will *
kill him, Roy. *

MILLER *
I know, Fitz. I understand. *

FITZGERALD *
I don't think you do, Roy. I don't *
think you understand at all. *

SIMON *
No! Don't give it to him, Roy! Don't *
give it to him! Please! *

FITZGERALD *
Shut up! *

MILLER *
Simon-- stop talking. *

Miller tosses the pouch to Fitz, forcing Fitz to one end of *
the pier. Fitz catches it, and, keeping his gun on Simon, *
peers inside-- *

SIMON *
Oh. God. Why did you do that, Roy?! *

Fitz sees the battery nestled in the pouch, slightly *
corroded, and looks up at Miller, pleased. He is about to *
board the sea plane when Simon says-- *

SIMON (CONT'D) *
Roy! Why did yo do that!? Why! I can *
do better. I can make another one. *

MILLER *
Simon-- be quiet! *

Simon's words hit Fitz and he turns, looking dark, resolved-- *

FITZGERALD *
Another one... Yeah. *
That's a problem for me. *

Miller lunges toward Simon as Fitz sights his gun on him. *

MILLER *
Simon! No! *

WE CUT BACK UP ABOVE TO FIND -- JUNE, moving toward the pier. *
She freezes when she hears A SINGLE GUNSHOT. Gulls fly up *
from the pier. A sense of dread washes over her and she races *
forward to the railing in time to find-- *

ROY CRADLING A LIMP SIMON IN HIS ARMS.
The sea plane taxis away.

JUNE
Oh my God...

INT. SEA PLANE-- CONTINUOUS

Taking off, engine roaring, Fitzgerald pulls the battery,
from the pouch, holds it gingerly, shows it to the Smuggler.

SMUGGLER
Why's it hot?

FITZGERALD
(smiles)
Because its filled with power.

CONTINUOUS-- BACK ON THE DOCKS

In Miller's arms, Simon opens his eyes.

SIMON
...Am I dying? Was I shot?

MILLER
No. You fainted.

SIMON
Why did you give it to him, Roy? Its
unstable. I've been trying to tell
you. I didn't get it right. The
casing is sensitive to air pressure--

There is a strange popping sound and Roy and Simon look to
the SEA PLANE ABOVE, gaining altitude. It explodes in a fire
ball, vaporized.

Miller looks to June arriving-- and back to Simon.

MILLER
I'm sure you'll figure it out.

June notices blood on the pier. Looks to Miller.

JUNE
Roy-- you've been shot!

Miller reacts-- looks down-- we see his shirt is saturated
with blood. He looks a bit weaker.

MILLER
Yeah... I have... I'm just gonna sit
down a minute...

SIMON *
He took a bullet for me... *

Roy goes to sit down and he begins to pass out... *

JUNE *
Oh, no, no no... *

June reaches down easing him against a pylon. *

SIMON *
(stands) *
Someone! Help! We need an ambulance. *
Help! (repeats in bad spanish) *

Miller looks up at June, meeting her eyes. *

MILLER *
You are beautiful, June Havens. *

JUNE *
You are, Matthew Knight. *

Miller's eyes smile weakly, then beging to close and we begin *
to fade to black. *

248 MONTAGE -- PULSING IN AND OUT OF BLACK * 248

In the style of June's "drugged" transitions-- WE SEE :

249 MILLER ABOARD A MEDIVAC HELICOPTER-- JUNE BY HIS SIDE. * 249

JUNE *
We're almost there, Roy, stay with *
me. Stay with me. Just hold on... *
(to pilot) *
Please hurry! *

250 MILLER IN HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. * 250

DIRECTOR GEORGE comes toward Miller as he is whisked down the *
hall by A CRASH UNIT. His life signs are dwindling. *

DIRECTOR GEORGE *
I need you to pull through, Miller. *
I need you back. *

Miller meets her eyes. *

DIRECTOR GEORGE (CONT'D) *
I was wrong. *

251 June runs alongside his gurney. She holds Roy's hand. A * 251
DOCTOR stops her, holds her back. She's the last thing that
Miller sees as he fades out of consciousness. *

We hear a heart monitor alarm. Beep, beep, beeeeeeeep--
Instruments indicate CODE BLUE. As they pulls out the
paddles, WE GO TO BLACK. *

252 OUT OF BLACK -- BLINDING LIGHT. * 252

The sweet distant squeal of children playing, speaking
Spanish. The lull of the ocean. MILLER OPENS HIS EYES INTO
WARM WHITE LIGHT. IS HE DEAD? *

WE ARE: INT.EXT. SANDY COVE/GTO-- DAY *

A sparsely populated south american beach. Beautiful but not
exclusive. An small fishing hut to one side. *

Dazed, Miller looks down. He is sitting inside June's GTO.
There is a profound and fresh scar over his heart. *

The Miller's eyes make out-- JUNE HAVENS-- out of focus at
first-- finishing looking at a map with A VENDOR at the
shack. She starts walking toward him, and smiles upon seeing
that he is awake. She looks amazing. *

JUNE
Well, hello there, sleepyhead. *

MILLER
...Am I in heaven? *

JUNE
(climbs behind the wheel)
I think so. *

MILLER
How long have I been out?

JUNE
A little while.

MILLER
What day is it?

She looks at him.

JUNE
Someday. It's someday, Roy. *

June kisses him. Feels her touch on his skin. He pulls back.
Looks down, notices he's been changed into swimming trunks. *

MILLER
Um. June. What am I wearing?

JUNE
A pair of board shorts. *

They kiss again.

MILLER

And how did I get into them.

*

JUNE

Roy. I've been trained to rebuild a
six speed in the dark with nothing
but a coat hanger and a canola oil. I
think I can get you into some trunks
without looking.

*
*
*
*
*

She breaks away and starts up the rumbling car...

*

JUNE (CONT'D)

Not that I did that.

She hands him a map--

*

JUNE (CONT'D)

You're the navigator. We got about
three hundred and ninety miles to
Cape Horn.

*
*
*
*

Miller smiles and June guns the engine and off they roar,
down the Peruvian coastline and we --

*
*

FADE OUT.

*