

UNTITLED

AKA  
WICHITA

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Current Revisions  
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**BLACK**

JUNE (V.O.)  
Hello? Is anybody there?

**A BRIGHT LIGHT IS SWITCHED ON REVEALING:**

JUNE HOLYFIELD. Late twenties. Squinting. Seated at a metal table. Handcuffed. Her clothing is torn; her face cut, streaked with dirt.

A DOOR OPENS OS. FOOTSTEPS. A MAN, his appearance hidden in shadow, pulls out the chair across from her and sits down. We sense there are others in the room as well. He tosses a passport on the table in front of her.

MAN  
June Holyfield.

JUNE  
Yes. Who are--

The Man points a GUN at her.

MAN  
I ask, you answer. Understand?

She nods.

MAN  
Why are you here?

JUNE  
Honestly? I'm not entirely sure.  
It just felt like something I had to do.

MAN  
Who is John Milner to you?

JUNE  
You don't know how many times I've asked myself that question this week. I mean, I just met him through Mate-dot-com. Actually, I didn't meet him through it, more like because of it.

MAN  
An online dating service.

JUNE

I know... I was surprised myself, I mean, it's not really like me, but, well, sometimes you've got to take drastic steps to get where you're supposed to be--

The man puts a gun to her head.

MAN

Why. Are. You. Here?

She glances about the dark, sits up, clears her throat.

JUNE

You'd have to go back to Monday...

**CUT TO BLACK**

*SUPER: One week earlier...*

We HEAR AN ALARM CLOCK OVER...

**FADE IN: JUNE'S BEDROOM - DAWN**

June awakens, shuts off the alarm. She sits up, stretches. Sighs.

**INT. JUNE'S CLOSET - DAWN**

Rows of sensible shoes and accessories line the meticulously organized closet. June searches through the racks of tasteful-yet-bland dresses, selects the tasteful-yet-bland dress of the day.

**EXT. STARBUCKS - DAWN**

June exits balancing the tray of coffees in one hand and several bags of muffins in the other. IT STARTS RAINING as she loads them into her TOYOTA COROLLA.

**INT. JUNE'S CAR - SAME**

As she drives, listening to an ITALIAN LANGUAGE INSTRUCTIONAL TAPE, repeating after it.

JUNE

*To vado prendere il pesce...*

**EXT. FIDELITY INVESTMENTS BUILDING - MORNING**

POURING RAIN. June is the only one mounting the front steps for the entrance. It's still that early.

**INT. JUNE'S FLOOR - MORNING**

June steps off the elevator, zigzags her way through a huge bullpen of still-empty cubicles. Placing a coffee in one, a muffin in another...

She gets to a corner of the floor, a GLASSED-IN OFFICE there. She goes into the office, sets coffee and a muffin down on the desk. Carefully straightens the papers there.

June sets the last coffee down at her desk (right outside the glassed-in office), sits down and "straps in": puts on her telephone headset, her Carpal Tunnel wrist guards, takes a water bottle from her purse, sets it on the clean desk, and starts typing on the computer.

**INT. OFFICE - WIDE SHOT - LATER**

As people begin filing in for work. Those that find coffees waiting for them peek over the top of their cubicles.

CO-WORKER

Thanks, June.

JUNE

(working)

You're welcome.

ANOTHER CO-WORKER

(holds up a muffin)

Hey, June--

JUNE

(working)

It's fat-free sugar-free.

ANOTHER CO-WORKER

Thank you!

JUNE

You're welcome.

YET ANOTHER CO-WORKER

You rock, June.

June works away at her computer, images of exotic cities on her screen -- Paris, Rome, Dubai... images of the hotels... beaches, etc.

MR. HEARN

June!

June stands up as MR. HEARN, fifties, paunchy, heads into the glassed-in office. On his way in...

MR. HEARN

Coffee?

JUNE

On your desk.

MR. HEARN

Video conference?

JUNE

All set to go.

MR. HEARN

Toner cartridge?

JUNE

It's... wait, what?

MR. HEARN

The inkjet color toner cartridge.  
The one my printer needs. The one  
I told you about.

JUNE

When?

MR. HEARN

On the way here. I e-mailed you.  
I said I needed it taken care of  
before I got to the office.  
Before.

JUNE

I'm sorry. I haven't had a chance  
to check my e-mail in the last few  
minutes.

Mr. Hearn sighs.

MR. HEARN

June, do you know how replaceable I  
am?

JUNE

What?

MR. HEARN

There are at least five hundred  
thousand people out there who could  
do my job better than me.

JUNE

I wouldn't say that--

MR. HEARN

It's true. They're younger, smarter, better looking. So I need everyone on my staff to be on the ball, to do their jobs well, 'cause it makes me look better than I actually am. Understand?

JUNE

I think so.

MR. HEARN

Good. Because, June, we're all replaceable.

JUNE

I'll get the toner cartridge.

MR. HEARN

You do that.

He heads into his office. June looks around at the others in the office, who stare. They quickly turn back to their work, embarrassed.

**INT. JUNE'S MOM'S APARTMENT - DAY**

The place is a warm and comfortable mess -- colorful, mismatched furniture, funky tchotchkes -- the opposite of June's condo.

In the midst of the clutter, JUNE'S MOM happily packs up a suitcase. June bursts through the door carrying two arm-fulls of groceries.

JUNE

(quickly)

I'm going to be late getting back to work. I had to go to three stores to get your fiber. Remember, you've got to take it twice a day.

She starts hurriedly putting the groceries away in the cabinets and fridge, then notices her mom packing.

JUNE

(wary)

You going somewhere?

JUNE'S MOM

Nevada.

JUNE

What for?

JUNE'S MOM

Burning Man.

JUNE

Burning Man? The festival?

JUNE'S MOM

Mm-hmm. I read about it in the paper this morning, and it looks amazing.

June steps between her mother and the suitcase.

JUNE

Mom, you can't keep doing this to me.

JUNE'S MOM

I'm not doing anything to you, June. I'm just living my life. Try it. It's fun.

She steps around her daughter and continues packing.

JUNE

Look, just because I don't choose to live my life like a carny doesn't make it any less satisfying.

JUNE'S MOM

Some people are perfectly happy being an assistant at Fidelity their whole lives, and that's great. You're just not one of them.

JUNE

How would you know?

JUNE'S MOM

Because you're my daughter. There's got to be some of me in there somewhere -- some little adventurous gene, dying to get out. Just try something different while I'm gone -- anything. Go skydiving. Get drunk at the zoo.

(MORE)

JUNE'S MOM (cont'd)

Oooh, I know! Date an exciting stranger. Try that website, Mate-dot-com.

JUNE

I am not doing the internet dating thing.

JUNE'S MOM

Come on, Junie. It's not just for losers anymore.

JUNE

Is that their slogan? It's catchy. Look, I'm perfectly capable of meeting men on my own.

JUNE'S MOM

Sure, you meet them, you date them, but it never lasts, does it? And why's that?

JUNE

Because I introduce them to you?

JUNE'S MOM

Because they're everything you say you want -- dependable, straight-laced, solid career -- but you dump them anyway. Because, deep down, you know you could never have the kind of life you really want. Not with them, anyway.

JUNE

You know what? I've got to get back to work. Enjoy Burning Man. Don't get arrested.

JUNE'S MOM

No promises.

June kisses her mom's cheek and hurries out the door.

**INT. ELEVATOR - DAY**

June rides up, lost in thought.

**INT. OFFICE - JUNE'S FLOOR - DAY**

June steps off the elevator, sees a crowd of her CO-WORKERS gathered around a beaming 50-SOMETHING WOMAN. Mr. Hearn leads the proceedings.

MR. HEARN

Today we celebrate Elaine Glazer and her thirty years of service to this company. Elaine, on behalf of the Fidelity family, this is for you.

He hands the woman a box. She eagerly opens it and pulls out a generic DESK CLOCK. She's looks genuinely happy to get it.

MR. HEARN

Read the inscription.

WOMAN

(giddily)

"Elaine: Congratulations on 30 years." This is great. Thank you!

MR. HEARN

No, thank you! Here's to another thirty years. Or at least fifteen.

The crowd applauds and breaks up quickly, leaving June standing there uneasily.

The beaming woman sets the clock down in her cubicle, then goes back to work. Business as usual.

June stares, aghast.

**EXT. JUNE'S CONDO - EVENING**

Sparse. Spotless. June sits at the kitchen table, finishes dinner.

She gets up, rinses her one plate, one glass, one fork and one knife and puts them into the drying rack. She stands there a moment, staring at the lonely place setting, then leaves the kitchen... ROMANTIC MUSIC OVER...

**CUT TO: THE EIFFEL TOWER - NIGHT**

An explosion of lights around it. A COUPLE KISSING PASSIONATELY in f.g. WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

The image is on A COMPUTER SCREEN. REVEAL:

**INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

June sits in bed with her laptop.

ANNOUNCER

What are you waiting for?

**THE COMPUTER SCREEN**

Images of couples in various romantic locales. Restaurants. Walking on beaches. Holding hands. Laughing. Toasting...

**ANNOUNCER**

At Mate-dot-com, your life begins  
now. Go ahead. Take the plunge...

And now we see a HANDSOME MAN dive into a remote tropical pool, swims up to an ALLURING WOMAN and kisses her.

A couple ride together on a motor scooter through the cobbled streets of a romantic European city.

Another gorgeous couple slow dance outside, at night, and we PULL BACK TO REVEAL they're doing it in front of Trevi Fountain.

And finally, this incredibly tan, blond, pumped-up GUY in surf trunks walks out of the ocean carrying a lobster.

**GUY**

My name is Rick. I'm a Pediatric  
Cardiologist. I'm waiting for you  
on Mate-dot-com.

(smiles)

What are you waiting for?

**ON JUNE**

Staring at the screen. She takes a breath, starts typing as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. FINE RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

It's pouring rain. Inside, June sits at a table, alone.

**INT. FINE RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

June, dressed up, hair up, sits at a table. She's anxious. She checks her watch. She's been sitting here a while.

She looks at the menu, looks up as A MAN comes in the door, looks around. She sits up, hopeful as he walks towards her, but then continues walking and joins a big GROUP in the back.

The MAITRE D' approaches...

MAITRE D'

Mademoiselle, are you sure I can't  
get you something while you wait?  
A glass of wine, perhaps?

JUNE

No, thank you. The reservation was  
for eight o'clock, wasn't it?

MAITRE D'

Yes, ma'am.

She glances at a clock that says NINE O'CLOCK.

MAITRE D'

But you know-- the weather...

JUNE

Oh, yeah, there was a terrible  
accident downtown. If I hadn't  
left an hour early-- he's probably  
caught in that.

MAITRE D'

Yes. I'm sure of it.

June sits there a moment. Feels the looks from the other  
diners. Before she can stop herself, she starts to cry. The  
Maitre D' and a waiter look away.

MAITRE D'

Bastard.

**EXT. RESTAURANT - SAME**

It's RAINING as A FIGURE in an overcoat, collar pulled up,  
hurriedly crosses the street, glancing over his shoulder.  
The Figure moves past the restaurant, but backs up, seeing  
June along at her table, crying. He stands there, his back  
to us, watching her.

We HEAR A HELICOPTER. The Figure turns, sees A SEARCHLIGHT  
SWEEP THE STREET. He ducks inside the restaurant.

**INT. RESTAURANT - SAME**

June dabs at her eyes, picks up her purse, is about to stand  
when...

VOICE

Hello.

She looks up sees the MAN IN THE OVERCOAT standing there. We see him clearly for the first time. He's suave, good-looking, Italian shoes, three thousand dollar suit.

MAN

Are you...?

JUNE

June, yeah. Andrew?

MAN/ANDREW

Guilty. I'm so sorry. How long have you been--

JUNE

--Oh, not long. That's okay.

He shakes her hand, smiles at her. She can't believe her luck. She looks around at the other diners, many looking this way. He takes off his coat and sits.

ANDREW

Just so you know, this is not me. I'm not that guy who keeps a lady waiting.

JUNE

What guy are you?

ANDREW

Right now, a thirsty guy.

He opens the wine list, studies it...

ANDREW

You look like a red girl to me. A big bold red...

Andrew begins speaking in flawless French. She watches, dazzled as the Maitre D' laughs at something Andrew says, then bows and moves on to fetch the wine. Andrew turns back to her and smiles.

ANDREW

So.

JUNE

Have you done this before?

ANDREW

What? Had dinner with a beautiful woman? Once or twice.

JUNE

(blush)

No... computer dated.

ANDREW

Oh... No. Can't say that I have.

JUNE

Why did you pick me?

ANDREW

Look at you.

JUNE

But I didn't post a picture.

ANDREW

No. I know, but... there was so much beauty in how you described yourself. In your words.

JUNE

Really.

ANDREW

Plus, June was my mother's name.

This gets her smiling again. The Waiter brings the wine. Andrew nods at the wine label when the waiter shows it to him. The Waiter then starts to open the bottle...

JUNE

You had some good words yourself. It was your poem that got me.

ANDREW

My poem.

JUNE

It was... amazing.

ANDREW

Please don't make me recite it now.

JUNE

That first line is so beautiful.

ANDREW

Roses are red--

JUNE

Okay, I won't force you.

He just smiles as the waiter pours the wine. She watches him taste it like a pro, nod his approval. The waiter pours them each a glass and Andrew raises his.

ANDREW

What should we toast to?

JUNE

Taking risks.

ANDREW

Good one.

They touch glasses and drink, her eyes on him the whole time. The girl believes she has won the lottery. Andrew glances over her shoulder as TWO LARGE MEN IN SUITS AND OVERCOATS move past the window now. He puts his hand in his pocket.

ANDREW

Man, it's really raining out there.

June turns to look out the window and Andrew DROPS A SMALL OBJECT INTO HER PURSE. It looks like, well, a small ACTION FIGURE. She then turns back...

JUNE

Where did you learn to speak French?

ANDREW

Junior High.

She looks at him. He smiles.

ANDREW

I learned on the job.

JUNE

As a bankruptcy lawyer?

ANDREW

Boy, you really do read those profiles.

(then)

My... old job. International relations. I speak a dozen languages, and a few dialects.

JUNE

Fluently?

ANDREW

Just enough to order a decent bottle of wine.

He toasts again, and again they drink. She loves it.

JUNE

Very decent. So you travel a lot?

ANDREW

Constantly. You?

JUNE

(shakes her head)

Not so much. But someday I'm going to quit my job and just see the world for a couple of years.

ANDREW

Some day? Why wait?

Boom. She looks at him.

ANDREW

What's wrong with right now?

JUNE

I don't know. What is wrong with right now?

ANDREW

Most people live their entire lives waiting for that big thing or that big moment to come along and change everything. And you know what happens?

JUNE

What?

ANDREW

Nothing. They spend their lives waiting. But that's not me.

JUNE

(entranced)

Me neither.

ANDREW

You wanna know something, June?

(leans closer)

We're gonna be dead for a lot longer than we're gonna be alive. Think about that.

JUNE

(gone)

We are, aren't we?

ANDREW

So why wait?

And with that she leans across the table and kisses him. A long kiss, he looks at her, looks past her to the door where TWO LARGE MEN IN SUITS enter the restaurant, look around. He pulls away first. She looks at him,

JUNE

I'm sorry, I don't know what--

ANDREW

No. That was great, that was unbelievably good. I really enjoyed it, but...

(pushes back)

Could you excuse me for just a minute?

JUNE

(embarrassed)

Sure.

He gets up, heads for the back of the restaurant as the two big men now move through the dining room. June sits there, humiliated. Tries not to look left or right. We HOLD ON her. She'd climb into her shoe if she could. Then...

VOICE

June?

JUNE

Listen, I don't know what got into me--

She stops. A GUY, soaked to the bone in a suit stands there.

GUY

I'm so sorry. I got a flat tire and wouldn't you know it, my cell phone died and I couldn't call--

JUNE

Who are you?

GUY

Andrew. Munson.

June now looks around the restaurant. He sits down. Sees the full wine glass in front of him.

GUY

Oh. You ordered wine. I should have told you... I'm allergic to grapes...

**EXT. STREET - SAME**

As "Andrew" quickly moves through the rain, turns up an alley. We hear...

VOICE

Milner!

And TWO HUGE MEN step in front of him, pointing guns at him.

HUGE MAN

Get in the car.

MILNER

Thank you! I would love to go for a ride with you guys.

The Huge Man speaks into his collar mike.

HUGE MAN

We got him.

**INT. JUNE'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT**

June drives home, crying, humiliated, furious with herself. She listens to her Italian tape to try and calm down...

JUNE

*Io vado prendere il pesce... I'll have the f--*

BOOM! Suddenly A BODY CRASHES ONTO HER WINDSHIELD...

and rolls off the front of the car! June SCREAMS and slams the brakes.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

June jumps out, rushing to the body.

JUNE

Oh my God... Are you okay?!

The body COUGHS and rolls over. It's MILNER. June stares in shock as he struggles to his feet.

JUNE

You?!

MILNER

Oh, man, that really hurt...

JUNE

Are you following me?

He can't speak, he's hurting pretty bad.

JUNE

Where'd you come from?!

Milner looks up. June follows his gaze to an OVERPASS.

JUNE

You jumped onto my car?

MILNER

Didn't look so high from up there...

He sits up. Looks at her. Extends his hand.

MILNER

John.

JUNE

What?

MILNER

That's my name. John Milner.

JUNE

John Milner. Right. Like I'm going to believe anything you say after you lied to me.

MILNER

I only lied about the little things. The important stuff was true.

JUNE

Look, just leave me alone, alright?

She starts to head back for her car, but sees him struggle to get up, his knees buckle and June has to grab him.

JUNE

You need a doctor.

MILNER

No-- No hospitals...

(then)

But maybe another kiss?

She looks away.

MILNER  
Because that first one was--

JUNE  
A mistake.

MILNER  
Was perfect. Who taught you to  
kiss like that?

JUNE  
(lets him drop)  
You're insane. Whatever your  
problem is, it's not my problem--

MILNER  
Well, actually--

JUNE  
I'm out of here.

MILNER  
June--

She leaves him there, gets back in her car.

**INT. JUNE'S CAR - SAME**

June looks at Milner sitting there in the headlights, then quickly pulls back onto the road. She drives past him, he calls her name, but she keeps going.

She looks in the rearview, sees him struggling to stand up. He falls and passes out. She pounds on the wheel.

JUNE  
Dammit!

**EXT. ER ENTRANCE - HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

June pulls up to the ER and opens the back door, revealing Milner lying on the back seat.

JUNE  
Hello! I need some help here!

TWO DOCTORS appear, hoisting Milner onto a gurney.

DOCTOR  
What happened?

JUNE

I don't know. I just found him on  
the side of the road.

(as they wheel him away)

He's all yours...

June heads back to her car, getting the hell out of there.

VOICE (O.S.)

Miss!

June stops, guilty.

**INT. ER ADMITTING - HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

As the doctors wheel Milner toward the elevator, June stands at the ADMITTING DESK facing a NURSE with a name tag that reads "CHERYL."

NURSE CHERYL

I need you to fill out an admit  
form.

JUNE

Look, I really don't want to get  
involved. I don't even know the  
guy. He just fell on my car--

DOCTOR (O.S.)

BP's dropping through the floor...

June can't help but shoot a worried peek at Milner as he disappears into the elevator.

**INT. ELEVATOR - HOSPITAL - SAME**

Milner lies on the gurney in a white shirt and suit coat.

DOCTOR

Let's get this off him.

The doctor tries to rip Milner's shirt but it doesn't budge. It's made of some high-tech, rubberized material.

DOCTOR 2

That's weird--

He takes out a scalpel. Milner's eyes pop open.

**INT. ER ADMITTING - HOSPITAL - SAME**

Nurse Cheryl slides a clipboard across her desk:

NURSE CHERYL

Ma'am, if your friend was injured during a crime--

JUNE

He's not my friend. I just made a mistake, thinking it would so easy to meet a guy--

NURSE CHERYL

Ma'am--

JUNE

Like, you know, you could just hit send and all of a sudden you're not alone anymore.

NURSE CHERYL

Ma'am--

JUNE

He's not my problem. He's trouble. They're all trouble...

NURSE CHERYL

Honey, if you left the scene of any sort of felony or accident without telling anybody who you are, then you're gonna be in a lot of trouble. Understand?

(passes her the form)

So, just to be safe...

June stares at the forms, makes a decision.

JUNE

Fine. Whatever. I just wanna get out of here.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER**

June walks to her car, rummages through her purse for her car keys, comes up with them, her hand shaking, accidentally drops them. It's too much...

JUNE

Dammit!

She finally gets in the car, and she pulls out of the ER entrance. Suddenly, A BLACK SEDAN with GOVERNMENT PLATES roars past, almost hitting her.

**INT. JUNE'S CAR - NIGHT**

June watches them hurry inside, quickly pulls out.

**INT. ER ADMITTING - HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Four SUITS approach Nurse Cheryl. We recognize two of the AGENTS from the restaurant. Front and center is ACKERMAN, a small man with no smile, no small talk and no patience.

ACKERMAN

Special Agent Ackerman, FBI.

Beside him is a BIG RED HEADED AGENT. When he speaks we see that he has BRACES on his teeth. He holds up a security camera photo of Milner:

BRACES

Have you seen this man?

Nurse Cheryl checks the photo.

NURSE CHERYL

You got ID, gentlemen?

Annoyed, Braces and Ackerman flash their badges.

NURSE CHERYL

He was unconscious. They just took him upstairs. I'll find out where.

(dials phone, then)

Nancy? Hi. This is Cheryl down in admitting. No, not Gomez. Cheryl Kublick. Cheryl G is Filipino and weighs like three hundred pounds--

Ackerman pounds his palm on the desk.

NURSE CHERYL

(to Ackerman)

You want to keep that hand? Take it off my desk.

Ackerman eyes her, but takes his hand off.

NURSE CHERYL

(into phone)

Listen, where did you put the guy we sent up a few minutes ago?

(then)

The guy -- name's John Milner. What? Well, check again. He should be--

DING! They all turn to see the elevator doors open...  
 REVEALING both Doctors slumped on the floor.

The suits draw their weapons. The escape door on the ceiling is open and Milner's gone.

ACKERMAN  
 (to his men)  
 Find him. NOW!

Ackerman's men spring into action. Ackerman turns to Nurse Cheryl.

ACKERMAN  
 Where are the stairs?

NURSE CHERYL  
 Right down that hall...  
 (grabs the admitting form)  
 But you should know there was a--

Ackerman's WALKIE squeaks to life.

AGENT (ON WALKIE)  
 We got something on four.

And he's out of there. She puts the clipboard down on the counter. Fine. Whatever.

**INT. JUNE'S CAR - NIGHT**

June pulls onto the highway. She drives along, takes deep breaths, gets herself together. After a while, she laughs.

JUNE  
 The internet. Jesus. What was I thinking?

Behind June, we see Milner sit up in the back seat. He holds a GUN...

MILNER  
 Exactly, June, what were you thinking?

June SCREAMS, swerving across the road. Milner waves the gun as he talks...

MILNER  
 You're lucky. I mean, you could've met someone really crazy...

JUNE  
 GET OUT OF MY CAR!

MILNER

I need you to pull over...

She jams on the brakes, pulling over.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

June jumps out of the car like it's on fire.

JUNE

What the hell is wrong with you?!

Milner stumbles out behind her, waving the gun...

MILNER

Me? What about you? I mean,  
what's someone looks as good as you  
do, trolling the internet...

JUNE

That's really none of your  
business.

MILNER

(waving the gun)

C'mon, June, I know people. I get  
a--

(taps his gut with the  
gun)

--feeling and I'm never wrong. And  
I got that feeling with you, like  
something happened. I mean, how's  
it possible you don't have a man?

She doesn't answer.

MILNER

But, hey, we'll get to that, right  
now I need your help...

JUNE

Help? Really? Because it kinda  
looks like--

(indicates the gun)

--you wanna kill me.

MILNER

June, I'm not trying to kill you.

JUNE

How do I know that?

MILNER

Because you're not dead. Listen, I borrowed some stuff from the hospital--

He reaches into an inside pocket and takes out some bandages, alcohol, needle and thread. June takes out her cell...

JUNE

I'm calling the cops.

MILNER

Good luck with that.

When June presses TALK on her cell, all she hears is STATIC.

JUNE

So how's it work, you look for women eating by themselves... then what, get them to invest all their money in some pyramid scheme, or do you just kill them, make a bathrobe out of their skin?

MILNER

A bathrobe out of their-- June. You looked sad. I wasn't gonna go inside, wasn't planning on it, but I saw you sitting there, all alone, and... well, I couldn't help myself.

She says nothing to that. Doesn't know if he's telling the truth or not.

MILNER

I was really enjoying our dinner. And I am sorry that I left, but I had bigger issues, like, y'know, the fate of the world, to think about.

JUNE

The fate of the world. Right. Okay...

She starts backing away.

MILNER

Oh, man...

Milner slumps against a tree, doubling over.

JUNE

You should be in a hospital. And not the regular kind of hospital.

MILNER

I just need a mirror.  
(looks at her)  
Please.

June rifles her purse, hands it to him...

JUNE

Here.

She starts to walk away, but--

MILNER

Hold this light for me.

Milner holds out a pen and June reluctantly takes it. She's about to click the top when--

MILNER

Wait! Don't touch that.  
(casually)  
Just turn the cap.

June does and the pen turns into a strangely high-powered flashlight. It illuminates a bloody wound on Milner's side.

JUNE

My God, you've been shot.

MILNER

It happens.

June goes gray as Milner sets some supplies next to her purse and starts prepping.

JUNE

It goes all the way through.

MILNER

Finally, some good news.

JUNE

I think I'm gonna be sick--

MILNER

Don't look.

As June turns away, she moves the flashlight completely off the wound.

MILNER

Okay, I'm gonna need you to look.

June holds up the mirror and the light so Milner can see. He douses the wound with alcohol but it's June who winces. Milner doesn't feel a thing. He pierces the skin, sewing himself up.

JUNE

I don't think I can do this.

MILNER

Sure you can, just listen to my voice.

June takes a deep breath. He goes to work.

MILNER

So why were you alone?

JUNE

None of your business.

MILNER

Okay.

He works some more.

MILNER

The poem guy didn't show, huh?

JUNE

He was late. He got a flat tire.

MILNER

Really? How'd he do?

JUNE

You owe him six hundred dollars for the wine.

MILNER

He get a kiss?

JUNE

Please stop bringing that up.

She looks at Milner as he finishes sewing himself up. He ties off the excess thread with the effortless agility of a trained surgeon.

JUNE

Who are you?

MILNER

I told you, John Milner.

JUNE

Okay, what are you?

MILNER

That I can't tell you.

JUNE

Why? Because then you'd have to  
kill me?

MILNER

No. Because other people would  
kill you. And then I'd feel bad.

(then)

You might want to look away for  
this next part.

She turns away. And Milner uses the opportunity to remove  
the object, the action figure, from her purse. He slips it  
into his pocket.

MILNER

I've put you through enough as is.  
Okay, you can look now.

She turns as Milner stands and buttons his stained, bloody  
shirt. He takes out the gun, expertly jacks the clip, and  
puts it back again. He re-holsters it, looks at her.

MILNER

Don't worry, June. You'll never  
see me again.

There's something sad about the way he says that.

MILNER

Thanks for your help. And I really  
am sorry for walking out like that.  
It was very nice meeting you.

Milner turns and walks away. A beat, then June calls after  
him--

JUNE

Hey!

She approaches and hands Milner some clean bandages.

JUNE

You should take these. And keep  
the wound damp.

MILNER

I thought you had to keep it dry.

JUNE

I just read that now they think it's better to keep it damp.

MILNER

They keep changing their minds. One minute they say fried food and cigarettes are bad for you, the next...

JUNE

Fried food and cigarettes are bad for you.

MILNER

Huh. Well...  
(takes the bandages)  
Thanks.

Milner walks off. After a few paces, he stops, looks at the bandages in his hand -- damn it. He turns and comes back.

MILNER

Listen, you need to know something. There's uh, some people gonna come looking for me, which unfortunately means they're gonna come looking for you, too.

JUNE

But I don't know anything--

MILNER

No, but you were seen with me in the hospital... which, by the way, is why I told you not to take me there. But--

(holds up a hand)

Water under the bridge. Important thing for you to know now is that these boys are professionals. If they want to find you, they will. They'll identify themselves as FBI and tell you some bullshit story about me. It'll all sound very convincing, but it's extremely important that you do not go with them.

JUNE

Okay, Milner, or whatever you wanna call yourself, why should I believe anything you say?

Milner pulls out a badge, barely shows it to her before he puts it back.

MILNER

Because *I'm* in the FBI.

JUNE

You just told me what you did.

MILNER

They're gonna kill you anyway.

She stands there, doesn't know what to say.

MILNER

Now, if you *do* happen to go with them, and they don't take you straight to a police station or the local bureau office... If they take you *anywhere* else -- even if they tell you you're safe -- it means they're going to kill you.

JUNE

If they tell me I'm safe--

MILNER

They're gonna kill you. Now here's the important part: there'll probably be a *oner* in the back.

JUNE

A what-er?

MILNER

A piece, a glock, a gat. Probably a 9.

JUNE

(shocked)

A gun?

MILNER

Half the time they forget it's there. If it's a Caprice, it'll be under the seat, between your legs. If it's a Crown Vic, it's in a panel in the seat in front of you. Got it?

JUNE

Don't got it. Don't want it. I  
hate guns.

MILNER

You'll hate them less when you  
really need one. Trust me.

JUNE

Trust you.

Milner starts backing away.

MILNER

Hey, June? That kiss was really  
something.

Milner then turns and heads off into the night and  
disappears.

**EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - NIGHT**

Ackerman and one of his AGENTS examine the elevator housing.  
The door has been kicked off the hinge.

AGENT

We lost him.

Ackerman sees the trail of blood to the edge, looks down onto  
the roof of the garage...

ACKERMAN

He'd never go to a hospital. I  
trained him better than that.

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Ackerman steps off the elevator, crosses to the admitting  
desk. Nurse Cheryl looks up as he approaches.

NURSE CHERYL

So you're ready to listen now?

ACKERMAN

Who brought him in?

**INT. JUNE'S CONDO - DAWN**

As the sun rises, we hear June's ALARM buzz, O.S.

**INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - DAWN**

June awakens groggily, reaches over to the nightstand to turn  
off her alarm. Her hand fumbles to find it. It's not there.

Confused, she sits up to see ACKERMAN holding the alarm clock out of her reach.

A ROOM FULL OF AGENTS IN SWAT GEAR stand around her bed, all pointing guns at her. Ackerman turns off the alarm.

ACKERMAN

Good morning, Ms. Holyfield.

(then)

Where is he?

JUNE

Who?

ACKERMAN

Milner.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

June sits on the couch in shock as Ackerman drops a photograph on the coffee table. June looks uncomfortably at the big red headed guy with braces...

ACKERMAN

This one was from San Diego.

**INSERT - PHOTO OF A DEAD WOMAN**

ACKERMAN

She disappeared on a diving trip...  
in Thailand.

Ackerman drops other photographs in front of June...

ACKERMAN

This one died in a parachuting  
accident. Only she wasn't wearing  
a parachute. And this one somehow  
fell off a moving train.

JUNE

I don't understand...

She looks at the photos, horrified, confused.

ACKERMAN

The man you helped tonight has been  
posing as a federal agent in order  
to lure innocent civilians -- women  
-- into helping him pull off  
various national security breaches.

JUNE

What sort of "breaches?"

ACKERMAN

I can't go into it other than to say he usually targets women who are, shall we say, vulnerable.

AGENT

He gets a lot of women over the internet.

JUNE

(quickly)

Well, I don't do that.

ACKERMAN

Miss Holyfield. We need you to tell us where he is.

JUNE

I have no idea. I just met the guy tonight.

ACKERMAN

Then why did you take him to the hospital?

JUNE

The man fell on my car. What was I supposed to do, leave him there?

ACKERMAN

No, you were supposed to call the police.

JUNE

I tried. Look, I have no idea who he is or where he is. But I'm pretty sure that you're not allowed to just barge into someone's house and--

ACKERMAN

Wake up, Miss Holyfield, this is America. I'm allowed to do whatever is necessary to protect its citizens. Now, did he say anything that could be helpful?

JUNE

(beat)

We're gonna be dead for longer than we're gonna be alive.

The agents look at each other.

JUNE

He also said that he was an undercover agent on a highly sensitive mission.

ACKERMAN

And you believed that bullshit?

JUNE

No, of course not.

She sits there feeling like an idiot now.

ACKERMAN

Miss Holyfield, you were targeted. That means he's not going to leave you alone. Which means you now need protection.

June hugs herself. Jesus. The news keeps getting worse.

ACKERMAN

I think the best thing for us to do right now would be to hand you over to the local police, let them keep an eye on you.

**INT. CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT**

June sits in the backseat. "Braces" drives while Ackerman sits shotgun. June looks out the window, shakes her head. She's broken down.

ACKERMAN

This is the first time we've ever gotten to a victim before he... you know.

He lets that hang. June thinks about that, looks back out the window.

JUNE

You're going to Bombeck station?

BRACES

Uh, yeah.

JUNE

Fourth Street's a better way to go. This will run you into the river--

Ackerman smiles at her.

ACKERMAN

We know where we're going. But  
thank you. And don't worry...  
You're safe with us.

JUNE

Excuse me?

ACKERMAN

You're safe with us.

Okay, now she's worried.

The car SWERVES and she looks up as the Driver enters a main  
highway, out of town.

JUNE

Where are we going?

ACKERMAN

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

JUNE

You said that already.

He turns around smiles at her.

ACKERMAN

Because I mean it.

June starts breathing heavily. Shit. What to do? Just  
then, something catches her eye. A placard on the dashboard  
reads, "CAPRICE."

June thinks for a moment, trying to remember what Milner  
said. Then she reaches, slowly, quietly, below the seat  
between her legs. Her hands land on what she's looking for.

June suddenly pulls out the gun. She holds it like it's on  
fire, like it's about to go off in her hands--

JUNE

(freaking out)

ALRIGHT EVERYBODY STAY CALM!!

ACKERMAN

Okay... easy...

JUNE

Just pull over.

ACKERMAN

June, please, put the gun down  
before you accidentally--

Suddenly, the WINDSHIELD SHATTERS.

AGENT

Hey!

JUNE

I didn't do that!

Now another shot takes out a chunk of the dashboard.

BRACES

Ma'am, stop shooting!

JUNE

I'm not shooting!

She puts the gun down. Another shot slams into the headrest.

JUNE

THAT'S NOT ME!

**EXT. FURTHER UP THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Milner stands in the middle of the street, a HIGH POWERED RIFLE in his hands, aiming at the oncoming government sedan... Milner HUMS as he shoots, blows out the front tire of ACKERMAN'S car...

**MILNER/HIGH POWERED SCOPE - POV - JUNE**

In the back of the car freaking out.

**MILNER**

Smiles. Adjusts his aim. HUMS... Fires...

**INT. CAR - SAME**

As Braces is shot in the shoulder... June screams. Ackerman opens his door and ROLLS OUT OF THE CAR...

**EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME**

As Milner calmly continues to shoot up the car, which now careens out of control, heads right for him, Milner waits, blows out another tire sends the car spinning and now onto its side and all the way over onto the roof...

He calmly lowers the rifle as the car slides harmlessly past him, sparks flying from metal scraping on asphalt, coming to a stop a hundred feet behind him.

Milner walks around the flipped vehicle, notes the GAS leaking out onto the pavement.

MILNER

June? You alive?

He crouches down beside the car.

**INT. CAR - INVERTED - SAME**

June hangs upside down by her seat belt. She slowly looks at him. He smiles, starts to reach in and unhook her seatbelt.

MILNER

Let's get you out of here.

The upside down June looks at him, shakily raises the gun to his face. He frowns, easily takes the gun away from her.

MILNER

C'mon, June. Knock it off.

(holds up the gun)

Rule number one: you don't ever point a gun at someone unless you intend to use it. Toldja it would come in handy, though, didn't I?

JUNE

(dazed)

The gun kept going off... I wasn't even shooting... I hate guns...

She notices gas leaking all around them.

JUNE

We should hurry.

MILNER

Don't worry, that's not gonna blow up the car.

He pulls her out, calmly talking all the while...

MILNER

I felt terrible about just leaving you like that. I'm walking along, all the time thinking, "I told her about the gun, yeah, but what if she doesn't know how to use it?"

He helps her to her feet and hurries her over to a black SUV parked nearby.

MILNER

Anyway, then I thought "I can't leave her alone with Ackerman. I gotta go back," but by then, you'd already gotten in the car with them which I expressly told you not to do...

He puts her into the SUV, then glances back at the car, Braces now crawling away from it.

MILNER

Hang on a sec.

He pulls out a gun and FIRES at the gas-drenched vehicle. It EXPLODES. June jumps.

MILNER

That's how you blow up a car.

For a moment, the entire road is lit up and Milner sees Ackerman limping off.

June is overwrought. This is all too much for her.

MILNER

Uh, June?

She just stares at him, her eyes start to close. He gently taps her cheek.

MILNER

June?

She opens her eyes.

MILNER

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

(pulls his gun)

I'm just gonna go shoot him and come right back.

Milner takes off after Ackerman. June watches him go, waits a moment, then quickly throws open the door, gets out of the SUV and takes off running through a field on the side of the road.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

As June just keeps running into town... she loses a shoe... doesn't stop to pick it up...

**EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT**

Milner races after Ackerman, limping in the distance. He takes aim at him, when several black sedans SCREECH up beside the wounded agent. Milner is outnumbered. He makes a hasty retreat.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

As a BUS starts to pull away from the curb--

JUNE (O.S.)

Wait!

--stops suddenly as June crosses the street directly in front of it, bangs on the door.

JUNE

Let me in!

**INT. BUS - SAME**

As June gets on, looks behind her to make sure no one saw her. She walks down the aisle to the back ignoring the stares of the other passengers, who take in this crazy-eyed woman scratched up, covered in dirt, missing a shoe...

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Milner hurries back to the SUV.

MILNER

Okay, change of plan...

He stops, realizing he is talking to no one.

**EXT. STREET ABOVE JUNE'S CONDO - LATER**

NOW SWARMING WITH COPS. June's NEIGHBORS watch from their condos. June steps into FRAME, out of breath, exhausted. She heads for the nearest cop, his back to her.

We HEAR THE RADIO IN A SQUAD CAR as she passes...

DISPATCH (RADIO)

All units be advised, female suspect, June Louise Holyfield--

June freezes. Looks at the car.

DISPATCH (RADIO)

--wanted in connection with the shooting on Highway 2. Suspect is five foot five, twenty-eight years old...

June quietly backs away, hurries along to the next block. And now Milner's SUV quietly pulls up alongside her.

MILNER

I told you not to leave the car.

She keeps walking.

MILNER

Now you've fled the scene. Your prints are all over your gun...

JUNE

That's not my gun!

MILNER

Hey, if you'd trusted me and hung out just another minute or two, I could have helped you clean it up. Now c'mon, get in the car...

JUNE

I'm not getting in any more cars with anybody.

MILNER

June--

She stops, turns and looks at him.

JUNE

Look, I know about the other women. Okay?

MILNER

What "other women?"

JUNE

The dead ones. I saw the pictures!

MILNER

Right. My "victims." Yeah, that's one of Ackerman's favorites. C'mon, June, do I look like a serial killer?

JUNE

Serial killers never look like  
serial killers.

She starts walking again.

MILNER

Well, you should know that violence  
to me is always a last resort.

JUNE

Nice meeting you, John. Or  
whatever your real name is.

MILNER

And the only people I've actually  
killed--

She stops again. That doesn't make her feel better.

MILNER

Okay, let me put it another way,  
I've never killed any women or  
children. Not that that hasn't  
complicated things in the past, but  
that's a rule I live by.

She just looks at him, frustrated.

MILNER

Serial killer. Man, I can't  
believe you fell for that old  
chestnut--

JUNE

(frustrated)

Just... what do you want?!

MILNER

*Vamos a la playa!*

JUNE

You want to go to the beach?

MILNER

I want a fish taco.

June resumes walking. He's insane.

MILNER

Really, June, I'm starved. We  
never even ordered dinner...

JUNE

(indicates the cops down  
the hill)

They're all looking for us and you  
want to go get Mexican food?

MILNER

Standard Procedure in this type of  
situation is to do a Stop-and-Drop.

JUNE

A Stop-and-Drop.

MILNER

Throw off the Pursuit Vectoring  
Protocols by remaining motionless  
within the Primary Containment  
Sphere for at least twenty-seven  
minutes. That'll keep us off the  
radar long enough to get on the  
other side of the I.P.W.

(off June's look)

Initial Pursuit Window?

JUNE

Why is it the more you talk, the  
less I understand you?

MILNER

It's simple: they think we're going  
out, so we're going in.

(then)

C'mon, get in the car, June.

She thinks a moment, looks back at her condo, finally walks  
around the SUV, gets in...

MILNER

(singing)

*Vamos a la Playa...*

**EXT. "VAMOS A LA PLAYA" TACO JOINT - DAY**

A cheesy taco joint off the highway. Milner's SUV sits in  
the parking lot.

**INT. TACO JOINT - DAY**

Milner leads June into the restaurant. He spots a SECURITY  
CAMERA on the wall and leads them to a booth that's out of  
the camera's view.

MILNER

This one's my favorite booth.

**INT. TACO JOINT - MOMENTS LATER**

Milner digs into his food. June has no appetite. She just glares at him with her arms crossed.

MILNER

(eating)

What'd I tell you? Good, right?

She doesn't answer.

MILNER

Feeling better?

She still doesn't answer. Milner stops eating and sits back.

MILNER

Okay. You have a right to know.

Milner reaches into his coat, pulls out his handkerchief, unwraps it to reveal the plastic action figure he dropped into her purse earlier.

MILNER

This is what it's all about.

JUNE

It's all about a Burger King toy?

He breaks off the head on the edge of the table, and we see a METALLIC OBJECT inside the action figure. He picks it up...

MILNER

The fate of the world is in the hands of this little baby--

(accidentally drops it into the salsa)

--shit--

She watches as he pulls it out, wipes it off with his napkin.

MILNER

That's the second time that's happened--

JUNE

(impatient)

What is it?

MILNER

It's a battery.

JUNE

A battery.

MILNER

Only not your average Duracell or Eveready. See, someone finally figured out how to convert the water molecule into its component elements -- hydrogen and oxygen. So this battery never runs out. Never ever. Ever. Ever.

JUNE

That's it? That's what this is all about? A battery.

MILNER

That's it? Man, you're not very politically savvy are you, June? It's an infinite source of energy... the kind of thing that could render fossil fuels obsolete. And let's see, what's the economy based on...

JUNE

I understand the implications--

MILNER

The joke is, they've had it for a long time now. Maybe ten years.

June stares at the battery as he folds it up in the handkerchief again, puts it back in his pocket.

MILNER

Too much money still on the table with oil, so they've been hiding it until the right time.

JUNE

Ackerman says you stole it.

MILNER

He's right.

JUNE

So... you did steal it?

MILNER

From Ackerman.  
(leans in close)  
He's framing me.

JUNE

But you just admitted you stole it.

MILNER

That's right.

JUNE

So how could he be framing you?

MILNER

Because, originally, Ackerman and I were sent to protect it, but then one day I find out he's made a deal to sell it to the highest bidder, so I took the battery and ran.

JUNE

To protect it.

MILNER

But for Ackerman to save himself, he's gotta make me the bad guy. I still can't believe he did it. I mean, he was my partner. That's supposed to count for something.

Milner looks away, suddenly becoming emotional. He actually starts to get teary, quickly becoming wracked with sobs.

JUNE

Are you okay?

MILNER

Yeah, it's just... I get a little emotional talking about it. I mean, we'd been through a lot together. After that mission in Afghanistan, I thought we really bonded. Hell, I taught him to *sand breathe*...

Milner chokes up again.

JUNE

Uh...

MILNER

(collecting himself)

Anyway, that's why everyone's trying to kill me.

JUNE

Us. Everyone's trying to kill us.

MILNER

Yeah, well, you were seen with me, so they think you know something.

JUNE

But I didn't know anything.

MILNER

Not then, but you do now.

JUNE

Because you just told me.

MILNER

Well, you asked.

JUNE

No, I didn't. You said, "Okay, here's what it's all about."

MILNER

Because you wanted know.

JUNE

Look, why don't you just give it back to the government, tell the truth about all of it?

MILNER

(laughs)

Give it back. That's adorable, June. Tell me, who? Who do I give it back to? I don't know who to trust. Ackerman clearly had someone on the inside.

June shakes her head, looks around the joint.

MILNER

Right now, I just wanna keep it safe while I figure it all out.

JUNE

And I wanna go home.

MILNER

Really? Because... I can't stop thinking about that kiss.

(she turns back to him)

I just wonder, if maybe I wasn't so busy saving the world, maybe you and I couldn't spend some time getting to know each other.

JUNE

I'm... flattered. Which is kind of pathetic, actually.

(MORE)

JUNE (cont'd)  
 But, right now, I just really need  
 to go home. Can you understand  
 that?

MILNER  
 Completely.

JUNE  
 Thank you.

In one swift motion, Milner PULLS OUT A HUGE GUN, throws June  
 into a STRANGLEHOLD, and drags her out of the booth, to out  
 in plain view of the security camera.

JUNE  
 Hey-- what're you doing?!

MILNER  
 ALRIGHT EVERYBODY DOWN OR I BLOW  
 THIS BITCH'S HEAD OFF!!

SCREAMS. Panic. Milner FIRES THREE SHOTS into the air! A  
 light SHATTERS on the floor. Everybody hits the deck. He  
 puts his gun right into June's cheek.

JUNE  
 Please don't shoot me!

Milner's wild-eyed, crazy.

MILNER  
 Don't make me.

Milner fans the gun at the room.

MILNER  
 Heads down, I mean it! I see a  
 face, I'm gonna blow it away!

Milner drags a petrified June towards the door.

**EXT. TACO JOINT - MOMENTS LATER**

Milner backs out of the door, still holding the gun on June.

MILNER  
 97...96...KEEP COUNTING! YOU LOOK  
 AT ME, YOU DIE! 95...94...

Milner locks the front door of the restaurant then throws the  
 keys into the weeds.

JUNE  
 What the hell's going on?!

Milner shoves June towards his car, deadly serious--

MILNER

Get in.

JUNE

No way!

Milner points the gun at her--

MILNER

You can ride in the front or you can ride in the trunk. It's your choice.

June slides in, latches her seatbelt, and quickly shuts the door.

With that, Milner jumps behind the wheel, and hauls ass out of there.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Milner drives as June stares forward, panicked. Suddenly, Milner starts laughing--

MILNER

Man, I wish you could've seen the look on your face. "Please don't shoot me." Your eyes all buggy--  
(then)

Put you in the trunk... Like I'd do that. I mean, really, June. I told you I've never killed a woman before!

June goes for the door handle. He snaps, serious--

MILNER

I'm sorry.

June pulls back her hand.

MILNER

I had to go crazy back there. It was the only way to get you out of trouble. There were security cameras all over. Now there's hard proof that you're my hostage.

June sits a moment in silence. Not sure if she believes him. A beat then--

JUNE

Why didn't you tell me?

MILNER

It had to look real. And it did...

He starts laughing again. She SMACKS him hard across the face.

MILNER

(impressed)

Ouch. Good one.

He notices something ahead, goes serious.

MILNER

Ah, here we go: roadblock. Thank God.

JUNE

You're glad?

Way up ahead in the distance a ROADBLOCK comes into view, cherries blazing.

MILNER

Well, now that you're in the clear, you'll be safe with them.

JUNE

Like really safe? Or "they're gonna kill me" safe?

MILNER

Really safe.

JUNE

What about Ackerman?

MILNER

He's after me. He just wants the battery.

He pulls over, reaches across and opens her door.

JUNE

You're really letting me go?

MILNER

Was nice meeting you, June. And I'm really sorry for any trouble I put you through.

She starts to get out.

MILNER

Have a nice life, June.

He looks forward, starts to put the car in gear, but sees something in the rearview mirror.

MILNER

Uh-oh.

JUNE

What?

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

MILNER

Stay in the car.

JUNE

Who are they?

The helicopter whips up a tornado of dust.

MILNER

Shut the door.

JUNE

What-- aren't they the cops?

MILNER

No--

Milner points to the roadblock--

MILNER

Those are the cops.  
(pointing to helicopter)  
These are the bad guys.

JUNE

The FBI guys?

MILNER

No. Some other bad guys.

JUNE

What other bad guys?

MILNER

Actually, worse guys.

JUNE

Worse guys?!

MILNER

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

He pulls a MACHINE PISTOL out from under the seat.

MILNER

I need you to take this gun and  
start shooting at the helicopter.  
Just keep shooting until it falls  
out of the sky or explodes. Either  
one is good. And put on this  
vest...

He hands her a Kevlar vest which she just stares at.

MILNER

C'mon, hurry. And, June, this is  
important: whatever you do, don't  
get out of the car.

She puts on the vest. Milner throws the car into a 180.  
The second the car skids to a stop...

**EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME**

June dives out of the car, scrambles to her feet and starts  
to run like crazy. She waves her arms at the helicopter.

JUNE

Help! I'm not with him! I don't  
even know him! I'm innocent!

They start shooting at her from the helicopter, riddling the  
ground all around her. June runs back to Milner's car...

**INT. MILNER'S CAR - SAME**

As June dives in...

JUNE

I'm with you! I'm with you!

Bullets strafe the roof, but don't make a dent. This gets  
her attention.

MILNER

What did I tell you?

JUNE

Don't get out of the car.

MILNER

And what did you do?

JUNE

I'm sorry! I panicked!

Milner throws the car into drive and takes off, heading straight for the roadblock. She holds up the gun...

JUNE

I can't shoot at anybody!

MILNER

Sure you can, you just need a little help...

Milner leans over and opens the glove box, pulls out a FLASK.

MILNER

Take a shot of this.

JUNE

What is it?

MILNER

Tequila.

She knocks back a mouthful from the flask and winces.

JUNE

I need a lime...

June tries to focus as the dashboard opens up and Milner starts going through an array of high tech weapons.

JUNE

I feel fuzzy-- I mean, funny.

She looks at Milner who locks and loads...

JUNE

Okay, that wasn't tequila, was it?

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

**EXT. VARIOUS - JUNE'S POV - NIGHT**

-A MASK is put over June's pov.

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

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

-Milner yells through his mask, wielding a strange weapon.

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

**FADE IN ON JUNE**

As she wakes up. She's on a cement floor...

**PULL BACK TO REVAL: A WAREHOUSE**

Milner, knife in hand, is fighting several people at once. He glances at her...

MILNER

Just a sec, June--

He then takes them all out, moves towards her just as she passes out again and we...

**CUT TO BLACK**

SOUND OF A HELICOPTER OVER...

**FADE IN ON THE INSIDE OF A HELICOPTER**

It's crashing. Milner is putting a parachute on June...

MILNER

We have to hurry!

He helps her up...

MILNER

Jump!

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

**CUT TO BLACK**

SOUND OF A POWERBOAT...

**FADE IN: A CIGARETTE BOAT**

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

MILNER

Almost there.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

We hear SEAGULLS. WAVES.

**FADE IN: MILNER'S HIDE-OUT - TROPICAL ISLAND - DAY**

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

**HER POV - THE OCEAN**

Sunflares kick off the water as an out-of-focus silhouette emerges from the sea: it's Milner in SLO-MO, carrying some diving equipment and two huge lobsters, much like the Mate-dot-com ad.

JUNE

Uh, I missed something.

She sits up in a hammock beside a hut, wearing a bikini top and a sarong. Milner holds up the two lobsters--

MILNER

Hey, sleepyhead. I hope you like lobster.

June scrambles out of the hammock, stumbles.

JUNE

You drugged me...

MILNER

Was for your own good, June. You weren't really coping all that well and I needed to get us out of there.

Milner calmly drops his fins and mask in the sand.

JUNE

Where are we? What are we doing here?

MILNER

Hiding out, reloading, *relaxing*.

June realizes what she's wearing.

JUNE

Uh, okay, Milner--

MILNER

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

(beat)

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

He smiles at her and she hits him the face. I mean, really nails him one, so that he stumbles, drops to one knee. She then hurries off down the beach. He touches his jaw, smiles.

MILNER

Wow.

He watches her run off, impressed.

**EXT. JUNGLE - DAY**

June storms through the jungle, furious. She ignores the vines and branches that scratch at her and pushes through them to another beach.

JUNE

Shit.

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

**EXT. HUT - DAY**

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

**EXT. COASTLINE - DAY**

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

JUNE

Dammit!

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

**EXT. HUT - DAY**

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

**EXT. JUNGLE COASTLINE - DUSK**

June drags herself along -- soaking wet, exhausted, starving. She starts to really panic. It's getting darker by the minute. She can barely see where she's going.

Like a miracle, she sees something in the distance. She squints into the gloom. Are those torches? She can just make out some kind of structure, built into the hillside.

Summoning her last gasp of energy, June quickens her pace, crawling towards the structure, scrambling up the beach...

She suddenly stops dead as she realizes -- this is the place she left hours ago. Milner stands there, seasoning a simmering pot over a fire.

MILNER

Big island, huh?

JUNE

If you're going to kill me, just kill me.

MILNER

I don't want to kill you. I just want to finish our date.

**INT. HUT - NIGHT**

June comes out of the bedroom, showered, wearing the sarong like a dress... just as Milner takes a machete and chops a coconut in half, hands June a cocktail in it.

MILNER

Here. Very refreshing.

JUNE

Will it knock me out?

MILNER

Only if you drink like nine of 'em.

She doesn't move. He takes a drink. Then passes it to her. She takes it, looks around.

JUNE

So... is this your... hideout?

MILNER

One of them.

JUNE

How many places have you got?

MILNER

Twelve. No-- eleven, the place in Burma blew up last month.

June watches as Milner puts the finishing touches on the exotic meal he's prepared.

JUNE

Everything you say seems like such bullshit... I have no clue who you really are.

MILNER

Part of me being able to do my job is people not knowing who I am.

JUNE

So am I, like, your hostage?

MILNER

Not at all. You can leave any time you want. But...

He looks at her.

JUNE

But what?

MILNER

Why are you in such a hurry to get home?

JUNE

I have a life. People who depend on me.

MILNER

The world depends on me. And yet here I am, relaxing.

(back to work)

Besides, they'll kill you if you go home.

JUNE

You have the battery. Why would they want to kill me?

He sets a plate of beautiful food down in front of her.

MILNER

I was on the run that night, when I saw you sitting there crying, and I have to say, you really moved me.

JUNE

You told me this--

MILNER

I dropped the battery in your purse.

She looks at him.

MILNER

They tracked it.

JUNE

So they think I'm involved.

MILNER

Well, you kinda are involved.

(off her look)

But I'm gonna get you out of it.

(then)

C'mon, eat...

JUNE

You're an FBI agent. Can't you just talk to somebody--

MILNER

I never said I was an FBI agent.

I said I was in the FBI.

JUNE

What's the difference?

MILNER

I had to infiltrate the FBI as part of my mission. The truth is, I work for a much more powerful global organization.

JUNE

Which one?

MILNER

The IIA -- International Intelligence Agency.

JUNE

Never heard of them.

MILNER

I hope not. If you had, then somebody's not doing their job.

JUNE

You're telling me you're some kind of super-spy?

MILNER

Well... super's kind of braggy, but yeah.

(MORE)

MILNER (cont'd)

Actually, I'm more like a trouble shooter. They point me at trouble and I--

JUNE

Shoot it?

MILNER

I was gonna say fix it, but once in a while, yeah, that's what I have to do. Come on, your food's getting cold.

She finally takes a bite.

JUNE

You know I find all this a little a little hard to-- oh my God this is good!

MILNER

Thank you.

JUNE

No, really, really good. Like "the best thing I've ever tasted" good.

MILNER

Please, you embarrass me.

She eagerly devours her meal as Milner looks on.

JUNE

So what's your plan?

MILNER

No plan.

JUNE

What kind of secret agent doesn't have a plan?

MILNER

The smart kind. A plan is just a road map so the bad guys can find me. But if I don't know what's next, then they don't either.

JUNE

That's ridiculous. You don't know what you're doing, so no one else will know what you're doing? That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard.

Suddenly, an ALARM GOES OFF AND ALL OF THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

JUNE

What's going on?

Milner looks off, sees LIGHTS in the distance.

MILNER

Huh. How about that? The bad guys found us anyway. Maybe you're right about the no-plan thing after all.

Milner starts grabbing weapons.

MILNER

Think you're ready to fire a gun?

JUNE

I hate guns.

MILNER

That's what I thought you'd say.

He puts his hand on the back of her neck and squeezes. She passes out at his feet.

He looks at her lying there on the floor of the hut. He reaches out to touch her hair, but stops himself.

MILNER

Jesus, get a hold of yourself, John.

He takes a breath, turns towards the lights.

DISSOLVE TO:

**CLOSE ON JUNE**

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

**INT. DARKENED ROOM - DAY**

June, confused, looks up to see MILNER.

MILNER

Great, you're awake. C'mon.

He helps her up.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Milner leads June out the door of a building and leads her down the city street.

JUNE  
(trying to remember)  
You drugged me again.

MILNER  
Actually, I didn't drug you. I used a pressure point.

JUNE  
That still counts. I can't believe you did that again. Didn't I explicitly tell you not to--  
(looks around)  
What happened to the island?

Before them, a flock of pigeons alights to reveal: THE PANTHEON across from them. June stares up at it. She's never seen anything like it.

MILNER  
Welcome to Rome.

JUNE  
Oh, my God.

She's in awe. Milner puts his arm around her.

MILNER  
Beautiful, isn't it?

JUNE  
I've always wanted to--

MILNER  
First time, huh? Always the best.

Milner leads her away. She looks around at the various sites. Can't believe her eyes. Can't believe she's here.

MILNER  
There's someone here I can give the battery to.

JUNE  
Who?

MILNER  
Name's Salvatore Russo. Bigtime environmentalist, philanthropist.  
(MORE)

MILNER (cont'd)  
Brilliant. Squeaky clean.  
Powerful friends. There's no way  
he'd let the battery get into the  
wrong hands.

JUNE  
You know him?

MILNER  
Never met him before... but he's  
going to be at an environmental  
summit reception tonight. I  
thought we'd crash. Then I'm gonna  
take you to the embassy, get your  
name cleared. Send you home.

She stops cold, looks over his shoulder. Ackerman's number  
two, the big read head, loiters across the street, pretends  
to look in a shop window. His ARM IS IN A SLING.

MILNER  
What--

JUNE  
Don't turn around.

MILNER  
Who is it?

JUNE  
One of Ackerman's guys... the big  
Howdy Doody lookalike with braces.

MILNER  
I shot him. Didn't I?

JUNE  
Well, he's here.

MILNER  
Just keep walking.

Milner ducks into an alley. Presses June up against a wall.  
They wait, up close like this, and a moment later the agent  
walks by, but doesn't look down the alley...

MILNER  
You're right. That's him.  
(looks at June)  
Nice get, June.

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

MILNER

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

JUNE

Yeah. Just to be safe.

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

MILNER

Ow.

**WIDEN TO REVEAL: THE RED HEADED AGENT**

Holding his gun to Milner's head.

BRACES

Small world. *Ciao*, Milner.

MILNER

That means "good-bye," shithead.

BRACES

Really?

JUNE

Actually, it's like *aloha*, you can say it either coming or going...

MILNER

(smiles at June)

You're full of surprises.

BRACES

Whatever. You move and it's *aloha* to your fuckin brains.

MILNER

(looks into June's eyes)

I'm happy right where I am.

She smiles at him. And suddenly, Braces cries out as she kicks the man hard in the shin. Milner, still looking at June, elbows him in the face and now June kicks him again, this time in that higher spot that bends a man over.

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

MILNER

I think *aloha* can also mean "I love you."

**INT. VERSACE - DAY**

As Milner and June duck inside. Milner looks out the window, satisfied they're not being followed he turns to June...

MILNER

Very nice. I'm impressed.

But June's gone. He sees that she's wandered off, taking in the beautiful clothing...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Gianni?

June looks over as a pretty young SALESGIRL comes over and embraces Milner.

JUNE

"Gianni?"

They begin conversing in Italian. Milner is fluent and keeps up with her. She laughs at a joke he tells, notices a now self-conscious June standing there.

MILNER (SUBTITLED)

*Oh... yeah, I need you to make her even prettier than she is.*

SALESGIRL (SUBTITLED)

*Do I have to?*

MILNER (SUBTITLED)

*Yes... and make sure she gets to this address by eight o'clock.*

June, blown away by Milner's linguistic skill, watches as he scribbles on a card, then hands the girl a BLACK AMEX.

SALESGIRL (SUBTITLED)

*(eyeing June)*

*I'm very jealous, Gianni.*

MILNER (SUBTITLED)

*Don't worry--*

*(kisses the girl on the cheek)*

*It's just business.*

The Salesgirl nods, "Ah." June looks hurt -- she's learned enough Italian to translate Milner's words: "It's just business."

MILNER  
 (to the Salesgirl)  
*Grazie.*

The Salesgirl follows Milner over to June.

MILNER  
 Elisa will take good care of you  
 while I go run some errands, get  
 ready for tonight.

JUNE  
 Oh...

MILNER  
 Pick out whatever you want. I'll  
 see you in a few hours.

Milner exits. June looks around the store, overwhelmed. The Salesgirl nods for her to follow...

**EXT. ROME STREET - DAY**

A noisy residential neighborhood. Milner gets out of a taxi, looks up at an apartment building.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME**

Milner climbs the steps, pulls out his gun...

**INT. HALLWAY - SAME**

As Milner comes to a door, knocks.

VOICE  
 Who is it?

MILNER  
 It's me.

The door opens to the limit of the chain and we see THE RED HEAD WITH BRACES peering through the crack. Finally--

BRACES  
 You're an asshole.

He shuts the door, takes off the chain and re-opens it.

BRACES  
 First you shoot me, then you kick  
 me in the nuts. What's up with  
that?

MILNER

It was June who kicked you. And she saw you. She's not stupid... Little uptight maybe, but not stupid.

(looks into the apartment)  
You alone in there?

BRACES

It's all clear.

Milner puts his gun away, follows Braces inside.

MILNER

Everything set?

BRACES

Good to go.

MILNER

Where's Ackerman?

BRACES

At the embassy. What's up with the girl, really?

MILNER

She's just a civilian.

BRACES

She doesn't kick like one.

Milner smiles.

**EXT. MUSEUM - EVENING**

Milner stands at the top of the steps, wearing a perfectly cut tux. He watches as a limo pulls up. The DRIVER gets out, holds the door open for June, a knockout in her new evening gown. Milner walks down the steps to meet her. All business...

MILNER

Alright, let's go.

He takes her arm, but she stays put. He looks back at her.

JUNE

This is the part where you tell me how beautiful I look.

MILNER

Do you really need to hear it?

He gestures to the crowd and sure enough, everyone is looking at her. He starts leading her up. After a moment...

MILNER

Let's go to work.

**INT. GRAND ROOM - MUSEUM - EVENING**

They enter and Milner immediately grabs an hors d'oeuvre off a passing tray.

MILNER

*Grazie.*

(eats)

I'm starving.

They look around, take in the scene which is basically a lot of OVERWEIGHT MEN in tuxedos with BEAUTIFUL WOMEN who may or may not be their wives on their arms. Imagine a room full of Karl Roves standing amongst beautiful art and you're there.

JUNE

How are we gonna find Russo in this crowd?

MILNER

(looking at her)

He'll find us.

A TANGO starts and Milner leads her towards the dance floor--

MILNER

Come on, let's dance.

JUNE

Milner, I don't dance. Well, I dance, but--

(gesturing to the dance floor)

--just not like that.

She watches them all tango.

MILNER

You can't be a spy if you don't know how to tango.

JUNE

I don't tango.

MILNER

All right. We'll just have to mix it up a little.

June watches as Milner pulls the BAND LEADER aside and slips him some money. The tango comes to an abrupt end. The confused dancers stop.

Milner moves June to middle of the dance floor.

MILNER

Just try your best to keep up.

The band launches into lively SALSA MUSIC.

Milner expertly starts salsa dancing. June grins -- she expertly keeps pace with him, dancing with surprisingly sultry rhythm.

MILNER

(wowed)

Okay, this was way better than a tango.

The crowd looks on, impressed. Others start dancing as well.

JUNE

So how's Russo going to find us?

MILNER

He already has.

(looks off)

The white-haired guy with the thick glasses. He's looking at you, isn't he?

Milner grabs June and dips her low to the ground. She looks at Russo, upside down, giving him a great shot of her cleavage.

JUNE

Uh-huh.

Milner pulls her back up.

MILNER

All those Nobel prizes and he still needs to be with the prettiest girl in the room.

JUNE

Thank you.

MILNER

You're welcome.

JUNE

You don't look half bad yourself.

He grabs her, dips her again, looking at her.

JUNE

What?

MILNER

That's the first nice thing you've said since we met.

JUNE

Must be the Stockholm Syndrome talking.

MILNER

Not bad for a first date, eh?

JUNE

Is that what this still is?

They look at each other, as the moment gets awkward...

JUNE

So... how you want to approach him?

MILNER

I'm not. You are.

Milner spins June around and pulls her back in.

MILNER

Hit me.

JUNE

What?

MILNER

You did it before.

JUNE

I was mad at you before. I'm not mad at you now.

MILNER

Okay. I don't know what to go with -- the fact that you actually had to use the internet to get a date or that you look like you've somehow gained eight pounds since I met you.

BAM! June slaps Milner really hard.

MILNER

Now act upset.

JUNE

I am upset!

MILNER

Good, now I need you to go to the little girls room, and when Russo finds you, tell him you wanna meet him on the terrace in five minutes.

JUNE

Screw you!

MILNER

Look, you don't have to kiss him or anything, just--

JUNE

I'm acting upset.

MILNER

Oh. Nice.

She then grabs a drink from a passing tray and throws it in Milner's face.

MILNER

Okay, June--

JUNE

(slaps him again)

I'm in the moment.

June walks off "in a huff" as Milner looks around at the other DANCERS, who are staring. He makes the international sign for "crazy."

MILNER

Pazza. Loca.

They don't get it.

MILNER

Americana.

Everyone nods, understanding, as we CUT TO...

**INT. OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - NIGHT**

As June approaches the ladies room, Russo appears. He's tall, the lights reflected in his thick glasses.

RUSSO

May I be of some assistance?

JUNE  
(not making it easy,  
reaches for the door)  
I think I can manage.

RUSSO  
So I saw.

She pauses, looks back at him.

RUSSO  
Do you know who I am?

JUNE  
Bathroom attendant?

RUSSO  
(extends his hand)  
Salvatore Russo. And I'd be very  
disappointed if I wasn't given a  
chance to get to know you better.

JUNE  
It's your party. Try if you want  
to.

She realizes just how lame that sounded, tries not to wince.

RUSSO  
Clever. What's your name?

JUNE  
June.

RUSSO  
Tell me, June, what did your friend  
say that you found so offensive?

JUNE  
He compared me to his mother.

RUSSO  
Unforgivable. How 'bout I find a  
couple glasses of Champagne, meet  
you on the terrace in, say, fifteen  
minutes?

JUNE  
No.

RUSSO  
No?

JUNE  
Make it five.

She walks away, Russo watching every lovely step.

**INSIDE THE PARTY**

She looks around for Milner. He comes up behind her.

MILNER  
Well done.  
(hands her a key)  
I'll meet you back at the  
apartment. You better get going.

JUNE  
Right now? But I'm all dressed up.

MILNER  
(takes her in)  
Yes, you are. And it's just fine  
with me if you stay that way until  
I get back. But this next part, I  
gotta do alone. And I don't wanna  
be distracted like I am right now.

JUNE  
So I'm distracting...?

MILNER  
Go on, get outta here.

**EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT**

June skips down the steps, smiling. She feels confident, looks great. As she hits the bottom step, TWO MENACING FIGURES with buzz-cuts appear in front of her.

MENACING FIGURE  
June Holyfield?

JUNE  
(beat)  
I'm afraid you have the wrong  
person.

She tries to walk around him. The man steps in front of her.

MENACING FIGURE  
Get in the car.

He opens his jacket to reveal A BIG GUN.

## MENACING FIGURE

Please.

**EXT. MUSEUM - TERRACE - NIGHT**

Russo stands alone by the balustrade, optimistically holding two flutes of champagne.

MILNER

Salvatore...

Russo, startled, turns to see Milner standing before him.

MILNER

*È piacevole vederli ancora.*

Russo breaks out into a grin.

RUSSO

And you, Milner. Are you here on business or pleasure this time?

MILNER

Little of both. I've got something for you.

RUSSO

(eagerly)  
The battery?

MILNER

No, unfortunately. Something else.

Milner reaches into his jacket pocket.

**EXT. US EMBASSY - ROME - NIGHT**

The two menacing men escort June out of the car and whisk her into the building past US MARINES, who stand at attention.

**INT. HALLWAY - US EMBASSY - ROME - NIGHT**

June's heels ECHO on the marble floor as she's led down the imposing hallway.

**INT. OFFICE - US EMBASSY - NIGHT**

June enters to see a WOMAN, typing on her computer, her back to June.

WOMAN

18,500 Euros. That was quite the shopping spree you had today.

The woman turns around to face June.

WOMAN

I'm FBI Director Isabelle George.

JUNE

Look, this whole thing is just a big misunderstanding.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Which part of aiding and abetting a known enemy of the state am I not understanding?

JUNE

You're talking about the battery. Milner's just trying to keep it safe.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Really?

Director George stands up.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Four days ago, Milner was given strict orders to bring it in, but he never showed up. Since then, he's been trying to arrange an international auction to sell it to the highest bidder.

JUNE.

No, that's what Ackerman is doing!

Director George presses a button.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

I assume Milner told you Ackerman was rogue FBI?

Ackerman steps out of an inner door, startling June.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

But the truth is he's my best field agent.

June stares at Ackerman, stunned.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Ask yourself, Ms. Holyfield: Has Milner said one thing that you can prove to be true?

JUNE

(to Ackerman)

He said you were going to kill me.

ACKERMAN

Yet here you are.

June doesn't know what to say.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Now, it's time you started telling the truth.

JUNE

I am. Look, Milner's not a bad guy. He's just working undercover for the IIA.

Director George and Ackerman stare at her blankly.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

The what?

JUNE

The International Intelligence Agency. You know, it's a big, top-secret, international spy... thing...

Director George and Ackerman exchange a look.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Ms. Holyfield, I have a security clearance unrivaled by anyone else on the planet. And I've never heard of any organization by that name.

JUNE

(getting worried)

Are you sure?

DIRECTOR GEORGE

What I have heard of is the New Freedom Coalition. What has Milner told you about them?

JUNE

The-- Nothing--

DIRECTOR GEORGE

We know that they're trying to destabilize the Middle East--

JUNE

Isn't it already pretty unstable?

DIRECTOR GEORGE

They're going after our allies, the Saudis, the Kuwaitis, the UAE...

JUNE

Milner's never said a word about the New... whatever--

DIRECTOR GEORGE

--Freedom Coalition. Yet you attended one of their events tonight...

JUNE

What?

DIRECTOR GEORGE

We know they're raising money for something. I want to know what.

JUNE

Milner just wanted to meet a guy named Salvatore Russo to give him the battery.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Give him the battery? Would you like to see what he actually gave Mr. Russo?

She indicates a video monitor. Ackerman switches on a surveillance tape of

**ON THE MONITOR**

Milner stands with Russo on the roof as in the previous scene. Milner reaches into his jacket pocket... then pulls a gun and shoots Russo dead.

June watches the tape, horror-struck.

JUNE

No... that's impossible.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

He's still in possession of the battery. You see, he's lied to you again. What are you up to, Ms. Holyfield?

JUNE

Nothing... I'm just...

ACKERMAN

The last time I saw you, you said  
you had nothing to do with Milner.

JUNE

I didn't-- I just met him--

Director George hits the remote again and we see security  
camera footage of June with Russo...

RUSSO (ON TAPE)

How 'bout I find a couple glasses  
of Champagne, meet you on the  
terrace in, say, fifteen minutes?

JUNE (ON TAPE)

No.

RUSSO (ON TAPE)

No?

JUNE (ON TAPE)

Make it five.

JUNE

Okay, that was just me being in the  
moment--

They both just look back at her.

ACKERMAN

I gotta say, from where we stand,  
you're starting to look a lot less  
like an innocent bystander and a  
lot more like Milner's partner.

JUNE

You have no proof--

(then)

Besides the tape I mean.

ACKERMAN

The proof is you're still alive.

June shifts nervously in her seat as Ackerman sits down close  
to her.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

I wonder, what is it you have that  
Milner wants?

JUNE

I have no idea.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Well, for some reason, he seems to trust you. So here's what you're going to do: the next time you get a visual on the battery, you'll give us a signal, and we'll take it from there.

JUNE

With all due respect, you're making a mistake.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

(losing patience)

Here's the deal, Miss Holyfield. You're looking at life in a prison that technically doesn't exist.

JUNE

I want a lawyer.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

Too bad. You can't have one. Life as you know it is now over. You may think you're in Rome, but if you decide not to cooperate with us, you were never in Rome or anywhere else for that matter. Because contrary to what you may believe, this world is flat and you can fall off the edge.

ACKERMAN

And that's if Milner doesn't kill you first. And make no mistake, when he's ready, he will kill you.

June reels. Thinks a moment. Ackerman sets a BLACK BALL-POINT pen down on the desk.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

It's both a bug and a transmitter. Once Milner's... compromised, click the pen three times and we'll come knocking on the door.

JUNE

Three times... don't I have to say "There's no place like home" first?

No one laughs. She sighs, picks up the pen, stares at it.

DIRECTOR GEORGE

As long as you have the pen, we'll hear everything, so you'll be safe.

JUNE

And if I do this?

DIRECTOR GEORGE

You get your life back.

**INT. CAB - NIGHT**

As June considers the PEN Director George gave her. She drops it into her clutch, looks out the window as the cab passes the Trevi Fountain, couples sitting there, kissing. June looks out, turns away.

**EXT. ROME SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT**

June gets out of the cab, stares up at the building. She takes a breath, starts for the entrance.

**INT. ROME SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT**

June walks in as Milner makes a cappuccino from a machine.

MILNER

There you are! I was starting to get worried.

JUNE

Just doing a little sightseeing.

MILNER

(hands her cup)

Here. You haven't had a cappuccino until you've had one in Rome.

He turns away and starts to prepare another cappuccino for himself as she sits and stares at him.

JUNE

So... did you find Russo?

MILNER

Yep.

JUNE

How did it go?

MILNER

Good, not great.

JUNE

But you gave him the battery,  
right?

MILNER

Not exactly.

June's face falls, but Milner doesn't see it.

JUNE

So you've still got it.

MILNER

I didn't trust him after all.

JUNE

Do you trust anybody?

MILNER

It's my job not to. Hey, what do  
you say we take a little break  
tomorrow and check out the  
Colosseum?

He sits across from her.

JUNE

You have no intention of handing  
over the battery to anyone, do you?

MILNER

Not until it's safe.

JUNE

When will it be safe, John?

MILNER

I'll know it when I feel it.

June stares at him and makes a decision.

JUNE

Let me see it again.

MILNER

What?

JUNE

The battery. If you really still  
have it, then show me.

Milner hesitates, then reaches into his pocket and places the  
battery on the table before them.

JUNE

Hard to believe a thing that small  
could ruin so many lives.

CLOSE ON June's hand behind her back, clicking the ball-point pen.

Milner stares back at her, then looks at his cup. We see what he sees: the cappuccino begins to tremble ever so slightly. He shakes his head, slowly.

MILNER (CONT'D)

It hurts a lot more than I thought.

JUNE

(concerned)

What?

MILNER

The knife you just stuck in my back.

JUNE

You knew?

MILNER

It's my job to know.

JUNE

Don't pretend to be hurt. It's all "just business" to you, isn't it?

MILNER

No. Not when it comes to you.

He looks sincere. June's uncertain.

JUNE

You killed him. How could you just do that?

MILNER

He was starting to suspect me. He was going to compromise my mission. It was either his life or millions of others. I had no choice.

JUNE

I just want out, Milner. I don't know who to believe anymore.

MILNER

I never wanted you to believe me,  
June. I just wanted you to trust  
me.

Milner takes the battery and puts it back in his pocket, then walks to a door, takes out a key, and opens it to reveal a WEAPONS CACHE inside -- guns of all shapes and sizes.

He arms himself, then looks at her.

MILNER

I should've left you in the car  
with Ackerman. I should've never  
come back for you.

Suddenly, the windows in the apartment explode and the room starts to fill with GAS.

MILNER

Shit.

**INT. ROME SAFE HOUSE BUILDING - HALLWAY - SAME**

Milner and June burst through the door.

MILNER

C'mon!

JUNE

Are you crazy? I'm not going with  
you.

MILNER

You'll be safer.

JUNE

No, I won't.

MILNER

Yes, you will.

A SWAT TEAM emerges from the staircase at the end of the hallway and starts SHOOTING at both of them.

JUNE

(pissed, to Milner)  
Don't say it.

Milner fires back at the SWAT team and shoves June out a window, onto a fire escape.

**EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT**

Milner joins June. As they start to hurry down, GUNMAN shoot up at them from the street below.

MILNER

Wrong way.

They start going up instead, the SWAT TEAM following them.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Milner pulls June off the fire escape onto the rooftop and starts running, holding her hand.

MILNER

Hang on!

June's eyes go wide as she realizes -- this is a running start. They race towards the edge of the building... and jump!

**EXT. ADJACENT ROOF - NIGHT**

They land, rolling on the roof and scrambling to their feet. As the SWAT TEAM reaches the other rooftop and fires at them, they take cover behind a concrete barrier.

Milner returns fire, a gun in each hand.

JUNE

These are the kind of moments I'm not going to miss.

MILNER

Just stay calm.

The barrier above them explodes in gunfire. He fires off a few shots.

JUNE

No, I won't stay calm. Because normal people don't stay calm in situations like this.

MILNER

I'm calm. Are you implying I'm not normal?

JUNE

Oh, no, you're completely normal. Just your average, everyday borderline sociopath.

He fires off a few more shots.

MILNER

That hurts, June. Deeply.

JUNE

Oh, that is so you. You know what your problem is? You repress all your feelings until they just explode out of you in fits of spontaneous crying or the need to shoot something. You're damaged, Milner.

MILNER

You want to talk about my emotional state? Fine. Let's talk.

He lays down his guns on the floor.

JUNE

What are you doing?

MILNER

I may not wallow in my feelings and cry during chick flicks like most people, but it's because I don't have that luxury.

Bullets fly all around them. June gets nervous.

JUNE

I understand. Absolutely. Could you pick up the guns, please?

MILNER

Do you understand, June? Really? Because I have the fate of the free world in my hands. That means my judgment can't be impaired by the constant randomness of emotions.

More bullets fly.

JUNE

Uh-huh. Can we just put a pin in this for now?

MILNER

See, my job entails a little more than just getting people coffee in the morning.

That gets to her.

JUNE

How dare you! Just because I don't kill anybody in my job doesn't mean it's not important.

MILNER

I'm not saying it's not important. I'm just saying you're capable of a hell of a lot more.

JUNE

I don't need career advice from an emotional cripple!

MILNER

Okay, that's it! You want your life back? Fine!

He takes out the battery and shoves it in her hand.

MILNER

This is what they want.

She looks at him, shocked.

MILNER

Give it to them. Tell them you stole it off me.

JUNE

Milner--

MILNER

You wanna go home? Get your life back? This is the only way. Take it. And your passport...

Milner pulls out her passport and hands it to her.

MILNER

At least you got one stamp.

He grabs his guns off the ground, then shoots his way over to the roof's ledge. He gives her one last look, then leaps over the side.

June hurries to the ledge to see him land on top of a passing bus.

He rises to his feet on the roof of the moving bus, then jumps off onto a DELIVERY GUY on a Vespa, knocking him over.

MILNER  
(to the Delivery Guy)  
Sorry, man.

He hops on the Vespa and speeds away.

**ON THE ROOFTOP**

Director George, Ackerman, and other agents burst through a stairway door.

DIRECTOR GEORGE  
(to the agents)  
Hold your fire!

She crosses to June.

DIRECTOR GEORGE  
Are you alright, Ms. Holyfield?

JUNE  
(looking after Milner)  
I don't know.

She holds out the battery.

JUNE  
I stole it from him.

Director George looks at her, gently takes it from her hand.

DIRECTOR GEORGE  
You did the right thing. It's  
over.

Director George hands the battery to Ackerman.

DIRECTOR GEORGE  
Get it to DC. And try to hold on  
to it this time.

Ackerman nods, then tucks the battery into his coat pocket.

DIRECTOR GEORGE  
(re: June)  
Let's get her on a plane home.

**EXT. JUNE'S CONDO - DAY**

As a cab pulls away and June stands there looking at the place. She takes a breath, starts up the walk.

**INT. JUNE'S CONDO - NIGHT**

June washes the single dish, single glass...

**INT. OFFICE - JUNE'S FLOOR - MORNING**

June sets the coffees and baked goods on various desks, then straps herself into her own desk. A co-worker enters, sees her...

CO-WORKER

Hey, June.

JUNE

Morning, Ronnie. I left you a soy latte -- non fat, no sugar -- on your desk and I'm sorry about the last few days...

CO-WORKER

Oh...

(holds up a coffee)

I already got one, but thanks. And what're you sorry for?

She looks at him.

JUNE

Well, I wasn't here and--

And now ANOTHER CO-WORKER sits down.

ANOTHER CO-WORKER

Really? You took some time off, huh?

June stands there, wounded, as the realization hits her -- no one noticed she was gone.

She looks over at the 50-something woman, sitting down to work at her cubicle, her desk clock beside her. The woman sees June staring at it.

50-SOMETHING WOMAN

(re: desk clock)

It's already broken.

JUNE

That's too bad.

50-SOMETHING WOMAN

Eh, it was good while it lasted. So where'd you go?

JUNE

What? Oh. Italy. And some tropical island... somewhere.

50-SOMETHING WOMAN

(impressed)

Ooo! Why'd you come back?

June considers it. Good question.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Milner sits at a table, putting together explosive devices and wiring detonators. He speaks to someone O.S.

MILNER

She actually accused me of being an emotional cripple. You ever heard anything more ridiculous? I told her, emotional detachment is a necessary part of the job. But it's like she didn't even hear it. How can she drive me so nuts? I swear, I've been off my game since the moment I met her.

(then, considering)

Still, I guess the question is why do I do the job in the first place, you know? And the truth is, it's all I've got. That's why I can do it so well... because I don't have anything else to care about. When you don't have anybody, you've got nothing to lose, right?

(then, realizing)

But if I've been off my game, and I have... maybe it's because I've finally found something I don't want to lose.

He gathers up the devices in a backpack.

MILNER

I really appreciate you letting me talk this out with you. Thanks, man.

We WIDEN to see that Milner has been talking to a huge THUGGISH GUY who is tied to a chair, bound and gagged.

MILNER

You're a good listener.

He punches the guy in the face, knocking him unconscious.

**INT. FINE RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

June sits down at the bar in the restaurant where she and Milner first met. The BARTENDER steps over.

JUNE

White wine, please.

She looks over to the empty table where she sat with Milner.

JUNE

(to the bartender)

Actually, make it a bourbon.

He pours her a drink. She downs it quickly, then passes the glass back to him.

JUNE

Another.

He pours her another. She sits there, feeling out of sorts. She pulls out her passport and opens it up.

JUNE

At least I got one stamp.

She examines the stamp, when a puzzled look crosses her face.

**ON THE PASSPORT**

It's not an Italian stamp, but a stamped picture of an IGLOO and, beneath it, the numbers "64 14 23 153 37 03."

JUNE

Milner...

(to the bartender)

Hey, these numbers mean anything to you?

She shows them to him.

BARTENDER

I don't know. Phone number? Lotto pick?

JUNE

Thanks.

She throws down some cash and hurries out.

**INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

June looks at the numbers on her passport and does a Google search on her laptop. She comes up empty.

She looks at the numbers in the passport again, gets an idea.

JUNE

Wait...

She goes to a geographical locator website and types in the numbers.

JUNE

Longitude 64, 14, 23. Latitude  
153, 37, 03.

The site displays the coordinates as a dot on a map -- a remote location in northern Alaska. She smiles. That's it.

#### **MONTAGE - JUNE'S TRANSFORMATION**

-- June walks through her office carrying a box of her belongings. Her co-workers and a confused Mr. Hearn look on as she strides into the elevator and leaves.

-- At a bank, June sits at a desk with a BANKER. He hands her a thick stack of bills. She shakes his hand and leaves. He turns to his computer, where we see his screen displays "HOLYFIELD, JUNE" with the words "CHECKING," "SAVINGS", "401K," and "IRA" beneath. With a click of his mouse, the word "CLOSED" appears beside each one.

-- At a newsstand, June snaps up copies of *Eye Spy*, *Guns and Ammo*, *Future Weapons*. She's about to leave, when she doubles back, grabbing *Cosmo*.

-- In her apartment, June tosses her various tasteful-yet-bland outfits from her closet into onto a large pile in the middle of her floor. Finally, she stands in the closet amidst empty racks. She looks determined.

-- In a department store, June tries on various "spy" outfits with no luck -- one's too bulky, the next too "army surplus," another too constricting, etc.

CLOSE ON JUNE'S FACE

She smiles. Whatever she's wearing now, that's the one.

#### **INT. SEATTLE-TACOMA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY**

A PAIR OF SLEEK BOOTS struts confidently through the terminal.

PAN UP to see it's June, decked out in a sexy, super-spy outfit, impenetrable behind dark sunglasses.

June owns it, the CROWD parting as she passes. Heads turn. She's intense, deadly determined.

**END MONTAGE**

**INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY**

We hear a boarding announcement.

AIRLINE WORKER (V.O.)

This is the final boarding call for Anchorage, Alaska, departing from Gate 7-B.

June heads for the gate, passing a SINISTER-LOOKING MAN turned away from her, buying a slice of pizza. He turns around and stares after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY**

An airplane soars over the frozen Alaskan landscape.

**EXT. ALASKAN AIRPORT - DAY**

June emerges from the terminal, a bag slung over her shoulder. She heads for the taxi stand, when a SCARY-LOOKING guy steps up beside her.

SCARY GUY

Need a ride, miss?

JUNE

No, thanks. I'll just take a cab.

Two other equally SCARY-LOOKING guys step up beside her, box her in. They show her they're holding guns under their coats. She sighs wearily.

JUNE

You guys just love your guns, don't you?

They herd her into a waiting black sedan.

**INT. DARK ROOM - DAY**

We are back where we were in the first scene. June's seated at a metal table, handcuffed, as the Scary Guys stand menacingly nearby. June just sits there, thinking in silence -- having replayed the whole story of her past week solely in her mind. The Scary Guys wait expectantly.

MAN

So?

JUNE

I'm sorry, what?

MAN

You said you'd have to go back to Monday to explain to us why you're here. So do it.

JUNE

Oh. Right. You know what? I'm not feeling it.

MAN

What?

JUNE

Look, I don't know if you're the bad guys or the worse guys or some other guys entirely. But the one thing I do know for certain? You're definitely a bunch of assholes.

The Man looks on, incredulous.

JUNE

Honestly, if this was last week, we might be having a whole different conversation here. But a lot's happened to me since then. So, really, I only have two words for you... bite me.

The Man nods to one of his cohorts, who grabs June's arm, rolls up her sleeve. She stares in horror as she's injected with a needle.

JUNE

What is that? Heroin?! Is that heroin?! You're gonna turn me into a junkie?!

MAN

It's sodium pentothal. To relax you.

JUNE

(sagging)

Oh...

MAN

So now you can tell us your story --  
completely and truthfully.

June sits there a moment, the drug hitting her. She looks at  
the man.

JUNE

The truth?

MAN

(leaning forward)  
Yes. The truth.

JUNE

Okay. My mother has a better life  
than I do.

MAN

What?

JUNE

I mean, I always thought she was  
just irresponsible, ever since I  
was a kid, and I didn't want to be  
like that. I went the other way --  
played it safe and stable, you  
know? But that's no fun. And it  
is so not sexy.

MAN

Miss Holyfield-- I need to know--

We hear GUNSHOTS OS and now the sound of MEN scurrying about.  
More GUNSHOTS. SOMEONE SCREAMS.

The Man barks something in Russian and other men in the dark  
spring into action. But June does something strange. She  
smiles. Lights up. Because...

JUNE

It's him--

MILNER (O.S.)

JUNE!

JUNE

JOHN!

More GUNPLAY and now we see muzzle flashes in the dark. The  
Russian Man, the last man in here, is panicked, reloads his  
gun. She looks at him, giggles...

JUNE  
 (sing-song)  
*He's gon-na ki-il you...*

MAN  
 Quiet!

BOOM! And he's shot. And now SILENCE. A switch is flipped and the space lights up. Revealing Milner standing there by the door, inside A GIANT WAREHOUSE-LIKE SPACE.

JUNE  
 You came for me. That is so romantic...

He starts to untie her. She smells his hair. Weird.

MAN  
 I was really hoping to get to you before these guys did. Sorry about that.

He starts to lead her out of there...

JUNE  
 I'd be mad at you if I didn't want to rip your clothes off so bad...  
 (takes his arm)  
 Boy, you've got big biceps. I really wanna see you naked... Can I?

MILNER  
 Uh-huh, so exactly what did they shoot you up with?

JUNE  
 Sodium something.

MILNER  
 Sodium pentothal?

JUNE  
 That's the one.

MILNER  
 That's truth serum, June.

JUNE  
 The truth is I feel so good...

Except now she starts to cry.

JUNE

Why did I waste so much of my life?

MILNER

This way.

JUNE

And all those guys I dated. Mitch, Dave... Todd... Keith. They're all the same -- boring. Boring, boring, boring!

As gunshots rip into the wall, Milner pulls her back...

MILNER

Careful...

JUNE

But not you... you are so exciting. You have such an exciting life.

(grabs him)

You really excite me, Milner.

John.

He looks at her, checks his gun. Then jumps out and shoots the gunmen down the hall.

MILNER

All clear...

JUNE

And you're so brave. That really excites me, too. How brave you are. And you care about the world... do you have any idea how that makes me feel?

MILNER

(checks around a corner)

Excited?

JUNE

Alive.

He shoots two men coming down the corridor, pulls her along...

JUNE

But would it work between us? Oh, I'm sure the sex would be good. Really good. Like really excellent good--

MILNER

It's a good thing you're not gonna remember any of this--

JUNE

--But then what?

Another gunman, behind them, Milner pivots, shoots over June's head...

JUNE

You work alone and live alone. So in the end, I'd be... alone, right?

A GRENADE rolls down the corridor... Milner quickly throws his body against a door, crashes into...

#### **AN OFFICE**

Pulling June to the floor as the explosion rips through the corridor... They lie on the floor together, she looks at him.

JUNE

I don't even know who you are. I mean, not really.

Milner stands, pulls her to her feet, picks up metal desk chair, throws it through the window as June prattles on.

JUNE

I mean, sure, you're obviously suave and smart and you've great taste in clothes. Except for your shoes.

Milner looks offended.

MILNER

What's wrong with my shoes? These are Ferragamo.

JUNE

Don't go with the outfit.

MILNER

Yes, they do!

JUNE

The point is, I don't know if you can have ever anyone else in your life. But I guess we should just enjoy the time we've got together.

He lifts her up to the window... she starts to climb out, looks back at him.

MILNER

June--

JUNE

And you are really sexy.

GUNSHOTS RIP INTO THE OFFICE...

MILNER

GO!

She goes out the window and Milner turns around flips over the desk, gets behind it and takes out the two GUNMEN...

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

BRIGHT SUN as Milner hurries June away from the remote warehouse, which we now see is in the midst of an icy wilderness. Milner hops on a waiting snowmobile, pulls the groggy June on behind him.

MILNER

Hold on.

June wraps her arms around him as he fires up the snowmobile and speeds away. She rests her head against Milner's back, smiling blissfully, then closes her eyes and drifts off to sleep.

**INT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - DAY**

Through binoculars, someone watches Milner and June speed away on the snowmobile.

**EXT. ALASKAN COMPOUND - DAY**

An isolated, military-like compound sits hidden away amidst the snowy mountains.

**INT. COMPOUND GUEST ROOM - DAY**

June awakens, looks around to find herself in a well-appointed bedroom -- satin sheets, tasteful furniture, etc. She takes in the strange surroundings and grins.

She's getting used to this.

On a nightstand next to her lies a handwritten note. She picks it up. It reads: "JUNE, STAY PUT. BUT IF YOU CAN'T, THERE'S A MACHINE GUN IN THE DRAWER. -- XOXO, MILNER"

She opens the drawer to reveal a MACHINE GUN.

**INT. CORRIDOR - DAY**

June emerges from the bedroom, holding the machine gun tentatively. She makes her way down the hall, when she hears MALE VOICES approaching down an adjoining hallway up ahead. She ducks for cover in a doorway as the BURLY GUYS walk past, then stealthily continues on.

**INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - DAY**

Just stand by a doorway leading into a main hall. She peers inside. It's filled with INTERNATIONAL BUSINESSMEN and DICK CHENEY-TYPES. Just then, she hears a DEEP VOICE right behind her.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

What are you doing here?!

June whirls around, raises her machine gun. It's just Milner, doing a voice. He laughs.

JUNE

Don't do that.

MILNER

Sorry. You know, for a woman who hates guns, you look pretty hot packing one.

She hands the machine gun to him.

JUNE

Where are we?

MILNER

Don't worry. We're safe with my peeps.

JUNE

Your "peeps"? You mean the IIA?

MILNER

The whats-it?

(then, remembering)

Ohhh... Actually, I kinda made that up. I'm talking about my real peeps. Come on, I'll introduce you...

He leads her into the adjoining room.

## INT. MAIN HALL - DAY

The gathered INTERNATIONAL BUSINESSMEN smile warmly at Milner and June as the two enter.

MILNER

June, may I present the New Freedom Coalition -- or the NFC, for short. Not to be confused with the National Football Conference, who, for the most part, have no aspirations of global domination.

Milner pulls her hand from him, then turns to a SCIENTIST.

MILNER (CONT'D)

This is Dr. Raj. He's reverse-engineering the battery for us.

Milner pulls the battery out of his pocket.

JUNE

(confused)

But... you gave me the battery.

Milner looks sheepish.

MILNER

Busted! Sorry, June. That was a fake. I had to get the real one up here ASAP so we could move on to Phase Two.

JUNE

Phase Two?

MILNER

Production.

He sets the battery down on a table.

DR. RAJ

We're going to make thousands of them.

MILNER

And here's the kicker. Once we start the big war in the Middle East and choke off the world's oil supply -- BAM! -- we appear with the solution. We're going to be bazillionaires.

(then)

(MORE)

MILNER (cont'd)

I know that's not really a number, but when we're in charge, we'll make it one.

JUNE

I don't understand.

DR. RAJ

My dear, it's very simple. Once we destabilize the global economy, we can use our power to build a better world.

MILNER

Sure, there might be a little widespread panic and general mayhem. But you can't make a "free-world frittata" without breaking a few eggs, right?

The others chuckle.

JUNE

Why did you bring me here?

MILNER

You helped us throw off the FBI, Ackerman, the worse guys, and God-knows-who-else. You've proven yourself. We want you in the club.

He takes her hands, earnestly.

MILNER

I want you in the club. I always knew you were meant for great things. What do you say?

JUNE

I come all this way around the world to find you -- and this is who you are?

MILNER

June, think about it. The world is falling apart. We're offering mankind a second chance. These are the good guys.

JUNE

No. These are just a bunch of twisted, greedy, evil assholes. And you're one of them.

The other NFC members exchange worried glances.

DR. RAJ

Milner, do we have a problem here?

MILNER

(waves them off)

We're cool, we're cool... June, I have to say, you're being just a liiiittle bit ungrateful. Think about this. I mean, really think about it.

JUNE

Screw you.

DR. RAJ

Milner...

Milner sighs wearily.

MILNER

You disappoint me, June.

He pulls a gun and points it at her. She's defiant.

JUNE

Go ahead. It's really been "just business" to you all along, hasn't it?

Milner stares her down coldly, his gun steady, his finger tightening on the trigger, when they hear the sound of a ROCKET PROPELLED GRENADE being fired.

DR. J

RPG!

MILNER

(realizing)

Ackerman. Get down!

A missile hits the room and EXPLODES. All hell breaks loose. Everyone's sent sprawling to the floor as the lights go out, debris falls from the ceiling, etc.

June takes advantage of the distraction. She grabs the battery off the floor and races out the door. Milner notices.

MILNER

June!

He goes after her as a KLAXON blares.

**EXT. CORRIDOR - DAY**

June turns a corner and races down the hallway. Milner runs after her.

MILNER

June, wait!

JUNE

Get away from me!

**EXT. BALCONY - DAY**

June bursts out onto the huge balcony, built against the mountainside. The view is breathtaking, the drop-off over the railing hundreds of feet to the ground below.

Milner is in pursuit. June heads for a door across the balcony, but stops short when she sees --

ACKERMAN

Bursting through the doorway ahead, gun drawn, aiming at Milner.

She ducks between two large columns to get out of the line of fire.

Ackerman shoots as Milner dives for cover.

Bullets fly in both directions on the balcony before her, as the two men engage in a fierce gun battle. She puts the battery in her pocket, desperately looks around for a way out. There are no other exits. She stands there, at a loss, when --

She hears the sound of a CLANK, CLANK on the floor nearby.

A LIVE GRENADE

Skitters to a stop right before her.

MILNER

(sees it)

Great.

June desperately reaches out for the grenade, trying to stay protected from the firefight. Her fingers finally land on it.

She CHUCKS it towards Milner's end of the balcony, then ducks back between the columns as the grenade EXPLODES.

Milner loses his gun in the blast, debris raining down on him.

Between the columns, June waits nervously. Ackerman steps before her.

ACKERMAN

Ms. Holyfield?

BAM!

A bloodied MILNER hits him from the side, knocking Ackerman's gun from his hands.

The two men tear into each other. June picks up Ackerman's gun off the floor, as Milner and Ackerman's brawl SLAMS them against the balcony's railing. Damaged by the grenade, the railing gives way.

Milner lies half over the side of the balcony, with Ackerman on top of him, his fingers locked around Milner's throat.

June pulls Milner's gun from the debris.

Milner struggles to free himself from Ackerman's chokehold, then kicks him off, sending him flying across the balcony. As the two men stagger to their feet, ready to continue the battle --

JUNE

STOP!!!

June steps between them, her arms spread wide, a gun in each hand, aiming at the two men in both directions.

JUNE

Just... stop.

MILNER

Easy there, June. You hate guns, remember?

JUNE

You know what I hate more? Liars!

ACKERMAN

Ms. Holyfield, I'm here with the FBI. We tracked Milner and the NFC here to shut them down for good.

MILNER

That's bullshit, June. He's not here with the FBI. He's here with his clients -- the Worse Guys.

(MORE)

MILNER (cont'd)

They want the battery to power weapons. The kind that can fit in a suitcase.

JUNE

So what? You're with the other bad guys!

MILNER

No, I'm not! I swear to you! I just infiltrated the NFC as part of my mission.

ACKERMAN

That's absurd. Don't fall for it!

MILNER

That's why I left you the stamp in your passport. I knew Ackerman and his clients would follow you here. Do you know how hard it is to get all the bad guys in the same place?

June is skeptical.

ACKERMAN

Ms. Holyfield, listen to me. We'll get you out of here. You can still go back to your old life. For God's sake, don't let him use you again.

It sounds convincing. June is torn.

MILNER

June... you know the real reason I chose you when I saw you in the window of that restaurant? Because you looked lonely. And I know what lonely looks like.

ACKERMAN

He's trying to get inside your head. That's what he does. Don't let him!

MILNER

You were wrong, June. What you said when the worse guys drugged you.

JUNE

Uh... what did I say?

MILNER

That I could never have anyone in my life. That if we got together, you'd wind up alone.

JUNE

I said that?

MILNER

Well, that and you think that we'd have great sex, but let's stay on target--

JUNE

I did not say that.

MILNER

The point is, you're all I've been able to think about, ever since I met you. You're the best partner I've ever had, in every conceivable way.

JUNE

Just-- what do you want, Milner?

MILNER

I want this first date to go on forever.

She looks him in the eyes a beat -- he's never looked more serious. She makes her decision.

JUNE

(to Milner)

I don't believe you...

Milner looks wounded. Ackerman smiles in relief.

JUNE

(to Milner)

...but I trust you.

She shoots Ackerman, then goes to Milner. He takes her in his arms, just as --

A GROUP OF ARMED WORSE GUYS

Step out onto the balcony. Ackerman, clutching his gunshot wound, calls to them.

ACKERMAN

(re: Milner and June)

Take 'em out!

JUNE

Milner...

MILNER

Don't worry. I got it.

He calmly pulls out a detonation device in his hand.

The opposite end of the balcony EXPLODES, and the Worse Guys go flying.

We hear other CHARGES he's set around the compound GOING OFF, when --

COMMANDOS

Rappel down onto the balcony on ropes from above and swarm in from every door, armed to the teeth. They all wear matching uniforms, emblazoned with a LOGO that resembles the famous shot of the earth rising over the moon.

They drag Ackerman and the surviving Worse Guys out of the rubble, swiftly and efficiently disarming them and taking them down.

June looks on, amazed.

JUNE

(realizing)

The IIA?

MILNER

(shrugging)

We're the Watchdogs of the World.

June smiles, relieved. He kisses her.

MILNER

You know, I'm glad you decided to trust me before they showed up, because that would have made your choice ridiculously easy.

The commando LEADER drops beside Milner and removes his goggles. We recognize him as the Maitre D' from the restaurant where they first met.

LEADER

Johnny Milner does it again.

MILNER

You were supposed to be here at 0800! I had to do it all by myself.

LEADER

No, it was 0900...

MILNER

Don't you remember the plan?

LEADER

There was a plan?

**INT. MEETING HALL**

June follows Milner into the wrecked room, amazed, as the IIA commandos round up and drag away the last of the bad guys around them -- the New Freedom Coalition, their Guards, and the Worse Guys.

Sporadic MACHINE GUN FIRE continues elsewhere in the compound as Milner grabs a bottle of wine and a couple of glasses that have miraculously made it through the mayhem.

He checks the wine label. Impressed, he pours them both a drink.

MILNER

(hands her glass)

Admit it. This was the best first date you've ever had.

JUNE

It's up there.

They toast and drink.

MILNER

So -- wanna do it again?

JUNE

Maybe. Call me. I don't want to come off desperate.

Milner grins.

JUNE

Oh! I almost forgot...

June takes out the battery and hands it to Milner.

JUNE

Here. Keep it safe.

MILNER

Yeah, about that... this one's not real, either.

JUNE

Then where is the real one?

MILNER

Nowhere. It hasn't actually been invented yet.

JUNE

What?!

MILNER

I mean, they're working on it, but it's still a ways off. But now when it is invented, we will have already taken out all the guys who were going to go after it. See how it works?

JUNE

My brain hurts.

MILNER

You get used to it.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. REMOTE TROPICAL POOL - DAY**

Like in the Mate-dot-com ad. Only now, Milner dives into the pool, swims under the water, surfaces to where June waits and kisses her...

JUNE

You know, it may be time for you to meet my mom.

MILNER

I'd love to. Is she like you?

June thinks, then...

JUNE

Yeah. She is.

Just then, across the grounds, June hears the ROAR of several jeeps pull up beside a thatched-roof boathouse.

JUNE

Uh-oh...

A couple DRUG LORD-types and their entourage of armed BODYGUARDS emerge from the jeeps and enter the boathouse.

JUNE  
Time for work.

Milner climbs out of the pool, as June reaches into a beach bag and pulls out two enormous MACHINE GUNS. She hands one to Milner, along with some CLIPS. They lock and load as they approach the boathouse.

JUNE  
What are you making for dinner tonight?

MILNER  
Steak *au poivre*.

JUNE  
I love steak *au poivre*!

MILNER  
I know.

They share a quick kiss. Milner kicks in the door of the boathouse, as the two burst in, GUNS BLAZING, and we...

**FADE OUT.**