

# **WICHITA**

by

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FADE IN ON

EXT. OFFICE PARK - EXURBIA U.S.A. - DAY

A soulless corporate hive surrounded by freeway access roads and irrigation ditches -- the regional distribution center of some large, faceless mega-company.

It is the end of the day, and the building is disgorging a legion of WORKERS. They all look puffy, sickly from breathing the re-circulated air, defeated.

Among them we find JUNE, a 30-ish Office Manager in sensible shoes. Although she appears nondescript, we definitely get the sense that maybe there is more to her than meets the eye.

She is approaching her dinged-up Toyota, almost free, when...

VOICE O.S.

June!

She turns to see MARY ALICE WEIDERMAN, a psychotic Barbie doll, running after her.

MARY ALICE

That video conference is Thursday.  
Did we get the Unipoints? With the gel grips?

JUNE

Yes. They're in the stockroom--

MARY ALICE

The ones with the gel grips?  
Because, Myers is gonna freak out if they're not sitting there on the table when they start the video conference.

JUNE

They're in the stockroom--

MARY ALICE

Good. I'll let him know I took care of it. And why aren't there any laserjet cartridges? I've searched the *entire* stockroom.

JUNE

Did you look on the shelf that says "cartridges?"

MARY ALICE

(beat)

No, I was looking under "j" for jets. Because, you know, there are *ink* jets and there are *laser* jets.

JUNE

Yeah, well, I thought they should be filed under "cartridges." Because, you know, that's what they are. Cartridges.

Beat.

MARY ALICE

There's no need to be sarcastic with me.

JUNE

I wasn't being sarcastic--

MARY ALICE

Because there are *ink* jets and there are *laser* jets.

JUNE

This is not the first time we've had this conversation.

MARY ALICE

Well, aren't you just better than everybody else?

JUNE

Not *everybody* else--

MARY ALICE

(sharply)

You know what your problem is, June?

JUNE

I think you're about to tell me.

MARY ALICE

Your problem is you just don't understand people. You sit back there in your office, being all secretive, like you're too good to talk to anybody else, like you know some joke that the rest of us don't. Well, I'll tell you what... you're the one who doesn't get it.

(MORE)

MARY ALICE (cont'd)  
 That's why *I'm* the Director of  
 Operations and you're just a  
 lonely, adequately dressed Office  
 Manager in sensible shoes -- which  
 is all you're ever going to be.

And with that, Mary Alice wheels and stomps off.

JUNE  
 (lamely)  
 That's not true.

MARY ALICE  
 (over her shoulder)  
 Nice comeback!

June gets into her Toyota and drives away...

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small, weathered tarpaper house on a street of modest homes.

VOICES (O.S.)  
 (singing)  
 Happy birthday to *you!* Happy  
 birthday to *you!*

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

June is sitting at an old kitchen table with her ancient GRANDMA and her Grandma's neighbor WAYNE. Wayne is in his 30's, and is as crazy as he looks. They are all wearing paper party hats.

JUNE AND WAYNE  
 Happy birthday dear *Grand-ma!*  
 Happy birthday to *you!*

June sets a cake down in front of Grandma, just one candle on it.

JUNE  
 Make a wish.

Grandma closes her eyes for a moment, then blows out the candle. June and Wayne clap.

JUNE (cont'd)  
 I hope your wish comes true.

GRANDMA

It didn't. You're still single.

JUNE

Grandma--

GRANDMA

June, you spend too much time by yourself. It isn't natural.

JUNE

Grandma, I just haven't met the right guy.

GRANDMA

You're too choosy. By the time I was your age, I'd had thirty or forty lovers--

JUNE

Grandma!

GRANDMA

Well, I didn't know if your father was coming back from the war or not. It's what he wanted. It just made me a better lover for him.

JUNE

Ugh. Grandma, I really don't want to hear about your sex life.

WAYNE

(shaking his head)

If only I was forty-five years older.

GRANDMA

(sighs)

All those brave, sad, boys... looking so handsome in their uniforms--

JUNE

That was a long time ago, Grandma.

GRANDMA

(sighs)

I know. There will never be another time like that.

WAYNE

That's right. In fact, pretty soon, there won't even be conventional militaries at all anymore.

June rolls her eyes.

GRANDMA

Is that right?

WAYNE

(nods)

I already seen video on the Internet of monkeys operating robotic arms with their *brains*. Swear to God. One day, we're gonna have a military that's totally all satellite-guided, monkey-powered robots.

(beat)

Especially after the New Freedom Brotherhood takes over...

JUNE

Come on Wayne. Not that again.

WAYNE

You know it's all true. Didn't you read the book I gave you?

JUNE

No.

WAYNE

You should. It'll open your eyes. They meet every year on the Summer Solstice, up in Northern California and perform pagan rituals and shit. Politicians, CEOs, religious leaders, from all over the world...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LATER

June has her coat on. Grandma is asleep.

WAYNE

...and since they'll control all the manufacturing and distribution, they'll become more powerful than their elected governments, and at that point, nations will become obsolete and cease to exist.

Beat. June starts, realizes Wayne has finally stopped talking.

JUNE

Well, it's getting pretty late. I guess I should get going...

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LATER

June and Wayne walk out onto the front stoop. WE SEE Wayne's house next door... it could be an abandoned building, an old WASHING MACHINE and UNASSEMBLED TRANSMISSION strewn about the front lawn.

In the driveway, there is an old, rusted-out JOHN DEERE TRACTOR.

JUNE

Got a new tractor, huh?

WAYNE

No, that's just some scrap I bought. I'm gonna tow it out to the field behind my house. Hey, on Saturday, you should come over, and we'll go out back and blow the shit out of it! I got AK's, C4, couple a bazooka rounds--

JUNE

Oh, no thanks. I don't know if I'm going to be in the mood. I've got a lot on my mind lately.

WAYNE

Ah, I see. Well, don't worry, you'll find a man one day.

JUNE

No, that's not what I'm talking about.

WAYNE

It's not? Oh, okay...

(then)

Are you sure?

JUNE

I'll see you, Wayne.

She gets in her car and starts it up.

WAYNE

(as June pulls away)

See you Saturday!

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING of a gigantic, cookie-cutter apartment complex. The kind that lonely people live in.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A small studio apartment. June enters, throws her bag down on the couch, turns on the TV. She flips around for a moment, lands on a show about adventure vacations; people skydiving, hiking through the Amazon, etc.

She goes to the kitchen, takes out a bag of M and M's and a bag of Cheetos and pours them both into the same bowl. She takes a frosted mug out of the freezer, then pours in some red wine, filling it to the top.

She sits back down on the couch, and watches the show with great interest...

An infomercial for an online dating service comes on.

ON THE TELEVISION

A shot of a YOUNG WOMAN sitting by herself on a couch, eating snacks and watching TV. Looks familiar...

TV ANNOUNCER V.O.

Are you bored with your life? Do you feel unappreciated, like no one out there sees your potential, sees the real you? Did you know that the opportunity to change your life is right at your finger tips?

June sits up, interested. ON THE TV, shots of people happily embracing each other.

TV ANNOUNCER V.O. (cont'd)

At Romantiquet, you can create a free profile any time. There's no need to worry... our screening process is the most thorough in the industry. Comprehensive personality testing equals the perfect match!

She turns the TV off and looks over at her computer. She takes a deep breath... has it come to this?

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

She sits at her computer, scrolling through the online losers...

LOSER ONE

I have a rare aversion to sunlight, so if you're interested in the nocturnal life--

Click.

LOSER TWO

I might still live with my mother, but it's just so I can afford to build you your dream house... right next to my Mom's house--

Click.

LOSER THREE

I know what the ladies like--

Click!

JUNE

Why am I doing this?

Just then the cursor lands on a guy who actually looks interesting. Ruggedly handsome. A little mysterious. Confident, steady gaze, but with a bit of a mischievous gleam in his eye.

His name is MILNER.

MILNER

I'm looking for a very special girl. You're smart. You want adventure.

(MORE)

MILNER (cont'd)

For some reason, you're just not satisfied with the things that seem to make everyone else happy. You're a perfectionist. You just can't let go of the idea that there's something more to this life, something you can't put your finger on. Maybe you live in a world where you can't let the people around you see the real you. They just don't understand, they don't see the world the same way you do. Well I know you... I know you because I'm the same way. And I've been looking for you for a long time. I want to know the real you. I want to be the one person in the world who really knows you. Check out my questionnaire. But don't be a tease. Answer honestly. Don't worry, I can keep a secret.

(then)

I know you're out there.

June is intrigued; his speech has really struck a nerve in her. She clicks on his questionnaire. It is hundreds of questions long, with a bunch of subcategories: GENETIC HISTORY, ALLERGIES, SEXUAL HABITS, ETHICS...

JUNE

What the hell...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

June now in her pajamas, sitting at her LAPTOP, a glass of wine at her side. ON THE SCREEN are several questions under the heading "Ethics."

JUNE

(reading)

If you knew someone was attracted to you, would you use your sexuality to get something you wanted from them?

(thinks)

Yes.

Click.

JUNE (cont'd)

(reading)

If you had a scanner and could listen in on other people's personal phone calls, would you?

(quickly)

No.

(then)

Yes.

Click.

JUNE (cont'd)

(reading)

You have to make a choice between shooting your dog dead, or shooting a loved one in the leg? What would you do?

(beat)

Shoot the loved one, no contest...

Click.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

She pours the last drop of wine into her glass.

JUNE

(reading)

You are in the mountains of Uzbekistan, and you are served a dinner of goat brains. If you don't eat the meal, you will insult your host. What do you do?

(thinks)

Well, you gotta eat the damn brains, I guess.

Click.

JUNE (cont'd)

Okay, last question...

(reading)

Do you have a secret that nobody knows? Something that would surprise all of your friends to learn about you? Something that would make someone see you in a completely different light if they found out the truth?

This one gives June pause. She thinks... should she answer honestly? She does.

JUNE (cont'd)

Yes.

Click. The browser window freezes, and a POP-UP WINDOW tells us:

YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE QUESTIONNAIRE. THANK YOU. PLEASE SUBMIT.

June is a little surprised by the abrupt ending.

JUNE (cont'd)

Okay...

She clicks on the submit button, and then glances looks at the clock. It is 3:00 am.

JUNE (cont'd)

Oh my God! I have to go to bed!

She drains her wine glass, and goes to shut the computer off, when there is a DING! She has an email. She opens it. It says simply:

Loved your profile. Call me at 1:20 pm tomorrow.

At the bottom of the page, a PHONE NUMBER, and that's all. June is too tired to think about it any more. She scribbles the phone number down on a piece of paper, turns off the light and goes to sleep.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

June sits in her office -- just a glorified cubicle, really -- eating take-out Chinese out of a carton. She holds the phone number in her hands, turning it over in her fingers. She looks at the clock: 1:18...

June's phone rings. She glances at the Caller ID, picks up.

JUNE

Hi Grandma.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

Just wanted to say thanks again for the party.

JUNE

Of course, my pleasure. Can I ask you a question?

GRANDMA (O.S.)

Sure.

JUNE

Do you think it's weird to date a guy you met on the Internet?

GRANDMA (O.S.)

(excited)

You met someone?

JUNE

Well, I filled out one of those online questionnaires, and he emailed me his phone number, but I can't decide if I should call--

GRANDMA (O.S.)

What's the problem? Call him!

JUNE

It's just not the way I thought I would meet a guy.

GRANDMA

Oh, June! When are you going to learn that you can't control everything that happens to you. I once slept with a man that I had never even *spoken* to--

June's INTERCOM buzzes.

JUNE

Grandma, I have to call you back...  
(into intercom)  
Yeah?

VOICE O.S.

June, Mary Alice Weiderman is looking for you.

JUNE

Tell her I went to lunch--

June's door suddenly opens and Mary Alice Weiderman sticks her head in, knocking as she opens the door.

MARY ALICE

(patronizing)

June, will you be a lamb and re-alphabetize the office supplies for me? I've been having a hard time finding the laserjet cartridges. Would you please put them under "j" for jet? Because there are *ink* jets and *laser* jets, you know...

(singsong)

Thank you!

And with that, Mary Alice is gone. That does it. June picks up the phone and dials.

First, there are sounds of ELECTRONIC INTERFERENCE. Then a series of CLICKS. Then a WEIRD DIGITAL CHIRPING. Finally, someone picks up...

MILNER (O.S.)

(curt)

This is Milner.

JUNE

Hi... it's June.

Beat. Silence on the other end.

JUNE (cont'd)

Uh... From the Internet?

(beat)

Romantiquet? The, uh, online profile--

MILNER (O.S.)

(very upbeat)

Oh, hey! June! I'm so glad you called!

JUNE

Oh, great. Yeah, I thought your site was really--

MILNER (O.S.)

Hey, do you know the Corner Bistro?

JUNE

Yeah...

MILNER (O.S.)

Meet me in five hours and forty minutes.

JUNE

You mean at seven?

MILNER (O.S.)

Yeah, sure, if that's how you like to say it. I gotta go. See you there.

He hangs up. She just stares at the humming receiver in her hand...

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

June getting ready. She stands in the mirror, modelling some SEXY PUMPS. At the last minute, she ditches the pumps for some SENSIBLE FLATS. She gives herself a last look, and walks out the door.

A moment later, she comes back in, grabs a CONDOM from out of a drawer, and leaves again.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A trendy bistro. A MAITRE'D stands by the door watching as June enters the restaurant... then quickly exits. Then enters again. Then exits again. Then enters again--

MAITRE'D

Perhaps we could have a revolving door put in for you.

JUNE

No, no, I'm staying. I think. Yes, I'm staying.

MAITRE'D

Are you sure? This is a pretty big decision. It is dinner after all.

JUNE

I'm a little nervous, okay? I'm meeting someone for the first time.

MAITRE'D

I know. He's waiting. Please follow me...

He directs her toward a table. Sitting there waiting for her is Milner. He is even better-looking in person, with that same confident, mischievous smile. He watches her walk to the table, stands to greet her.

JUNE

Hi.

MILNER

Hello there.

She lamely extends her hand. Milner shakes it. Milner has a constant smile and penetrating gaze.

MILNER (cont'd)

I'm so glad you came. I ordered you a glass of wine.

JUNE

Thanks. I could use it.

They sit. June is nervous.

JUNE (cont'd)

Uh... I have to say, this is a little strange for me. I've never done an online date before--

MILNER

It's a reality of the modern world. I think it's actually extremely useful. In my line of work, it can be very difficult to meet new people.

JUNE

Really? What do you do?

MILNER

We'll get to that. You're the star tonight. I want to know all about you.

JUNE

I feel like you already know so much about me. Your questionnaire was so... thorough.

MILNER

I want to know what your secret is.

JUNE

What secret?

MILNER

The thing that nobody knows about you.

(MORE)

MILNER (cont'd)

The thing that would make everyone who knows you see you in a totally different light.

Beat. Milner has a mischievous smile on his face.

JUNE

Why would I tell you my secret?

MILNER

Because if you really didn't want anyone to know it, you wouldn't have let anyone know you had one.

June is a little thrown by this.

JUNE

Well, that not... I...

MILNER

That's okay. I can tell everything I need to know about you from your profile.

JUNE

No kidding.

MILNER

The way you answered revealed a pattern that told me something very important about you.

JUNE

Which is..?

MILNER

That you're not real. That you're just pretending to be this person. That you are just playing it safe because that is what the world has forced upon you, but the harder you try to just be like everyone else, the harder it becomes, the louder that voice inside you gets. You don't want to have to be quiet and try to fit in, you really want to let go, you want to listen to that voice, but you're afraid of what will happen if you do, because the world has tried to make you afraid.

(MORE)

MILNER (cont'd)

But you still can't let go of the idea that there is something better for you out there, that the life you dream about is real, sometimes it is so close you can almost taste it. And one day you will get to that place where you can stop pretending and just be. Because when it's real you don't have to think. You just do.

Beat. June is stunned, speechless. Milner smiles.

MILNER (cont'd)

Not bad, huh?

JUNE

Well, so much for getting to know each other--

MILNER

Can I just ask you one other question?

JUNE

Why not?

MILNER

Why did you pick those shoes?

JUNE

(surprised)

What? These?

MILNER

Just curious.

JUNE

Well...

(gushes)

I was going to wear these awesome pumps that make my ass look great but are really uncomfortable, but then I wanted to be comfortable because, you know, it makes me feel nervous to not be able to move around however I want, and I didn't want to feel nervous, because I didn't want you to know that I was nervous, because I wanted you to think that this was no big deal and just something I do all the time, which is another reason why I didn't wear the pumps.

Beat. Milner considers this for a moment.

MILNER  
(getting up)  
Excuse me...

JUNE  
Oh. Okay. Sure.

Milner abruptly gets up and walks away from the table. June sits, embarrassed by her outburst.

JUNE (cont'd)  
(to herself)  
Will you shut up!

She drains her wine glass.

A series of DISSOLVES

June sits there, waiting for Milner to return. At first, she is just uncomfortable to be alone. But then she progressively becomes impatient, confused, and then angry.

A WAITER drops a check on the table.

WAITER  
Whenever you're ready, ma'am.

JUNE  
What?

Confused, she waves the Maitre'D over.

MAITRE'D  
Is there a problem?

JUNE  
Well, I've been sitting here forever. I think my date left or something.

MAITRE'D  
Yes, he did. He told me that you'd take care of the bill, and the kitchen is going to close soon--

JUNE  
Wait a minute, he what?

She looks at the check.

JUNE (cont'd)  
 Hold on. There's some mistake  
 here. This can't be my check.

MAITRE'D  
 (glances at it)  
 No, that's your check.

JUNE  
 (outraged)  
 But, all I had was a glass of wine!  
 What's this steak and shrimp  
 cocktail?!

MAITRE'D  
 The gentleman ate dinner before you  
 arrived.

JUNE  
 He *what?! (looks at check)*  
 He drank a whole bottle of Dom  
 Perignon, too?!

MAITRE'D  
 No, no, he bought that for the  
 newlyweds over there.

She looks over to see a YOUNG COUPLE a few tables over. They  
 smile at her and raise their glasses.

MAITRE'D (cont'd)  
 Bad date?

June is so angry and humiliated she can hardly speak.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

She is driving home along a deserted stretch of highway. She  
 is fuming, furious about the way she was treated by Milner.

JUNE  
 I'm so stupid! That guy's probably  
 a con man or something! Never,  
 never again. I can't believe he  
 left me with the bill! I think  
 that's even a crime. From now on,  
 I'm staying in my apartment. Who  
 needs adventure?!

Suddenly, there is a FIGURE lying in the middle of the road.

June lets out a yelp. She stands on the brakes, swerving to avoid the body, almost going off the road before fishtailing to a stop.

She leaps out of the car and runs over to the Figure -- which turns out to be a MAN IN SOME KIND OF WEIRD BLACK JUMPSUIT.

JUNE (cont'd)  
Oh my God! Are you alright-- ?!

She squats down beside the figure and sees that it's Milner!

JUNE (cont'd)  
You! I should get back in my car  
and run you over!

He is unconscious, and BLEEDING profusely from a GAPING WOUND in his side.

JUNE (cont'd)  
Holy shit...

June thinks for a minute, then gets an old towel out of the trunk of her car. She presses the towel against Milner's wound, then starts dragging him over to her car...

INT. CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

June is driving as fast as she can while trying to stay calm. Behind her, Milner suddenly sits up in the back seat. He is in a daze, looking around groggily...

MILNER  
Where-- ?

JUNE  
WHAAA-- !!

The car swerves. June recovers, gets the car back under control.

JUNE (cont'd)  
You scared the hell out of me!

MILNER  
Where are you taking me?

JUNE  
I'm taking you to the hospital.  
What happened to you?

Milner suddenly lunges over the seat, pinning June to the seat with one elbow and yanking the wheel hard to the left.

JUNE (cont'd)

HEY!

The car goes into a sickening U-turn, right into oncoming traffic.

JUNE (cont'd)

*What are you doing?!*

MILNER

No hospitals!

JUNE

Fine! I don't care! Get out of my car then! I'll pull over right now!

Milner suddenly BLACKS OUT again, slumping back onto the floor of the back seat with a THUD.

June gets the car back under control and pulls onto the gravel shoulder, crunching to a stop.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

June leaps out of the car and throws open the rear door.

JUNE

Get out! GET OUT!

Milner doesn't move. June NUDGES him with her foot.

JUNE (cont'd)

Quit faking it and get out of my car!

No response. June NUDGES him AGAIN, harder this time. Still nothing. June looks at him for a moment -- then gives him a good KICK, right in the ribs.

Milner still doesn't move. His mouth hangs open. He bleeds like a stuck pig.

JUNE (cont'd)

Dammit!

She gets back in the car and pulls out onto the freeway, turning back around...

INT. HOSPITAL - E/R - NIGHT

A small county hospital. Underfunded, understaffed, middle-of-nowhere, middle-of-the-night kind of hospital. June pulls up right in front of the Emergency Room doors, and tries to drag Milner out of the car.

JUNE

Hello! Need some help here! Hey!  
HEY!

A nurse, CHERYL, comes out of a back office.

CHERYL

Yes? Hello? OH MY GOSH. Okay.  
(calling off)  
Kurt, we got a Code Nine! KURT!

KURT, an orderly with a mullet and a thin greasy mustache, appears from around a corner eating a bag of chips.

KURT

Whoa!

Kurt runs over to June and helps June wrestle Milner's limp body onto a nearby gurney.

KURT (cont'd)

This guy is fucked up--

CHERYL

*Kurt.*

KURT

--*messed* up. I better bring him  
right up to surgery...

Kurt wheels Milner toward the elevator, hits the button.

KURT (cont'd)

This guy's gonna need some blood...

Kurt starts to fiddle with Milner's suit, which is made of some kind of SHINY, FIBROUS BLACK MATERIAL. There is a small KEYPAD in the inner right forearm. There are seamed BULGES here and there that appear to be pockets, but without any apparent openings...

KURT (cont'd)

What the fu-- heck?

June gets a drink of water from a cooler. She tosses the crumpled paper cup away, then turns to leave.

CHERYL

Excuse me? Young lady? Hi, hello, ah, I have some paperwork that needs to be filled out here?

June does not like the sound of this.

JUNE

Look, I really don't want to get involved. I don't even know this guy--

CHERYL

Okay, of course, sure, but can you please just sign an admittance form? We can't admit him without some kind of contact name.

JUNE

(grudgingly)  
All right, fine...

CHERYL

Just right here. Um...  
(looks around)  
Where are all my pens..?

JUNE

I have one...

June roots around in her purse. Behind her, the elevator arrives and Kurt wheels the gurney with Milner on it into the elevator, the doors closing behind them.

June finds a pen. As she pulls it out, the condom falls to the floor. June quickly signs the bottom of the form.

As June turns to go...

CHERYL

Ah, excuse me? Young lady?

JUNE

Yeah?

CHERYL

(pointing at condom)  
I think you dropped something.

JUNE  
(embarrassed)  
That's not mine.

CHERYL  
(not buying it)  
Oh. I see. Alrighty then...

June turns and walks out the door.

INT. HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Kurt faces forward, eyeing the numbers, whistling.

Milner silently sits upright behind Kurt, raises his forearm, then introduces it to Kurt's temple with a brutally precise THWACK.

Kurt goes down. Milner rolls off the gurney and quickly rummages through the crash cart, jamming things into the pockets of his jumpsuit...

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

June is pulling out of the E/R entrance. Suddenly, a black SEDAN with GOVERNMENT PLATES comes roaring into the hospital entrance, almost hitting June.

June slams on the brakes and hits the horn.

JUNE  
Watch it!

The sedan rolls by, not even slowing down.

JUNE (cont'd)  
Thanks a lot, guys! You really  
know how to make a girl feel  
special!

June flips them off and turns out of the parking lot, back onto the county highway.

THE SEDAN

Pulls up onto the sidewalk in front of the Emergency entrance and jerks to a stop. Four SERIOUS-LOOKING MEN IN SUITS get out of the car, and march through the sliding Emergency Room doors...

INT. CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

June is driving, trying to shake off this terrible night.

JUNE

At least everything that could go  
wrong has already happened--

Milner suddenly emerges from the backseat and puts a GUN to  
June's head.

MILNER

Keep driving--

JUNE

WHAAA-- !!

June swerves.

MILNER

Cool it!

JUNE

*Goddammit!* You did it to me *again!*

Milner cocks the gun.

MILNER

(totally calm)

Shut up or I'll kill you right now.  
Just calm down and keep driving.

June shuts up. The calming down part is harder...

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The Suits fan out, searching the empty reception area. One  
of them is clearly in charge. He has a reptilian seriousness  
about him. His name is ACKERMAN. The other Suits are named  
BROWNING, SIBLEY and JOHNS.

Cheryl comes around the corner. They all wheel on her.

CHERYL

Oh my! Hello! Can I help you?

ACKERMAN

(showing ID)

Ma'am... Special Agent Ackerman,  
F.B.I.

(MORE)

ACKERMAN (cont'd)  
 We are in pursuit of a dangerous  
 felon who robbed the Federal  
 Reserve in Chicago less than twelve  
 hours ago. We believe he may be in  
 the area. We also believe he may  
 be badly wounded and in need of  
 medical attention.

Ackerman whips out a laser-printed digital photograph and  
 hands it to her.

ACKERMAN (cont'd)  
 Has anyone who looks like this come  
 through here this evening?

She puts on her glasses and squints at the photograph.

THE PHOTO

Black and white, action photo, taken on the deck of a ship  
 somewhere. A little out of focus, but it is clearly Milner.

CHERYL  
 Yes! Oh my gosh! No way! Yes,  
 this is the fellow that came in  
 here just a little while ago. He  
 was just brought upstairs. I  
 better call Nancy upstairs....

Johns goes to the elevator and jabs impatiently at the  
 button. The elevator starts to come down.

Cheryl calls upstairs.

CHERYL (cont'd)  
 (into phone)  
 Hi Nancy it's Cheryl downstairs.  
 Pretty good! How're you doin'?  
 Great. Uh huh. Sure. Uh huh...

Ackerman chews his lip impatiently, watches the elevator...

CHERYL (cont'd)  
 (into phone)  
 Sure... Listen, reason why I'm  
 calling, where do you have that guy  
 who Kurt just brought up a few  
 minutes ago? Because we have a  
 very serious--  
 (beat)  
 No, just now. Yeah, like, ten  
 minutes ago.  
 (MORE)

CHERYL (cont'd)  
 (confusion)  
 What do you mean?

ACKERMAN  
 What? What is it?

CHERYL  
 (into phone)  
 Well, how could that be? I saw it  
 with my own eyes!

ACKERMAN  
 Tell me. Tell me now--

CHERYL  
 (confused, to Ackerman)  
 He's not there...

The elevator doors suddenly open. Kurt is slumped in a corner, unconscious.

CHERYL (cont'd)  
 (gasps)  
 Oh my gosh!

ACKERMAN  
*Sshh.*

The GUNS come out. The Agents converge on the elevator, quickly sweeping/securing it. The ESCAPE DOOR on the ceiling is open. Milner is gone.

They crouch over Kurt. Ackerman hits Kurt with some smelling salts. Kurt comes around.

KURT  
 (winces)  
 OOOooowwww!

ACKERMAN  
 (to Kurt)  
 What happened? Tell me now.

Kurt blinks at him, groggy, then clutches at his head.

KURT  
 (beat)  
 OOOOOWWWW!!

Ackerman turns away from Kurt.

ACKERMAN  
 (to his men)  
 Secure this entire area. Move.

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

ACKERMAN (cont'd)  
Where are the stairs?

CHERYL  
Right down that hall... Ah, sir?

ACKERMAN  
(silencing her)  
*Ma'am*, we have an extremely  
volatile situation here, and I'd be  
very appreciative if you and your  
co-workers would just stay out of  
our way.

CHERYL  
Oh. Right, sure, but--

ACKERMAN  
Thank you.

And he is gone.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

A railroad overpass with a graffitied concrete culvert. The kind of place high school kids go to party. June's car is parked off the road, and she is helping Milner to the overpass, Milner pressing a gun in her ribs.

MILNER  
Set me down over there...

Milner keeps the gun on June as she helps Milner to the ground. Milner sits up against the concrete wall. He hands June a flashlight.

MILNER (cont'd)  
(directing June)  
Now, keep the beam right... *there*.  
Good... now keep it just like that,  
right into the wound.

Milner pulls out some MEDICAL SUPPLIES that he nabbed from the hospital and sets his gun down on the ground. The second the gun hits the ground, June BEANS MILNER WITH THE FLASHLIGHT!

MILNER (cont'd)  
AGH! Hey!

June runs for it, tearing wildly for the car. A SHOT rings out, and a piece of the WALL in front of June's face SHATTERS. This stops June cold. She turns and sees Milner holding the gun on her.

MILNER (cont'd)  
(back at the overpass)  
Nice try. Don't make me shoot you.

JUNE  
(hysterical)  
What do you want from me?

Milner speaks to her in a calm, measured way.

MILNER  
I just want you to hold this flashlight, okay? Look, when you get a real deep, arterial wound like this, you gotta get the light right in there, and I need my hands free.

June inches back toward Milner, picks up the flashlight.

MILNER (cont'd)  
There you go. Now hold it just like I showed you, and this will all be over in a minute.

June does.

MILNER (cont'd)  
That's perfect. Thank you.

Milner puts the gun down, eyes June for a second, then starts to clean and dress his wound with the stuff he pilfered from the hospital.

JUNE  
Who the hell are you?

MILNER  
I'm afraid I can't tell you that at the moment. But I have something more important to tell you. Some really bad men are looking for me, and now they're going to be looking for you.

JUNE  
They don't know who I am.

MILNER

You wrote your name down at the hospital.

JUNE

How do you know that? You were unconscious--

MILNER

Listen to me. These men will find you. Believe me, they're professionals. When they do find you, they will probably identify themselves as some kind of Federal Agents, FBI maybe -- which will be confusing to you, I understand -- and tell you some bullshit story about me. It will all be very convincing, they'll have all this very official-looking identification and paperwork and everything. But it is very important that you do *not* go with them.

JUNE

Why should I believe you?

MILNER

Good question. Now, if you *do* happen to go with them for some reason, you should know that, if they are in fact Federal Agents, they have to, by law, take you to the nearest police station for questioning. If they take you *anywhere* else, it means they are going to kill you.

Milner finishes sewing himself up.

MILNER (cont'd)

So -- and this is the important part, so please listen carefully -- if you do find yourself in that situation, there is going to be a *oner* in the back seat.

JUNE

A what?

MILNER

A gun. A throwaway. If it's a Caprice, it'll be under the seat, between your legs. If it's a Crown Vic, it's the panel in the back of the seat in front of you.

JUNE

Why are you telling me this?

MILNER

(eyes her for a moment)  
Hopefully, you'll never find out.

Milner is finished. He leans back against the concrete wall.

MILNER (cont'd)

Okay, you're free to go.

June is still in a state of total shock.

JUNE

I am?

MILNER

Yeah. Just don't go home. And if I were you, I'd steer clear of the cops. No matter what you say to them, they're going to turn you over to the guys who are looking for me, who will kill you.

JUNE

I can't go home and I can't go to the cops.

MILNER

That's correct.

JUNE

Where am I supposed to go?

MILNER

Anywhere else.  
(looks at watch)  
It's time for you to leave. I'm going to rest here for the next forty-three minutes. Good luck.

Milner closes his eyes. Beat.

June slowly backs away from Milner who doesn't move or even open his eyes. June turns and runs to the car, then gets in and starts it up.

JUNE

This was just supposed to be a date!

She takes a last look back at Milner, who still hasn't moved, and then gets the hell out of there.

INT. HOSPITAL - E/R - NIGHT

Ackerman walks in from outside, talking on a RADIO. Agent Johns on his heels.

ACKERMAN

(into radio)

...nothing on the scanner. Sibley?

RADIO V.O.

Roof is all clear...

CHERYL

Excuse me, sir?

ACKERMAN

Ma'am please. Not now--

CHERYL

He wasn't alone. A young lady brought him here.

They stop dead, and turn to face Cheryl, who clutches the clipboard to her chest.

CHERYL (cont'd)

(re: the clipboard)

Her name's right here.

Ackerman quickly advances toward her. In two or three mantis-like steps he is upon her.

ACKERMAN

(furious)

Why didn't you tell us this before?!

CHERYL

Well, you know, I tried to, and I have to tell you, you were very short with me just then--

ACKERMAN

Let me see that immediately.

CHERYL

See? That's exactly what I'm talking about. I understand that you men work for the government and I am a patriotic American and I want to help in any way that I can, but there is no reason for you to be so unpleasant with me. I am on your side, you know.

Beat.

ACKERMAN

(totally composed)

Ma'am. I am sorry. May I please see that clipboard?

CHERYL

(smiles)

Of course you may.

She extends the clipboard toward Ackerman. He snatches it out of her hand.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Middle of the night stillness. The black sedan rolls to a stop.

ACKERMAN

This is it. Let's get it on...

The guys all produce some very serious-looking HI-TECH WEAPONRY, and silently slip out of the car.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Agents silently surround the bed, moving like shadows. Several RED LASER POINTS cluster on a SLEEPING FIGURE. Ackerman rips back the covers, shining a FLASHLIGHT right into the bewildered face of...

MARY ALICE WEIDERMAN

ACKERMAN

Mary Alice Weiderman?

MARY ALICE

Who are you? What's happening-- !?

ACKERMAN

We'll ask the questions, bitch.

(to his guys)

Bag her.

Mary Alice's screams of protest are quickly muffled as a BLACK HOOD is pulled over her head.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

June rolls slowly down an alley with her lights off, then turns onto the street and parks.

She gets out of the car, climbs a fence, trots across a backyard, over another fence, and then comes through an overgrown thicket of trees to the edge of the yard.

She scans the perimeter -- all is quiet. She makes a dash for the back door, and quickly slips inside.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark except for the blue, flickering light of late-night television. June pokes her head in the room. Grandma is slumped motionless on the couch, her mouth AGAPE and her EYES are WIDE OPEN.

JUNE

Grandma? *Grandma!?*

Grandma just stares at the television, totally still. Then from deep within her comes a LONG, LOUD SNORE. Relieved, June slumps into the couch next to her and closes her eyes...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

The sun is coming up. Cheryl is getting ready to go home, telling another nurse, NADINE, about what happened last night.

CHERYL

And you shoulda heard him talk to me. Well, I told him, listen Mister, you are not gonna push me around like that!

NADINE  
Good for you!

CHERYL  
You bet!

Behind them, Ackerman and his Guys come marching through the Emergency Room door.

CHERYL (cont'd)  
(turning)  
Oh, well, speak of the devil--

Ackerman SHOVES her out of the way.

ACKERMAN  
(to his Guys)  
Tear this place apart...

INT. JUNE'S OFFICE - MORNING

June sits at her desk, tired and jumpy from the night before. Her boss, MR. TONG appears at her door. (We recognize him as LOSER THREE from the Romantiquet website.)

MR. TONG  
(sheepish)  
June? Can you please make sure that we're all set for the video conference today? If you have time.

JUNE  
I don't have time.

MR. TONG  
Well, would you please do it anyway?

JUNE  
(pointed)  
I'm not the Director of Operations.

MR. TONG  
(squirms)  
I know, but Mary Alice didn't show up this morning, and I can't get her on the phone. Nobody knows where she is--

Ackerman suddenly appears in the doorway, shoving Mr. Tong aside.

ACKERMAN  
(showing ID)  
My name is Special Agent Ackerman,  
FBI. We'd like to speak with you.

His Guys file in behind him. Agent Johns closes the door and stands in front of it. Ackerman sits down across from June.

Ackerman looks hard at June for a moment. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a photograph -- the same one he showed the Nurse -- and places it on the table in front of June.

ACKERMAN (cont'd)  
(tapping his finger on the  
photo)  
We're looking for this man.

June casts a quick glance at the photo.

JUNE  
(shrugs)  
I've never seen him.

Beat.

ACKERMAN  
Really? That's odd. Because you  
were with him last night.

JUNE  
I don't know what you're talking  
about.

ACKERMAN  
(measured)  
You brought this man to the  
emergency room at Prairie View  
Hospital last night.

JUNE  
That's bull. I wasn't in that  
hospital--

Ackerman holds out his hand. Agent Sibley hands him a sealed clear plastic bag. Ackerman dangles it in front of June. In it we see the CONDOM that fell out of June's purse at the hospital.

JUNE (cont'd)  
That isn't mine!

ACKERMAN

It has your fingerprints on it.

June looks away, humiliated. All the fight goes out of her.

JUNE

Look, I was minding my own business, and I saw him lying in the road and I drove him to the hospital. That's it. I have no idea who the guy is.

ACKERMAN

Then why did you lie to us?

JUNE

Because... I don't want any trouble that's all. I don't want to be involved.

ACKERMAN

(softens, sits)

Well... June... I assure you, you are in no trouble now. In fact, you are in a position to be a real hero.

He points at the photograph of Milner.

ACKERMAN (cont'd)

This man is an extremely dangerous criminal who has stolen something very valuable from the Federal Government. I can't tell you what has been stolen, but I can tell you that this is a National Security matter. We have been looking for this man for a long time, and since you have had direct contact with him, I'm going to ask you to come with us so that you can look at some photographs and give us a statement. But, I assure you, you are in no trouble of any kind.

June realizes she has no choice.

JUNE

Okay, fine, let's go...

ACKERMAN

This won't take long.

They all get up. Agent Johns opens the door.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The whole office falls silent, people peering out from behind their cubicles, Mr. Tong watching in shock, as June is lead to the elevators. She just stares straight ahead.

As they wait for the elevator.

JUNE

So... where are we going?

INT. CAR - DRIVING - MORNING

June sits in the backseat between Agent Sibley and Agent Johns. Ackerman sits in the front passenger seat. Agent Browning drives.

June is very nervous. She looks out the window and sees that they are heading for the freeway, heading out of town.

JUNE

Seriously, where are we going?

SIBLEY

(looking out the window)  
Don't worry about it.

Beat.

JUNE

Because I heard that you have to  
take me to the Sheriff's office.  
If you're gonna question me.  
(beat)  
If you're really FBI Agents.

Beat.

The Agents all exchange a glance, then give June a quizzical look. Ackerman turns and leans over the seat; his entire demeanor has gone ice cold.

ACKERMAN

(in June's face)  
How was your date?

The Agents all snicker. Ackerman turns back around in his seat.

June starts to sink into a silent panic -- these guys are gonna kill her. She starts to hyperventilate, her eyes searching wildly around. She suddenly remembers something.

The car that she is riding in is a Crown Vic.

Her eyes come to rest on a PANEL on the back of the SEAT in front of her. She lunges for it, grabs at the panel. It opens...

SIBLEY

Hey-- !!

...and sure enough, there is a BIG AUTOMATIC PISTOL inside.

June grabs it and sticks it into Sibley's rib cage. The Agents are as stunned as June is -- she has the drop on all of them.

JUNE

Stop the car.

Beat. They all remain frozen.

JUNE (cont'd)

Stop the goddamn car!

Beat. Nothing happens.

Ackerman cracks a sneer that quickly spreads to the other Agents.

ACKERMAN

Okay... You've got the gun. So now what?

PLOOM!

There is a SHOT. Agent Browning slumps onto the wheel, dead. The car swerves wildly.

June, terrified, stares at the gun in her hands -- it wasn't her!

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - CONTINUOUS

WE SEE Milner standing at the guardrail of a freeway overpass, watching the Crown Vic approach with one neat round HOLE in the windshield. He holds a HI-TECH AUTOMATIC WEAPON in his hand, the barrel smoking...

The Crown Vic is starting to skid out of control. Milner slings the weapon over his shoulder and leaps up onto the guardrail, crouching, timing his jump...

INT. CROWN VIC - SWERVING - CONTINUOUS

Ackerman is trying to elbow Agent Browning's body out of the way and take the wheel.

THUD

Something lands heavily on the roof of the car.

ACKERMAN

It's him..!

Ackerman and Agent Johns pull out WEAPONS, Ackerman still trying to get the car under control. Sibley's eyes lock with June's. June still holds the gun pressed against Sibley's ribs.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Milner clings to the top of the car, as it thumps off the shoulder and plows through a CYCLONE FENCE and into a cornfield.

WE SEE that Milner is wearing some kind of MAGNETIC WRIST CLAMP that is holding him on top of the car. The Crown Vic starts to buck its way through the cornrows.

INT. CROWN VIC - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Agent Johns puts his gun to June's head.

Johns

Drop it!

June doesn't move. Agent Sibley starts to slowly go for his weapon...

Ackerman, still trying to steer with one hand, FIRES into the ceiling of the Crown Vic.

EXT. CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Milner slings his body over the side, trying to avoid Ackerman's shots.

The car clears the cornrows, and WE SEE, directly in its path, an old, rusted-out water pump set into a 3-foot CONCRETE BASIN. Milner sees this. He disengages his wrist clamp, and leaps free of the car, just as...

The Crown Vic SLAMS right into the basin, coming to an abrupt stop.

On IMPACT, Johns loses his grip on his weapon. Ackerman is HURLED through the WINDSHIELD. He is thrown a good 20 feet into the cornrows...

INT. CROWN VIC - CONTINUOUS

Smoke and airbags. Dust settling. June and the two Agents are stunned, pinned to the seat.

Agent Johns gets his door open and fights his way out of the car. He begins to search around the receding airbag for his weapon. He finally gets it in his hands, and whirls around, weapon drawn -- just in time to catch one in the chest.

June struggles to free herself, still holding the gun on Sibley. He starts to wriggle against the airbag, trying to get his weapon out.

June  
Don't do it! Don't... *do it.*

Sibley gets his hand on his weapon and tries to jerk it free. June screams and starts to hit Sibley with the gun.

EXT. CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Ackerman, badly hurt, slowly drags himself to his feet, and starts to limp toward the freeway.

INT. CROWN VIC - CONTINUOUS

Sibley jerks his weapon out of its holster and tries to get a clear shot at June, just as the DOOR behind Sibley opens and Sibley is PULLED OUT.

BANG. BANG.

And there stands Milner, who sticks his head into the car.

MILNER  
(to June)  
You all right?

JUNE

What the hell does it look like?!

MILNER

Stay here.

And he is gone.

EXT. CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Ackerman is scrambling up the gravel embankment toward the freeway. Milner runs through the cornrows, trying to get a clear shot at him...

Ackerman runs out onto the freeway, directly in front of a PICK-UP, which comes screeching to a stop just inches from Ackerman's chest.

ACKERMAN

(showing ID)

FBI! I need a ride! Quickly!

Milner stops and puts his gun up as Ackerman, brandishing his gun, climbs into the cab of the pick-up.

ACKERMAN (cont'd)

Drive! Now!

The pick-up speeds off.

Milner turns and walks back to the Crown Vic.

MILNER

Okay, new plan...

He stops, realizing he is talking to no one.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD - DAY

June running down a freeway access road. She hops a fence and starts to run across a vacant piece of prairie abutting a sub-division...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DUSK

Grandma's house is, at the moment, crawling with police -- State Troopers and County Sheriffs to be exact.

A TROOPER stands on the front porch, trying to talk to Grandma through the screen door.

TROOPER

...we just want to talk with her.  
We got orders just now, right from  
Washington... can you understand  
what I'm saying to you?

WE PULL BACK to see June watching from her hiding place, trying to think of what to do next.

SUDDENLY, a hand lands heavily on June's shoulder. She turns to see a SHERIFF standing over her, a predatory grin snaking underneath his dickhead mustache.

SHERIFF

Well... lookie what we found here.

June starts to struggle, tries to twist away from him, but the Sheriff grabs her by the wrist.

SHERIFF (cont'd)

This would be a lot easier if you'd  
just cooperate.  
(lascivious)  
'Course, if you want to play rough,  
we can always--

WHUMP. The Sheriff's eyes roll back in his head, and he slumps to the sidewalk to reveal...

MILNER

who shoves the unconscious Sheriff aside. He has ditched his black jumpsuit, and is now wearing a greasy pair of coveralls and a CATERPILLAR hat.

JUNE

What are you doing here?

MILNER

I've been following you since last night. Come on, we have to go.

JUNE

Why do you keep following me?!

MILNER

Because the best way for me to know who's following me is to follow you.

JUNE

I just want to be left alone!

MILNER

I'm sorry, but that's no longer an option. You're stuck with me, whether you like it or not. Now get in the car.

He motions toward a DODGE INTREPID parked by the curb.

JUNE

There is no way in *hell* I am getting in that car with you!

MILNER

June, those dead guys back there are Federal Agents, and your fingerprints are all over that car. It's a felony even to leave the crime scene. You're in a lot of trouble now and I'm the only one who can get you out of it.

Beat.

JUNE

(running for the car)

What are we waiting for?! Let's get the hell out of here!

They jump into the car and haul ass out of there.

INT. DODGE - DRIVING - DAY

They drive out of town, as fast as you can drive without attracting attention.

June hunches against the passenger door, trying to remain as physically far from Milner as possible. Milner shoots June a sideways look, then looks back to the road.

MILNER

That was pretty smart of you, sneaking up on that house like that. You always do that?

No answer from June.

MILNER (cont'd)

And how about giving them a fake name at the hospital. Why'd you do that?

JUNE

Because I didn't want anyone to know I went on a date with you.

Milner laughs like this is the funniest thing he has ever heard.

JUNE (cont'd)

Who are you anyway!?

MILNER

I'm a Federal Agent. I'm on a deep cover assignment. Our date the other night was a cover. I needed to be pinpointed at a specific location at a certain time.

(then)

I'm sorry.

June is totally taken aback by this.

JUNE

Yeah? If you're a Federal agent, then let me see some ID.

MILNER

Well, unfortunately, I don't have any identification on me at the moment, so you are just going to have to take my word for it.

Beat.

JUNE

I think you're full of shit.

MILNER

Well, yeah, that's not an unfair assumption considering the circumstances.

JUNE

Wait a minute, you told me that those other guys are Federal Agents.

MILNER

They're *bad* Federal Agents. What did they tell you about me?

JUNE

Why should I tell you? Why should I listen to a thing you tell me?!

MILNER

I was right about the oner, wasn't I?

June looks up at him.

MILNER (cont'd)

I need to know what they told you about me.

JUNE

They said that you're a criminal, that you stole something valuable from them.

MILNER

(furious)

That *I* stole it? Oh, that's hilarious!

JUNE

Will you please tell me what's going on?

Milner takes something out of his pocket -- a DULL GREY OBJECT, about the size of a deck of cards -- and tosses it into June's lap.

MILNER

That's what they're looking for.

June takes it in her hand. She is surprised by the heft of it; it's a lot heavier than it looks.

JUNE

What is it? It's hot. Or... prickly. Or something.

MILNER

Feels weird, doesn't it? It's a battery.

JUNE

A battery? This is all about a battery?

MILNER

A battery that could run a city the  
size of Los Angeles for ten years.

June looks at Milner, trying to figure out if he's serious.

JUNE

Bullshit.

MILNER

(shrugs)  
You asked.

Beat. June looks at Milner, at the battery.

JUNE

How does it work?

MILNER

How the hell should I know?

Milner snatches the battery out of June's hand and slips it  
back into his pocket. Something catches Milner's eye.

MILNER (cont'd)

Put your seat belt on.

JUNE

Don't tell me what to d--

Milner SUDDENLY SWERVES, jamming the wheel hard to the left.  
June slides into the door, cracking her head against the  
window.

JUNE (cont'd)

Oww!

THE CAR

cuts across several lanes of traffic, and goes off the road,  
sliding down an embankment and onto a gravel median, then  
bumping back up the other side.

The car fishtails from the shoulder back into traffic heading  
the other way.

JUNE (cont'd)

(confused)  
Excuse me, but you're heading right  
back the way we came.

MILNER

I know. We're gonna get something to eat. You hungry?

Milner then cuts across traffic again to take a last minute exit, going into the ramp at about 70 MPH. He does the whole clover-leaf in one controlled skid, and comes bucking out onto the access road, then banks hard to the right into...

EXT. LOCO TACO - CONTINUOUS

The parking lot of a fast food restaurant. The car comes to an abrupt stop as Milner quickly tucks the car into a remote parking space.

MILNER

Come on, I'm buying. I want to make up for the other night. It'll be like a date!

JUNE

(confused)

Shouldn't we be getting away from here?

MILNER

From here? No. From where we were, yes, but not from *here*. Standard Procedure in this type of situation is to do a Stop-and-Drop, to throw off the Pursuit Vectoring Protocols by remaining motionless within the Primary Containment Sphere for at least twenty-seven minutes. That will essentially keep us off the radar long enough to get on the other side of the Initial Pursuit Window. Or, as we call it, the I...P...W.

June stares at him blankly.

JUNE

Does that work?

MILNER

(shrugs)

We'll see. Besides, I'm starving....

INT. LOCO TACO - NIGHT

A landscape of injection-mold plastic fashioned to conjure the old Southwest. Here and there, FAST FOOD DINERS crouch in their booths inhaling their dinners.

They sit in a booth. Milner is eating. June is angry, freaked out. A tray of untouched food sits in front of her.

MILNER

You should eat. You may not get another chance for awhile. Try the ChongaLupa--

JUNE

I don't eat this crappy food.

MILNER

(surprised)  
Really? Usually, lonely women love junk food--

JUNE

Where are you taking me?

MILNER

(matter of fact)  
To Wichita.

JUNE

Why Wichita?

MILNER

That's where my base is.

JUNE

Wichita, *Kansas*?

MILNER

Yup.

JUNE

Your base is in Wichita, Kansas.

MILNER

Yeah, what's wrong with Wichita?

JUNE

Well, nothing, I just thought it would be in Washington. At the Pentagon or something.

MILNER  
Pfft. Yeah, right.

He keeps eating. She is getting fed up.

JUNE  
(getting loud)  
Listen, I want to know what's going on. I want to know who you are and who's looking for you and why they're looking for me and what you're going to do about it, and I want to know *right now* or I'll make a total scene and make you shoot me right HERE!

Milner looks at June for a minute, chewing thoughtfully.

MILNER  
Okay.

He takes a sip of his drink. Wipes his mouth.

MILNER (cont'd)  
The battery was invented by a man named Dr. Horton Everett Hughes, at the University of Chicago. It is one of many projects being clandestinely developed by Dr. Hughes for DARPA.

JUNE  
(incredulous)  
DARPA?

MILNER  
Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency.

JUNE  
Is that who you work for?

MILNER  
No, I work for somebody else.  
(thinks)  
Though, technically, I think this operation falls under Homeland Security, depending on how they bill it... Anyway, the people I work for found out that somebody was going to steal the battery, so I was sent to protect it.

(MORE)

MILNER (cont'd)  
 Unfortunately, when my team got there, Dr. Hughes was already dead. Luckily the battery was hidden somewhere else.

JUNE  
 Who do you work for?

MILNER  
 (blank face)  
 I can't tell you that.

JUNE  
 Oh, yeah, right... I wouldn't want to get in *trouble* or anything--

MILNER  
 Please keep your voice down--

JUNE  
 (snorts )  
 If you're really some kind of spy or something, why don't you just get rid of me? Aren't I... compromising your... *mission* or whatever? Why don't you just kill me and leave me in a ditch?!

MILNER  
 (pissed)  
 What do you think I am? Some kind of murderer? You think it's fun to kill someone?

This shuts June up.

MILNER (cont'd)  
 (angry)  
 The whole reason I came back to save your ass is because I felt bad that you were in danger for helping me. That's the whole reason you're alive, okay, because of what a nice guy I am. *Okay?*

A weird, awkward beat.

JUNE  
 (lame)  
 I'm... sorry, I--

MILNER  
 Let's just not talk about it, all right?

JUNE

Okay. Fine.

A weirder, even more awkward beat.

MILNER

(softens)

Look, I didn't mean to snap at you. I just, I don't know, I've just been a little depressed the past couple of days, I guess.

JUNE

Oh. That's okay.

(warily)

So... why were you lying in the middle of the road?

MILNER

(sighs)

Well, it turns out that the guy who was going to steal the battery was my partner. A guy named Ackerman, and some of my other guys. That's who those guys back there were, pretending to be FBI Agents. They're my team. Well, used to be my team. They... turned on me.

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

JUNE

(uncomfortable)

Are you okay?

MILNER

Yeah, it's just... I get a little emotional talking about it.

(takes deep breath)

Ackerman was my best friend, you know? We'd been through hell together. We've been working together for like fifteen years, since the Gulf War. You think you know someone... Hell, I taught him how to *sand breathe*...

Milner chokes up again.

JUNE

Uh--

MILNER

(snapping out of it)  
Anyway, they tried to kill me right there in my helicopter. So I had to jump. And I fell on a fence, that's how I got so cut up.

Beat.

JUNE

You jumped out of a helicopter?

MILNER

(eating)  
Uh huh...

JUNE

Did you have a parachute?

MILNER

I didn't need one.

JUNE

How high was it?

MILNER

(thinks)  
Three thousand feet, probably.

June laughs, shakes her head.

JUNE

You expect me to believe that you jumped out of a moving helicopter from three thousand feet in the air?

MILNER

(defensive)  
Yeah! You know why? 'Cause I know how to do it, that's why!

June has no idea how to respond to this. Milner looks at his watch.

MILNER (cont'd)

We should get out of here.

He takes a final drink of his soda, then looks deep into her eyes.

MILNER (cont'd)

Listen, I really appreciate you letting me vent all my bullshit just now. In my line of work I don't always get to open up to people, you know?

JUNE

Oh, that's okay...

Milner takes her hand.

MILNER

Look, I know that a lot of what I'm saying sounds really insane, but there are certain things that I just can't tell you, so you just have to trust me and go with it. This is all gonna turn out all right.

He looks deep into her eyes.

MILNER (cont'd)

I knew from the first time I laid eyes on you that you were someone really special. You're finally going to get your chance to prove it.

He smiles. He is so earnest, she can't help but smile back.

MILNER (cont'd)

It's going to be okay. I promise.  
(softly)  
Come on, let's get out of here.

JUNE

(nods)  
Okay.

As they stand up, Milner, in one swift, fluid motion PULLS OUT A HUGE GUN and gets June in a STRANGLEHOLD, holding the gun at June's temple.

MILNER

ALRIGHT EVERYBODY GET DOWN NOW OR  
I'LL BLOW THIS CHICK'S HEAD OFF!!

The restaurant PATRONS freeze, staring at Milner.

JUNE

What are you doing?! Are you  
crazy?! You're a crazy man! CRAZY  
MAN!

MILNER

(stone cold)  
Shut up or you're dead.

Milner FIRES a round into the ceiling.

MILNER (cont'd)

I'm not messing around people! On  
the ground! NOW!

A SHATTERED LIGHT FIXTURE clatters noisily to the floor.  
Everybody gets down on the ground in a hurry. Milner starts  
to drag a shocked June toward the entrance.

EXT. LOCO TACO - NIGHT

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

MILNER

(backing out)  
97... 96... KEEP COUNTING!  
ANYONE LOOKS UP, THEY'RE GONNA SEE  
A BULLET COMING RIGHT AT 'EM!  
95... 94...

He closes and locks the front entrance door of the Loco Taco,  
then throws the restaurant keys into the weeds next to the  
parking lot.

He shoves June into the car and gets behind the wheel. The  
car hauls ass out of the parking lot.

INT. DODGE - DRIVING - NIGHT

Milner drives. He is totally casual, like nothing just  
happened.

MILNER

Okay, let's make some time. Once  
we cross state lines, we should  
probably ditch this car...

He pulls a CD out of an inner pocket of his suit, and sticks  
it in the dash CD player.

MILNER (cont'd)  
Oh, hey, here, you'll like this.

The opening of Cheap Trick's "Want You to Want Me," Live at Budakon, Milner saying the opening along with Robin Zander.

MILNER (cont'd)  
"I want you... to want... me."

He drums along to the opening beats on the steering wheel. June just stares at him dumbfounded.

MILNER (cont'd)  
You know this song right?

June smacks the music off.

JUNE  
(freaking out)  
What the hell is your problem?!

Milner seems taken aback.

MILNER  
What? It got a little over-played,  
but it's still a great song--

JUNE  
Why the hell did you just point a  
gun at my head and threaten to kill  
me?!

Milner blinks at her.

MILNER  
It's Standard Procedure.

JUNE  
Why?

MILNER  
Now there will be witnesses and  
maybe security tape of you being  
forcibly abducted. So later, after  
I clear all this shit up, you can  
deny having anything to do with it.

Beat. June grudgingly processes this.

JUNE  
You could *tell me* first!

MILNER

Well, you might not have wanted to do it--

JUNE

Don't talk to me.

Beat.

MILNER

Look, I'm sorry. You're right. I'm just used to working with people who have the same training as me, you know? I'm gonna go real slow from now on, I promise.

JUNE

Do not... talk to me.

Beat. June just stares sullenly at the road ahead.

MILNER

You couldn't have gotten hurt. The gun's empty. Look.

He points the gun at her and pulls the trigger. Click. Click. Click. June screams.

MILNER (cont'd)

See?

JUNE

Stop pointing that gun at me!

MILNER

I shot my last bullet into the ceiling.

(then)

Which is kind of a problem, actually, since there are a lot of very bad people looking for us. The next thing I need to do is figure out a way to get my hands on some weapons.

Beat. June realizes something, looks at Milner.

MILNER (cont'd)

What?

JUNE  
(shakes her head)  
I can't believe I'm about to do  
this...

EXT. DESERTED PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the trunk of a car opening to reveal a LARGE CACHE OF WEAPONS. Milner reaches in and plucks out a NASTY-LOOKING CUSTOMIZED ASSAULT RIFLE.

WAYNE (O.S.)  
Now, that's a good gun... I  
modified her myself...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Wayne with Milner and June standing by a NONDESCRIPT SEDAN in the deserted parking lot of some kind of industrial building.

WAYNE (cont'd)  
(ripping open a beer)  
...so, you know, it's good for long  
range or close contact. I got a  
removable RPG launcher that goes  
with it.

MILNER  
Nice. With a tri-fold phase  
suppressor and everything...

WAYNE  
(nods)  
Them ain't easy to find. I got it  
off the Internet from some guy in  
East Timor...

Wayne pulls a beer out of a cooler, offers it to June.

JUNE  
Sure. What the hell.

She takes it.

WAYNE  
(to Milner)  
I wasn't sure what you'd like in a  
sidearm... They still issuing you  
guys the Glocks?

MILNER

The big gun right now is the Seig Sauer, but I don't like the way it looks you know? How it looks in my hand...

WAYNE

I've heard that from people. I thought maybe you'd like the Kimber.

He plucks a gigantic, nasty-looking AUTOMATIC PISTOL from the shelf and hands it to Milner, who picks it up and aims it, getting the feel of it.

MILNER

Oh, this is great.  
 (action pose)  
 Now, this looks like a gun. I look good.  
 (to June)  
 Whadaya think?

JUNE

(flat)  
 Great...

Milner does a couple of action hero quick draws, then, satisfied, turns to Wayne.

MILNER

I'll see to it that you're reimbursed for all this.

WAYNE

No problem. I'm proud to do my patriotic duty. Now, let me tell you about your ride.

Wayne walks them around the car, which is a blue, mid-90's model Ford Taurus.

WAYNE (cont'd)

The Ford Taurus is the most statistically common model of car on the road. And the statistically most common color of Ford Taurus?

JUNE

Blue?

WAYNE

Bingo. That car is custom designed to decrease conspicuousness.

MILNER

(laughs, shakes his head)  
This is *unbelievable!*

JUNE

Believe it. I've been hearing about it for years. That isn't all, either.

MILNER

What do you mean?

WAYNE

Oh, this isn't just any ordinary blue Ford Taurus. This car was assembled by yours truly, made entirely out of parts salvaged from other blue Ford Tauruses. And every month, a friend of mine at the DMV sends me a fresh set of licence plates. See, after someone dies, their licence number remains in the system for 30 days or so...

Milner walks slowly around the car, impressed.

WAYNE (cont'd)

This is the most completely untraceable car in America.

Milner is blown away. He walk over to Wayne, a crazy gleam in his eye.

WAYNE (cont'd)

Well, what do you think?

MILNER

I want to thank you.

WAYNE

My pleasure--

Wayne offers Milner his hand, but Milner suddenly grabs him in a big bear hug. He hangs on for a moment too long, then releases Wayne and looks deep into his eyes.

MILNER  
(wiping away tears)  
You're doing your country a  
tremendous service, sir.

WAYNE  
(getting misty)  
I knew this day would come.

June watches from a corner, shaking her head.

JUNE  
Men...

She drains her beer.

INT. TAURUS - DRIVING - NIGHT

They drive the blue Taurus through the country night. June starts to look a little woozy.

JUNE  
Oh, wow... I'm exhausted.

MILNER  
Why don't you get some shut-eye.  
It's a long drive. I'll wake you  
when we get to Wichita.

JUNE  
You're okay to drive?

MILNER  
Sure. I haven't really slept since  
1993.

JUNE  
(getting really sleepy)  
Oh. Okay...

She climbs into the back seat and curls up. June's heavy eyes start to close as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. N.D. AMERICAN CITY - MORNING

The sun rises over the glass-building downtown of any American city.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

A busy Starbucks, bustling with morning coffee traffic. WE FIND an austere-looking man in his fifties, HARRIS, frowning at the morning papers.

A younger man in a suit, LA SALLE, slips into the seat across from him.

HARRIS

Well?

LA SALLE

We're still not sure what's going on. There was an incident within our pursuit radius. A couple of bodies were recovered--

HARRIS

Milner?

LA SALLE

(shakes his head)

No. The guys from Ackerman's team.

HARRIS

But not Ackerman.

LA SALLE

(again shaking his head)

Escaped. Commandeered a civilian vehicle.

HARRIS

*What?!*

LA SALLE

I know. This shit is getting really messy--

HARRIS

(urgent)

Who has the battery?

LA SALLE

We don't know.

Harris sinks into a foul mood.

HARRIS

Dammit.

(beat)

(MORE)

HARRIS (cont'd)

Well, I can guess where Milner's going--

LA SALLE

We have a team standing by at Location One. But so far nothing yet. We're watching everything -- airports, car rental, rail stations, boat docks...

HARRIS

He's in the middle of the country. He didn't get on a goddamn boat!

LA SALLE

Oh, there was one thing. This may be grasping at straws, but a car was reported stolen a couple of hours after the incident in a nearby town...

(looking at papers)

We also have some security footage of a man we believe to be Milner forcibly abducting some local--

HARRIS

(pointing at paper)

Her--

LA SALLE

--then getting into a Dodge Intrepid. Same make and model of the stolen one.

HARRIS

That's gotta be it. Have we found it yet?

LA SALLE

(shakes his head)

So far nothing. We've gone out state and county wide. Everybody's looking for that car.

HARRIS

Well, where the hell is it?

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

The very same Dodge Intrepid sits in the middle of a cornfield, gleaming in the Midwestern sun. The car suddenly EXPLODES.

TURN AROUND

To reveal Wayne.

WAYNE

*Whooooo hooooo...!!*

He hoots and hollers and fires off an AK-47.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON

Thick green jungle foliage; tropical plants and flowering vines. WE SEE this through the slit window of...

INT. SAFEHOUSE - DAY

A rudimentary cinder block structure. A very woozy June is lying on an army cot. She is slowly coming around, awakened by the CALL of some exotic bird. She sits up, trying to clear out the cobwebs, taking in her surroundings:

A lot of crates. A lot of hi-tech electronic devices. A lot of canned goods and Power Bars and bottled water.

There also happen to be DEAD GUYS in WETSUITS everywhere. In fact, as June looks around, it becomes quite evident that a firefight has recently taken place here.

JUNE

This is definitely not Wichita...

She gets up and warily begins to explore, stepping gingerly over the dead Wetsuit Guys. She goes down a short hallway, and into another room where she finds...

MILNER

Beating the shit out of a WETSUIT GUY who is tied to a chair. June freezes in the doorway, stunned.

MILNER

You think those guys can get to me, huh?! Well, I got a message for them-- !!

WETSUIT GUY  
(sees June)  
Help! Please! Help me!

Milner turns to see June standing there.

MILNER  
(big friendly smile)  
Hey! When'd you wake up? I'm  
almost done here--

June turns and runs. She doesn't look back. She runs past the dead Wetsuit Guys and right out the door.

EXT. JUNGLE COASTLINE - DAY

June runs wildly through tangled vines, and comes out onto a swampy beach. She runs, running for her life.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SWAMPY COASTLINE - LATER

June is still running, but weakly, out of breath. She is picking her way through thick, marshy jungle. It is slow going, the footing is bad, and she occasionally steps into mud that she sinks into up to her knees. A heavy tropical rain begins to fall as she forces herself to push on...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE COASTLINE - DUSK

June is dragging herself along now. She is soaking wet, exhausted, freezing, starving. It is getting darker by the second -- she can barely see where she is going.

Like a miracle, she sees something in the distance ahead and squints into the gloom. There are lights in the distance... she can barely make out some kind of structure, built into a hillside.

With her last reserve of energy, she quickens her pace, moving toward the structure, scrabbling up the beach on all fours...

She suddenly stops dead as she realizes... it is the place she ran from hours ago.

A FLASHLIGHT pops on. Milner is standing over her.

MILNER

Sweetheart, it's an island.

June falls on her knees. Milner goes to help her up.

MILNER (cont'd)

Come on. You must be exhausted--

JUNE

Get away from me! Leave me alone  
you psycho!

MILNER

Don't worry, I got everything all  
cleaned up for you. You're not  
going to see anything freaky or  
scary or anything, I promise. Come  
on...

He gently gets June back on her feet, and leads her into the building.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

June is wrapped up in a blanket, drinking soup out of a coffee mug. Her clothes are drying on a clothesline in front of a fireplace.

The space has been cleared of dead Wetsuit Guys.

JUNE

I can't believe you drugged me!  
How long was I out?

MILNER

About thirty-six hours. Forty  
hours...

JUNE

You are such an asshole.

MILNER

I'm sorry. I slipped a little  
something into the beer Wayne gave  
you. It was the only way I could  
know for sure that you wouldn't  
freak out when the shit hit the  
fan. Being immobilized was the  
safest thing for you. And the  
easiest thing for me.

JUNE

Where are we?

MILNER

On an island in the Pacific Ocean,  
in international waters.

JUNE

I thought we were going to Wichita!

MILNER

Well, we were going to Wichita...  
and then you fell asleep, and then  
there were these pesky roadblocks,  
so I stole a plane and we flew to a  
place where a guy I know has a boat  
I can use and then we came here.

JUNE

What is this place?

MILNER

A place where I keep stuff I need  
here... passports, cash, weapons,  
that kind of stuff. Like a storage  
shed, kinda.

JUNE

Where's that guy you were... you  
know... that was here?

MILNER

Oh, you're not gonna see him again,  
don't worry.

JUNE

You know, I haven't known you that  
long, and I've already seen you  
kill a lot of people--

MILNER

(defensive)

They were all bad guys. They were  
trying to kill me. I would love it  
if that stopped happening, believe  
me!

Milner turns on a nearby TV SET.

MILNER (cont'd)

Listen, we're not staying here.  
You rest up, get your strength  
back, watch a little TV...

(MORE)

MILNER (cont'd)

I just need a few hours to get the boat ready. Here, I Tivoed some stuff for you...

ON THE TV

A female newscaster, TRISHA HEANEY, on a cable-news-channel-type news show.

Behind her, a video screen displaying images of the BLUE TAURUS being pursued by many POLICE CARS from many different police jurisdictions.

TRISHA

(on TV)

Tonight, a multi-state pursuit, ending in a police standoff. It all began this morning when this blue 1996 Ford Taurus ran a State Police roadblock, then lead authorities in a chase that lasted several hours, culminating in a standoff with police at this small private airfield.

FOOTAGE of several police cars fanned out around the entrance of a small airport. The Police are out of their cars, weapons drawn. Footage of SWAT TEAMS moving in, COPS in BODY ARMOR...

TRISHA (cont'd)

(on TV)

The driver of the Taurus is believed to be this man...

A PICTURE of MILNER. The same slightly out-of-focus black-and-white we've seen before.

TRISHA (cont'd)

(on TV)

...whose name is not yet being released by authorities, and who is currently wanted for questioning in connection to a recent Federal Reserve robbery in Chicago. Currently, authorities are also not yet releasing the name of his accomplice, who was abducted from an area Loco Taco restaurant last night.

MILNER

Here, look! Here's you!

FOOTAGE of June propped up in the passenger side window of the Taurus, dark glasses on, an automatic rifle cradled in her arms...

SHE IS holding an entire SWAT team at bay!

Her head leans ever-so-slightly to one side, as if she is maybe asleep, because of course, as we know, she is.

JUNE  
(pissed)  
Oh, great!

MILNER  
(laughs)  
How's it feel to be famous?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ISLAND - FOG

Milner and June rowing a dinghy filled with gear. They pull up alongside an innocuous-looking FISHING TRAWLER.

JUNE  
Where are we going now?

MILNER  
We're going back to Wichita. To see a friend of mine.

Milner ties up the dinghy and starts to throw gear on board.

JUNE  
Then what?

MILNER  
This friend of mine will help me get ahold of some people who can arrange a drop for the battery. And then you and I can be done with all this. We just gotta get this boat to dry-dock, get a car, get you some clothes...

June pulls herself onboard. Milner climbs into the pilot house and starts the engine.

MILNER (cont'd)  
Well, get comfortable, this is gonna be your home for a few days.

June looks around. Crates and pieces of grimy machinery everywhere.

JUNE

Oh, I couldn't be more comfortable than this...

A blast of water sprays over the bow and soaks June, almost knocking her off her feet.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ANOTHER N.D. AMERICAN CITY - MORNING

The sun rises over the glass-building downtown of another American city.

INT. STARBUCKS - MORNING

Harris sits at a table talking into his CELL PHONE. A LAPTOP sits in front of him.

HARRIS

No... I just want the phone numbers to go from my computer right to my phone, just like it's supposed to. I know it can be done, I've seen it. For some reason I just can't do it. So do I have to talk to the phone idiots? Or the computer idiots?

(beat)

Yes, I'll hold...

La Salle comes in, and slides into the seat across from him. He can barely contain his enthusiasm.

HARRIS (cont'd)

(re: the phone)

Sanjay. In Myanmar.

(shakes head in disgust)

I hope you have some good news.

LA SALLE

I do. We've identified Location Two.

Harris looks up at him. La Salle smiles.

LA SALLE (cont'd)

I think we got him...

EXT. ANYWHERE U.S.A. - SUBDIVISION - EVENING

A brand-new looking subdivision of cookie-cutter ranch houses on a yet-to-be landscaped cul-de-sac on the edge of nowhere.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

The house's empty dining room. Boxes of ELECTRONICS EQUIPMENT everywhere. No furniture except for a folding card table, atop which sits a computer, and a metal folding chair. A man sits on the chair with his back to us, typing furiously away at the computer. Fast food wrappers are strewn about the room.

The doorbell RINGS.

In one lizard-like move, the Man spins away from the computer, whips out a huge AUTOMATIC WEAPON, and goes into a listening crouch.

WE SEE that it is Ackerman.

ACKERMAN

Who is it?

VOICE (O.S.)

Pizza!

Ackerman peers out through the blinds. A PIZZA DELIVERY CAR sits at the curb.

ACKERMAN

All right, I'm coming...

Ackerman puts the gun away and walks down the hall toward the door.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Ackerman walks up to the front door. He begins to look through the pockets of a coat hanging nearby.

ACKERMAN

(aloud)

How much do I owe you?

EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Three SPOOKS stand poised, guns in hand. One of them holds his hand over the mouth of the PIZZA GUY. They look at each other, a little thrown by this question.

One of them grabs at the box, looking for a receipt.

SPOOK

Ah... that'll be, uh... just a sec...

He finds the receipt taped to the pizza box.

SPOOK (cont'd)

That'll be \$12.95.

They go back to their 'ready' positions.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Ackerman can't find his wallet.

ACKERMAN

Hang on...  
(to himself)  
Where the hell-- ?

He sees his wallet on the table next to the computer. He starts to walk down the hall toward it...

EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The Spooks and the Pizza Guy remain frozen, waiting. They shoot each other a look: What's going on?

INT. CAR - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Harris and La Salle sitting in a parked car, watching from down the street.

LA SALLE

(into radio)  
What's going on? Why is he taking so long--

They both suddenly look up to see a HELICOPTER approaching, flying low.

HARRIS  
Goddamit! Get that chopper out of  
here! It's too early-- !!

LA SALLE  
(into radio)  
Back the chopper off! Back the  
chopper off!

The helicopter banks and starts to turn around.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ackerman grabs his wallet and turns back toward the door,  
then suddenly freezes. Listens... and hears... an  
unmistakable sound...

WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP

He jams his wallet into his pocket, grabs his weapon and  
looks around...

INT. CAR - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Harris and La Salle.

HARRIS  
This is taking too long! Move in!

LA SALLE  
(into radio)  
Move in! Move in!

EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The Spooks kick the door in and pile into the house, just as  
Ackerman BURSTS through the garage door in a MINIVAN. The  
aluminum door wraps itself around the front of his car like a  
shield, as he barrels down the driveway...

The Spooks run back out of the house, firing at the Minivan.  
Ackerman returns fire through the window as he spins out of  
the driveway, headed right toward...

HARRIS AND LA SALLE

HARRIS  
Shit! Get us out of here!

La Salle cranks the starter, and tries to move the car before...

THE MINIVAN

Sideswipes them, sending the car spinning into a drainage ditch.

HARRIS (cont'd)

Crap!

They leap out of the car, weapons drawn, but the Minivan is already screeching around a corner, disappearing from sight...

The Spooks come running up behind.

SPOOK

Now what?

Harris looks back toward the house. The Pizza Guy stands at the curb by his car, holding the trampled pizza box in his hands.

PIZZA GUY

Hey, someone's gonna hafta pay for this--

Behind him, the house suddenly EXPLODES, knocking him to the ground.

HARRIS

Let's get the hell out of here...

FADE OUT.

EXT. WICHITA - OFFICE PARK - NIGHT

An unassuming structure which, at first glance, from the freeway at 70 miles an hour, just looks like any office park set back from the Interstate. If you looked closely, you would see that it has no windows, and only one entrance.

June and Milner, in anonymous-looking workday-casual civilian clothes in an anonymous-looking civilian car, looking like a couple of Jehovah's Witnesses. They drive up the private road toward the gate house.

JUNE

You're sure it's safe to go here?  
What about the guards?

MILNER

These jamokes don't know what's going on. They have strict engagement orders regarding who comes and goes from this place. This is a Category One Security Clearance facility, completely cut off from the outside world. There's only about twenty people in the world who even know this place exists. And only ten of those people have the right ID to get in.  
(smiles, holds up ID card)  
This one.

The car rolls up to the gatehouse. Milner rolls his window down, and shows his ID to a stone-faced SECURITY GUARD, who unceremoniously opens the gigantic electrified iron gate for them.

Milner gives June a little smile.

JUNE

Mr. Big Shot.

MILNER

Damn straight...

They roll through the gate and drive toward the building.

INT. DARPA RESEARCH BUNKER - NIGHT

The atmosphere here is definitely bunker. Thick, bare concrete walls, recessed lighting, very few doors.

June and Milner walk down a hallway toward a large, open laboratory, where they find, sitting at a bank of computer equipment, DR. THURSTON FIEDLER.

He appears to be about the same age as Milner, though it's hard to say. He looks like someone who rarely sees the light of day. Or eats or sleeps. He seems to exist solely in the glow of his computer screens.

FIEDLER

(not looking up)

It's good to see you Milner. If you're here, you must be in trouble.

He rises, and he and Milner shake hands, clap each other on the back.

MILNER

Great to see you. June, meet Dr.  
Thurston Fiedler. Physicist.  
Biochemist. Weapons expert.  
National treasure.

JUNE

Hi.

FIEDLER

Welcome. I've seen your picture on  
the Internet. You have been having  
an adventure.

JUNE

I guess that's one way of saying  
it.

FIEDLER

Come on. Let's go somewhere we can  
talk.

Fiedler scrawls some quick notes and puts his computers to  
sleep.

FIEDLER (cont'd)

Anyone want some coffee?

MILNER

Sounds great.

FIEDLER

Follow me...

He leads them toward a door on the other side of the lab.  
June starts to follow, then sees something that makes her  
freeze in her tracks.

On the other side of a plexiglass wall...

TWO MONKEYS

sit on top of metal pedestals with LCD screens on them.

The monkeys have electrodes wired into their skulls, and are  
operating robotic arms... with their minds. They are, in  
fact, playing chess.

June just stares at the monkeys in disbelief. Milner walks  
up behind her and waves to the monkeys.

MILNER  
 (to monkeys)  
 Hi Coco! Hi Kissinger!

The monkeys wave back to him. One of the monkeys turns and looks at June. The LCD screen on the monkey's perch lights up:

HELLO. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

JUNE  
 No... way.

MILNER  
 Come on, I'll introduce you  
 later...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A sterile, utilitarian kitchen. Milner and Fiedler sit in a booth, drinking coffee. June leans against a nearby counter.

Fiedler holds the battery in his hand, examining it.

FIEDLER  
 I'm sorry to hear about Dr. Hughes.  
 He was a brilliant man.  
 (re: the battery)  
 So he finally made it work...

Fiedler puts the battery down and picks up a can of ground coffee. He takes a big spoonful and eats it.

JUNE  
 You drink coffee and eat it too?

FIEDLER  
 (nods)  
 And snort it. I used to mainline  
 it, but I was getting this intense  
 irritation in my arteries.

He smiles at June. He may be kidding. He may not be.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Hey!

June turns, and is amazed to see, of all things, a 17-year-old girl standing in the hallway. Her name is Jesse.

JUNE  
 Hi...

MILNER

Is that Jesse? Oh my God, I can't believe it.

FIEDLER

Hi Jesse. You remember Milner?

MILNER

Probably not. Last time I saw you, you were just a little kid.

(shakes his head)

Wow!

JESSE

Time expands, then contracts...

MILNER

(introducing)

This is Jesse, Fieldler's daughter.

JESSE

(correcting)

Research associate.

FIEDLER

She works with me now.

MILNER

Family business. Nice.

JUNE

Hi. I'm with him. I'm June.

JESSE

Jesse.

(realizing)

You're the one from the Internet!

JUNE

Yeah... I guess so.

FIEDLER

(rising)

Well, we are going to the satellite room to make some calls. I'm afraid you two are not allowed to see the satellite room.

JESSE

Who cares about the stupid satellite room...

MILNER  
(to Fiedler)  
Are her quarters set up?

FIEDLER  
(nods)  
Exactly how you wanted it.

MILNER  
Great.  
(to June)  
Make yourself comfortable. I'll  
come and see you in a little while.

Milner and Fiedler take their coffee and go, leaving June and Jesse alone.

JUNE  
What was that about quarters?

JESSE  
Oh, he called while you guys were  
on your way. He wanted things all  
set up for you so you'd be  
comfortable.

JUNE  
Really?

JESSE  
Yeah. He must really like you.

JUNE  
You think?

JESSE  
Sure. I can tell from the way he  
looks at you. And also because  
you're not dead.

Jesse thoughtfully looks June up and down for a second.

JESSE (cont'd)  
We look like we're about the same  
size...  
(then)  
You need some help. Come with  
me...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An efficient, relatively sterile sleeping quarters. At some point, there was a very generic, failed attempt to make the room feel like it's not in a bunker.

June comes in. She stops and apprehensively looks in a mirror... WE SEE that she is wearing a totally hot outfit.

A light comes on, and we see that Milner has been standing in the shadows, watching her.

MILNER

Hi there.

June jumps, startled.

JUNE

What are you doing in here?

MILNER

Just making sure you have everything you need.

(checks her out)

You changed.

JUNE

Yeah, Jesse insisted. It's been awhile since I tried to wear anything like this...

MILNER

You look great. I thought you might like a snack...

He walks over to a room service tray, with a few dishes on it. He pulls the lids off of the dishes to reveal...

MILNER (cont'd)

M and M's and Cheetos, same bowl...

Red wine, chilled glass.

He turns back toward her and smiles as June jumps him, starts to smother him with kisses. He throws the dish lids aside, and it's on...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Milner and June lay in bed, languishing in the aftermath.

JUNE

Do you think it would be weird,  
growing up in a place like this?

MILNER

(shrugs)

It's the only life she's ever  
known. There's nothing weird about  
it to her. In fact, that's how  
most people get into the business.  
It's how I got into the business.  
As soon as I found out the truth, I  
wanted in.

JUNE

Really? You didn't want something  
more... normal.

MILNER

What's normal?

(then)

When I was a kid, my Dad had this  
bakery. Everyone thought it had  
been in my family for generations,  
but really it was just his cover.  
And when I was in high school I  
used to work there. One time, my  
Dad thought someone was stealing  
from the store, and he brought this  
guy in to give a polygraph test to  
everyone who worked there. I  
wasn't stealing, but I was worried  
about other stuff the guy might ask  
about, and I didn't know if you  
could beat a polygraph test. So  
when I went in there, I decided to  
tell the guy, about the espresso  
machine.

JUNE

What about the espresso machine?

MILNER

I told him that we had this  
gigantic espresso machine, and it  
took forever to clean. So on slow  
nights I used to shut it down and  
clean it way before closing time,  
and then if people came in and  
ordered espresso, I told them that  
the machine was broken, which was a  
lie, and could possibly be  
interpreted as stealing.

(MORE)

MILNER (cont'd)

Well, the guy giving the polygraph said, you did the right thing telling me, it's always best to be honest, and that what I did was wrong and he would have to tell it to my Dad. So, my Dad calls me into his office, and you know what he said to me?

JUNE

What?

MILNER

He goes... We don't have an espresso machine.

June smiles at him.

MILNER (cont'd)

And that was that. After that, he came clean with me about his job, and I started my training.

WE SEE that, in the small of her back, right above her behind, she has a flowery tattoo.

MILNER (cont'd)

So let's talk about your big secret. Tell me about the tattoo. You don't exactly seem the type.

June looks at him for a moment.

JUNE

When I was sixteen, my parents were killed in a car accident. I totally freaked out, I stole a car and ran away to Mexico, just went wild. I feel like that's what happened the last time I let myself lose control. I was brought home by the police and I had to go live with my Grandma, and I had to see all these psychiatrists and doctors, who told me what I really needed was stability, you know? Normalcy. And, ever since then, it's like I've been trying to be this kind of plain, boring, version of who I really am.

MILNER

(smiles)

You know, being able to lose control once in awhile is not a bad skill to have.

He pulls her close, and they kiss.

INT. KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

June and Milner come down the stairs to find Fiedler drinking coffee and scribbling some notes.

FIEDLER

Good morning.

Fiedler hands Milner a stuffed manila envelope.

FIEDLER (cont'd)

It's time for you two to be going. Everything's set. Here's all your exit clearance stuff.

Milner and Fiedler shake hands.

MILNER

Thanks again.

FIEDLER

Are you kidding? I owe you. See you at the next briefing.

(to June)

Nice to meet you.

JUNE

And you.

Jesse appears in the doorway.

JESSE

You guys taking off?

JUNE

Yeah. Thanks. I guess I'm not going to see you again.

JESSE

(shrugs)

You never know.

Milner and June head down the hallway towards a large metal door. June shoots one last look back at Jesse, who smiles and waves.

June and Milner are silhouetted against a blinding shaft of daylight as the heavy door opens. A moment later, it slams shut and June and Milner are gone.

Fiedler watches after them for a moment, thoughtfully tapping his chin with his finger. He then goes to the phone and dials.

FIEDLER

This is Michealangelo Nine. I need  
to be put through to the  
Pentagon...

He waits to be put through. He looks over at Jesse, who is watching him from a corner.

JESSE

You turning them in?

FIEDLER

Of course. It's Standard  
Procedure...

INT. DINER - WICHITA - DAY

June and Milner, sitting in the booth of a neighborhood diner in a heavy-foot-traffic corner of downtown Wichita. A half-eaten breakfast sits in front of them.

Milner is carefully watching the small, boutique hotel across the street. He looks at his watch.

MILNER

Okay, this is it.

JUNE

What's going to happen?

MILNER

Nothing. You are going to sit here  
and have another cup of coffee and  
finish the paper. I am going to  
walk across the street, go up to  
room...

(looking at key)

...419, and leave the battery in  
the wall safe. Simple.

JUNE

That's not what I meant. I meant,  
what's going to *happen*?

(beat)

After this is all over?

He looks at June for a moment.

MILNER

I told you, I'd been looking for  
you for a long time.

Milner gives her a quick kiss and leaves. June watches  
Milner through the window as he crosses the street and walks  
toward the hotel. No problem.

JUNE

(to busboy)

Could I get a little more coffee  
here, please.

June looks back out the window. As Milner approaches the  
entrance...

HARRIS AND LA SALLE AND A SQUAD OF SPOOKS

Converge on Milner from out of nowhere.

JUNE (cont'd)

Shit. Shit!

June starts to panic. She gets up and runs to the door of  
the restaurant.

EXT. D.C. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Milner is surrounded by Spooks. Harris grins at him.

HARRIS

Well, Milner, you've been making us  
work for a living.

Milner, trapped, looks around wildly; they are everywhere.

Milner looks across the street and sees June standing in the  
doorway of the restaurant. They make momentary eye contact.  
Milner's eyes tell her to get out of there.

June sees a UPS TRUCK pulling up to the corner. In a split  
second, she makes up her mind. June lunges for the corner.

She runs toward the approaching UPS truck, and, as it pulls up to the corner, she kicks a NEWSPAPER MACHINE into the street in front of it. The IMPACT sounds like a bomb going off.

JUNE

Terrorism! Terrorism!

A sudden confused PANDEMONIUM starts to break out.

HARRIS

What's happening?

They are distracted just long enough for Milner to make his move. Milner quickly takes out Spook one, then grabs Spook Two and swings him in front of his body like a shield, as SPOOK THREE opens fire, inadvertently pumping a few slugs into Spook Two.

Milner shoves Spook Two's body at Spook Three, knocking them both into the street, and then, just like that, he is gone, disappearing into the crowd.

June grabs an empty 40 ounce out of the trash and jumps up on the trunk of a nearby car, setting off the alarm. She points across the street.

JUNE

Terrorism! Look! OVER THERE!  
Terrorists! TERRORISM!

She hurls the empty bottle at La Salle's head. La Salle ducks and the bottle explodes against the wall.

LA SALLE

What the -- !?

HARRIS

It's that chick! Grab her!

June jumps off of the car, and starts to run, but she is quickly swarmed upon by Spooks...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

June sits on a hotel room bed. Harris and La Salle sit on chairs across from him. Some Spooks lurk around the periphery.

HARRIS

You want a soda or something?

June shakes her head.

HARRIS (cont'd)  
We work for the C.I.A. The  
Directorate of Operations to be  
precise... you ever heard of that?

June shakes her head.

HARRIS (cont'd)  
Doesn't matter. As you may know,  
this agency has been under a lot of  
pressure, the past few years, to  
function efficiently, and without a  
lot of ugly... public... *snafus*.  
Now, I'm not sure how much you know  
about these kinds of operations,  
but if you haven't already guessed,  
this particular operation is going  
very badly. Why am I telling you  
this? Because I am desperate. I  
have been caught completely with my  
pants down. Two of the most  
dangerous people in the world are  
out there, with an object which has  
the capability to destabilize the  
entire global economy, and I have  
no idea where they are or which one  
of them has the battery.

June just looks at the ground.

HARRIS (cont'd)  
Naturally, we anticipated that  
someone would try and steal the  
battery. The thing we did *not*  
anticipate was that it would be two  
of our own people who would then  
try to steal it from each other. I  
am angry and embarrassed about what  
is going on here on many levels.  
There is only one thing that I know  
for sure, and that is that you have  
been lied to and used, and I can't  
tell you how sorry I am for that.

June looks up at him for the first time.

HARRIS (cont'd)  
It has long been Milner's m.o. to  
seduce unsuspecting women, and use  
them in his missions.

(MORE)

HARRIS (cont'd)

In fact, it is something he has been trained to do. Now, I'm thinking that Milner told you some things that made you sympathetic to him, but I'm going to tell you the truth about Milner... He has not worked for this agency in an official capacity for many years. He is a pathological liar and a dangerous sociopath, and whatever it is he is up to, he is currently acting alone, and not within the authority of the United States Government.

June's face falls.

HARRIS (cont'd)

So you can either tell us what we want to know...

Harris leans in close.

HARRIS (cont'd)

(with deliberate intent)

Or you can disappear from the face of the earth.

JUNE

That *bastard!* Look, it was just a date! I was just having dinner with some guy that I met online. I filled out a questionnaire--

HARRIS

I know. I have it right here--

JUNE

What?!

HARRIS

It went directly into our agency server. The entire intelligence community has access to this information.

JUNE

(fuming )

Milner has the battery. As far as I know. He was coming here to drop it.

Harris looks carefully at June and nods.

JUNE (cont'd)

I just want to go back to my life.  
I just want to be left alone.

HARRIS

Well, the good news is, we know that you are innocent, and we would like nothing better than to just let you go. The bad news is, you have seen many things -- including the location of Dr. Thurston Fiedler -- which are Category One Security concerns, and even just having knowledge of them has most likely put your life in danger. So, we would like you to accompany us to an Air Force Base where we can guarantee your security and where you will undergo a thorough debriefing process.

JUNE

Fine. Let's go.

HARRIS

We appreciate your help very much.

JUNE

Yeah, yeah...

EXT. SMALL AIRFIELD - DAY

A couple of BLACK SEDANS roll onto the tarmac of a small cargo airport. They pull up alongside a small passenger plane, and everyone gets out and starts to move toward the plane; June, Harris, La Salle and a phalanx of Spooks.

A few steps from the plane, everyone except June suddenly DROPS, shot dead.

June freezes.

JUNE

Oh no...

SUDDENLY, a BLACK VAN roars up to June and the doors fly open. A bunch of heavily-armed ASIAN PARAMILITARY THUGS jump out of the van and grab June.

JUNE (cont'd)

Oh... No! NO! NOT AGAIN!!

They manacle her as a lumbering TRANSPORT HELICOPTER descends from the sky like trouble itself...

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

The roar of helicopter blades. June is handcuffed, practically delirious at this point. Several blank, hard faces stare at her, sinister-looking customized automatic weapons draped over their shoulders and across their chests.

JUNE

So... What are you guys? Chinese?  
North Korean?

They just stare back at her, expressionless.

One of them says something to the group -- just a low growl out of the side of his mouth. The rest of them sneer and laugh at June, then one of them pulls a BLACK HOOD over June's head.

SCREEN GOES BLACK

JUNE (O.S.) (cont'd)

I'm so dead...

INT. CELL - NIGHT

June sitting in a nondescript, concrete-walled room, the hood still over her head, her hands cuffed behind her back.

A HAND reaches into frame and whips off the hood. She blinks in the light for a few seconds, then squints up.

A pleasant-looking, bespectacled ASIAN MAN stands over her.

JUNE

Where am I?

The Asian Man doesn't say anything. He smiles at June and offers her a tray that has food and water on it.

June KICKS the tray out of his hand.

JUNE (cont'd)

Get that shit away from me!

The Asian Man recoils, shocked. He turns and walks out of the room. June looks around, trying to figure out where she is.

A moment later, there is the SOUND of BOOTS coming quickly down the hallway. The door swings wide open, and a SQUAD of ASIAN KILLERS in khaki-colored uniforms walk into the room. They get June on her feet and march her out into the hallway.

EXT. FORTRESS - DAY

The Killers march June through the front doors of a large, prison-like fortress and out into a landscaped courtyard. There, in a golf cart, sits Milner.

MILNER

Sweetheart!

He jumps up out of the golf cart, grabs June, dips her and gives her a big romantic kiss. June is totally confused. The Killers uncuff her.

MILNER (cont'd)

(to the Killers)

Thanks, guys.

They turn and march away.

JUNE

These guys are with you?

MILNER

Yeah. They didn't get rough with you did they?

JUNE

They... they... just killed a bunch of CIA guys.

MILNER

No they didn't.

JUNE

Yes they did! Back at the airport! In Wichita! The guys who were trying to get you!

MILNER

(shakes his head,  
dismissively)

Those guys? They're mercenaries, working for the Russians, probably. Old Cold War farts. Total assholes. I used to work for them. They were about to kill you, you know.

JUNE  
But they said--

MILNER  
Yeah, yeah, blah, blah, blah.  
Those guys are pros. It would not  
surprise me to know that they lied  
to you.

Milner guides the still dazed June into the passenger side of  
the golf cart.

MILNER (cont'd)  
Come on, I want to show you around.

Milner climbs behind the wheel.

MILNER (cont'd)  
How are you? You totally saved my  
ass back there. I'm proud of you,  
thinking on your feet like that. I  
always had an eye for talent.

JUNE  
Where are we?

MILNER  
In Honduras. I'll explain in a  
minute--

The cart whizzes off out of the courtyard.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A large construction site. The framework of a large  
manufacturing facility. The site is being worked by a large  
crew of LABORERS; Asian, Middle Eastern, African. The whole  
site is surrounded by HEAVILY ARMED GUARDS.

Milner and June sit in the cart on a small rise overlooking  
the site. Milner has this weirdly proud glow about him.  
June isn't sure what to make of all this.

MILNER  
It is all going to begin right  
here.

JUNE  
What is?

MILNER

This is where we're gonna make the battery. Just think, an endless source of clean-burning energy, one that will eliminate entirely our dependence on oil, will end the pointless wars and degradation of our environment.

JUNE

Who are all these people?

MILNER

Oh, we got all this foreign labor, you know, to keep costs down. The beautiful thing is we don't have to pay them shit because they're all Communists. And criminals.

JUNE

Isn't that illegal?

MILNER

Only when defined by some very arcane laws. And treaties. Luckily we have many influential lawmakers in our organization helping us navigate past the enemies of free enterprise.

One of the LABORERS gets into an argument with a GUARD. Several other GUARDS converge on the Laborer and beat him viciously with long batons.

JUNE

Oh my God!

MILNER

(shrugs)

Their culture is different from ours. Who are we to judge?

(beat)

Oh! And there's gonna be a juice and coffee bar right there. With, you know, a waterfall and some tables to sit at... you're gonna love it!

June just stares at him.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING - DAY

Milner leading June down a corridor that looks like it could be in a very new, very fancy Silicon Valley office building. The offices are filled with YOUNG WORKERS of every conceivable nationality, busy at hi-tech, ergonomic work stations.

MILNER

Unfortunately, it's not enough to provide the world with an alternative. You need to make sure that people use it. And the only way to do that is to eliminate their options. That's what we're really working on here.

JUNE

(looking around)  
Uh huh...

MILNER

You know, everyone thinks all of our oil comes from the Middle East, but really, most of it comes from our allies, from countries like Canada and the U.K. and Russia. Countries who have similar *interests* to ours.

He opens a door, and they walk into...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A hi-tech conference room. Brand spanking new, completely tricked out. One wall is all mirrors. The opposite wall looks out on a sprawling military complex surrounded by dense jungle foliage.

Milner spreads his arms out proudly, gesturing toward the windows.

MILNER

Well, what do you think?

JUNE

Um... I'm not sure I really get what's going on.

Milner sits down, explains.

MILNER

It's simple, really. We choke off the Western world's oil supply, then suddenly make the battery available! That way we own and control the thing that solves the world's power needs for the next thousand years!

Beat.

JUNE

Really?

MILNER

There's no down side! Even though we will get most of the profit, this will benefit everyone! We are making cheap, renewable, emission-free energy.

JUNE

You're doing this to make money?

MILNER

An *inconceivable* shitload of money. In fact, we anticipate that this venture will be so profitable that, as we continue to acquire land and corporations and public utilities, we will quickly grow to a size where we provide all the services that a government can provide, only better, at which point, governments will cease to exist.

JUNE

What?

MILNER

Isn't that amazing?

JUNE

You can't be serious.

MILNER

I'm very serious. The time of the nation state has passed. An organization like ours, we control everything... energy, transportation, finance, media companies, telecommunications--

JUNE

Wait a minute... who is we?  
America?

MILNER

No, no. We. Me and my friends.  
Well, my associates. My business  
partners...

(beat)

The New Freedom Brotherhood.

June sits down hard.

JUNE

What?

MILNER

Have you heard of us?

JUNE

Oh, shit. Come on...

MILNER

You're going to love being part of  
this. This is the future,  
happening right now. I know it's a  
big idea to get your head around,  
so just bear with me for a minute.  
And get ready, because the  
controversial part is coming. This  
is where I'm gonna ask you to think  
outside of the box a little bit  
here.

He sits down next to June and takes her hand. June looks at  
him warily -- Milner seems to be getting crazier by the  
second.

MILNER (cont'd)

Unfortunately, not all oil-  
producing nations are inclined to  
participate in our restructuring,  
but luckily they are all located in  
a highly unstable part of the  
world. This is where we will  
accelerate the logical progression  
of things.

JUNE

What does that mean?

MILNER

A nuclear missile strikes Iran!

June just stares at him.

JUNE

What?

MILNER

It's one of the scenarios we're playing with... The Iranian's will blame Israel. Israel will deny it, but be attacked and overrun by all the other Arab nations. The West will have to come to Israel's defense. The Middle East is obliterated by tactical nuclear strikes, the region becomes ungovernable and, bingo, no more oil!

June starts to lose it.

MILNER (cont'd)

All we need is the incident. The fuse to be lit... Sweetheart, what's wrong?

JUNE

This is a joke, right? Tell me that this is a joke!

MILNER

I've never been more serious about anything in my life. Look, two people fighting over the same piece of land, it just doesn't work! You throw religion and nuclear weapons in there, it's going to happen eventually. The only way there will ever be peace is for someone to just *win* it, once and for all.

JUNE

You're insane.

MILNER

(genuinely hurt)

Don't talk that way... after everything we've been through together? This is my life's work here!

JUNE

This is insane! I don't want to have anything to do with this.

MILNER

(beat)  
Are you sure?

JUNE

Yes.

MILNER

You're sure?

JUNE

Yes. Absolutely. I think you are a very attractive guy and everything, and you did save my life, which I am very thankful for, but I am not interested in having *anything* to do with this.

Beat. Milner stares hard at her.

MILNER

That's too bad...  
(sighs)

Because I thought we really had something, you know? I don't open up to a lot of people, and I just really felt like, you know, we were on the same wavelength. It just really hurts that now I have to kill you.

Beat.

JUNE

No you don't.

MILNER

Yes, I do. You've seen everything. I can't just let you walk out of here. This is bigger than you and me--

JUNE

I can't believe you're one of the bad guys! You're such an asshole!

MILNER

Bad guys? Don't be so naive!

June SUDDENLY BOLTS for the door. Milner grabs her, wraps her up.

MILNER (cont'd)  
 Don't! Come on! Don't do this!  
 You're embarrassing yourself--

June wildly kicks and punches at Milner, who tries to wrestle her under control.

JUNE  
 LET ME GO! PSYCHO! MURDERER!  
 CRAZY MAN!!

A door suddenly opens, and into the room walk three Men in expensive suits; an Asian Man, a Russian Man and a British Man.

BRITISH MAN  
 So much for your protege, Milner.

Milner drags June to her feet.

MILNER  
 (to June)  
 These are my partners.  
 (to the Men)  
 Sorry I wasted your time... I  
 thought she was smarter than this.  
 I'll kill her right now, don't  
 worry.

JUNE  
 Don't kill me!  
 (brightening)  
 I'm in! I'm down! I'm so down!!  
 I love this idea-- !!  
 (to Milner)  
 I love you!

She throws herself on him and starts to kiss him madly. He pushes her away.

MILNER  
 Don't insult me. Those words just  
 don't mean anything now.

JUNE  
 I can't believe you're gonna kill  
 me! You're such a prick! I saved  
 your life!

MILNER  
 Oh, don't give me that crap. I  
 saved yours a bunch of times.  
 (MORE)

MILNER (cont'd)  
 And now you're the rejecting me.  
 Boy, you really know how to hurt a  
 guy.

He pushes June against the wall, and pulls out a GUN.

MILNER (cont'd)  
 Well, we had some laughs, didn't  
 we?  
 (cocking the gun)  
 Any last words?

JUNE  
 Yeah. Go ahead and do it! I'd  
 rather be dead than live in a world  
 run by lying, greedy, pricks like  
 you!

She spits on him.

MILNER  
 (smiles)  
 I like a girl who stands by her  
 principles. See you around.

He points the gun at June, pulls back the hammer...

Pause. Long pause. Excruciatingly long pause.

Milner looks over at his Business Partners.

MILNER (cont'd)  
 What time is it?

They all look at each other.

MILNER (cont'd)  
 Anyone know? Anyone got the exact  
 time? I'm all screwed up. I can  
 never remember what time zone I'm  
 in...

ASIAN MAN  
 (looking at watch)  
 It is 10:15.

MILNER  
 Ten *fifteen*? One five? Exactly?

RUSSIAN MAN  
 Yes, it is exactly 10:15.

MILNER

Great, thanks.  
 (turns back to June)  
 Guess what?

JUNE

(barely able to speak)  
 What?

That crazy look glimmers in Milner's eye.

MILNER

We don't have an espresso machine!

He suddenly WHEELS and SHOTS several holes into the Russian and Asian and British Men. He shoots them down dead. Dead as dog food.

Beat. The smoke clears.

MILNER (cont'd)

I'm pretty sure that was okay to do. We'll see in a minute...

Milner cocks his head, listens. June loses it.

JUNE

This is the worst date I've ever been on in my life!

Milner holds his finger to his lips.

MILNER

Ssshhh.

JUNE

What?

MILNER

SSSHHH!!

JUNE

*What?!*

MILNER

(listening)  
 Hear that?

JUNE

Hear what?!

Suddenly, the whole building is rocked by a gigantic EXPLOSION.

MILNER

Hear *that*.

(smiles)

That... would be United States Navy  
SEAL Team 3. We did it!

WE HEAR the sound of HELICOPTERS.

Milner drops to the floor, crawls over to the dead Russian Man, and starts to pull the Man's suit jacket off.

June goes to the window, looks out: Several BLACK HAWK HELICOPTERS with MEN in black jumpsuits SPEED ROPING down from them...

Part of the compound SUDDENLY explodes. We hear intermittent MACHINE GUN fire.

June is in a daze, her head reeling.

JUNE

Holy shit...

MILNER

You may want to stay down. These guys know you're with me, and they are total pros, but, you know, in a situation like this they're also really pumped.

June slides down to the floor.

JUNE

Holy shit...

MILNER

Come here, help me get this guy's shirt off.

June, drags herself over toward Milner, who is stripping the white shirt off the dead Russian Man.

MILNER (cont'd)

We need something like a white flag. Can you believe it? A thousand years of technological innovation, and we're still on the white flag system.

Milner suddenly grabs June and gives her a big kiss.

MILNER (cont'd)  
 You were *so great!* We make such a  
 great team! I'm *so* in love with  
 you!

JUNE  
 Holy shit...

Milner gets the Man's shirt off, just as the DOOR EXPLODES  
 inward. A NAVY SEAL wearing a pair of Oakleys sticks his  
 head in the door. Milner raises the shirt.

MILNER  
 Hey-- !

The SEAL wheels and fires a few rounds, just missing Milner,  
 who quickly drops behind the conference table.

MILNER (cont'd)  
 Hey, cool it, Brian-- !!

The SEAL (Brian) puts his gun up.

BRIAN  
 That you, Milner?

MILNER  
 I'm coming out, asshole!

Milner and June crawl out from behind the table.

BRIAN  
 How'd it go?

MILNER  
 Like clockwork...

BRIAN  
 Good. We got a chopper waiting out  
 on the back airstrip to fly you out  
 of here.

MILNER  
 Great.  
 (to June)  
 I can't be seen here. You  
 understand. By the way, this is my  
 friend, Brian. We work together.

JUNE  
 Hi. I'm June.

BRIAN

I know. We've met before.

Brian takes off his sunglasses, and we see that he was the Maitre'D from the Corner Bistro.

BRIAN (cont'd)

You guys better get moving. We still have a very live situation here.

MILNER

Thanks, Brian.

BRIAN

Just doing my job...

EXT. COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Brian directs Milner and June as they crouch/run through the compound, waving the white shirt around over their heads. All around them, Guards in khaki uniforms fight it out with SEALS.

Sure enough, they come to a small palm-tree lined runway, on which sits a BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER. A PILOT stands in the doorway holding an automatic weapon. A CO-PILOT sits at the controls, waiting for the signal to take off.

Milner steps out into the open, raising the white shirt.

MILNER

Don't shoot!

PILOT

You Milner?

MILNER

Yeah! We're coming to you!

PILOT

Good! 'Cause it's time to go.

There is an EXPLOSION unsettlingly close to the airstrip. The Pilot lays down some suppressing fire as June and Milner dash for the helicopter.

They dive inside, and the helicopter leaps into the air as a SQUAD of GUARDS cahses after it, firing bursts of automatic weapons fire, but the helicopter soon leaves them behind.

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - CONTINUOUS

June watches through the doors as they fly clear of the compound. Orange FIREBALLS erupt around them, helicopters hovering about like angry black hornets, spraying machine gun fire... and then all that is gone, and there is only the impossible calm of the ocean below.

JUNE

We made it...

MILNER

(smiles)

Yup. We made it.

Milner grabs her in his arms. They kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

An Air Force base on American soil. June sits on a bench in the shade near a large hangar. Milner gets off the phone and sits next to him.

MILNER

Our ride should be here in a minute.

(then)

Here. I have something for you.

He tosses June the battery.

JUNE

What happens to this?

MILNER

You can keep it. As a souvenir, to remember our adventure.

JUNE

Come on...

MILNER

Sure. It's just a copy.

JUNE

How do you know it's not the real one?

MILNER

Because there is no real one. The battery doesn't exist.

JUNE

What?

Milner nods.

MILNER

There's no magic battery. It was just bait.

June frowns.

MILNER (cont'd)

What's wrong?

JUNE

You lied to me.

MILNER

No I didn't. I just didn't tell you certain things.

JUNE

What else aren't you telling me?

Milner sits next to her.

MILNER

I've been looking for you for years. I'm not going to let you go now.

They kiss.

MILNER (cont'd)

Besides, you're a natural at this. We wouldn't have pulled this off without you.

JUNE

Come on...

MILNER

It's true. You were the X Factor.

JUNE

What's that?

MILNER

The unknown. The unknowable. The reason why Normandy worked and the Bay of Pigs didn't. You can plan an operation six ways from Sunday, but there is always gonna be that unknowable element -- human nature, dumb luck -- the things that equal success or failure. You were that thing. You prevented something really bad from happening to the world.

JUNE

And I can't tell anyone can I?

MILNER

Nope. You're gonna have to sign a lot of paperwork. And of course, if you try to tell anyone, your life will be systematically ruined in a way that you couldn't possibly comprehend.

JUNE

It's not easy, being the X Factor.

MILNER

I know. Believe me, I know...

They look up to see a LARGE PRIVATE JET coming in for a landing.

MILNER (cont'd)

C'mon. That's our ride...

JUNE

Wow. I've never been on a private jet before.

MILNER

Sure you have.

(off her look)

You were just unconscious at the time...

INT. JET - FLYING - DAY

A swanky, well-appointed jet. June swivels in her big leather seat, a glass of wine in her hand.

JUNE

Do you always get to fly in one of these?

MILNER

Nah. I pulled some strings. Thought I'd give you a treat. This is for flying Senators around. House Armed Services Committee types, you know...

Milner examines a TRAY OF SANDWICHES wrapped in COLORED CELLOPHANE.

MILNER (cont'd)

You want a sandwich? There's roast beef, chicken, and some kind of gouda/pine nut thing.

JUNE

Surprise me.

(thinks)

No, actually, don't ever surprise me again. I'll take the chicken.

Milner laughs and hands her a sandwich. They kiss. We think the movie is over...

INT. JET - COCKPIT - DAY

The pilot gets off the radio with the tower, making adjustments.

PILOT

(to Co-pilot)

...and we are on autopilot. Should be smooth sailing from here on in--

The Pilot's face suddenly goes white. He gasps, frozen. He falls forward onto the control panel. He has a KNIFE in his back!

The CO-PILOT stands over him... It's Ackerman!

Ackerman turns to the cockpit door. As he reaches for the knob--

BANG!

A SHOT rings out, hitting Ackerman's shoulder, knocking him off his feet.

ACKERMAN

Aagh!

INT. JET - CONTINUOUS

Milner hears the shot. He is on his feet, gun drawn.

MILNER

Get up.

JUNE

What's going on?

MILNER

I don't know. Let's go. With me.

He grabs June and drags her toward the back of the plane.

In the back of the jet, Milner hands June a black jumpsuit, like the one he was wearing in the beginning of the movie.

MILNER

Here put this on. It'll keep you safe.

He shoves June into the bathroom.

MILNER (cont'd)

Close the door, lock it, don't come out until I tell you.

JUNE

(re: the suit)  
What is this-- ?

MILNER

Just put it on!

Milner slams the door, then pulls a black jumpsuit on himself.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Ackerman drags himself to his feet. He turns to see the Pilot, gun in hand, not quite dead, trying to hang on for one more shot...

Ackerman sneers, and pulls out his gun.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Now the Pilot is dead. So is the instrument panel...

INT. JET - FLYING - CONTINUOUS

just as Ackerman comes out of the cockpit. He is bleeding badly, obviously in pain.

He sees Milner and fires several shots, hitting everything except Milner as Milner dives behind the seats. Windows explode outward. Papers and debris swirl around the cabin as wind rushes in.

ACKERMAN

I want the battery, Milner!

MILNER

It isn't even real!

ACKERMAN

You expect me to fall for that shit?! I saw the damn memo!

He moves toward Milner, who pounces. They grapple, Ackerman shooting wildly. They beat the shit out of each other. Ackerman manages to knock the gun out of Milner's hand.

ACKERMAN (cont'd)

All right. Enough! Get up!

Milner slowly gets to his feet.

ACKERMAN (cont'd)

Give it to me, now!

The bathroom door opens, and there stands June, holding the battery.

JUNE

Here. Is this what you want?

Ackerman looks over at June and smiles. June BEANS ACKERMAN IN THE FACE with the battery, diving out of the way.

ACKERMAN

Aagh!!

Milner tackles Ackerman, knocks the gun out of his hand. Ackerman gets Milner in a stranglehold... June grabs a FIRE EXTINGUISHER, and bonks Ackerman in the head.

Ackerman slides to the ground, knocked out cold.

MILNER

You saved my ass again. You are so awesome! I am so in love with you!

JUNE

Forget it. Let's just land this plane.

Milner looks up at her.

MILNER

You know how?

JUNE

No. Don't... you don't know how?

MILNER

No, I don't know how to fly a plane.

JUNE

You know how to do everything!

MILNER

(defensive)

Not everything. For starters, I don't know how to fly a plane.

JUNE

Oh my God--

MILNER

I know how to fly a helicopter--

JUNE

We're gonna die! I thought we were finally safe, and now we're gonna die!

MILNER

Calm down, I know what to do...

Milner cuffs the two of them together. He pulls a velcro panel away from his forearm, and punches some stuff on a keypad.

JUNE

What are you doing-- ?

MILNER

Okay... this is gonna suck.

Milner blows the door open. June has to really hang on as the cabin is overwhelmed by the roar of rushing wind.

MILNER (cont'd)  
(shouting)  
We're jumping!

JUNE  
(terrified)  
WE are?! Are these parachutes?!

MILNER  
Nope!

And with that, Milner gives June a shove -- and they are both sucked out of the plane.

EXT. WILD BLUE YONDER - CONTINUOUS

There is only the roar of the rushing wind and the alarming approach of terra firma -- the sheer terror of gravity at 7,000 feet.

June is frozen in mortal fear. Luckily, Milner seems to know what he's doing.

First, he presses a couple of buttons, and, from out of the sides of their suits, pop giant, synthetic wrist-to-ankle wings. Yes, that's right, wings. Big crazy honest-to-God wings.

The wings slow them down, and their descent becomes much more controlled... but they are still falling pretty fast. The ground is getting closer, closer, closer. Milner tries to angle them toward an open space...

They are seconds from impact now, June screaming, bracing for the worst... when Milner pulls a red ripcord.

The best way to describe what happens next is to say that the suit becomes one large airbag made out of several individual panels that inflate just before the moment of impact. Not unlike the Mars Lander.

Like the Mars Lander, the Wearer of the Suit bounces at the point of impact. Then bounces again. Then bounces again.

Unlike the Mars Lander, the Wearers of these Suits bounces off the hood of a Chevy Tahoe.

Then into a row of shopping carts.

And then through a plate glass window into a supermarket.

June and Milner finally come to a stop, colliding with the cereal aisle. The suits let out a long hiss and slowly begin to deflate.

Milner jumps up, starts to untangle June.

MILNER

Are you okay?

JUNE

I think so.

She is a little battered -- a sprained wrist, maybe some cracked ribs -- but really, in the scheme of things, okay. Milner gives her a big smile.

MILNER

See? I told you I know how to do it.

June just starts to laugh...

A terrified-looking STORE EMPLOYEE inches up to them.

EMPLOYEE

What the-- ?!

MILNER

Hi there! What's your name?

EMPLOYEE

Ray.

MILNER

Well, Ray, would you mind calling the police and letting them know that you just caught a couple of bank robbers. We'll just be waiting right here...

Ray beats it out of there. Milner hugs June. They smile at each other as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WINDOWLESS LECTURE HALL

June sitting at a desk, wearing a black t-shirt.

WE SEE that the room is filled with various people sitting at desks, also wearing black t-shirts.

It is an eclectic bunch of young men and women -- all ethnic and physical types.

Some are classic military types. Some look more like intellectuals. Some are just plain oddballs...

They all have one common trait. They all have that crazy look in their eye.

A serious-looking OLDER MAN walks into the room.

OLDER MAN

Good morning. Let's get started...

He begins to write some bullet points on the blackboard:

INSERTION... INFILTRATION... ACTIONS AT OBJECTIVE...  
EXFILTRATION... EXTRACTION...

The Students all sit up attentively, and begin to take notes.

As June begins to take notes, she is hit in the head with a rubber band. She looks up quickly...

JESSE

seated a few desks away. She looks down, pretending not to see June, but her smile gives her away. Sitting behind Jesse is Wayne, who gives June a little wave.

June smiles back as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

A black Crown Vic rolls through a military check-point and rumbles down a deserted gravel road.

It rolls to a stop in front of the entrance to some kind of heavily fortified blockhouse; 30 foot chain link fences, concertina wire, dogs, an entire squad of Marines in defensive positions...

Milner emerges from the Crown Vic and is ushered through the entrance and into the blockhouse structure, which houses a small freight elevator, which goes down into a...

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Milner walks into a large antechamber, all two-way mirrors and security cameras. Sitting at a desk are TWO MARINES IN DRESS BLUES.

Milner leans over the desk, and signs some paperwork. The two Marines stand and DRAW their side-arms.

They keep their weapons trained right on Milner's head as he steps up to the vault door, enters a code, turns his key and opens it up.

Milner reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out the BATTERY.

He sticks it into the vault, then SLAMS the door SHUT as we...

GO TO BLACK.

THE END