

"JUNE"

A BLADE RUNNER STORY

by

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FADE IN:

AN EYE.

Wide open.

Inanimate.

We slowly PULL BACK to REVEAL:

A MAN'S FACE. Dead. Lying in his own blood. His face marked with scratches and hits.

A SHOE steps in front of the man's face.

A CLICK. Then a LOUD BANG -

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Heavy rain pours on people running to find a shelter.

Skyscrapers left and right. A big modern city.

A man walks alone under the rain without an umbrella. His hair and his clothes soaking wet. His face is familiar...

This is LUKE (late 20s). Eyes that breathe smart and a wry smile for earnest. He walks straight forward, without ever looking away from his path.

MAN (V.O.)

Sir. The runner is on his way.

Luke approaches a tall building with an entry decorated by a PINK LOTUS made out of neon lights.

INT. PINK LOTUS - NIGHT

Luke enters. As he looks left and right...

Girls in light clothing. Men in nice tailored suits. The place has a decoration inspired by Asia and its tables along with people enjoying drinks reveal it's none other than a bar.

Luke breathes in, both hands buried in his pockets.

He heads to the counter, sits on a stool, watched by the crowd filling this strange place.

The BARTENDER comes to Luke, stands before him on the other side of the counter.

LUKE

I look for a girl. Blond hair. Blue eyes.

The bartender shakes his head.

BARTENDER

No blondes around here.

A COUPLE overhears the bartender's words as they sit nearby Luke. They giggle, laughing at Luke. Luke glances at them, then over his shoulder, on the lookout.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

What do you drink?

Luke gets up, looks at the crowd that watches him quietly.

LUKE

I don't drink.

The couple cracks a smile. The bartender glances at the couple, chuckles.

BARTENDER

Moron.

Luke walks away from the bar. Both hands still in his pockets.

MAN (V.O.)

Should we eliminate him?

MAN #2 (V.O.)

No. Let him come first. And warn Tyrell.

Luke arrives before the door, looks at the knob. Then stops. He stands still, his eyes focused on the door, then he looks down.

He sighs, turns around and stares at the bartender.

Without a word, he takes his right hand out of his pocket, holding a FUTURISTIC GUN -- aims it at the bartender -- FIRES!

The bartender falls dead on the floor, hole between his two eyes.

The crowd goes silent. Everyone watches Luke. But no one moves, shocked.

Luke stays still, his gun still up. Like a machine he stays frozen, but his eyes...

We CLOSE ON his eyes that get more and more wet. A rage fills Luke like never before.

A WOMAN stands up, glares at Luke and screams.

WOMAN

What do you want?!

Luke doesn't say a thing.

In the woman's hand, a small handgun. Loaded. Ready to fire.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I said, what do you want?!

A man hurries to the woman, grabs her hand holding her handgun.

MAN

Leave it. He's a runner.

Luke lowers his gun, his hand shaking. He looks at the woman.

LUKE

I want to know where she is.

A DOOR SHUTS. A man in a WHITE SUIT exits from the kitchen, followed by a skinny HENCHMAN with his hair combed backwards.

WHITE SUIT

She's not here.

The henchman looks at the bar, goes to the body of the bartender and inspects it.

His eyes on Luke, White Suit cracks a smile, tilts his head.

WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

Leave it here. My men will clean that up.

(to Luke)

Follow me.

Luke stares at White Suit, perplexed. He then looks at the shocked crowd, paralyzed by the crime they just witnessed.

Luke motions to White Suit. The henchman follows Luke behind.

INT. WHITE SUIT'S OFFICE, PINK LOTUS - NIGHT

Luke sits still in a large comfy white chair.

On the other end of a desk bigger than it should be, White Suit observes Luke while his henchman stands by the door.

WHITE SUIT

(wry smile)

You're brave. Coming in here.
Alone. It seems like the first time
around didn't serve you well.

LUKE

I know she's here. I know of your
business.

White Suit cracks a smile, glances at the henchman, quickly nods and focuses his attention back on Luke.

WHITE SUIT

My business is profitable. Besides,
it seems like your friends didn't
mind me doing it for a decade. Why
arresting me now? It's only for...
pleasure.

Luke stays put. Calm. Both hands still buried in the pockets of his coat. White Suit notices this behavior.

WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

Cold hands?

Luke stays mute. White Suit grins, looks at Luke with disdain.

WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

Is her name... let me think...

He looks at the ceiling, a smile on his face.

WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

Is it June?

Luke's face falls. This name hits him and his eyes can't hide it.

White Suit laughs.

WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

Do you realize you came all the way
down here, for me... for her?

LUKE

Tell me where she is. And I won't
burn this place down.

White Suit smirks. The henchman discreetly draws a gun. Luke furrows an eyebrow.

WHITE SUIT

What if she didn't exist? Merely,
the product of your mind?

Luke cracks a smile for the first time, but his face remains serious, bitter.

WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

I am no man to play with...
officer.

The henchman presses the charging button on the gun, making a light CLICK followed by a buzz -- gun's ready to fire.

Luke tilts his head, looks at White Suit in the eyes. And in a snap, Luke THROWS HIMSELF OUT OF THE CHAIR -- draws his GUN, FIRES ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES!

The HENCHMAN falls dead. Luke SPINS, AIMS at White Suit and comes face to face with...

A GUN BARREL.

A sudden deafening silence. The two men look at each other, quiet. White Suit displays a wry smile on his face, then looks at his dead henchman.

WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

What a shame. He was an expensive
model.

LUKE

Tell me where she is, and you'll
live.

White Suit looks down, thoughtful for a second. He lowers his gun, but Luke keeps it aimed and ready.

WHITE SUIT

June, I'm afraid, is nothing but an
implant.

Luke's hand shakes. White Suit looks at it, grins.

LUKE

I have come here before. She worked
here. She lived with me. And she--

Images from Luke's memory flash on the screen in a quick

MONTAGE

- JUNE, a charming blonde with blue eyes, holds a plate as she smiles to the screen.

- June lies in bed beside us, stares at us with a beautiful smile.

BACK TO SCENE

WHITE SUIT

And she loved sunsets.

A memory FLASHES: June leans on a handrail at a pier as she looks at a beautiful, almost too perfect SUNSET.

Luke's hand shakes even more. He glances all over the place, at a loss.

White Suit tilts his head, curious. He observes Luke who slowly falls into some sort of sadness.

WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

She is an implant.

White Suit comes over to Luke, watches him from head to toe until his eyes land on his neck covered by his coat.

WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

And you are nothing...

White Suit's eyes flinch.

ON LUKE'S NECK, an engraving, almost like a tattoo but feeling digital.

WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

...but a machine.

Luke looks up. Notes White Suit's gun. The two men stare at each other. White Suit crackles up, laughs, genuinely amused.

WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

You didn't even know you were one, did you?

Luke says nothing. White Suit laughs even more.

LUKE

You're playing me. She is real.

White Suit calms down, holds his laughter, nods.

WHITE SUIT

Sure she is.

In the blink of an eye, Luke grabs White Suit's collar -- White Suit goes to aim -- Luke FIRES, shoots him in the arm -- White Suit screams in pain -- Luke throws him over the desk, against the wall.

White Suit grunts, moans. Blood pours out of his wound on his right forearm.

Luke violently pushes the desk away, allowing himself to face White Suit as he lies on the floor. His suit stained with thick blood.

WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

You should never have come back.

Luke raises his gun, points it at the man's head.

BRAM! A LOUD GUNSHOT resonates. Luke grimaces, looks down. Blood flows out of a wound in his guts. He puts pressure on it with one hand, realizes he's hit.

Luke turns around, sees his shooter.

His vision is blurred, unclear. But he can see that shape. A silhouette... with blond hair. Feminine. Slim.

Luke looks down, puzzled.

White Suit laughs. His laughter echoes in Luke's ears.

WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

I told you. She was nothing, but an implant. A fake memory. Built out of truths. To--

LUKE

(whispers)

To make it real.

White Suit looks at Luke's shooter, nods.

Luke looks up, his vision getting clearer. And there she is:

JUNE. Just like in Luke's memories.

He shakes his head with disbelief.

June walks to Luke, keeps her handgun pointed at him. Gently, she disarms Luke, tosses his gun away.

A beat.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Who am I?

June frowns, disconcerted, she looks at White Suit. White Suit nods to her, then she puts her eyes back on Luke, tightens her hold on her gun's handle.

JUNE

Just another one, Luke. Just another one.

Luke nods.

LUKE

What now?

White Suit struggles but gets back up. He grabs his gun, looks at the two standing before him in the middle of his office.

JUNE

It's time to dream.

Luke lowers his head, defeated. His skull inches away from June's barrel.

WHITE SUIT (O.S.)

Do it.

June's finger on the trigger applies more pressure --

Luke's eyes open wide -- He HITS JUNE'S GUN, dodges the bullet which lands in the wall -- SPINS, reaches for his left pocket and PULLS OUT A SECOND GUN -- FIRES --

MEMORY FLASH

Luke rides a motorcycle as June sits behind him, her arms around his torso as the night sky shines above.

LUKE grabs White Suit and a LOUD BANG resonates.

Luke's motorcycle's engine ROARS, it speeds up.

FROM HIS POV: HE TURNS HIS HEAD AS THEY RIDE DOWN A DESERTED HIGHWAY. JUNE'S HAIR MOVE IN SLOW-MOTION.

Her smile is bright. Beautiful.

We PULL BACK...

...only to REVEAL:

These memories play in Luke's eyes as he...

...lies down. Bathing in his own blood. Inanimate.

JUNE (V.O.)

Luke...

Luke BLINKS. Once and only once.

White Suit steps before Luke's face. Presses the gun charger, a buzz, it's loaded.

JUNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Luke.

We slowly CLOSE ON Luke's engraving in his neck.

June's words resound, but the pronunciation changes slightly to turn "LUKE" into:

JUNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Look.

ON LUKE'S NECK, the engraving reveals the following letters:
"L[00]K-3"

A GUNSHOT and -

FADE OUT.