

TW: Gun violence/bullet wound/murder

INT. MANSION HALLWAY - NIGHT

ANGELA and MILLIGAN run down an elegant hallway, well dressed and chased by people in suits. They can see into the room at the end of the hall, filled with people, moonlit by a large skylight and sconces on the walls.

Angela wipes the corner of her mouth, slipping a small device in, before they enter the new room and are surrounded. GUNMAN aims a gun at them.

GUNMAN

Hands where we can see them.

Angela and Milligan raise their hands. Gunman cocks the gun, and Angela bites down at the same moment with a *click* so that it goes unheard. Milligan recognizes the sound and they make brief eye contact.

MILLIGAN

What a sick predicament...

He emphasizes every other syllable, timed to the clicks of Angela's device to keep masking the countdown. Gunman gets close enough to use the barrel of the gun to flick his sweaty bangs off of his forehead.

MILLIGAN

Can't we talk? Be calm and come to compromise?

As he speaks, Gunman beckons for someone, who approaches and pats him down. Gunman shoots off a warning shot at the ground, sneering at Milligan.

GUNMAN

Shut up.

Milligan grins, and everyone can hear the last click.

Angela & Milligan close their eyes as Angela spits out the gas bomb, immediately clouding the area and irritating people's eyes. A shot goes off, but both of them know to dodge and, by feel, disarm their opponents.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

Someone, block the doors!

Angela and Milligan take goggles out of their pockets, slipping them on and running to the wall as everyone swarms to the exits. Angela boosts Milligan onto a sconce, where he jumps from to reach the handle of the skylight.

Angela climbs to the sconce, slower without the boost, as Milligan twists his body to turn the handle and open the skylight, swinging down with the window. The gas dissipates quickly through the opening.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

There they are!

As Angela jumps for the skylight's rim, Gunman shoots at them. Angela clambers out, Milligan right behind her- but his arms are exhausted, and he flails momentarily to pull himself out. Angela reaches down to grab him.

ANGELA

Milligan!

A shot hits her arm. She yells, grabbing Milligan with her good arm, barely hauling him out. They run to the end of the roof, jumping down into the trees to hit the ground rolling. Angela hisses, holding her injured arm as they bolt.

MILLIGAN

What was that, Angela?

ANGELA

What was that, *Milligan*? You weren't timing your jump, you were going to miss the edge and fall!

People start flooding out of the building, shots following. They get to their car, waiting at the end of a roundabout driveway. Milligan floors the gas the minute the car is in drive.

Angela slams her good fist on the dash.

ANGELA

It feels like every mission we take, our enemies know we're coming. At this point, I'm *sure* we have a mole in the agency.

Milligan grimaces, speeding around a corner.

MILLIGAN

That's a stretch- you're working off a flimsy basis. Keep that to yourself, or you'll make everyone at the agency paranoid.

ANGELA

But our plan was perfect! The only way they could have caught us was if they knew when we were coming!

Angela tries to gesture to make her point, and inhales sharply, remembering her bullet wound. Milligan notices, face softening.

MILLIGAN

Focus on your wound: the first aid  
is in the back.

Angela winces as she reaches back, and Milligan winces watching her.

MILLIGAN (CONT'D)

I would have made the jump.

Angela glowers, opening the first aid kit.

ANGELA

I didn't want to risk it.

MILLIGAN

It's the *job*, Angela. All you did  
was get yourself injured when you  
didn't need to.

Angela groans, wrapping her arm. Milligan eyes her.

ANGELA

We have bigger issues. We still  
have to tell HQ about the mole  
when we get back, paranoia be  
damned.

Milligan glares at the road.

MILLIGAN

We'd waste resources looking for  
nothing. Maybe we're just becoming  
predictable. Or slower, with old  
age.

ANGELA

(scoffing)

Speak for yourself, I work out.

MILLIGAN

That's not my point! You just have to have faith there's no mole, and stop taking unnecessary risks!

Angela leans into her seat, groaning.

ANGELA

If I want to help you, I will! We've been partners for years, I'm not letting you die now!

MILLIGAN

You're supposed to be your own first priority! You can't... you *cannot* attach to me like this.

ANGELA

You should be your own first priority, too! Be happy I'm keeping you alive!

MILLIGAN

There are stronger people in this agency; if I died, all you'd do is get a better partner. It doesn't... matter what makes me happy.

Angela is taken aback- neither of them quite expected how heated they're getting.

ANGELA

How could you say that? Especially now. No matter what you say, I'm *sure* someone is selling out our information. You're the only one I trust.

Milligan laughs. Angela balks, and reaches out to him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Milligan leans into her hand, flushed, and ridden with guilt as he does it. After a second, he gestures to the road behind them and speaks hoarsely.

MILLIGAN

I think we lost them.

Angela frowns.

ANGELA

Grand. But why are you making that face?

Milligan slides down in his seat, shrugging her off. Angela takes her hand back, flushed.

MILLIGAN

I just need you to stop.

ANGELA

What?

MILLIGAN

(quietly)

I don't know what to do.

Angela furrows her eyebrows, confused.

ANGELA

Just stop pushing me away. I will keep saving you, and you cannot stop me.

Milligan laughs sadly.

MILLIGAN

I just... can't understand.

Angela stares at him for a long moment. Milligan glances between her and the road.

ANGELA

We've been partners for nearly ten years, and you still don't get it?

Milligan narrows his eyes at her, shaking his head.

MILLIGAN

Angela, don't.

Angela laughs. Milligan reaches out to cover her mouth, but she leans away, holding him off.

MILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Angela, no-

ANGELA

C'mon, Milligan. It's time we said it aloud.

MILLIGAN

No, it's not! It's better left unsaid. We were never meant to-  
Angela, I don't want you to do this now-

No matter what he does to try and stop Angela, she's able to evade him. He's barely paying attention to the road, all his fear focused on Angela. She's groggy and confused, yet resolved.

MILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Angela, please...

She smiles.

ANGELA

Milligan, you know I love you.

Milligan starts tearing up.

MILLIGAN

Angela, you're not supposed to say  
it! We can't do this!

ANGELA

It doesn't make a difference! I  
know we were both able to tell  
this whole time.

MILLIGAN

You don't understand, I... I was  
never supposed to get this close.

He reaches for his gun, and she doesn't notice.

ANGELA

No one ever is, but here we are!  
It's time I said something.

He slams on the breaks. Angela lurches forward. Tears roll down  
Milligan's face as he fails to keep it straight. Angela furrows  
her brows.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Milligan, what aren't you telling  
me?

Milligan cocks his gun. Angela stiffens.

MILLIGAN

I love you too, Angela.

ANGELA

What are you doing?

Milligan raises the gun with one hand, using his other hand to wipe his eyes.

MILLIGAN

They always wanted me to do this...

ANGELA

What?

Milligan trembles, cocking his gun.

MILLIGAN

I was the mole, Angela.

Milligan aims at her, but doesn't shoot. Angela's face stays still, but tears prick her eyes.

ANGELA

No, no. Milligan, what are you saying? You're not- you... you can't-

She puts a hand up to her mouth.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Every time they've known the plan... every time you told me not to worry... it makes sense.

MILLIGAN

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I never meant to do this to you, but you weren't supposed to get this close. You shouldn't have said it, Angela!

Angela sobs and reaches for her gun.

A flock of birds fly out of the trees lining the road as a shot goes off. Milligan stumbles out of the car, smoking gun in hand. He sits on the road, head buried in his knees.