

"MR. & MRS. SMITH"

INT. MARRIAGE GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

A COUPLE, 40s, sit apart, on separate chairs, looking at us.

WOMAN

We got married in '81. It was my dream to meet a tall guy and have a big wedding. Since then -

MAN

It's gone downhill on a rail.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER COUPLE, 50S

WOMAN

When we met I loved everything about him. I'd say 90% of the things I used to love now make me want to puke.

CUT TO:

COUPLE, 50S

MAN

She's let herself go.

WOMAN

He used to be so cute, one day he walks in looks like a toad. Don't you think he looks like a toad?

He does.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Imagine wakin' up next to that for 32 years.

CUT TO:

COUPLE, 60S

MAN

Marriage is about Trust. Period. You can have attraction, shared interests, if you don't have trust it's like you got an anchor, an eighty foot sail, and no boat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

You sink like a stone.

CUT TO:

JOHN AND JANE SMITH, COUPLE, 30S. TENSE SMILES.

JOHN

First up I wanna say we don't
really need to be here.

JANE

It's a funny story.

JOHN

We were at a charity event, a
charity auction slash barbecue...

JANE

..our friends the Carlson's. They
live across the street.

JOHN

Anyway the grand lot was...

BOTH

...a mystery lot.

JOHN

I'd sunk a few, wasn't driving so I
start bidding...

JANE

John gets a tiny bit competitive.

He bites his tongue.

JOHN

Anyway the upshot is we end up
blowing four hundred bucks on the
mystery lot.

BOTH

Four Sessions with Dr. Wexler!

JANE

The Carlsons have a great sense of
humor.

They both laugh. They sit there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WEXLER (O.S.)
But you didn't have to come.

Stumped.

JOHN
Right.

JANE
Absolutely. But we have a theory...

JOHN
We do?

JANE
The Oil-Check.

JOHN
Right. The Oil Check. See we've
been married five years...

JANE
Six...

JOHN
Five, six years, and this is like a
check up for us. Pop the hood, nose
around, change the oil, maybe
replace a seal or two...

TWO TIGHT SMILES. BLACKOUT. TITLE. FADE UP.

DR. WEXLER (O.S.)
On a scale of one to ten how happy
are you as a couple?

JANE
Eight.

JOHN
Wait. So like ten being perfectly
happy and one being... totally,
utterly miserable?

DR. WEXLER (O.S.)
Just respond instinctively.

JOHN
OK. Ready?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE
Ready.

Eight. JOHN Eight. JANE

BLACKOUT. TITLE. FADE UP.

DR. WEXLER (O.S.)
On a scale of one to ten how happy
would you say your partner is?

JOHN
Eight.

JANE
Wait. Are we allowed fractions?

JOHN DR. WEXLER
It's what's instinctive. It's what's instinctive.

JANE (CONT'D)
I'm all set. You all set?

JOHN
One, two, three..

Eight. JOHN Eight. JANE

BLACKOUT. TITLE. FADE UP.

DR. WEXLER (O.S.)
How often do you have sex?

They freeze. Then:

JANE
I don't understand the question.

JOHN
Wait. Okay I'm lost. Is this a one
to ten thing?

JANE
Right. I mean, because if it is,
does "one" equal "not much" or is
"one", like, nothing.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)

Because strictly speaking zero should be nothing.

JOHN

Exactly. Plus, if we don't know what one is, what's "ten"?

JANE

Right.. Is ten.. you know..

JOHN

Constant.. unrelenting..

JANE

..Twenty four seven..without a break. For anything.

JOHN

Not even to eat.

JANE

Like Sting.

JOHN

Exactly. Look at Sting's day job. Who else has sixty hours a week to put aside in the sack?

DR. WEXLER (O.S.)

This is not a one to ten scenario. It's a straight question. How often do you have sex?

They sit there. Frozen.

BLACKOUT. TITLE: "MR AND MRS SMITH"

Jane and John, still there, ashen.

DR. WEXLER

Describe how you first met.

JANE

It was in Columbia.

JOHN

Bogota. Five years ago.

JANE

Six.

JOHN

Right. Five or six years ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLACKOUT. TITLE: "BOGOTA, COLUMBIA, FIVE OR SIX YEARS AGO."

EXT. AMERICANA HOTEL - DAY

6A

WAR ZONE. BLACKENED SKY. COLOMBIAN COPS and SOLDIERS raid buildings. POLICIAS ransack rooms. Through the madness, we see a flash of...JOHN, sitting at the hotel bar with a Mojito.

6A

JOHN (IN SPANISH)
What's happening?

BELLBOY (IN SPANISH)
Somebody killed the Baracuda.

JOHN (IN SPANISH)
Sancho Varron?

BELLBOY (IN SPANISH)
Police are rounding up single tourists. Are you alone, sir?

John sees the police incoming. Then...a vision, entering from the street: JANE. She glances up. Locking focus.

POLICIA (IN SPANISH)
You two together?

John and Jane swap a glance. NOD. The Policia moves on.

INT. AMERICANA HOTEL - JANE'S ROOM - DAY

Jane shuts the door. They lean into it, LISTENING to SHOUTS and FOOTSTEPS subside. John and Jane relax. And... realize their proximity. A spark of adrenaline, attraction, mystery.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

People rushing everywhere. John and Jane head down an alley.

JOHN
Varron ran this province for years. They'll call it a local vendetta, but the CIA's been trying to pop the Baracuda since the eighties.

JANE
And how do you know all this?

JOHN
I read Time Magazine.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

He leads her into a heaving basement dive. Sexy Latinos bump and writhe on the dancefloor.

JANE
I was right in the street. I guess
I was pretty lucky.

JOHN
Trust me. I'm the lucky one.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT - LATER

A bottle of tequila is slid onto a booth table.

JOHN
To dodging bullets...

JANE
To dodging bullets...

They lick the salt, slug back the shots. Bite the lime, then rise as one to SALSA. Fast, sexy, eyes fixed on each other.

INT. JANE'S BED - NIGHT

Mosquito nets billow. Flesh twists, turns. Fierce, feral.

JOHN
I can hear your heart racing.

JANE
I don't want it to slow down.

JOHN
Stick with me, it's not gonna.

JANE
Promise?

JOHN
Cross my heart.

She pulls him closer. Push in on a B&W TV in background: FRED AND GINGER twirl and skip, serenading each other in badly dubbed Spanish. And they DISSOLVE to COLOR IN--

OMIT

INT. FILM FORUM - FRONT ROW - NIGHT

John and Jane snuggle close, watching Fred and Ginger sing "ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, I CAN DO BETTER." The SONG wafts over--

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rain patters. John and Jane walk home. Jane uses an umbrella to do a little Fred Astaire move. John smiles, clapping her on. He pulls Jane close. And they are moving in--

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - NIGHT

John and Jane slice through the action, sharing cotton candy. An ANCIENT BARKER works the FIRING RANGE.

BARKER

Aaaand step right up, ladies and gentlemen! Try your luck..

Jane picks up the gun. She aims. BANG! The gun RECOILS hard. She MISSES badly. John gives a condescending smile. She fires off another couple shots. Nearly pegs the Barker.

John's turn. He weighs the gun in his hand. He rolls his neck. And... FIRES! BANG BANG! Bulls-eyes. Jane is surprised. Impressed. He misses a couple for good measure.

JOHN

Hot damn.

He wins a small stuffed Boo Boo bear. He turns to go, but...

JANE

May I have another go?

JANE PICKS UP THE GUN. She aims and squeezes off five rounds.

CUT TO:

Jane walks along carrying an almost life-size Yogi.

JANE

Beginner's luck, I guess.

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

John punches a bag, held by EDDIE, black, thirties.

EDDIE

OK, slow down John. You've known this girl six weeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Eddie, she's totally amazing. She's smart, she's funny, she's cute.

He stops for a moment.

JOHN (CONT'D)

She's an amazing shot.

PUNCH! Eddie grunts.

EXT. THE NOSE OF EL CAP, YOSEMITE - DAY

Jane and friend JASMINE, a good-looking young woman, hang off a spectacular crag.

JASMINE

So what does he do?

JANE

I'm telling you he's perfect. He's in construction.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY

John and Eddie drive a SPEEDBOAT through the river. They pass RIKER'S ISLAND. The city skyline beyond.

JOHN

She's in computers. A big server goes down in Wall Street, she's in there anytime day or night. She's like Batman for Computers. Or something.

INT. JU-JITSU MAT - DAY

Jane is SQUISHED face down on the crash mat in a Ninja hold.

JANE

He travels a lot, like me, but we never talk about work.

She spins, and ends up on top of Jasmine, who eats mat.

JANE (CONT'D)

So I can leave the office at the office with-

INT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

John slides in on Eddie at second base. SAFE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
... no questions, no demands.

INT. JU-JITSU MAT - DAY

JASMINE SQUISHY FACE DOWN ON THE MAT

JASMINE
What about the sex?

EXT. SOFTBALL PITCH - DAY

CRACK! John swings and hits a softball with the sweet spot of the bat clean out of the park. Eddie and friends are agog.

INT/EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Jane and Jasmine in the back seats. Threading over the city.

JANE
Incredible. I've never known anything like it. But it's not just about the sex.

INT. BACK OF A PLANE AT 35,000 FEET - DAY

John and Eddie sit together. John wears a jumpsuit.

JOHN
I look in her eyes and I see something so familiar. It's like I know her deepest, darkest secret..

JANE'S HELICOPTER: BANKING OVER THE CITY - DAY

JANE
And he knows mine, and it doesn't matter.

25 JOHN'S PLANE: He starts to strap on a parachute.

25

EDDIE
But aren't you scared? I mean, it's pretty risky stuff John.

John straps on his goggles. Gives a GO sign.

JOHN
Eddie, I'm tellin' ya, when you know you know. You just gotta listen to your instincts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John leaps out. Eddie watches him FALL. A long drop.

OMIT

INT. COURTHOUSE COURTROOM - DAY

John and Jane KISS at the altar, with Best Man Eddie, and Maid of Honor JASMINE. John and Jane keep kissing. Passionate. Eddie and Jasmine stand stiff. Hardly overwrought with emotion.

They all turn for a PHOTO. As they smile, SNAP! FLASH! The flashbulb sizzles, WHITING OUT THE SCREEN. Blinding white. Silence. Shockingly EMPTY, QUIET. We FLOAT DOWN to reveal...

TITLE: *Westchester County. Five or six years later.*

EXT. WESTCHESTER COUNTY - DAWN

Expansive green lawns with patchy snow and ice. A suburban MAN in a bathrobe collects the newspaper. He looks up... It's JOHN. Something's MISSING behind his eyes.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN

A WOMAN rolls out of bed, wearing a loose nightshirt, her hair tied in a bun. JANE. The same dead stare.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAWN

John and Jane wear matching bathrobes with JS monograms. They brush their teeth at separate sinks. No eye contact.

JANE

So what d'you think of Dr. Wexler?

JOHN

He seems very nice.

JANE

Very nice. Nice manner.

JOHN

Very nice manner. Are his questions a tad wishy washy?

JANE

His office is clean across town.

JOHN

The 4pm appointment means we hit rush-hour...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

Good. That's settled then.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAWN

John and Jane pass each other, slipping on their coats. They cross paths, without touching. They go their separate ways. We HOLD on the empty hall. A lonely beat. The sun sets.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

PING! An oven door opens. Jane pulls out dinner.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DUSK

A shrill WHISTLE. The commuter train pulls into station. Spitting out a sea of upscale suburban COMMUTERS. Same suits, same eyes, same lives. In the thick of this crush...John.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PARKING LOT - DUSK.

John finds his parked sedan. A black Benz. In a mass of other sedans. Almost in unison, commuters climb into cars.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - DUSK

While other sedans rumble to life, John performs a ritual: he SMELLS his hands. Pulls out air-freshener. Sprays his wrists. Wrings his hands together. Then smells. Good.

Under the wheel, he slips his wedding RING out of a pocket, onto his finger. He checks pockets. Patting himself down fast. He STOPS when he sees what looks like red lipstick on his cuff.

He checks his neck in the mirror. A smear of blood red lipstick. Hmmm. Having an affair...?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DUSK

John drives at the back of an endless line of sedans. He drifts into the driveway. The garage door opens.

John spots Jane through a window. His HEADLIGHTS splash across her face. They wave, smile. But as John pulls into the garage, Jane's smile slowly...fades.

INT. SMITH KITCHEN - DUSK

Jane slides hors d'oeuvres onto a tray. She glides out, turning the corner just as--

INT. SMITH HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Front door opens. Jane stands there, tray of food in hand.

JANE
Perfect timing.

JOHN
Perfect, as always.

A peck on the cheek. Barely touching.

JANE
Oh, John, I got us a tree. Biggest
on the block.

John nods. Not listening. Just moving, moving. Out. The back door slams. And "SILENT NIGHT" trickles over--

EXT. SMITH BACKYARD - NIGHT

John moves across his trim back lawn towards his tool shed.

INT. TOOLSHED - NIGHT

Tooltime. John's tool shed is a mess. John sighs.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - HALL CLOSET - NIGHT

Boxes are tagged and filed. Jane slides out CHRISTMAS. She opens the box to reveal perfectly-packed ornaments, lights.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jane places her ornaments on the MASSIVE TREE. Her hands move fast. Agile, graceful. Little angels dance.

SNAP! She CRACKS a string of electric lights like a whip. The lights wrap around the tree. SNAPPING into place.

INT. TOOLSHED / GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

John works his perennials, fixing stems. His big hands are slow, delicate, tender. Every stem, every petal.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jane stands on a chair, reaching up to put her star atop the tree. But her chair is too low. So she steps onto the chair's arms and LEEEEEEANS, slanting straight up the tree. She drops the star on top. And hits the floor, as John enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE
Just in time.

She hits a switch. And POP! The tree comes alive. Glowing.

42A FROM OUTSIDE, we SEE John and Jane and the tree. A perfect couple. A perfect house. A perfect, Norman Rockwell life.

42A

DR. WEXLER (V.O.)
*Tell me. Why did you decide to come
back alone?*

INT. DOCTOR WEXLER'S OFFICE - DAY

JANE IS THERE, ALONE, SMOKING.

JANE
It's not that there's anything
wrong as such. You have to remember
John and I bonded on an intensely
profound spiritual level.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Candles flicker. John and Jane sit at far heads of the
table. Distant, cold. No eye contact. No emotion.

JOHN
Mmm. This yellow Prawn risotto is
to die for. You do something new?

JANE
I added peas.

A hint of edge in her voice.

JOHN
Guess I just forget how good it is.

Weak smiles. Back to the food. A beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Could you pass the salt please?

JANE
It's on the middle of the table,
John.

JOHN
Is that the middle?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

Well, it's between you and me.
You're on one side. I'm on the
other.

SCREECH! John pulls out his chair. He gets up. He grabs the salt. Heads back to his chair. Jane gives a tiny little smile. A small victory. John sits back down. And he...

DROWNS HIS MEAL IN SALT. Jane swallows her smile. We get a sense that every dinner is like this: cold, quiet, tense.

INT. DOCTOR WEXLER'S OFFICE - DAY

JANE

Over the years I feel our
relationship has progressed onto an
altogether higher plain.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The tree glows. John and Jane sit reading the Times. John reads the Sports section, Jane reads Home&Garden. She looks up, hearing something. Her eyes go to...

John's LAZY-BOY.

He RATCHETS the SHIFTER - CLUNKS, SQUEAKS - like nails on a chalkboard for Jane. Her hands wrap tighter around the paper.

DOCTOR WEXLER (V.O.)

So what d'you think the problem is?

INT. DOCTOR WEXLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Now JOHN SITS THERE ON HIS OWN.

JOHN

I love my wife. And I love our life
together. We both love the house,
it's our castle, I'd die for that
house, but...

DOCTOR WEXLER

But what?

INT. SMITH HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Forks scrape plates. John finishes his meal. Swallows, REALLY struggling for something to say. Just as he is about to open his mouth, RINNNG. All eyes to the PHONE. Line Two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE
Fine, that's fine. One of our girls .
just crashed a server at a law
firm. Mayhem. I should go in too.

John nods, barely listening. He's already heading out.

INT. SMITH GARAGE - NIGHT

John and Jane get into cars. Black sedan, Silver Honda Wagon.

JANE
Nine o'clock. We promised the
Carlsons.

They pull away, into the suburban night.

DOCTOR WEXLER (O.S.)
*I know you feel like you're the
only couple going through this...*

INT. DOCTOR WEXLER'S OFFICE - DAY

John sits there.

DOCTOR WEXLER
But believe me right now millions
of couples in America are
experiencing precisely the same
relationship problems as you.

John looks at the Doctor levelly.

JOHN
Oh ya think so?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - HUDSON HIGHWAY - NIGHT

We SWOOP DOWN to John's sedan. Sliding through traffic.

EXT. 24TH ST PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

John parks his sedan. He comes out and hails a cab.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY/ CAB - NIGHT

A yellow cab cuts through traffic. In the back sits.. JOHN.
He pulls out a small hip flask, unscrews the cap. On it is
engraved "To Dodging Bullets. Love Jane." He drains it.

EXT. ATM/OUTSIDE CBGB'S CLUB - NIGHT

Two thousand bucks rolls out of an ATM. John pockets it and crosses the road, passing a black '69 Oldsmobile 442. Two young GUYS are leaning on the hood, smoking.

JOHN
Hey man. Nice car.

GUY
Shut the fuck up Yuppie.

INT. CBGB'S CLUB - NIGHT

Hard music. Downtown NY crowd pulsing. John steps to a BOUNCER.

JOHN
I'm looking for Nelly.

BOUNCER
What's it concern?

JOHN
I'm looking for some action.

INT. CBGB'S - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A card game is in progress. The bouncer comes close to hustler NELLY's ear.

NELLY
What's he look like?

SHADY GUY
Bridge'n'Tunnel. Maybe Wall Street.
His breath's a fire hazard.

NELLY
How much?

BOUNCER 2
2 Gs. Showed it me right at the
bar.

NELLY
Fuck it. Let's roll him.

INT. CBGB'S - BACK ROOM - LATER

Music pounds through the wall. All tense. John is now seated, playing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 BEANIE
Up a hundred.

 LEATHER JACKET
Call.

 BEANIE
Call.

 GOLD TEETH
Your hundred with two more.

 JOHN
Call.

 GOLD TEETH
It's three hundred to call.

 JOHN
It is? OK fold. No call. No fold.
No. Yeah. Yeah. No. Fold.

 SKULLFACE
Stay awake Casper. You want another
drink?

John sinks a scotch in one. Shakes his head.

EXT. HUDSON HOTEL - NIGHT

A yellow cab pulls up. A woman slides out holding a black leather doctor's bag. And...

INT. HUDSON LOBBY - NIGHT

She rides the escalator up. Lights hit: JANE. Sheer coat. Acres of legs. Out of the suburbs. And dressed to kill.

INT. HUDSON HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

PING. Jane exits the elevator on the PENTHOUSE FLOOR. She glides down the corridor. At the last door, she knocks.

INT. HUDSON HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

A huge Yemeni answers. She steps inside. Four more Yemeni, holstered, play backgammon, watch TV. A fifth guy, in a sharp suit, sits on the telephone. He hangs up.

 UNDERBOSS
What's in the bag?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She opens it. A WHIP, ROPES, pink furry HAND CUFFS. He briefly frisks her.

UNDERBOSS (CONT'D)
Don't be long. We gotta plane to catch.

Another YEMENI shows her to the BEDROOM.

INT. HUDSON HOTEL - PENTHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

A large leather bed. Giant Windows onto a roof terrace, and an amazing view downtown. NASSER HAMED, A tubby fifty-something YEMENI appears from the bathroom in a robe.

HAMED
You must be Jane. The roses are for you.

ON A CHAIR, THREE DOZEN RED ROSES, LONG STEM.

JANE
Why thank you. That's very sweet.

HAMED
You like champagne?

JANE
I love champagne.

They sit down on the end of the bed. He pours her a glass.

JANE (CONT'D)
So then. What would you like to do?

He whispers. She laughs and unzips her bag, removes her rope.

JANE (CONT'D)
You mean you want a "Bungee Jump"?

He sniggers.

HAMED
Yes. Yes. I want a "Bungee Jump"!

She stands up and drops her dress to the floor. Black satin underwear.

INT. CBGB'S - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

John throws his hand in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Shit. I had that. I had that.

GOLD TEETH

Homes, you got fourteen different tells. Motherfucker, You are *William Tell*.

One of them sings the Overture. They all laugh. High fives.

INT. CBGB'S - MAIN ROOM/BACK ROOM - LATER

Music pounding. We follow a girl with a tray of drinks back to...the game.

GOLD TEETH

Bet's four hundred, G. You gonna fold, call or raise?

John drunkenly winks at the waitress as she leaves. Pulling out his two thousand dollar roll, he counts it off the table.

JOHN

OK. Two eighty, ninety, three ten, thirty, fifty, wait. Where was I? Seventy, eighty. Four Hundred. That's your four hundred and raise you...

John reaches into his jacket, pulls out... a GRENADE. He pulls the pin and rolls it on the table. They all look at it in silence.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Go Big or Go Home, y'know.

They all sit there looking at it.

ALL

Wh-

Just as they react, John CROSSDRAWS two silenced P-39s and FIRES fifteen shots. It's over in four seconds flat.

INT. CBGB'S - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The back door opens onto PUMPING MUSIC. John walks back out through the club, smoking, wearing Nelly's shades, BEANIE's beanie, and LEATHER JACKET's leather jacket. He tips the Waitress, walks straight past the bouncers and out.

EXT. CBGB'S - NIGHT

He takes out a keyring and "plips" the doors...to the '69 Oldsmobile!

JOHN
Excuse me gentlemen.

The two heavies get straight off the car.

GUY
Nice car.

He fires it up. Floors it.

INT. SPEEDING OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT

John drives. He lights a cigarette with "the grenade".

INT. HUDSON HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

HAMED IS TRUSSED ON THE BED, ON HIS KNEES AND FACE.

JANE
You naughty naughty boy. You've been very very bad.

HAMED
I know. I'm a very bad boy. A very, very bad boy.

JANE
Mummy is going to punish you.

HAMED
Oh Yes.

JANE
Because mummy is very, very angry with you.

HAMED
Oh yes. Yes. Yes.

JANE
Yes she is. And the CIA is very, very angry with you too.

HAMED
Yes. Yes. Yes. What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She puts her knee in the small of his back, her hands under his chin and jerks up. CRACK! HAMED falls dead.

62A NEXT DOOR: The Underboss looks at his watch. He glances at the door. 62A

62B IN THE BEDROOM: Jane pulls the covers over the body, and before leaving, draws a single long stem rose from the bunch. SUDDENLY the door opens. 62B

BODYGUARD
Everything OK?

JANE
Fine. Everythings fine. He's pretty exhausted.. Dead to the world.

The BODYGUARD goes and lightly shakes him.

BODYGUARD
Mr Hamed? We gotta split.

There is no answer. Jane is trapped. She unzips her bag. Same bunch of toys. The BODYGUARD gingerly pulls back the covers.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)
Mr Hamed?

He swears in Arabic, draws his gun and turns just in time to have it SWIPED from his hand by the bullwhip.

Jane dives, catches the gun and discharges a single shot from a prone position. The BODYGUARD drops like a sack.

62C OUT IN THE CORRIDOR: The three bodyguards hear the shot. 62C

62D IN THE ROOM: The two guys look up from their backgammon. Two others, watching the Simpsons, react. 62D

62E BACK WITH JANE: With calm precision she whips out the big rubber dildo and JAMS IT under the connecting door. It wedges SHUT. She grabs her bag, and races out onto the roof-terrace. 62E

62F NEXT DOOR: The seven BODYGUARDS, bristling weapons, try to force the door. 62F

UNDERBOSS
Stand back.

He pumps eight shots. The men BURST through the bullet-riddled door, and tear toward the open terrace door.

EXT. HUDSON HOTEL - TERRACE - NIGHT

JANE, AT FULL TILT along the roof terrace decking. She reaches a DEAD END. TWENTY FOUR STORIES, STRAIGHT DOWN.

Jane dumps the bag. Empty.

She unravels its fabric. WOVEN KEVLAR CORD. She attaches one end to the handcuffs and...

62H

AT THE OTHER END OF THE TERRACE: The guards spot her, standing on the rail. Seven beads are drawn and thirty bullets fly. And Jane...

62H

JUMPS. VRRRRR, THE BAG UNRAVELS slowing her descent:

EXT. HUDSON HOTEL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

DOORMEN are hailing cabs when, in the background, Jane drops to street-level. She lets go of the cord and it bungee snaps back up out of shot as she steps onto the sidewalk, striding straight up to the waiting cab, tipping the doorman.

JANE

Thanks sweetie.

DOORMAN

Thank you Ma'am.

We rise up as the cab pulls away into the ant hill of Manhattan.

DOCTOR WEXLER (V.O.)

But if you had to put your finger on it, what would you say it was that first attracted you to her?

INT. DOCTOR WEXLER'S OFFICE - DAY

John in a ONE TO ONE, lost in pained reverie.

JOHN

She was so exciting... It was like we had this deep... Like we had...

It dawns on him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I have no idea.

EXT. CARLSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

John and Jane, back into their suburban selves. Hair, clothes, posture. They meet on their neighbors' doorstep. Huge wreath on the door. Merriment ECHOES beyond.

JOHN
Everything okay uptown?

JANE
Fine, good. You?

JOHN
Good, fine.

John rings the bell, which chimes "DECK THE HALLS." The door swings open, revealing: SUZY and MARTIN CARLSON. They radiate with the glow of new money, bad taste, and good whiskey.

SUZY AND MARTIN
Welcome neighbors!

INT. CARLSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Carlsons lead John and Jane through a sea of SUBURBAN COUPLES. MEN greet John with handshakes and backslaps. WOMEN greet Jane with air-kisses and waves. John and Jane smile. The perfect couple.

INT. CARLSON'S HOUSE - LATER

JOHN. Surrounded by INVESTMENT BANKERS. All smoking cigars.

INVESTMENT BANKER #1
I heard their stock's getting butchered.

INVESTMENT BANKER #2
It's a bloodbath. How'd you make out this quarter John? Ya take a beating?

JOHN
Actually I got all my dough buried under the shed over there.

They all laugh.

We DRIFT THROUGH the party: IPOs, OBGYNs, sitters, Volvo, Vicadin. We SWIRL past a Christmas tree, to find Jane with THREE MOTHERS, all holding BABIES. A mom fawns over a blue-eyed baby girl..the baby SPITS UP on her perfect pant-suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM

Hold her a sec while I clean off?

For the first time, Jane looks positively SCARED.

JANE

No, I...I...I-

But it's too late. Mom pushes the Baby into Jane's arms. Jane holds the Baby awkwardly. Jane looks down into the Baby's big blue eyes. So innocent, so pure.

Jane and the Baby just STARE at each other. Curious.

MOM #2

Babies see everything, you know.

MOM #3

It's as if they can see into your soul.

The Mothers nod. Almost conspiratorial. Jane looks NERVOUS. The Baby sizes her up. Eyes locked, focused, pensive. Eerie. Jane smiles weakly, trying to win the Baby over. A beat.

And the Baby.....smiles. Even giggles.

MOM #4

She likes you.

Jane smiles back. A real, relieved smile. Through a haze of cigar smoke, she sees...John. They lock eyes. No real passion. A long way from their first glance. They both look a little disgusted with each other. Suburban suckers.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

John and Jane. John GARGLES. Loudly. Jane eyes his THROAT. John spits. Rubs his eye, which makes a little SQUEAK. He looks at Jane, who gives a tight smile. Lights go out.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A beat. Dead of night. In unison their cell phones ring.

JANE

Jane Smith.

JOHN

John Smith.

EXT/INT. TOP OF NY SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

Simple and windy. A Man, a desk, a phone. We see CLOSE-UPS of an eye, a hand, a mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN
This is Father.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

JANE (INTO PHONE)
It's three in the morning.
Everything okay, dad?

We do not see John's caller.

JOHN (INTO PHONE)
This is the second time this week.

JANE
Yeah. Okay. Of course.

JOHN
Right. I understand. No
problem.

Both hang up.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What's up?

JANE
Dad's not well. Mom's freaked,
thinks he's got pneumonia. Probably
just a tickly cough.

JOHN
Well maybe you should take a day
off, go see if the old mans okay.
Your mom would love it if you spent
the night.

JANE
You're so sweet.

JOHN
I'm just thinking of your dad.

JANE
What was yours?

JOHN
Taipan Office. Got an e-mail about
the stress statistics for that dam.
I'm gonna be working flat out next
couple of days anyway.

JANE
That damn dam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Yup. That damn dam.

LIGHTS OFF. They lie there, eyes open. Eyes closed. Jane pulls softly on the sheets. A beat. John pulls back. A beat. Jane pulls back. And we FADE OUT...

EXT. WINTER GARDEN OF EDEN - DAWN

LOW MORNING LIGHT. Birds sing. Clouds waft. The world is good. John whistles a quiet tune, swinging a SNOOPY lunch box and rolling a travelling suitcase.

INT. TOOLSHED - DAWN

John locks the door. Stops whistling. He shifts his tool bench. Peels back the turf floor, revealing-

A SAFETY BOX IN THE FLOOR. He works a combo lock. Opens the box. Unlatches A TRAP DOOR HANDLE. He spins the handle. And THE FLOOR OPENS. He walks down stairs, past more locks into--

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAWN

Lights flip on. Revealing...shelves packed high with cash... and AN ARSENAL OF WEAPONS. GUNS, ROCKET LAUNCHERS and EXPLOSIVES hang on walls like tools.

He chooses gear like he's shopping at the Minimart.

INT. SMITH GARAGE - DAY

The garage door glides open. John drives off in his sedan. Just another day in the American suburbs. As the garage door clicks shut-

INT. SMITH HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jane's eyes POP OPEN. She swivels out of bed. Moving fast.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jane shuts the blinds. Switches her oven to CLEAN. She pulls it open. Hits digits on the touchpad. The oven BEEEEEEEPS. An alarm. Red light. A ten second warning.

Jane taps a series of numbers. The beeps stop. And the base of her oven... SLIDES OPEN... revealing... Jane's arsenal: Sleek digital devices. Alloy, plasma. She loads up her purse.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Jane drives off in her wagon. A bumper sticker on the car reads: NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH, KEEPING OUR STREETS SAFE.

EXT. NY MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - DAY

John arrives outside an anonymous building. He enters the ground floor: A SMALL CONSTRUCTION OFFICE. SMITH DEMOLITION.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

John walks through a totally normal office, piles of old junk mail, yellowing newspapers. He keys the next door. Enters--

INT. JOHN'S PERSONAL OFFICE - DAY

A shell. Old desk, two chairs, a phone. A black-and-white surveillance screen. And a FAX MACHINE. John grabs the waiting fax.

EXT/INT. GLASS HIGH RISE - DAY

Revolving doors reveal...a woman in tight black suit. Short skirt, high heels. She steps into the light. JANE SMITH.

INT. GLASS HIGH RISE - ATRIUM - DAY

She glides across the ATRIUM. Enters an ELEVATOR. Doors close. And open...46 FLOORS UP. A flash reception area.

INT. GLASS HIGH RISE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Jane walks down a dead end corridor with a Gaudia-Breska sculpture of a kingfisher at the end. She stops. Presses its eye. A black square appears in the wall. She leans into a retinal scan and the wall opens.

INT. SECURITY AIR LOCK - DAY

SURVEILLANCE TECH shifts. Jane's body goes ULTRA VIOLET. All bones and curves. Scanning. The far door opens.

INT. EMPLOYNET COMPUTER INC - PROJECT ROOM - DAY

Jane enters a VAST METAL ROOM. Filled with the world's most advanced technology. Flooding data. Live feeds. Warp speed.

The stations are run by TEN YOUNG WOMEN. All wearing the same cool black. Same cold stare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE
Good Morning girls. How's our day
look?

OMIT

WE CUT HARD TO: LARA CROFT running through a snowscape with
UZIs in each hand, shooting the hell out of everything.
Suddenly she falls through a hole, and plummets four-hundred
feet, hitting the deck with a sickening CRACK on the CUT TO--

INT. UPSTATE SKI CONDO - DAY

HECTOR DANZ, our weasly, middle-aged TARGET, sits playing
Tombraider. He jerks his joystick.

HECTOR
Get up you lazy bitch.

Sitting opposite him on another couch, bored, is SPECIAL
AGENT RODWAY. Rodway's clearly been watching Hector be Lara
all morning. The novelty's worn off.

In the room are four other AGENTS. The windows are blacked
out with photographic-paper. All the men are ARMED.

An AGENT enters and puts a Double Whopper in front of Hector.

FBI AGENT #1
Feeding time.

Hector doesn't look up.

HECTOR
Ain't you gonna taste it? It could
be poisoned.

Rodway just stares back at him.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
It could be laced with mercury, or
rat poison. Jesus. I thought you
guys got paid to watch my ass.

Rodway reaches forward, picks up the burger and in one bite,
demolishes three quarters of it. He chews, crams in the rest,
and chews for a bit. He swallows. Gulp.

RODWAY
Safe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hector doesn't give him the pleasure of a reaction. We sense this has been going on for weeks. Hector's face MATCHCUTS--

INT. EMPLOYNET COMPUTER INC - PROJECT ROOM

HECTOR'S FACE ON SCREEN. Jane briefs her team.

JANE

Target is being moved from a Toronto facility to New York. Only vulnerability is here. Minor road south of the border. I want GPS and SAT elly of the canyon, and a weather report for the last three weeks... Let's go to work, ladies.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP, UPSTATE - NIGHT

A BREATHTAKING snowy ravine plunges down to the mouth of a huge frozen lake. Through the ravine runs a viaduct which vanishes into a mountain tunnel beneath us.

PUSH IN ON a FROZEN WATERFALL over the ravine. On it, hanging a hundred feet above the ground from two ice axes, is a lithe figure, dressed like a white ninja.

The FIGURE skillfully works its way to the top, negotiates an overhang and rolls onto an outcrop of granite shard.

Jane removes the ski-mask. Unsheathes a Ti Powerbook from her knapsack, and fires it up. Taps her throat mike.

JANE

Snow-White in Position. Gimme a sit-rep.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jane's team speed towards the zone. Below, A CONVOY of unmarked cars approaches a border check. In the middle of the convoy is a heavily ARMORED VEHICLE.

JASMINE

Situation is green. Repeat situation is green.

We SPIRAL down into--

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE - NIGHT

HECTOR, opposite RODWAY. The men glare at each other, both weary from too many days together.

EXT. NORTH SIDE OF RAVINE - NIGHT

Jane taps keys on her laptop.

ON SCREEN - a wireframe of the valley with three small green dots on the ridge. She clicks on them: THERMOBARIC CHARGES ARMED. The dots turn red.

WHOOSH! Ten feet above Jane, a huge BALD EAGLE breaks cover. Jane jumps, drawing a GLOCK. She watches the eagle soar out over the ravine. She breathes a sigh.

We GLIDE with the bird....two-hundred-yards to...

EXT. SOUTH SIDE OF THE RAVINE - DAY

...where, thirty feet below, a BLACK CLAD figure removes his balaclava and looks up. It's John.

He pries the lid of his "Joe Cool" Snoopy lunchpack. He takes out a piece of Key Lime Pie. It's very good.

BINOCULAR POV. About half a mile away, the convoy approaches.

JOHN
Shit. This guy's royalty.

89B NORTH:

89B

Jane turns to see the eagle land across the ravine. Something catches her eye. She raises her imaging equipment.

ZOOM IN ON...A FIGURE, huddled behind a rock, in a balaclava, munching pie in the eerie green glow of her night vision.

JANE
Seven Dwarves, come in.

JASMINE
This is Bashful, over.

JANE
Are you getting this?

IN THE HELICOPTER

Jasmine watches a fuzzy green image of John eating pie.

JASMINE
Affirmative. Could be a
birdwatcher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE
He's watching the road.

89D SOUTH: John surveys the approaching motorcade. He chats to himself. 89D

JOHN
So we got us a hefty convoy of FBI vehicles, Po-lice outriders, probably a SWAT team in the van. Main attraction is a heavily armored Excursion center stage. Tough can to open. Any ideas John?

Still chewing, John heaves a JAVELIN CLU 76mm ROCKET LAUNCHER onto his shoulder.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Well Bob, I thought I'd try my luck with the Javelin.

He activates the laser sight.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Incorporating passive target acquisition with an integrated thermal imaging sight. It's got all the features you'd expect from a larger fire-and-forget weapon system wrapped up in a easily portable 6.4 kg package.

89E NORTH: Jane sees a guy heft an enormous rocket launcher. 89E

JANE
He's not a birdwatcher.

Jane watches, dumbstruck.

JANE (CONT'D)
There's another player on the floor.

JULIE
Convoy T minus thirty seconds.

JANE
What the fuck is this?

JASMINE
OK. Abort.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE
Bullshit. He's on my spot.

JULIE
Convoy T-Minus twenty seconds.

JANE
I can take him out before he fires.

JASMINE
Abort mission!

JANE
I have a shot.

JASMINE
RTB Snow White. Repeat -

JANE
Negative. We came to do a job. He's
on my square. I'm taking him out.

JULIE
Fifteen seconds.

ROAD:

The convoy rolls on, oblivious.

89H NORTH: Jane swings a silenced SA-80 ASSAULT RIFLE from a sling on her back into a firing position. 89H

JULIE
Ten seconds.

89I SOUTH: John LOCKS ONTO the TARGET CAR through the Javelin's sight. 89I

JOHN
Okey Dokey. Let's see if I can't
get a tune out of this trombone.

89J NORTH: JANE'S POV through the sight of the SA-80. John's right temple in the cross hairs. She squeezes the trigger. 89J

89K SOUTH: John shifts position just slightly, dipping his head as a high velocity 7.62mm SLUG RIPS into the branch behind his head covering him in snow. 89K

JOHN (CONT'D)
What the Hey?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

89L NORTH: 89L

JANE
Shit.

89M SOUTH: John looks across the ravine. He sees a figure in the 89M
eerie glow of a laptop. He drops to the ground. Machine-like,
he locks and loads a Swedish SKS assault rifle, kneels and
returns fire. THREE SHOTS.

89N SOUTH: Jane dives behind a rock, but her laptop slides away 89N
down the ice. She watches it spin around and down the slope.

JULIE
We've lost her. I'm blind.

JASMINE
Come in Snow WHITE?

JULIE
Nothing. I'm deaf and blind. Five
seconds.

89O NORTH: The convoy is right where John wants it. He tries to 89O
get on with the job but another shot zings off the rock.

JOHN
Guy can't do his damn job round
here.

He raises it again, just in time to see the Motorcade
disappear into the mountain tunnel.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Great. Now look what you made me
do.

89P NORTH: JANE's POV. Target, in the crosshairs. She squeezes. A 89P
bullet hits him SMACK IN THE HEAD. He goes straight down.

JANE
Player down. Knockout. Waiting to
confirm. Do you read me. Stand by.

She realizes her comms are down and glances as the last car
vanishes into the tunnel.

JANE (CONT'D)
Shit.
(to herself)
Fiasco.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She stows her rifle.

89Q SOUTH: John is dazed. The bullet clipped his right ear. 89Q
There's a hole in the balaclava. He touches his hand to it.
It's bleeding. He slaps some snow on it.

JOHN
(calmly)
OK that's it. Say hello to my
little friend.

John appears from his hidey hole, the Javelin on his
shoulder. He fires it up.

PLUNK. The Javelin coughs out a massive heat-seeking warhead.
thirty feet out, it ROARS to life, spewing out a sheet of
flame, SCREAMING across the ravine at mach 3.

89R NORTH: JANE is transfixed. With no option, she drops off the 89R
ledge into the freezing darkness.

The next millisecond the rocket slams into the snow-face. The
snow explodes with WITHERING FORCE, throwing up a hundred
foot ball of flame and causing an avalanche.

89S SOUTH: John looks down in awe at the object in his hand. 89S

JOHN (CONT'D)
You should SO not be allowed to buy
these..!

89T NORTH: Jane falls through the avalanche, cars skid below as 89T
snow crashes onto the highway. JANE hits the soft powder
hard, sixty feet below, loses her rifle and tumbles down the
slope.

89U SOUTH: John waits for the smoke to clear, pleased with his 89U
handywork, when he hears an ominous low rumbling behind him.
Jane has DETONATED her charges. Blinking red.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

John switches his headtorch on. The cliffs seems to be
moving. A ripped tree trunk falls through the frame.
ROCKFALL! John turns to see the mountainside rushing down to
greet him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Ah Horseshit.

He runs. CLIFFS explode. ROCKS tumble down at John. He
slips, leaving the shot with comic speed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A CLOUD OF DUST swallows the screen. Then... BLACKNESS.

A beat. And John emerges coughing, BY THE ROADSIDE. Through the haze, we can see a THIRTY-CAR PILE-UP ON THE BRIDGE. It looks like a CAR GRAVEYARD.

Moving across the highway, John reaches the median, where he sees Jane: a small figure emerging from the avalanche snow-pile down the road. She heads into a tunnel. John pursues.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Lit with the crackle and flash of downed electricity cables. John enters a service corridor off the main tunnel.

John looks around. No sign of the figure. Then suddenly... a SHADOW drops down BEHIND him from above. JANE'S eyes blaze through the darkness as she attacks like a tiger.

A graceful spin and John's down from a reverse spinning roundhouse. He goes for a gun but she hooks his hand between her ankles in mid-air, FLIPPING him, sending the gun flying.

John tastes blood, raises his fists. They circle each other. Feints, sudden moves. Black belt vs. Golden Gloves. Testing for weaknesses. Ju jitsu kicks at ankles, knees. John throws punch after punch, getting closer. She dodges but can't stop his onslaught. She drops, cracks both his shins with a half-brick. He gasps in pain and falls to his knees.

Moving behind him she executes a neck hold, drags him towards a ragged steel pole sticking out of a discarded road sign.

John is choking. Jane pushes him towards the sharp metal point, inches from his eye. John spots his gun five feet away. Reaches behind and grabs the crotch of Jane's pants. Squeezes. No effect. What?

He twists his shoulders and relaxes his arms. They both fall towards the spike but John angles himself, missing it and SLASHING THE BACK OF JANE'S SHOULDER. She gasps in pain.

Suddenly free, John crawls towards his gun. He spins and aims. Nothing. He looks around the silent darkness. Turns on his head lamp: something disappears back into the tunnel.

He is met by the blinding light of a NIGHT SUN and the wind and noise of A CHOPPER. He just catches a glimpse of his adversary on a ROPE LADDER swinging under the huey before the CHOPPER opens fire with a minigun, forcing him back into the tunnel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CHOPPER WHEELS AND FLIES OFF UP THE RAVINE

EXT. THE RAVINE - DAY

The Bald eagle soars in a blue sky.

Light snow. People clear the road with digging equipment.

Eighty feet above. John stands combing the ground with a metal detector. Suddenly we hear: BEEP. He stops dead. Steps backwards: BEEP.

John falls to his knees and starts digging with his hands. Soon he uncovers a corner of the laptop Jane dropped.

JOHN

Oho, what do we have here?

He opens the laptop.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Come to Daddy.

John taps a single key and a smiley face pops up: PLEASE ENTER PIN CODE ****. His frown deepens when ten cartoon fingers start counting down. The smiley face changes to a frowny face and on zero puts its fingers in its ears.

The laptop explodes in a fireball which knocks John on his back. John looks up nervously at the snow above.

EXT. CANAL STREET - DAY

Follow John into an electronics bazaar.

INT. BACKROOM OF DIGITAL CHOP SHOP, CANAL STREET - DAY

Bits of computers, everywhere. An Indian girl, JAJI (18), gives the charred laptop the once over.

JAJI

You put a camp-fire out with it?

JOHN

I pressed one key it exploded.

She looks at him incredulously.

JAJI

Well it's burnt to a crisp but it's clean. No serials. Whoever built it really wanted it to be untraceable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Shit.

JAJI

I said they *wanted* it to be. I
didn't say it was.

She cracks the back off. Pokes around in the guts.

JAJI (CONT'D)

Here ya go. Extra RAM module. Been
upgraded.

JOHN

Translation?

She bips the barcode on her reader. Info floods her screen.

JAJI

Chip's Chinese, imported by
Dynamix, New Jersey, retailed by
Microworld, part number 090122.

(tapping away)

We pull up the Microworld invoice
from Talisman anti-theft network.
Purchased 09/09/02, \$85. AMEX
number blah blah blah. Now all's
you need's the billing address.

JOHN

Can you get that?

JAJI

Couldn't possibly. It's illegal.

John forks over a Benjamin. She taps up another screen.

JAJI (CONT'D)

Card's registered to Oswald
Consultants, PO Box 5325, Shipping
Office, Grand Central, NY, NY.

JOHN

That's it? A post office box?

JAJI

What did you expect? The zipcode of
their secret underwater lair?

JOHN

Give me back my money.

INT. EMPLOYNET COMPUTER OFFICES - PROJECT ROOM - DAY

Jane ENTERS. Pissed.

JANE
I want to know who that bitch is
and what he was doing on my patch.

Julie hands her an open cell phone.

JULIE
(mouthing)
Father.

Jane takes the phone. Grim.

JANE
(into the phone)
There was another shooter on the
scene.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Close shots. Only an eye, hand, mouth.

FATHER
What is it we never ever do?

INT. EMPLOYNET COMPUTER OFFICES - DAY

FATHER (ON PHONE)
We do not leave witnesses. Clean
the scene Jane, clean the scene.

JANE
I'm already on it.

Jane closes the phone. Jasmine enters.

JASMINE
We have a drop at the box downtown.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION POST OFFICE WINDOW - DAY

A shipping station for over sized packages sent by train.
Imagine a roll up metal window, a single fellow behind the
counter and an endless room of boxes and crates behind him.

John stands yawning near the window when a girl in A BLACK
SUIT AND SHADES walks casually and asks for BOX 5325.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

A TIDAL WAVE OF BODIES. Associate #1 hands the note to ASSOCIATE #2, who heads away. What follows is like an expertly choreographed DANCE. Intricate, dizzying.

John fights through chaos to track the note, which moves from HAND TO HAND, woman to woman. #2, #3, #1, #3, #1...

It seems everywhere John turns...there are beautiful women. On the move. Smooth. Elegant in their precision.

John follows the note to the WOMEN'S BATHROOM. He hangs back.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

A beat. And two stall doors open. TWO TWINS emerge. Meet Associates #4 and #5. They are IDENTICAL.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

John waits. Associate #4 emerges. John takes a step. And STOPS. Because Associate #4 emerges AGAIN. No. It's #5.

John smiles, impressed. The twins split in opposite directions. John's head moves on a swivel. Which one?

He trails Associate #5. He beats her to a spot where he... LIGHTLY BUMPS HER. He glances down at her HANDS, which DO NOT MOVE. He looks out at Associate #4. His eyes ZOOMING to...

Her HANDS. FLEXED AROUND HER PURSE. And John KNOWS she has the note. He smiles. Moving fast to trail her.

EXT/INT. EMPLOYNET COMPUTER BUILDING - DAY

Associate #4 enters. The exec elevator. John hangs back. He sees the exec elevator stop at 46. He turns to the building REGISTER on the wall. Runs his finger to floor 46:

EMPLOYNET COMPUTER TEMP AGENCY. His mouth drops. HE KNOWS THE NAME.

INT. EMPLOYNET COMPUTER INC. - PROJECT ROOM - DAY

Jane plays a videotape of the hit in slow motion. She zooms in and out on the face. She notices an object next to him.

JANE
What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

Looks like an ammo container.

Julie zooms in on the object. Sloooowly. CLEANS the PIXELS...

JULIE (CONT'D)

It's...a Snoopy lunchbox.

Jane reacts, thinking.

She goes back to the image of the face and cleans the pixels. The image CLEARS. It's still very blurry but Jane sees: a familiar mouth under the binoculars.

Jane's brow furrows. Can it be? She gets close to the screen. A hard beat.

JASMINE (O.S.)

Jane. It's your husband.

Jane turns quickly. Jasmine has a PHONE in hand.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

He wants to know about dinner.

Jane looks at the screen. Thinking, thinking. CAN IT BE...?

JANE

Tell him...tell him I'm on my way home... Dinner will be waiting...

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

John hears the message. He slowly hangs up. Spinning inside.

INT. EMPLOYNET INC - FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Jane slips into a coat. A little shaken. Jasmine gets close.

JASMINE

Jane, you sure you want to go home in the middle of all-

JANE

I need to... Jasmine, I...
(can't explain, not yet)
I've got to go. I'll be back.

She heads out. Jasmine looks confused. Concerned.

INT. SUBURBAN TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Whistle blows. Doors open. John moves fast, beating the other COMMUTERS to the stairs. A COMMUTER chuckles.

COMMUTER #1
I want that guy's wife.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DUSK

John fires up the engine. Does his ritual. Fast fast fast. He checks pockets, mirror. He sees a dab of blood on his collar (and we realize this was the "lipstick" earlier). He slips on his wedding ring with a hint of FEAR. He stabs the gas. SCREECH! Peels out.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

John pulls into the driveway. He looks at the kitchen window. But no sign of Jane. His eyes narrow, suspicious.

He parks in the GARAGE. Suddenly...the garage side-door POPS OPEN. Jane stands there, with a tray full of food in hand.

JANE
Perfect timing.

JOHN
Perfect. As always.

Perfection is suspicious. Jane opens John's door, smiling.

JANE
Welcome home, honey.

John climbs out. Jane leans in for their kiss. SLOW MOTION. Eyes WIDE OPEN. On edge. Jane motions toward the house.

JOHN
After you.

She turns. John's eyes slide up and down her curves, scanning for clues. Noting his wife's body. His eyebrows raise, really looking at his wife, for the first time in years.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane leads into the front hall. Shifting sideways, checking mirrors. Never fully turning her back. John unzips his coat.

JANE
Here, let me help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John tightens. But Jane slips off his coat. As she hangs it, her HANDS smoothly FRISK the coat.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is decked out. Candlelight. Romantic.

JOHN

You did all this for me?

JANE

I missed you.

JOHN

I missed you too honey.

Jane holds the chair out for John. He sits. She takes the napkin, gives it the tiniest of whipcracks and lays it on his lap. John looks at her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Why thank you.

JANE

Don't mention it.

She walks around his back. He tenses. She skips out through the kitchen door. John is left uncomfortably alone for a few seconds before she reappears suddenly with a steaming roast. She stands beaming. Behind her through the swinging kitchen door John sees a bottle of Draino on the counter.

JOHN

Mmm. Pot roast. My favorite.

The carving knife lifts into view as Jane sharpens it. John watches her every move. The KNIFE glints in her hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Sit down honey, I'll carve.

John disarms her. She sits. Steel cuts flesh. John serves.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So how was work?

Silence. Jane returns.

JANE

Oh same ol' same ol'. Actually, there was a little problem, with a commission.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
A problem?

Jane rushes the net.

JANE
A double-booking. With another
consultant.

John pauses, forkful in hand, sees Jane watching, swallows.

JOHN
So the problem's...solved?

JANE
Not yet. But don't worry. It's
nothing we can't handle.

Jane sees a BANDAGE ON JOHN'S EAR. HIS KNUCKLES: faint
ABRASIONS. A MEMORY FLASH: John throws PUNCHES in the TUNNEL.

BACK TO THE TABLE. John motions to the pot roast.

JOHN
Mmm. This is great. You do
something new?

JANE
You always ask if-

JOHN
I always forget how good it is.

An intensity to his words. New meaning now.

JANE
You sure you don't want any salt
with that?

John shakes his head. Eyes narrow, swallowing. Jane reaches
out toward her glass. A clean, straight line. A MEMORY FLASH:
A MATCHING MOVE FROM THE FIGHT IN THE TUNNEL. A perfect line.

RETURN TO DINNER. John swallows hard. Thinking.

JANE (CONT'D)
So tell me, how was your day?

JOHN
Had a problem with some figures.
Something didn't add up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE
But you fixed them?

JOHN
Still working on it.

JANE
Important deal?

JOHN
Life or death. But we'll get there.
It's just a matter of time.

They lock eyes.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I almost forgot. I bought you a
present.

Jane distrusts. Covers.

JANE
For me? John! What have you done
with my husband?

She opens the package, maybe expecting a trick. But what she
finds is: a beautiful sleek black dress.

JANE (CONT'D)
It's beautiful.

JOHN
Why don't you try it on?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane slips her clothes off and slips the dress on. She looks
in the mirror: it's beautiful. She turns: IT'S BACKLESS -
across her shoulder is the SCAR from last night. She spins
around. John is in the doorway.

JOHN
So what do you think?

JANE
John you shouldn't have.

He smiles.

JOHN
Honey, you deserve it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He approaches her and steps close, their lips almost brush, millimeters apart. Jane spins around John, distracting him for a second so he completely misses his chance to look at her shoulder. She smiles.

JANE

So how do I look?

She stays close, pushing her body against his. Locking eyes.

JOHN

Like a whole new woman.

John holds her close. Behind her back, he looks at the reflection in his wine glass. The light catches it. And...

John drops the glass. We zoom in to the glass as it falls. AN AVALANCHE OF MEMORIES. LIGHTNING-SPEED, STYLIZED FLASHES span three seconds:

FLASHBACK: THE HOTEL IN BOGOTA - DAY

John and Jane in the hall. Their first meeting. Approaching each other. John tucks in his shirt.

And we SWIVEL FAST AROUND HIM...to see him tuck a tiny revolver into his belt.

Jane smooths her skirt. We SWIVEL FAST AROUND HER...to see her slip a thin blade into her stocking. And we're back at--

108A THE STREET MARKET IN BOGOTA. REVERSE MOTION. The bullet PULLS 108A OUT of Sancho Varron. Flying backward high-speed into...

The barrel of a gun. A quick flash of an EYE IN THE SCOPESIGHT. JANE'S EYE.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John looks into the same eye. Silence. His glass finally HITS the ground. SHATTERING. Staining the rug BLOOD RED. John and Jane push back.

JANE

I'll get a towel-

JOHN

No. I'll get it.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

He shuts the door behind him. Panting. Mind racing. A door SLAMS shut O.S. John flinches. Ear to the door. Nothing. He rips open his desk. Hidden compartment. Pulls out a silencer, clip, pistol. THWACK. Gun assembled. On his hip.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Candles flicker. An empty room. John on high alert.

JOHN (SWEETLY)

Honey...?

He moves from room to room. Blood beating. He hears: THE GARAGE DOOR OPENING.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A LIGHT SNOW FALLS. SCREEECH! Jane's wagon broadsides round the bend leaving a wake of snow. SCREEECH! John's sedan slingshots around the corner, onto the interstate highway--

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The chase is on. John and Jane weave through traffic. Jane's wagon shudders at the speed.

JOHN

That's my wife. My goddamn wife.

John gains ground. 90,95 MPH. Trying to gather himself.

JANE (TO HERSELF)

You lied to me.

She drops a gear and floors it. The engine roars.

John PUNCHES the gas harder. Weaving. He catches up to her. They SWERVE toward each other.

JOHN

Don't dent the Honda. Don't dent the fuckin' Honda.

Fighting for a lane. Their CARS bump and grind. SPARKS FLY.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Great. Trash every car we own why don't cha?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John swerves around a van and draws level. Jane sees the silenced gun in his hand on the wheel.

JANE

Shit. He's armed.

She reaches under her seat and pulls out a Sig and high capacity clip. She locks and loads. John looks across.

JOHN

Shit. She's packin'.

He PUNCHES the brake, swerves in behind her. She stamps on the brakes.

John, tail-gating, sees the "KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!" sticker fly toward him. On impact, he accidentally squeezes off a round. A 9mill slug ZINGS through his windscreen, through ten feet of freezing country air, and through the Honda's rear window.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now look what you made me do.

Jane flinches as a round passes her ear, out the windshield.

JANE

You bastard!

She swivels in her seat and empties Ten Massive .45 calibre rounds behind her which SING into John's car. John eats passenger seat, showered with broken glass.

JOHN

That's it. Over-react.

John accelerates and moves into her lane. His car is bigger, stronger. She BOUNCES away.

JANE

Get out of my lane goddamn it.

Jane opens fire again. John ducks down again.

JOHN

That's it. That's the tin lid.

He reaches over and pulls a plastic GAS CAN from the footwell. He tears off his shirt-arm, stuffing it in and screwing the lid back on.

JOHN (CONT'D)

See how you like it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

John puts pedal to metal. 115, 120. Edging ahead, he lights the fuse on his makeshift gas-bomb and hurls it out the window. It hits the center of Jane's windshield EXPLODING on impact, wreathing her hood in flames.

Jane can't see for fire. She stays cool, hunching down in her seat, swapping her hand for her foot on the gas. She braces both feet against the windshield and KICKS, it neatly pops out.

John sees the flaming glass cartwheel toward him. He BRAKES HARD, as it catches his side door. Jane smiles.

Frustrated, John FLOORS IT. Side by side, they lock eyes at 125MPH. A flicker of...electricity...attraction? John shouts.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We need to talk!

Jane SLAMS HER BRAKES, as John SWERVES TOWARD HER. So... John SWERVES PAST THE FRONT OF HER CAR at 130MPH. He looks ahead to see: AN OFF-RAMP INCOMING. He fishtails. SMASH! He SLAMS INTO THE RAMP WALL. CRASHING through the concrete.

He swallows hard, shutting his eyes. As his car goes AIRBORNE! FLYING OFF THE RAMP. SOARING THROUGH THE NIGHT. NOSE-DIVING into the Hudson. IMPACT. SPLASH!

The car sinks fast. LIGHT hits the water. Jane stands on the bank: police maglight on her left shoulder, pistol in her right hand sweeping the river. No sign of John. A beat.

Still no John. No bubbles... She hears SIRENS. COPS incoming. With a last glance at the river, Jane drives into the night.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Water swirls. Beyond the waves...on the other side of a rusty old buoy... John bobs. Alive. His eyes flash. Not so much angry as... IMPRESSED. Impassioned. Ready for war.

We hear a DING DONG on the CUT TO--

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie slowly opens his front door to see: John, beaten, bloody, rancid from the river.

EDDIE

What the hell happened to you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

My wife.

John heads inside. Leaving Eddie, mouth open.

INT. EMPLOYNET - NIGHT

Jasmine stands open-mouthed in front of Jane.

JASMINE

OK. Say that again.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - BREAKFAST ROOM - NIGHT

John sits opposite Eddie at the little breakfast table. Eddie looks like he's digesting an albatross.

EDDIE

...but that's just so *implausible*.

John sips a beer.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

No I mean really. What are the chances of *that* happening?

JOHN

Well it's happened.

EDDIE

So she was doing this from the start?

JOHN

I cannot believe that woman.

EDDIE

How many people you do think she's killed?

JOHN

What do you mean?

EDDIE

Well do you think she's killed more than you? I mean she could have. She could have killed way more.

JOHN

Goddamn it Eddie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Well one of you has, and it could be her.

JOHN

Eddie, please.

John is dealing.

EDDIE

How d'you suppose she kept it from you all these years?

JOHN

Lots of couples have secrets.

EDDIE

No. Lots of couples have dogs. What you got is a fuckin' Tyranosaurus Rex.

John stares at the table.

JOHN

I can't believe she lied to me.

EDDIE

You weren't exactly playin' straight yourself.

JOHN

That's completely different. I married that woman because I loved her.

EDDIE

Well do you still love her? Wait don't answer that. You should sleep on this. You're both upset.

JOHN

Upset? My wife wants to kill me.

EDDIE

That's not so unusual.

JOHN

She fired fifteen shots into my car and drove me off the road into the Hudson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDIE

Okay, that less usual. But trust me. Right now she's probably as confused as you are. Hurt. Vulnerable.

JOHN

She didn't seem too vulnerable.

EDDIE

Just get some sleep, and in the morning go see her. Talk to her, buy some flowers, be nice to her...

JOHN

You don't understand Eddie. She ID'd me. On a hit. Get it?

Eddie's expression darkens. John nods. Eddie exhales shaking his head. John is in ten kinds of agony. They both clearly know what this means. It's heavy. Really heavy.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

Fresh carpet of snow. A PAPERBOY pedals his bike, throwing papers. A paper hits the SMITH HOUSE. A picture-perfect home.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - VARIOUS - DAY

The sweet suburban home has been turned upside down: Jane's girls check John's mail, trash, bills, boxes.

JULIE

Pocket litter. Receipts. Matchbooks. You know the drill.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

PHOTO albums cover the sofa. Jane picks up a photo of her and John. Tan, young, in Colombia. A hint of nostalgia.

JASMINE (O.S.)

Having second thoughts...?

Jane looks up. She tries to cover. Cool, professional.

JANE

I'm just checking the personal effects.

JASMINE

Find anything...personal?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jane knows what Jasmine means. Jane stays cool.

JANE
No leads. The mark covered his
tracks.

Jasmine gets close. She picks up an old photo.

JASMINE
The "mark"? He's your husband,
Jane.

JANE
I don't know WHO he is.

Jane's voice rose. She catches herself. Composes herself.

JANE (CONT'D)
He's a security risk, he knows me,
he's compromised everyone here.

JASMINE
Are you sure? Are you sure you
aren't compromising everyone now?

Jane opens her mouth. But there is no easy answer this time.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
You know, you're not the first girl
in the world to find out her life's
a lie.

JANE
Yeah, but I thought it was my lie.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Jane drifts through empty halls. Looking at her home...as if
for the first time. She stops at a photo of her and John
smiling at Coney Island. She hardens. And hears HER VOICE...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

JOHN AND JANE ON TV. Jane's Associates sit on the bed,
watching VACATION VIDEOS. John and Jane dance on a beach.

JANE
What is this?

JANET
Looks like your honeymo-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE
I know what it is. What are you
doing with it?!

JADE
Research. Background. On the
target.

JANET
God. You look so...happy..?

Jane calmly walks over to the TV, ejects the video... drops
it in the garbage can.

JANE
Okay ladies, this room's wrapped.

The women file out, exchanging looks.

INT. TOOLSHED - DAY

The hanging bulb sparks to life. Women spread out. Popping
open tool boxes, drawers. Jane hears something. Her own
FOOTSTEPS. ECHOES UNDERFOOT. She KICKS down. More echoes.

INT. TOOLSHED LOWER LEVEL - DAY

Jane leads her team into...JOHN'S ARSENAL. They shine MAG-
LIGHTS at...walls full of weapons, shelves full of stacked
cash. Jane looks around, deep in thought. Focused.

JANE
Bag it, bag it all.

INT./EXT. SMITH HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Associates load a black van with pillowcases and sheets
FILLED WITH WEAPONS. They drop them into their black vans. On
the sidewalk, two little HOPSCOTCH GIRLS skip past.

HOPSCOTCH GIRL
What's going on, Mrs. Smith?

JANE
Garden party, girls.

The girls smile, satisfied. Hopscotch away. Future killers.
Jane stares after them. Closes the door on the empty hallway.

INT. EMPLOYNET COMPUTER INC - PROJECT ROOM - NIGHT

A myriad of monitors hums with energy. So does Jane. She paces behind her troops, eyes blazing.

JANE

Okay, target acquisition is our priority people. Mark is a code-blue liability to the organization and we need to know his status. All eyes up. Everything: phone taps, credit cards...

Jasmine hands her a piece of paper saying "DO YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT THIS?" Jane crumples the paper and glares.

JANE (CONT'D)

Audio scan civilian frequencies.

JESSIE

With what, Jane?

Jane pulls out a MICROCASSETTE. It looks high-tech. But look closer. Jane plays the tape.

JOHN (ON TAPE)

Hi, you've reached John and Jane Smith. We're not at home right now but-

CLICK. Outgoing message. They all look at her.

JANE

And search banking databases for...

JASMINE

For what? "John Smith"?

Jane realizes she may not know her husband's real name.

JANE

Just... find him. Please.

Jane is losing a little bit of her signature cool.

JULIE

Jane...I think he might have... found us.

The women all sloooooowly turn. Julie punches keys. Filling the screens with SECURITY SYSTEMS. A blinking red light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE (CONT'D)

I've got a heat-sensor breach in the perimeter.

SURVEILLANCE SHOTS fill screens. They see...THE ELEVATOR DOOR SLIDES OPEN. Empty.

Jane ZOOMS IN to the elevator to see... something on the floor...something gleaming...

John's WEDDING BAND. Inside is a single bullet.

JANE

He's here...

On screen, they check FLOORS. HALLS. WALLS. EMPTY.

Jane punches keys for CEILING heat sensors. The program flashes a 3-D GRID of the vents. A thermal image MOVES though the vents.

The women see the DOT. They slowly stare up at the ceiling. Silent. Waiting for a sound, a move. SUDDENLY... RINGGGG! Jane's cellphone rings. She snaps it open.

JANE (CONT'D)

I thought I told you not to bother me at the office.

Jane spins in place, staring up at the ceilings. Where is he?

JOHN (ON PHONE)

First and last warning, Jane. You need to disappear. And fast.

JANE

I'm not going anywhere.

JOHN (ON PHONE)

We'll see about that.

A METALLIC BOUNCE OVERHEAD.

All eyes follow the sound across the ceiling...down the wall to...an AIR VENT where...A TINY GRENADE drops out. Across the floor. All eyes go wide. Milliseconds to death.

JOHN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Bang. You're dead.

BOOOOM! The grenade EXPLODES! A blinding flash of light. Everyone scatters. The grenade spits RED SMOKE. Harmless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

I could push the button anywhere,
anytime.

JANE

Baby, you couldn't find the button
with both hands and a map.

(to her team)

Evac plan C. MOVE!

Jane keys a command. Stations ERASE HARD DRIVES. Sim cards are ripped from phones and files are stuffed in an oil drum into which a passing girl drops an incendiary. WOOF! Evidence gone. The women lunge out the back PRIVATE EXIT.

Jane is last in. She turns back. Watching to see through smoke and swirling debris...

John drops down from the ceiling. Hardware hangs on his hips and shoulders. An epic tableau. Just as he turns, making eye contact with Jane... CLICK. Her steel doors shut.

John steps back into the open elevator. He hits BASEMENT. As the doors shut, he sweeps his wedding ring off the ground.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Jane and team run out of their elevator. They head for BLACK VANS. But Jane pauses, HEARING something in the distance. Her eyes narrow, sensing...John.

JASMINE

Jane!

As the girls pile into the vans, Jane steps into the flat expanse of the garage. Flickering fluorescents. Endless cars. She hears that sound, a distant CAR ENGINE, getting louder.

Jane holds a gun to her hip, tracking the ECHO, down rows of cars. She sweeps around a corner. But the floor is empty. She spins in place. A long, tense beat. Suddenly--

TIRES SQUEAL! A 4x4 powers around the corner. GATHERING SPEED. DRIVING STRAIGHT AT HER. John at the wheel.

JOHN

Now that's what I'm talking about.

He drops a gear and floors it. Jane assesses the terrain, raises her gun, stands her ground. A bull-fighter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She steadies her aim. John bears down. 30 yards, 20... Jane stands her ground. Smiles. And FIRES! Straight at... THE HEADLIGHT. The headlight?

The light blows. And we FOLLOW the pulse of electricity... into the engine, pistons, circuits, red lights racing to... the STEERING WHEEL. Which EXPLODES! Into an air bag.

Jane sways out of the way like a matador as the 4x4 slides INCHES past her waist, SMASHING head-on into a pillar.

John SLASHES the airbag with a punch-knife and rolls out. Jane EMPTIES her clip at the truck. BANGBANGBANG! CLICK. John heard the telltale CLICK. He looks up, and sees...

Jane running down a ramp. She leaps over a divide between levels, hits the ground without breaking stride, racing to--

INT. CAR ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Hydraulic car storage bins. Empty bins starts to COMPRESS. The roof lowers, leaving only a foot of crawlspace. Like a wide, metal coffin.

Jane leaps into the bin, which starts to RISE up toward street-level. Gears CREAK and HISS.

SUDDENLY! BAM! John's HAND GRABS HOLD of the far end of the bin. He pulls himself up, rolling in next to Jane. The bin compresses further. They breath in. Claustrophobia. The ceiling stops dead.

John and Jane lay on their backs. Side by side. Their noses touching the top of the bin. Trapped.

John tries to pull his gun. CLANG! His gun is in the OUTSIDE HAND. No room. The other hand flicks out his punch dagger. Jane spots this, grabs his hand and applies locking pressure to John's wrist. He gasps in pain and drops the dagger which she retrieves and flips around in her fingers.

With no room to defend himself, John thinks fast and PUSHES his entire body against hers, jamming her arms by her sides against the walls. Body to body.

JANE

Well this is a new experience.

JOHN

You mean it's dark, we're alone, and you don't have a headache.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sweating. Breathless. Nose to nose. The elevator GRINDS to a halt. John eyes her body. Black skirt, stockings.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You look good in black.

JANE
I'm practicing, for mourning.

Sweating. Nose to nose. The elevator GRINDS to a halt.

JANE (CONT'D)
You know, you could make this real easy on yourself-

JOHN
What, you expect me to just roll over and play dead?

JANE
I had to for six years of marriage.

CLANG! The elevator is RISING again.

JOHN
I never knew you were saving your best moves for the field.

JANE
Believe me baby... you haven't seen my best moves yet.

JOHN
(dangerous)
I can hardly wait.

JANE
You won't have to...

The elevator hits the GROUND FLOOR. The roof starts to rise.

The second Jane has the space, she moves: in one fluid motion JANE SLIPS OUT OF HER COAT, PULLS IT OVER JOHN'S HEAD, blocking his view. SHE SLIDES OUT.

John tries to wiggle out, but he has to WAIT for the roof. He needs more leeway than Jane. He hops out. And sees--

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A flash between speeding cars. Jane sprints through traffic, lunging into a black van. The van rumbles into the night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leaving John all alone. His gun hanging limp by his side. A long beat. The city pulses around him. And we FADE OUT.

INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE - DAY

John paces back and forth. Frustrated. Gun in hand.

EDDIE

She knows the rules, John. So do this. And be done. You'll get drunk. Mourn a weekend. Then wake up, free and clean. Just keep telling yourself: she's not your wife.

John nods, thinking "she's not my wife, she's not my wife." Eddie gets close to John. He takes John's weapon. Serious.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You gotta get into her life now. Find an in... Go home.

John slowly nods. Ready to go.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

And Johnny. Bring a shield. A cover. Somebody to take that first bullet if she's locked and loaded in the fucken chimney.

JOHN

Where the hell am I gonna find that kinda mark?

EXT/INT. CARLSON HOUSE - DAY

Martin Carlson opens the door. Wearing a chef's hat, and an apron that reads: HOT TO TROT. A total...perfect...mark.

JOHN

Aloha.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Martin enters first. John behind him. Hand on his holster.

MARTIN

I can't believe I've never been in here before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
Well then let's give you the full
tour.

Martin is wide-eyed. John is equally wide-eyed. Moving through the menacing shadows of his own home.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Martin lets out a YELP. John quickdraws his gun, scans the room.

JOHN
What?

MARTIN
Oh my god. Dulcete faucets!

JOHN
Knock yourself out.

Martin heads into the bathroom. John moves FAST. He rips open drawers. Checks shelves. Swoops under the sofa.

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM/CLOSET - DAY

John flips through clothes. He pulls out a drawer full of lingerie. He slowly lifts a NIGHTIE to his nose. INHALES.

JOHN (TO HIMSELF)
She's not my wife. She's not my
wife....

Then his brow furrows, seeing...something in the GARBAGE CAN. He moves toward the garbage, and fishes out their HONEYMOON VIDEOTAPE. John's eyes narrow, burning. Harder, under breath:

JOHN (CONT'D)
She's not my wife.

MARTIN (O.S.)
So what's your secret?

John looks up.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Come on. You can tell me. We're
neighbors.

John's hand moves the back of his belt: a pistol. Martin nods to the nightie in one hand, the honeymoon tape in the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN (CONT'D)
How do you stay so...in love?

John relaxes. His eyes fall on something. He's moving.

JOHN
Well, Martin...you've just...

John notices...by the bed: JANE'S PHONE is at an angle, next to it: a depression in the bed where she was sitting.

JOHN (CONT'D)
...got to pay attention to the details.

John grabs the phone. Hits REDIAL.

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
Lubetzky Real Estate.

Martin has drifted out into the hallway.

JOHN
Hi, there. I'm calling for Employenet.

MAN'S VOICE
How's the new space working out.

John's smile slowly blossoms.

JOHN
It's working out just fine.

EXT. NEW YORK HIGH RISE - SUNSET

Sun bounces off this state-of-the-art skyscraper. 70 floors. READY TO LEASE. LUBETZKY REALTOR. Way down on the street...

John stares up. Wearing a hat. Carrying a briefcase. He checks a scrap of paper. The address. Floor FIFTY.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Numbers rise towards 50. 47, 48, 49....and 50 fails to light. 51, 52... The car suddenly STOPS between floors. The speaker crackles to life.

MALE VOICE
This is security, there seems to be a problem with your elevator sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John looks for a camera, finds one.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)
Do you need an engineer to come up
to see what the problem is?

JOHN
No rush, really I'm quite
comfortable.

A beat.

MALE VOICE
Is that sarcasm, sir?

John looks at the securicam. What? Our CAMERA PUSHES FAST
THROUGH the elevator shaft into-

INT. NEW EMPLOYNET OFFICE - NIGHT

Jane and team at their makeshift command center with
surveillance footage of John on-screen.

Jane speaks into a mic, with a VOICE MODULATOR (a pager-sized
device) transforming her voice into a MALE VOICE.

JANE (ON VOICEBOX)
You sure you're comfortable John?

INT. ELEVATOR/NEW EMPLOYNET OFFICE - INTERCUT

John smiles.

JOHN
So that's it? You're a guy?! Is
this my other big piece of news
this week?

She switches to her voice.

JANE
No time for jokes, dear.

JOHN
Why don't you come out and face me-

JANE
What? Like a man? You know us
girls. We'd rather play hard to
get.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John pulls on the doors. No luck. He looks for an out. He sees an EMERGENCY HATCH on the ceiling. Too HIGH.

JANE (CONT'D)

This is your first and last warning, John.

JOHN

You know I'm not going anywhere.

JANE

So you say. But right now you're sealed in a steel box dangling over sixty floors of clear air...

The penny drops. John looks around him.

JOHN

Oh so this is a trap?

Jane gives a little sliver of smile. Cat with mouse.

JANE

Think I'd be dumb enough to leave a sensitive number on a known phone? I thought you were more than just a pretty face.

John checks the emergency hatch again. Too high.

JOHN

So what you got up there, a shaped charge on the counterweight cable and two more on the primary and secondary brakes?

JULIE

He knows.

Jane smiles. Slightly...impressed.

JOHN

Whatever your plan is, it's not going to work, because you constantly underestimate me.

JANE

Oh do I?

JOHN

You have no idea what I am capable of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

Likewise.

Jasmine leans in. Urgent, impatient.

JASMINE

Jane, we don't have time for this.

JANE

First and last warning, John.

A beat. John gives a little smile. Bold, defiant.

JOHN

OK. I give up. Blow it.

John takes his belt off and wraps it around one hand.

JANE

Excuse me?

JOHN

Go on blow it. I dare you.

JANE

You think I won't?

JOHN

C'mon tough girl blow it.

JANE

FIVE...FOUR...I'll do it.

JOHN

What's the matter. You all squawk
and no walk?

JANE

THREE.....

John looks into the camera. He makes a little move. A bow
and a wave. Jane smiles softly, despite herself.

JESSIE

What is that?

JANE

From a movie. Fred and Ginger.

A half beat. Memories swirling. Jasmine glares at Jane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JANE (CONT'D)

TWO.....ONE.....ZERO.

Jane's finger HESITATES over the COMMAND ENTER KEY. She shuts her eyes. Her finger millimeters above the key. John smiles.

JOHN

See?

BANG! BANG! BANG! WHHHHHM! JOHN'S CAR FREEFALLS! The two-ton elevator DROPS AT WARP SPEED. A deadly bullet. John is THROWN off his feet. HITTING the roof.

John GRABS the surveillance camera. His skin ripples from the speed. He smiles, blows a kiss. And WHAM! HE SMASHES IT! STATIC HISSES.

Jane sits frozen, her finger still hovering above the button. She looks around the room. WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?! She sees...Jessie's laptop flashes: RELEASE. Jane's eyes blaze.

JESSIE

What? You said zero.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

With the CAR PLUMMETING, John KICKS open the EMERGENCY HATCH and LUNGES OUT onto--

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

THE ROOF of the FALLING ELEVATOR. John WHIPS his BELT AROUND THE CABLE. The cable runs through at terrifying speed making the leather smoke. Below we see the severed counterweight cable unravelling and SNAKING ITS WAY UP THE SHAFT. John braces himself. As the tip of the parted cable passes like a wire ball, it catches his belt, pulling him up.

HE SCREAMS IN PAIN AS HE EXPERIENCES MASSIVE G-FORCE. Having dropped nearly 30 floors he now flies upwards 40.

But John HOLDS TIGHT, RIDING the snaking cable UP through the shaft as the elevator falls away beneath him, filling the darkness with the sound of WHISTLING METAL. As he nears the top he sees the cable ripping through huge smoking pulleys.

He braces as he reaches the pulley. The belt gets pulled through, WHIPPING John UP into the GLASS ATRIUM! WHAMM! He HITS HARD. Bone-cracking loud! The glass spiderwebs. John winces badly, falling to the...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATWALK, where he sits splayed out. His body broken. But his eyes sparking. Energized. Alive.

INT. NEW EMPLOYNET OFFICES - NIGHT

BOOOOOM! IMPACT! Two tons of SPEEDING METAL HIT the ground.

The building SHAKES. Jane's team is moving. Jane stares at her static screen. Rocked, dizzy. Jasmine grabs her.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

People gape at the elevator crash site. Twisted steel. Nuclear damage. Jane and team emerge from the stairwell. Jane approaches the wreckage. She sees a SCRAP of John's belt in the smoldering rubble. She blinks hard.

Jane is pulled into the crowd, as SIRENS SWELL. Police lights dance across Jane's face, slowly FADING INTO--

EXT. LE CIRQUE - NIGHT

Glittering Christmas lights. New York's most decadent digs.

INT. LE CIRQUE - NIGHT

A MAITRE'D leads us through this flashy, ultra-chic mecca.

MAITRE'D

Your table is waiting, Mrs. Smith.

Jane wears the new dress. Something missing in her eyes.

MAITRE'D (CONT'D)

Closed another deal, did you?

JANE

(flat)

Yes. I did.

Jane sits down at a table for one. She stares around the room. COUPLES, FAMILIES, in love. She sips her champagne.

Very much alone. On Christmas Eve. A single tear rolls down her cheek. She gulps her champagne. Reaches for the bottle.

MAN'S VOICE (OS)

You wouldn't be getting all mushy about killing me now would you?

She turns slowly to see him. John. Across the table. In a suit. Smiling. Gorgeous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
Admit it...

Jane is blown away.

JANE
...how...???

JOHN
Impressed?

JANE
Amazed...

JOHN
Amazed I'm still alive?

JANE
Amazed you had time to shave.

JOHN
Well I'm full of surprises.

JANE
That suit's certainly one of them.

JOHN
Thanks. I rolled it off a chauffeur
outside.

The waiter comes over to ask if he should set another place. Using the distraction, John grabs a napkin in ONE SEAMLESS MOVE, shifts under his coat, snatches a GLOCK with one hand, drops it into his lap and wedges it under the table.

Jane knocks her handbag off the table and bends over to pick it up PALMING a silenced FINGER-GUN in her left hand and whipping it across the table to hide under a napkin.

JANE
So...

JOHN
So...

JANE
Hands on the table?

A beat. John nods. They both slowly put their hands on the table. John pours more champagne. He smiles. Broad, warm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE (CONT'D)
How did you know where-

JOHN
This is where I proposed. I figured
you'd be feeling a little...
sentimental.

Jane hardens.

JANE
I come for the clams.

He motions to the dress.

JOHN
That the new dress?

JANE
What do you want, John?

JOHN
We have to talk.

JANE
About what?

JOHN
Us.

JANE
There's no such thing.

JOHN
You're still Mrs. Smith.

JANE
So are a lot of girls.

JOHN
So there's nothing between us?

JANE
Just a table.

A waiter comes over.

WAITER
Are you ready to order?

They keep eyes locked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHN

My quote unquote wife will have the
clams. I'll have a steak.

WAITER

How would you like that, sir?

JANE

He'll be having it very bloody.

A band starts and they look up: people dancing. John and
Jane's eyes lock, thinking the same thing.

JOHN

Are you dancing?

JANE

Are you asking?

JOHN

Oh, I'm asking.

JANE

Well I'm dancing.

They stand like they're starting a fight. John pulls Jane
close. SLIDING his hands up and down her body. The hottest
frisk in history.

JOHN

Just checking.

She spins him around and shoves him up against the wall
checking his waist and coat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Satisfied?

JANE

Not for years.

Jane leads him to the floor. John looks at her.

JOHN

You think this story has a happy
ending?

JANE

Happy endings are just stories that
haven't finished yet.

Jane pushes him onto the dance floor and yanks John close.

INT. LE CIRQUE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

They are nose to nose. Jane leads a hard, heavy waltz.

JOHN
You're leading.

JANE stops on a dime. DIPS John. CRACKS his back. She unclasps her hair. The locks fall. Framing her face beautifully. For the first time in years, her hair is down.

JANE
I thought you liked to chase. You want the lead? Then take the lead.

John licks his lips. And BOOM. They DANCE. Swirl across the old wood floor. Pushing faster, harder. Fluid. Graceful. Brilliant. Other dancers stop to watch.

JOHN
Tell me something... Our movie, "Shall We Dance." Was it just part of the cover? Or did you really like it?

JANE
I liked Ginger. But not Fred.

JOHN
You don't like Fred Astaire?!

JANE
He's all flash. Not sharp enough.

She could be describing John. She hits a mark. WHAM! Edge of the floor. John spins her around. Taking the lead.

JOHN
Ginger was nobody, nothing without Fred.

JANE
She danced every step he danced. But backwards and in heels.

JOHN
Just like you. Always backpedaling. Never toe to toe.

Offended, Jane BACKPEDALS FASTER than John can dance FORWARD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE
And you fight like Fred. Big,
sweeping motions going nowhere
fast. I can see you coming from a
mile away.

WHAM! He spins her, getting close. Intense, real, sweating.

JOHN
Tell me, was it hard lying to me
all those years?

JANE
You know guys are all the same.
There can be fifty betrayals in a
happy marriage so long as they're
all his.

JOHN
Why do you care if I was just
cover?

JANE
I could ask you the same question.

JOHN
Who said you were just cover?

JANE
Well was I?

JOHN
Well was I?

JANE
You say first.

JOHN
You say first.

They stop dancing. A little dizzy.

JOHN (CONT'D)
OK. One, two, three.

Silence.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You didn't say anything.

JANE
Neither did you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They look at each other. COMPELLED. Bodies close. Jane looks as if she's about to break. John moves towards her. Gorgeous. Closer, closer. Jane turns away, toward a WAITER.

JANE (CONT'D)
Excuse me where's the bathroom?

WAITER
Just over here madame.

JANE
Thank you.

John watches her walk away. Jane follows the waiter. She turns the corner.

JOHN
Be cold John. She's a liar. Be
super cold.

INT. LE CIRQUE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jane pulls out wads of toilet paper, a garbage can in her other hand. A COIFFED WOMAN stares at her.

JANE
Could I borrow a light?

INT. LE CIRQUE - DANCEFLOOR

John waits. He starts to look concerned.

JOHN
She can't hide in there forever.

The Coiffed Woman from the bathroom comes RACING OUT, looking concerned. Suddenly, the FIRE SPRINKLERS go off, raining water across the restaurant. PEOPLE start panicking.

MAITRE'D
Everyone remain calm! Please exit
the restaurant as quickly as
possible, leave all belongings
behind.

John smiles, as he is engulfed by the crowd. THE ENTIRE PLACE EXITS TOGETHER. He glimpses Jane escaping through a sea of people. John tries to get to her, but he is jostled out to-

EXT. LE CIRQUE STREET - NIGHT

John, soaking wet, looks around. Nothing. FIRETRUCKS swarm, SIRENS swell. A dog barks at John, straining at its leash.

A HORN BEEPS. John looks up and sees...EDDIE.

INT/EXT. EDDIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Eddie and a damp John drive along.

EDDIE
How'd it go?

JOHN
I don't want to talk about it.

EDDIE
You know the rules, man. You've gotta finish thi-

JOHN
I said I don't wanna talk about it -

EDDIE
She's not your wife!

John holds his finger up. They sit in silence for a few moments. Eddie leans over.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Are you ticking?

John frowns, listens.

JOHN
Oh shit.

John quickly rips off his jacket, THROWS it out the window.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF TINY PULSING DEVICE IN POCKET.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

John's jacket bursts into a BALL OF FIRE as the tiny incendiary detonates.

EXT/INT. EDDIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Eddie looks at John.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
Pull over. Get out.

EDDIE
What did I do?

JOHN
It's not you, I can't ask you to go
with me Eddie, it's too dangerous.

EDDIE
It's OK man, I'm cool.

JOHN
Well I'm not cool Eddie, I'm so
fucking far from cool.

Eddie gets out. John slides into the driver's seat.

EDDIE
(dead serious)
Your name's on the docket at dawn.
Open contract, class one. You need
to finish this. And fast... It's
time to clean house, brother.

John slams the car into gear.

INT. JANE'S CAR - NIGHT

Her phone rings.

JANE
Hello?

JOHN
You could have killed Eddie.

JANE
Oh please, it was only a little
one.

JOHN
I want you to know: I'm going home,
and I'm going to start burning
everything I ever bought you.

Jane gives a dangerous smile, thinking about home.

JANE
Race you there.

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Jane SPEEDS through traffic. Jane's eyes are hard, narrow, focused. Jane's cell RINGS. She grabs it.

JANE

What do you want, John?

EXT. FDR HIGHWAY - MOVING WITH JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT

He doesn't exactly know. Traffic is a BLUR in their windows, as if there is no more outside world. Only John and Jane.

JOHN

I...I want you to tell me one last thing. Tell me the first thing you thought, the first time we met.

Jane is caught off guard. She pauses.

JOHN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Because I'll tell you what I thought. I thought...that is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life.

Jane's eyes narrow. Suspicious. Is this strategy?

JANE

Why are you telling me this now?

JOHN

I guess, at the end, you start thinking about the beginning. I just thought you should know the truth.

Jane softens slightly. But she holds tight.

JOHN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

So tell me. Truth.

Jane fights herself. Struggling with the truth.

JANE

I thought...I thought...that is the most beautiful...mark I have ever seen.

John nods to himself. Getting focused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

So it was all business. From go.

JANE

(weak, cracking)

All business. Cold...hard...math.

John gives a sad, little smile. Resolved to fate now.

JOHN

Thanks. What I needed to know.

He hangs up the phone. His armor is on. He punches the gas.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - NIGHT

Home Sweet Home. John races up first. Jane is hot on his heels, crossing the front lawn, T-boning his car, sending it flying into a wall.

Jane continues down their driveway, as John hops out of his car, leaps over the hedges, past Jane's deserted car, into--

INT. TOOLSHED - NIGHT

John rips open his trapdoor. Drops down to his secret room. But finds...empty walls. Stripped bare. He stands gutpunched.

JOHN

Shit.

151 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT.

151

On the prowl. Assault mode. Jane sneaks through their house, searching for John.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

John runs topside, carrying huge GARDENING SHEARS. His only weapon. He sees...the back door opens. And Jane emerges, strapped with JOHN'S HARDWARE. She raises two guns.

A moment of truth. A half beat. Can she pull the trigger? And the answer is...

A RESOUNDING YES. She OPENS FIRE. Bullets fly by John's ears. He leaps down into his garden. Hiding in rows of flowers. Jane FIRES SILENCED Glocks. EATING up the flowers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John crawls in the dirt. His precious flowers rain down. Roses lay dead. John tightens. Amped, desperate. He crawls through the dirt, crouch-running through a side-door to--

INT. DEN - NIGHT

John moves lightning-fast. He pops open a false bottom in a cigarbox. Grabs metal pieces. Quickly assembles a revolver. SMASHES a flashlight open. Slides out a silencer. He exits.

INT. HALLS - NIGHT

Jane sees John. She FIRES FAST! Bullets rip up the walls. Framed photos shatter! Jane chases John into--

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

John FIRES back. He whips open the refrigerator. Jane enters FIRING, but her bullets POP OFF the SUBZERO steel door. She pushes past the door, chasing John's footfalls into--

INT. FRONT HALL - NIGHT

John AIMS UP on the run. FIRES at... THE HANGING CABLE... attached to the CHANDELIER. The cable SNAPS!

The chandelier DROPS! Straight down at Jane. CRASHLANDING at her feet. Jane hops the wreckage, lunging into--

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The tree blinks. Mistletoe sways. The world is well. Jane emerges, spinning, with gun-hands stretched in both directions, covering all corners. No John.

WE SEE JANE FROM BEHIND. JOHN'S POV from behind a rolling bar. He has a clean shot. He pulls back the hammer. CLICK.

Jane's eyes flit up. In the mirror, she sees the rolling bar...ROLLING. She spins. FIRES! BLOWS the bar to shrapnel.

John lunges away, taking cover behind a chair. The green LAZY BOY. Jane smiles darkly.

JANE

I always hated that chair.

BAM! BAM! She FIRES! The chair EXPLODES! John rolls out.

JOHN

You killed the Laz-E-boy! That's it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John opens up, blasting her cabinet FULL OF CHINA! IT SHATTERS with a DEAFENING CRASH! He smiles.

Jane's eyes narrow. THIS IS WAR. She picks up a trophy and holds a gun to the golfers head.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That belongs to the country club,
I'm only custodian for the year!

Jane smiles darkly. PTINK! She blows its head off.

John holds out a carriage clock. A cruel smile. Jane stops.

JANE
No, John, that's been in my family
for generations. It's an antique.

JOHN
The tick on this thing. Always
winding it and setting it.

JANE
Please, John, no.

John lofts it up into the air, Jane leaps for it. John blasts it and springs and cogs and glass rain down.

JANE (CONT'D)
OK, you wanna play rough...

Jane FIRES another volley at John. John spins away. Jane blasts the couch. BOOM! She shotguns an ugly Budweiser mirror. Blasts the TV. Blows some model cars off a shelf.

She spins, reloading. Her eyes searching for John. Dust and feathers hang in the air. A strange silence. And...

John peeks out from hiding. He has no clear shot on Jane. So he aims BEHIND her. And whispers...

JOHN
"Biggest on the block."

BANG! He shoots her CHRISTMAS TREE. SPLITTING its trunk. TIMBERR! It tips, falling. STRAIGHT AT JANE.

She leaps away. Onto a broken chair. Exposed. John FIRES. BLASTS the chair. Jane falls. Her gun SLIPS OUT OF HER HAND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As John rolls out, Jane eyes move desperately. She RIPS a string of Christmas lights off the ground. And SNAPS! Lashing John's hand. His gun flies across the room.

John and Jane lunge in opposite directions. Toward each other's guns. John grabs Jane's. Jane grabs John's. And they spin to see...

A GUN IN THEIR EYE. FACE OFF. The Moment of Truth.

Dust and debris waft around them. Trigger fingers tighten. They circle each other. Their eyes locked. HAMMERS COCKED.

And CRACK! A frame falls. On instinct, they GLANCE. And see ragged photos and mementoes strewn everywhere. Their life stares out at them. Their home. They lock eyes again.

Eyeball to eyeball. Real, raw, point blank. Something about the way John looks at Jane is different, emotional, off. Time freezes. The barrel shakes on his gun.

John looks into his wife's eyes. And he cannot pull the trigger. So he slowly...lowers...his...barrel.

Jane blinks sweat out of her eyes. Confused, suspicious. Her eyes flit fast, looking for tricks. But what she sees is...

Old photos. Knick-knacks. A lifetime of memories. Young John and Jane stare out at her. She blinks hard. STRUGGLING. Starting to crack. And slowly...her trigger finger...

LOOSENS. CLICK. She...drops her gun.

AND LUNGES...INTO...A KISS.

John and Jane COLLIDE. All of the tension and thrill of the chase POUR into this kiss. Their hands move fast. Hungry, desperate. They slide to the ground. We TILT UP to find...a battered piece of mistletoe, swaying in the breeze. FADE OUT.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

John and Jane lay in a tangle of sweaty sheets staring up at the ceiling in utter confusion.

JOHN

What was that?

JANE

You mean out of ten?

They both smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eight. JOHN JANE
Eight.

She jumps on him again.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John sits up.

 JOHN
 OK. That was an nine. It would have
 been ten except I think I broke a
 rib.

 JANE
 I'll give you "nine".

 JOHN
 God I thought you just did.

They roll onto the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

The sun's first rays hit the street. John rolls off Jane. He looks exhausted.

 JANE
 Did you know that after five years
 the average couple makes love once
 a week? We didn't do it for two
 years.

 JOHN
 I think we just caught up. Gimme
 another couple years I might be
 able to do it again.

She looks angelic in the morning sun. John and Jane stare at each other, as if seeing one another for the first time.

This is the best it's ever been. And perhaps...the best it will ever be. Because...the beat passes. And John sees...

A RED DOT on JANE'S FOREHEAD. A laser sight.

He rolls her off the bed and onto the floor half a second ahead of a volley of bullets, which THUNK!! THUNK THUNK into the mattress. John and Jane crawl together.

John checks his watch. 6AM on the dot.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - LANDING - DAWN

John and Jane hurry along the landing. They HEAR THE BACK DOOR SLAM SHUT and STOP DEAD, looking at each other.

They hear...a CREAK. The enemy is definitely...IN THE HOUSE.

JANE

There's a gun in the kitchen but we can't get back there. Side door.
Go!

John looks at Jane. Surprised.

JOHN

You keep a gun in the house?

The Assassin CRASHES through the kitchen door. Incoming. John and Jane head down the stairs, and...

The Assassin tosses another GRENADE UP TO THE SECOND FLOOR LANDING. The grenade DETONATES. BLOWING OUT THE LANDING! The whole second floor TILTS, LILTING like a wounded animal. CRACKS race up walls and ceilings. The second floor...FALLS!

John and Jane LEAP AWAY. The UPSTAIRS MASTER SUITE CRASHES TO THE EARTH WITH A DEAFENING THUD!

John and Jane surface from a sofa in the LIVING ROOM. They look up over the couch to see...THEIR BED. A few feet away.

Their BEDROOM sits in the front hall. A very strange sight.

The Assassin barrels forward. John moves fast. FLIPPING UP the bed, PUSHING the frame TOWARD the shadowy Assassin. The Assassin FIRES, BLOWING a hole in the center of the bed. He looks through the hole to see...

John and Jane turn a corner. John pulls Jane toward...A DOOR. She shakes her head, reading John's mind.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I've got guns down there-

JANE

It's a dead end. No outlet.

John rips open the door. Revealing STAIRS into the BASEMENT.

JOHN

You have a better idea?! We can't fight back with china and teapots!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jane tenses. She does not like this plan. John lunges down stairs. Jane looks back. And she follows John down to--

INT. SMITH HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAWN

John PULLS OPEN a TOOLBOX. Rips off the false bottom. Pulls out a snub-nosed MINI-REVOLVER. He hands the little gun to Jane. She looks at the mini.

JANE

We might have been better off with
the teapot.

John reaches into the box, and grabs a MASSIVE MILITARY-ISSUE 45 AUTOMATIC. Jane just glares at him.

JANE (CONT'D)

Why do I get the girl gun?

And BAM! BAM! The unseen Assassin SHOTGUNS the HINGES off the basement door. His SHADOW stands at the top of the stairs.

ASSASSIN

Good night, Ozzie and Harriet.

He steps away, DROPPING SOMETHING. CLINKCLANK CLINKCLANK. John and Jane see...TWO GRENADES BOUNCE DOWN THE STAIRS TOWARD THEM. Jane gives John a serious "told you so" glare.

JOHN KICKS THE GRENADES which skitter across floor and wedge under the OIL TANK. Oh shit. They duck as the tank BLOWS.

JOHN AND JANE RUN UP THE STAIRS, with FIRE licking at their heels. The EXPLOSION BUCKLES, swelling, rumbling through the house, like an earthquake. The whole structure SHIFTS off its foundation. John and Jane look up to see...

The CEILING CRACKS. RIPPING APART. John and Jane sprint full-speed, leaping out as...

THEIR HOUSE, THEIR HOME, FALLS APART. CRUMBLING TO THE GROUND. A smoking, smoldering PIT.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

John and Jane stumble back. Looking at the shambles of their home. In the swirling detritus, they see...A SILHOUETTE. Backlit by flames. Incoming. Inexorable.

JANE

We need a car!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They lock eyes. Both thinking the same thing:

JOHN
The Carlsons.

John and Jane race toward a FENCE. Jane quick-climbs the fence in one leap. John moves slower. Jane pulls him up and over just as...BLAM! Bullets BLOW the fence to bits. They land in the Carlsons' backyard.

EXT/INT. CARLSON'S GARAGE - DAY

SMASH! John elbows the driver-side window of a wood-panelled MINIVAN, shattering it. John sees...

JOHN
He's had my barbecue set for six months.

He leaps in. Opens the door for Jane. John starts to hot-wire the car. BANG! A bullet TEARS A HOLE in the side of the garage. They see the killer's SHADOW incoming.

More BULLETS TEAR THROUGH the garage, SHATTERING windows.

John works desperately. The engine keeps turning over and over and over. It won't start! The Shadow is seconds away!

JANE (O.S.)
John!

JOHN
(patronizing)
Jane!

But he sees...Jane's HAND in front of his face. With KEYS in her palm. Jane motions to the open sun-visor and gives her own patronizing smile.

John GRABS the keys, SLAMS into reverse, PEELS BACK just as--

The Assassin steps through a hole in the garage. He stands in the headlights. We get our first good look at this monster.

He looks like...a young salesman. Completely normal. Truly...

JOHN (CONT'D)
Spooky.

The Assassin raises his guns. John RIPS the car into gear, SCREECHING A 180-SPIN IN THE DRIVEWAY as...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

Faster!

JOHN (CALMLY)

Don't annoy daddy while he's driving the car!

BANGBANGBANG! The Assassin BLASTS the van's back windows. John swerves hard, speeding into the suburban night. The Assassin backs away into the darkness.

EXT/INT. COUNTRY ROAD - MINIVAN - DAY

With the sound of gunfire gone, we HEAR the CD on the stereo: BING CROSBY'S "SILENT NIGHT." Jane reaches back and finds the Carlsons' DRY-CLEANED CLOTHES. She grabs them. She swivels forward. John moves to turn off the radio.

JANE

No. Leave it. It's...calming me down.

(a beat of Bing)

Am I scaring you?

JOHN

No. I'm scaring me. I kind of like it too.

They drive together. Two stone-cold killers in bathrobes. Listening to Bing Crosby. In a minivan. Jane considers. Spooked. Shaking her head softly.

JANE

Who was that guy? A pro?

JOHN

If he isn't, then he sure takes his hobbies seriously.

JANE

He was a pro.

JOHN

Fuckers get younger every year.

John checks the rear-view mirror.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That car behind us look a little close to you?

A SLEEK, SILVER BMW SEDAN CHARGES toward them!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Assassin works the wheel, shiting the clutch brilliantly. He reaches out with an AUTOMATIC, FIRES at the minivan, SHREDS the back door.

Jane grabs John's 45. She climbs into the passenger section.

AND BING CROSBY CROONS OVER THE FOLLOWING ACTION:

Jane crawls on her stomach, POPPING down two rows of RECLINING SEATS. She sloooowly RECLINES THE LAST ROW. USING THE SEAT-BACK AS A SHIELD. She aims over the seat at...

The Assassin's BMW. Jane FIRES! But John SWERVES wildly, darting around TRAFFIC. Jane's BULLETS miss high and wide.

JANE
JOHN! HOLD STEADY!

John struggles to control the minivan. A heavy load.

JOHN
Transmission's terrible! How the hell do people drive these things?!

Jane sees...A BLACKED-OUT EXPLORER swing into lane, joining the hunt. TWO YOUNG KILLERS in the front seats. More suits. Jane's eyes narrow. Thinking. She crawls back to the front.

JANE
Give me the wheel. John...

He pauses. He wants to be in control. Jane reasons:

JANE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I drive a station-wagon and a van.
I know how to drive these things.
(extending the 45)
And this is what you do.

John looks at her. Motions to the wheel.

JOHN
Take it.

As John and Jane shift positions, their bodies BRUSH. Flesh twisting, turning. Intimate, sexual. For a split-second... They get caught up in the heat. And WHAM! The Assassin SLAMS into the minivan. SNAPPING John and Jane back to action.

John crawls into the back. Jane adjusts the rear-view mirror to her height. Her eyes narrow, focused. Ready to battle with her suburban tank. She SPEEDS up the ON-RAMP to--

EXT. I-95 HIGHWAY - DAY

John AIMS over the back row of seats. Heavy machine-GUNFIRE explodes from the Explorer. Eating windows from the rear.

The Assassin switches gears, RACING up the DRIVER-SIDE.

JOHN

Incoming! YOUR SIDE!

Jane checks her side-view-mirror.

JANE

Hold on!

John grabs a seat belt. Jane reaches back over her shoulder. She hits the SIDE-DOOR LOCK. She PUNCHES the BRAKES.

And the SIDE-DOOR SLIDES OPEN. Giving John a CLEAR SHOT!

John FIRES point-blank! Bullets SHOOT through the Assassin's passenger-side windows. WHIZZING by his head.

In one fluid motion: the Assassin HITS his brakes, SWINGS around the back of the van, and HAMMERS the gas. Speeding up along the other side of the van. But he finds a surprise:

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VAN HAS A SLIDING DOOR TOO. JOHN IS WAITING. DOOR OPEN. GUN HIGH. BLAM! The Assassin VEERS HARD!

Fuming, the Assassin SWERVES at the minivan. But the van is too strong. His BMW BOUNCES off. Jane's eyes narrow.

JANE (CONT'D)

Buckle up, John.

John straps on a seatbelt. And Jane SWERVES HARD! SLAMMING into the SIDE OF THE BMW! The BMW doors BUCKLE. The minivan's doors hold STRONG! TOTALLY INTACT.

JANE (CONT'D)

Steel-reinforced side-impact intrusion-beams. Standard on all '99 minivans.

John looks at her. How the hell did she know that?

JANE (CONT'D)

Those dinner-parties are starting to pay off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Assassin tries to PUSH OFF the minivan. But the van is too heavy. Jane is PLOWING the BMW ACROSS THE HIGHWAY, TOWARD THE EDGE OF AN OVERHANG. Suburban is beating urban.

The Assassin is trapped, helpless. He reaches out with his gun, FIRING at the minivan's wheels. BLOWING out a FRONT TIRE!

But Jane HITS THE FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE FUNCTION. And her BACK-WHEELS smoke into motion. PUSHING the BMW all the way to...

THE EDGE OF THE OVERHANG. WHAM!! The Assassin's car SLAMS through the low stanchion. Flies off the overhang!

THE BMW PLUMMETS FIFTY FEET, TWISTING AND TURNING IN THE AIR. The Assassin looks over his shoulder as...BOOOM! The BMW crashlands! EXPLODING into chunks of churning, burning metal.

BAM!!! THE EXPLORER is attacking. AUTOMATIC CHATTER BLASTING!

Instantly, Jane stomps on the brake and swerves left before swerving right and SIDESWIPING the Explorer. But the EXPLORER HOLDS STRONG. Built for off-roading.

A Killer reaches out toward the minivan and OPENS the sliding side door of the van.

JANE (CONT'D)

We got more company John! Incoming!

John moves fast, as the Killer JUMPS from his car into the back of the minivan. John simply pushes open the opposite door and SHOVES him straight THROUGH the van, out the other side. He FALLS off an overhang. FIFTY FEET! SPLAT.

JOHN

And...outgoing. God, these doors are handy!

The Killer left in the Explorer RAMS them. Jane RAMS back. John is knocked off his feet and nearly falls out.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Whoa there ned.

Jane smashes into the attacker, RIPPING her steel bumper into the Explorer, destroying the entire side of the SUV.

JANE

Eat bull bars bitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

John hangs onto the floor of the van for dear life. Road rushes past both open rear doors. The Explorer Killer FIRES full breach at John.

JOHN

Danger. I'm in danger here.

Jane starts to RAM again. The Explorer swings toward the van. But Jane SLAMS HER BRAKES! A signature move. And the Explorer SWERVES straight PAST the minivan, into the divide.

The Agent slams his brakes, but WHAM! SMASHES INTO A CONCRETE STANCHION. EXPLODING into flames. Jane drives past him.

John and Jane drive off into the horizon. In a beat-up minivan. Bing Crosby's song comes to a resounding climax.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We have got to get one of these.

As they drive away from the FLAMING WRECKAGE, we FADE OUT. A beat of SILENCE. Darkness. Peace. And FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

The shoulder. We hear a plaintive SQUEAK. The sound of metal on concrete. And...the MINIVAN rolls into frame. Tires shredded. Rims destroyed. Just beat to shit.

The minivan slows to a stop. Dead. Bing Crosby fades out.

INT. MINIVAN - DAWN

John and Jane sit in silence. The quiet after the storm. They stare into the distance.

The sun rises over the road ahead, leading to wilderness, suburbs. Behind them, the city skyline looms large.

John and Jane sit, with cars whooshing past. Awkward, silent. John slowly looks at Jane. He puts his toe in the water:

JOHN

You were pretty good. Back at the house.

Jane is a little defensive. Holding tight.

JANE

What did you expect?

John shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
I usually work alone, is all.

JANE
No kidding.

A beat. John looks at her. A step deeper:

JOHN
The way we worked together. It
was...

JANE
"Pretty good." Yeah... Where are
you going with this, John?

He shrugs. Not ready to dive in.

JOHN
I mean, they're after both of us.
And you know, strength in numbers.

She slowly turns to him. Eyebrow cocked slightly. She needs
him to say it. He swallows.

JOHN (CONT'D)
We just try it... You know.
Teamwork.

She looks out the window, considering. John watches her.

JANE
(without looking at him)
For now.

John plays it cool.

JOHN
Right. See how it goes.

JANE
Yeah, see how it goes.

A beat. John and Jane look out their windows. And...

The trial begins.

EXT/INT. ROADSIDE MCDONALDS - DAWN

Corporate Christmas. Nat King Cole. Ronald McDonald Santa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jane and John sit, looking hunted, drinking terrible coffee. Jane looks from customer to customer. Paranoid. She knows the next attack could come from anywhere.

John sits still, trying not to say the one thing he wants to say. Finally, he cracks:

JOHN
So how many?

JANE
John, please.

JOHN
I just want to know-

JANE
We're on the run from countless assassins right now. It's really not the best time-

JOHN
Just give a number. Then I won't ask anything else, I promise. How many? How many before me?

Jane looks away. Checking the crowd. All suspicious. The Lady with the Christmas sweater? The Old Man with the cane?

JOHN (CONT'D)
How about if I go first?

Jane knows this is the only way to move on.

JANE
Fine. Go ahead.

JOHN
I don't exactly keep count. But I'd say we're talking...fifty. Maybe sixty. I been around the block. So how about you? Just ball-park.

She checks the crowd again. Then:

JANE
Three hundred and twelve.

John goes pale.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHN

Three hundred and twelve? That practically is a ball-park. Three hundred and twelve?

JANE

Does it bother you?

JOHN

How the hell did you get to three hundred and twelve?

She shrugs.

JANE

Some were two at a time.

A long beat. Finally...

JOHN

Are you counting innocent bystanders in that?

Jane shakes her head, annoyed. And we CUT TO:

EXT. MCDONALDS PARKING LOT - DAWN

John and Jane stride across the lot. Jane is ten yards ahead.

JOHN

(still struggling)
How'd you find time to shop?

JANE

Enough.

CRASH! Jane SMASHES a window, to steal a car.

JANE (CONT'D)

Get in.

As John slides in, the engine HUMS to life.

INT. CAR ON HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A long stretch of road. Jane drives. John sulks, staring out the window, still struggling with the Number.

JANE

If we're going to survive, we need to stay cool now. Cold, hard, professional. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Cold, professional. Got it.

JANE

We need a plan.

John slowly looks at her. His eyes are dark, hopeless.

JOHN

A plan? We'll let's see. We've got countless government assassins hunting us down. We got no house, no job, no office. And my wife has killed enough people to fill a small village. You want to hear my plan? We go to Coney Island, ride the Cyclone, and call our parents to say goodbye.

JANE

My parents are dead.

JOHN

What?

JANE

They died when I was ten.

This news hits John harder than everything else combined.

JOHN

So who was the kindly fellow giving you away at the wedding?

JANE

He was a paid actor.

John sits rocked.

JOHN

I feel so naive. I feel so naive for bringing my real parents to the wedding.

John looks at Jane, realizing how little he knows. This is the single lowest moment of his life. He croaks:

JOHN (CONT'D)

I said, I said I saw your dad on "Fantasy Island."

Jane is trying to stay professional here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

Sorry.

They drive a beat in silence. No eye contact. And then:

JANE (CONT'D)

All we need is something to trade
for our lives. Something the boss
wants more than he wants us.

John keeps his eyes out the window. Distant.

JOHN

Where we gonna find that kind of
leverage?

A beat. And Jane's eyes narrow. Mind racing. A plan
brewing... on the CUT TO--

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

The perennial steps. Establish. And then we...DROP DOWN
BELOW THE STREET. DOWN DOWN DOWN TO--

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

A witness protection bunker. TARGET HECTOR sits with RODWAY.
Unlike the hotel room before, there are no distractions here
for Hector. Just newspapers, which a half-dozen AGENTS read.

HECTOR

Why can't I get a pizza?

RODWAY

Hector, this room is hermetically
sealed. You are not going to see
another pizza until you've finished
testif-

We HURTLE THROUGH THE WALLS, PUSHING UP TWO FLOORS TO--

INT. COURTHOUSE - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Rows of floor-to-ceiling patch bays and servers fill a large
refrigerated COMMS ROOM. Four aisles of servers. At a desk at
the far end sits a computer geek, GORDON, typing a keyboard.

GORDON

Yo Maxine? I'm gonna head up there
install it myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His chair scrapes across the steel mesh floor. He leaves. Right under where he was sitting, a metal panel in the floor pops up, and Jane appears. She has been hiding in the wiring cavity under the floor.

She opens a titanium suitcase. Inside is a laptop and comms kit. She ethernets onto the network and hacks the main server. She wears an ear-piece.

JANE

Snow White in place, how are the
sewers Grumpy?

AND WE ROCKET DOWN DOWN DOWN BELOW THE BUNKER DOWN TO--

INT. SEWERS - NIGHT

A flashlight beam slices through the darkness. A shadow emerges. John. He wears an earpiece.

JOHN

I thought I was Prince Charming.

JANE (IN EARPIECE)

Yeah well now you're Grumpy...
Tower OPs, online.

INTERCUT JOHN AND JANE. Jane's screen fills with PASSWORD PROMPTS for the main system. She starts hacking.

JOHN

You check the perimeter?

JANE

Yes, I checked the perimeter.

JOHN

You on the police bands?

Jane gets a little annoyed, distracted from her work.

JANE

This is not my first time, you
know.

John keeps moving, his flashlight hitting walls.

JOHN

Please. Don't remind me.

JANE

Status, Grumpy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John reaches a SERVICE SHAFT. His eyes distant, thinking...

JOHN
Three hundred and twelve...

JANE
Get over it, John. We're in motion.

And the shaft CLICKS OPEN. John steps into VENT SHAFTS.

INT. COURTHOUSE - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Jane hits keys, highlighting GRIDS for the SUB-BASE FLOOR.

INT. CEILING VENT SHAFT - NIGHT

Horizontal shafts. John crouch-runs through the ducts. Hot air blows through the pipes. His body GLOWS on SCREEN IN--

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Jane has a TRACKER on John. She leads him through the grid.

JANE
Left...right...right...

INT. CEILING VENT SHAFT - NIGHT

John quickly works his way through the narrow shafts. Then suddenly...STOPS.

JANE (IN EARPIECE)
Why did you stop?

JOHN
Because I can't walk through walls.
You ran me into a dead end, Jane.

We see...John is facing a DEAD END.

JANE (IN EARPIECE)
You must have made a wrong turn.

JOHN
I must have...?

He is sweating. The hot air is boiling.

JANE (IN EARPIECE)
Stay in position. I'm re-routing
now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
(under breath)
"Stay in position." Easy for you to
say.

And with that, he KICKS THROUGH a VENT GRILL. And steps into--

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - NIGHT

John hits the floor.

JANE
John. What are you doing?

JOHN
My job. This isn't my first time
either.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT HALL - NIGHT

The SUPPLY CLOSET door cracks open. A small mirror emerges,
in John's hand. He looks up the steel hall at...

The BUNKER DOOR. Two FBI AGENTS stand guard.

JOHN
(quiet)
I'm in position. Kill the lights.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Jane strokes keys. But...her screen goes RED. FAILSAFES
flash. "INVALID COMMAND. CONFIRM PASSWORD."

JANE
Damn it. The system's redundant.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

John keeps looking down the hall. Quiet, urgent:

JOHN
I'm in position. What's going on?

JANE (IN EARPIECE)
I'm working on it.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Jane hits keys. Desperately trying to hack the failsafe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
Nothing's happening. Jane...

Jane continues to struggle, getting more and more stressed.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Jane..? Nothing's happening.
Jane...? Where the hell's my
blackout?

JANE
Will you just let me work please.

Jane grits her teeth. Working fast.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator at the other end of the hall PINGS. A YOUNG FBI AGENT emerges, with two PIZZA BOXES.

YOUNG FBI AGENT
Anybody hungry?

The two Agents OPEN THE DOOR TO THE BUNKER, letting their buddies know dinner's here. The Agents step away from their post, LEAVING THE BUNKER DOOR SLIGHTLY AJAR.

They walk past the supply closet. John sees the empty door.

JOHN
(a whisper)
They left their post. I got a clear
shot here.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Jane is still hitting keys, frantic.

JOHN (IN EARPIECE)
This could be the one shot we got,
I'm taking it-

JANE
Wait John don't, I'm nearly there-

JOHN (IN EARPIECE)
I'm taking it.

JANE
No wait!

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - NIGHT

John reaches out and... RIPS DOWN A FIRE ALARM.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Jane hears the ALARM flare to life.

JANE

Oh Jesus John, what have you done.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Agents drop their pizza. They hustle back up the hall. Just as they get to the supply closet, the STEEL DOOR SLAMS OPEN, KNOCKING the men off their feet. John emerges.

The Agents try to stand, but John moves fast. Three quick SLASHES, and the men fall hard, over and out. As they drop, John grabs one of their guns. He looks up the hall.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Jane keeps hitting keys. She monitors the POLICE BAND RADIO.

JANE

We're all over the goddamn air.
We've got to abort!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

John hears the news. He barrels toward the door, FIRING WILDLY to give himself some cover.

JOHN

How about some good news, honey? I
need a little support right now.

He KICKS through the door, sweeping into--

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Just as John breaks the barrier...

ALL THE LIGHTS GO OUT. The SCREEN IS BLACK. So John is BLIND.

JOHN

Oh now that's just perfect.

Agents FIRE. Muzzles flash, lighting the scene. John moves through the room like a SHADOW, keeping low.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He beelines toward the MAIN HOLDING ROOM. He FIRES six quick shots at the doorknob. The gunshots expose his position, so the Agents bear down. John lunges into--

INT. BUNKER - MAIN HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

John sees a LOCKED DOOR. Without slowing, he pulls and tosses a GRENADE. It rattles to the door. And...BOOM! EXPLODES.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Jane rolls her eyes. A disaster.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

John moves through flames and debris to see...HECTOR in a chair, scared to death. He looks up at John's shadow.

JOHN

Follow me. I got orders to get you out of here.

HECTOR

You think I'm fucking stupid?

JOHN

Nobody wants to do things the easy way today.

WHAM! John whips down his gun, KNOCKING Hector over and out.

INT. BUNKER - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

The FBI Agents take command positions. Their TEAM LEADER raises his hand, to lead the charge. But...something SLIDES out of the bedroom. They look down to see...

A GRENADE. BOOM! A percussive STUN GRENADE. The Agents FALL to the floor, eyes rolling back, blind. Alive.

Through roiling smoke, John emerges, with Hector slumped over his shoulder. He moves out to--

INT. STEEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

John enters the ELEVATOR, just as a sea of FEDS and COPS flood through a STAIRWELL door. The elevator closes.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

John stands exhausted, covered in debris. He breathes heavy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The elevator stops. Doors open. Jane enters. They stand together, as the elevator rises. Jane opens her mouth.

JOHN

Don't.

A beat.

JANE

You deviated from the plan. Not me.

He just looks at her. She couldn't keep her mouth shut. Not this one time. PING! The elevator hits the GROUND FLOOR.

INT. CAR - MOVING

John and Jane are in the front, seriously pissed. Hector is in the back, slowly blinking his way to consciousness.

JANE

I can't believe you didn't trust me.

JOHN

I trusted you. I just saw an opportunity.

JANE

We had a plan. You deviated.

JOHN

Honey... C'mon. Do I have to trust you or obey you?

JANE

It's just so revealing. We make an agreement, then you do it your way.

JOHN

It worked, didn't it? Didn't it? Do we or don't we have the guy?

JANE

Yes.

JOHN

See. That's teamwork.

She doesn't look convinced.

HECTOR

WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU PEOPLE?

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

WHACK! Hector's head SNAPS back. He is tied to a chair. John and Jane face him. John just levelled a PUNCH. They've been here for a while.

JANE

John. What are you doing?

JOHN

Jane. Let me handle this.

JANE

You're going to kill him.

JOHN

It was my left hand. Please. Sit down.

JANE

John--

JOHN

Jane, sit down.

She sits down, burning. John turns to Hector.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Okay, Hector. Look at me...

Hector is looking at Jane. Her legs.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey. Look at me, Hector. And answer the question: why'd the CIA want you dead?

Hector looks at John. Defiant. Ever the pain in the ass.

HECTOR

You kill me, you got nothing.

John shakes his head, losing patience.

JANE

He's right, John.

JOHN

Jane... Can I talk to you for a second?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He PULLS her away from Hector, leading her INTO THE CORNER. They stand close. Quiet, heated.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You know honey, maybe it's not such a good idea to undermine me in front of Hector. What? I'm just saying. It sends a mixed message.

JANE

Trust me, I don't need to "undermine" you. You're doing a good job of that, all on your own.

John tightens. He holds out his gun. Think you can do better?

JOHN

Nice. Go ahead.

She shakes her head.

JANE

I don't need that.

John can't help but smile. She looks at Hector. Her eyes narrow. A new tact.

JANE (CONT'D)

All I need to do...is say please.

She drops her hair. As it falls dangerously, we CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SECONDS LATER

For the first time, Hector looks a little...nervous. And we see why: Jane approaches, with her hair down, fingers on her blouse-buttons. Ravishing.

JANE

Hector. Hector... We don't want to hurt you.

JOHN

(under breath)
We don't?

JANE

John... We're your friends, Hector.

Her hand lazily brushes his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)
Close friends...if you'd like...

John glares at her. She shakes her head, "relax."

JANE (CONT'D)
And all we want to know is...

Her hand lazily on his cheek.

JANE (CONT'D)
Why would the CIA want to kill you?

She leans down. Her face close to his ear. She breathes:

JANE (CONT'D)
Come on, Hector...

Hector swallows hard. He's struggling to hold tight. John is struggling too. He grips his gun tighter.

JANE (CONT'D)
You can tell me...

Jane's hand is on his shoulder, rubbing softly.

JANE (CONT'D)
Anything...

Hector is sweating. Jane is so close he can taste her.

JANE (CONT'D)
Anything you want...

Closer, closer. Her lips part. And one word escapes:

JANE (CONT'D)
Please.

Hector opens his mouth. He's about to crack. But suddenly--
CLICKCLACK!! John stands with his HUGE GUN at Hector's head.

JOHN
JUST ANSWER THE FUCKING QUESTION,
HECTOR!

Hector's mouth shuts.

JANE
John. Put the gun down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

His trigger finger tightens.

JANE (CONT'D)
John. Put the gun down. And go wait
outside. Wait outside, John.

Hector looks up at him. And cracks a little crooked smile.

HECTOR
Yeah, go wait outside. So me and
the Mrs can have some quality time.

That's it. John SWINGS his pistol. And...THWACK! Jane GRABS
his gun in MID-AIR. John and Jane lock eyes.

JANE
GO. WAIT. OUTSIDE.

A heated beat. John lowers his gun. His eyes angry.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

WHAM! John SLAMS the door shut behind him. He looks back, and
sees...Jane CLOSING THE CURTAINS. He stands alone a beat.
Totally alone.

JANE (O.S.)
What happened in there?

He turns to see Jane. In the doorway. Her hair messed. One
more button open on her blouse. John is cold.

JOHN
You tell me.

JANE
You lost your cool.

JOHN
Yeah well maybe it's not so easy to
stay cold and professional when
your wife's sitting on some guy's
lap in a Motel Six.

He doesn't trust her. She takes out a cigarette.

JOHN (CONT'D)
When did you start smoking?

JANE
My whole life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John shakes his head. Quiet, reeling.

JOHN

Jesus Christ, who are you? I mean
do I even know your name?

(a beat, realizing)

Wait seriously, do I know your
name, Jane?

She turns to him. Doesn't answer. That's a "no."

JANE

Hector Danz.

She lights up. A drag.

JANE (CONT'D)

His name's Hector Danz. He was an
accountant for the CIA. Ran all the
books for freelance hitters. They
were using independents, like us,
on domestic targets.

Another drag. John just stares at her.

JANE (CONT'D)

FBI was onto the operation. They
got Hector's books, convinced him
to testify...against the man who
runs our chapter. Name's Mr.
Horner. And he's got access to the
top fifty hitters in the United
States. Who are all after us now.

A beat. John stares at Jane. Dealing.

JOHN

You were in there for like fifteen
seconds. How'd you get all that?

She puffs.

JANE

I can be very convincing.

He shakes his head. Digesting. Jane remains dark.

JANE (CONT'D)

John. Hector and the books are a
package deal. Without the books,
we've got nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

John shrugs. No problem.

JOHN
So let's get the books.

JANE
Great idea.
(looking at John)
Except you blew them up at the
courthouse.

John opens his mouth. Nothing escapes. A beat.

JOHN
So...Hector...is...

JANE
Worthless.

A hard beat. Stinging.

JOHN
So we've got nothing to trade.

Jane takes a long drag. Smoke rises.

JANE
Except each other. They're not
going to stop till one of us is
dead.

An impossible beat. Trapped. With insurmountable odds. John
searches for a solution. Quiet, resolved. Finally:

JOHN
Well then, I guess we've gotta take
them out.

Jane looks back at him.

JANE
That's your answer. You want to
take out an army of assassins?

JOHN
What?

JANE
It's just...it's just so typical.

JOHN
What does that mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She looks at him.

JANE

It means: why don't you stop and think for a second.

JOHN

I am thinking.

JANE

No. You're attacking. You're always attacking, John.

JOHN

Always?

JANE

Always. It's who you are.

JOHN

How would you know?
(a hanging beat)
Honey, six days ago, you thought I was in fucking construction.

Jane looks at him. A penetrating glance.

JANE

I'm not talking about your job. I'm talking about you. And you always blow up what you can't fix.

John roils, emotional.

JOHN

Where is this coming from?

JANE

Where is this coming from? How about the fact that you fired a ballistic missile at me! You shot up our wagon! You tried to run me over with a monster truck!
(a beat, real)
All you do is wreck things.

JOHN

And you think you're so much better? Your neat little boxes. Everything tagged and filed. What happened to my car?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JANE

You ran it into the river. While trying to attack me.

JOHN

You slipped out of the house. Not me. That's you. Always avoiding things.

JANE

John. I didn't blow up the one thing that could save us.

JOHN

Jane. It wasn't my idea to get Hector.

JANE

So this is my fault?! This is my fault now?

JOHN

(snapping)

No, it's my fault. It's all my fault. It's my fault we met. It's my fault we moved in. And it's definitely my fault we got married.

Fuck. Right away, he wishes he could take the last sentence back. But it's too late. It's out there. Jane hardens.

JANE

No, John. That was both our faults.

A hard beat. On the edge of the dark highway. John stands frustrated. He wants to stop the bleeding.

JOHN

Look. Husbands and wives lie to each other all the time. It doesn't mean they don't know each other.

JANE

Doesn't it?

A beat. A challenge:

JANE (CONT'D)

So tell me one thing that's true. One thing you really mean...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

She needs something meaningful here. John opens his mouth. But nothing comes out. He doesn't know what to say. Jane shakes her head, disappointed.

JANE (CONT'D)

You were right... I don't know you at all.

She turns around. A beat. Miles away. John searches. Finds:

JOHN

I'm sorry...

Hold on John. And we CUT TO--

INT. ANONYMOUS ROOM

A phone rings. A hand picks up.

VOICE

Identify.

JANE (ON PHONE)

3146578.

VOICE

Your contract has been rescinded.

JANE (ON PHONE)

I have a package for the Boss. Something he wants.

VOICE

(a beat)

Where would you like to make delivery?

JANE

Somewhere public, covered, no clean shots.

VOICE (ON PHONE)

Name it.

EXT. MOTEL - PAYPHONE ON HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Jane hangs up. No sign of John. She looks at the horizon. The sun rises, blood red. A cold wind blows. Jane drops her cigarette, and stomps it out. Hard.

And we CUT TO... AN EPIC SWEEPING AERIAL SHOT OF.....

EXT. IKEA SUPERSTORE - DAY

See the Christmas shoppers. Smell the new paint. And enter--

INT. IKEA SUPERSTORE. DAY.

John enters ALONE. His eyes shift from customer to customer. Potential assassins everywhere. That guy over there looking at the bunkbeds. The couple paying for garden furniture.

John walks slow. Wary. Eyes shifting. Hands running through soft furnishings. And then...

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Smith.

John turns to face MR. HORNER: a very ordinary man carrying a very ordinary basket of goods. He smiles broadly. Terrifying.

JOHN

Mr. Horner.

His smile tightens, realizing John knows his name. John's eyes keep moving, checking the customers, sightlines.

MR. HORNER

Looking for your wife?

A hanging beat.

MR. HORNER (CONT'D)

She tell you she'd take the back route? Meet you in the middle?

John stays quiet. He looks at Mr. Horner. That scary smile.

MR. HORNER (CONT'D)

I don't think she'll be joining us. Except to pick up her payment.

JOHN

What are you talking about?

MR. HORNER

We always knew she was the better hitter. Of course, it took her a little longer than usual to clean the scene this time. But at least she finished what she started.

John looks gutpunched. His eyes scanning. He sees the store filled with suspicious moves, bulges. Quiet:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
Looks like the gang's all here.

Mr. Horner smiles, nods good-naturedly.

MR. HORNER
You know, I had a wife once...

He trails off. We can only imagine what happened to his wife.

JOHN
How much? How much did she get for
serving me up?

Mr. Horner pats a BAG in his basket.

MR. HORNER
Class one contract, John.

John shakes his head, digesting. Horner gives a cruel smile.

MR. HORNER (CONT'D)
Don't tell me you thought this
would all have a happy ending...?

John looks up. Intense. Remembering Jane's words:

JOHN
Happy endings...are just stories...

VOICE (O.S.)
That haven't finished yet.

And we see...JANE steps out from behind Mr. Horner. He turns, a little surprised to see her. John's eyes remain level, giving away no emotion, nothing.

JOHN
Perfect timing, Jane.

JANE
Perfect as always.

CUT TO:

MAN IN MOCK BATHROOM

The Man sits on mock toilet. Speaks into a wrist mic.

MAN ON TOILET
Status check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

MAN PUSHING PRAM

MAN PUSHING PRAM
Stay in position, on my mark.

BACK TO:

Mr. Horner keeps his eyes on Jane.

MR. HORNER
You here to collect early?

He motions to the bag. She takes it.

JANE
Yes. I am.

She opens the bag, checking the cash.

MR. HORNER
Any last words, John?

John keeps his eyes on Jane. A flicker of...connection...?

JOHN
In light of the seriousness of the situation, and since I may not have the chance later, I want you to know I married you because I loved you.

Jane looks at John.

JANE
Likewise. I wanted what I wanted and I lied. I apologize.

Mr. Horner looks slightly confused. His smile creases.

JOHN
Me too. Also, you're the only girl I ever loved. Nobody made me feel the way you did, before all the whatnot got in the way.

JANE
Ditto. Guy with the trolley?

Okay, now Mr. Horner is seriously confused. What the fuck is going on? He looks back and forth between John and Jane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN
Got him. Couple by the lamps?

JANE
Check.

JOHN
So. You ready?

And...Jane steps BESIDE JOHN. Facing Mr. Horner together.

JANE
Yeah. I'm ready.

Mr. Horner's smile finally fades. Dead serious.

MR. HORNER
If this is some kind of plan, it
can't possibly work.

JOHN
No, it's not a plan. See, we tried
to come up with a clever plan. But
we couldn't agree on anything.

JANE
We had a few ideas, but they never
really gelled into anything.

There is something different about their bickering now. A
rhythm. As if they are in on the same joke. Their eyes keep
moving, casing. The customers slowly shift positions.

JOHN
(buying time)
I thought maybe we should all meet
at the Wollman Memorial.

MR. HORNER
What are you talking about?

JANE
The ice rink in Central Park. From
all the movies.

JOHN
But turns out Jane can't skate.
(to Jane)
Guy on the forklift.

Jane sees the forklift. She continues. Eyes moving. Riffing:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JANE

Then John wanted to meet and stage our deaths in front of the Statue of Liberty.

(to John)

Shooter on the shelves.

JOHN

But Jane said you'd probably kill us soon as we got there.

JANE

And it is the ending of The Sting.

Mr. Horner loses patience:

MR. HORNER

SHUT UP.

John and Jane look at Mr. Horner. He gathers himself.

MR. HORNER (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea how many times you're outnumbered here?

JOHN

Well see, we didn't before. But we do now.

MR. HORNER

So you know for a fact you're not walking out of here alive.

JOHN

That's more than possible. Wouldn't you say, honey?

JANE

More than possible. I'd say "likely".

FATHER

I don't understand. What on earth made you think it would work?

They look at each other. Shrug.

JOHN

This is us, you know. This is what we do.

The Truth. They look back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JANE

Plus, we have very, very big balls.

Without turning.

JOHN

See you in the next life Jane.

JANE

Likewise John.

Jane pulls a gun and time turns to syrup. John throws the bag into the air, covering Jane's head. She FIRES at the BAG, so money explodes into the air, buying them precious cover.

A TELESCOPIC SIGHT SHOT is obscured by the cloud of bills.

Mr. Horner steps away, disappearing down the aisle.

A fully armed TEAM sit up in the KIDDIE FOAM BALL PIT where they had been hiding. They OPEN FIRE on Jane and John.

Jane aims at a man drawing his gun and blows him backwards off his feet. The MAN ON THE TOILET get off one shot at them before John takes him out. John and Jane SMASH through the paint cans, into the massive shelving unit.

They roll GRENADES across the floor spewing colored smoke. Another grenade spins further out. As Killers swarm the area, the grenade goes off with a flash, BANG! A percussion grenade. It takes out the four nearest guys.

John and Jane, now inside the shelving unit, crouch-run behind the paint cans as shots rain in, SPATTERING them with multi-colored PAINTS. They roll out into the opposite aisle.

John skids across the floor on his back, FIRING continuously, DROPPING two agents with rifles. Jane covers the other angle FIRING at multiple targets pouring into her end of the aisle.

The aisles are working in their favor, they only have two directions to cover. Back-to-back, they BLAST their way through a chipboard wardrobe into another shelving unit where they fluidly reload under cover as they spin into the next aisle. Swapping directions, they cover opposite angles.

Agents pour into each end of the aisle but they have no cover. Jane and John work through them methodically, spewing hot lead, raining brass casings. More and more Agents appear.

But Jane and John have found an unstoppable RHYTHM. Like Fred and Ginger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Covering each other, reloading under shelves, crossing into aisle after aisle, covering each other again and again.

The Agents quickly realize they are at a disadvantage on this terrain. They hang back, FIRING more carefully. John and Jane have to be more careful now, more observant. Reacting to the smallest movements. They burst out of the warehouse area and into the SHOWROOM.

Eerily, John and Jane move through living room mock ups, kitchens, stalking through studies and immaculate bedrooms. Like a MAZE, they encounter Agents round corners, firing at John and Jane from hidden vantage points.

Two Agents are dug into a BATHROOM, laying down fire. The cover is more readily available here, the ground broken. John and Jane's progress is slowed in a mock-up of the ideal suburban LIVING ROOM. They continue to shoot it out.

JANE (CONT'D)

Ammo?

JOHN

Low. Can't get stuck here. We need to reinforce.

Two Agents incoming. Jane gets low, grabbing CHRISTMAS LIGHTS off a pillar, whipping out the lights, SWEEPING the Agents to their feet. As they fall, she snatches their guns. She tosses the reinforcements to John. On the move...

JANE

The other side of that wall, through soft furnishings and we're home free.

John looks at his wife, fucking impressed. They jump up and lay down a withering FIRE on the bathroom, which gets blown to bits. One agent ICED, the other dives into the BATHTUB.

John and Jane run through the final few rooms and into SOFT FURNISHINGS. It seems quiet. Too quiet. Suddenly a SHOT hits John in the leg and he goes down. Jane drops with him.

They hit the deck and start CRAWLING through acres of beds in rows. Jane pops up and takes out the shooter through a venetian blind. She looks to John. "You okay?"

John nods and they're off, crawling under beds popping up now and again to look around.

TWELVE AGENTS run into the section. They split up and stalk through the beds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Suddenly John pops up and takes one out. Just as they react, Jane pops up on the other side twenty feet away and drops another. They attempt to react to Jane, but John pops up, twenty feet further on and HITS again. It's impossible to tell where John and Jane are. The remaining agents hit the deck, adopting the Smiths' technique and...

A game of deadly hide-and-seek ensues in the WORLD'S LARGEST BEDROOM.

More Agents spill into the room. No one seems to be able to locate where or when the Smiths will pop up next. John and Jane separate. They shoot and fight their way toward the door. Taking guns off fallen enemies for ammo. Their progress seems inexorable. A bloodbath.

Then... Silence. Panting, they both listen. No sounds of life. They are the only two people left in the world.

John and Jane slowly stand up and walk out. John leans on Jane for support. As they pass Mr. Horner, without looking:

JANE (CONT'D)

We're the only game left in town.

JOHN

You know where to find us.

EXT. IKEA - DAY

In slow motion: John and Jane, both streaked with blood and colored paint, walk out of IKEA, weapons still drawn. They pass SHOPPERS cowering behind cars. Kids cry. People pray.

A WOMAN runs out in front of them trying to get to her car. John lazily raises his gun but Jane touches his arm. It's OK. She's real. He lowers it. A nuclear FAMILY are on their faces behind their Range Rover.

John and Jane get in their car and slowly drive away. As they head into the hills, we hear the swell of SIRENS. And...

A convoy of CARS speeds toward IKEA. We recognize the FBI sedans. And...

INT. IKEA SUPERSTORE - DAY

CRUNCH! FBI AGENTS in flak-jackets swarm the store. Guns out. Familiar faces. They see the FORTY KILLERS layed out. With Christmas wreathes and blinking lights strewn everywhere, the bodies almost look like...Christmas presents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We hear BING CROSBY back on the radio. A modern version in--

EXT/INT. CAR - DAY

John and Jane drive away. Jane at the wheel. She reaches over, and puts her hand on John's hand. Blood mingling.

DR. WEXLER (V.O.)

So I'm pleased to see you back here
as a couple...

INT. DOCTOR WEXLER'S OFFICE - DAY

John and Jane sit next to each other on the love seat.

DR. WEXLER

I'm interested to hear what
progress you feel you've made, if
any, over the past two weeks or so.

JOHN

Well, I think we made a little
progress, don't you honey?

JANE

I'd say so..

JOHN

I can't speak for Jane but I feel
we've got to know each other all
over again, our good points, our
bad points...

JANE

Our really bad points..

JOHN

Right. I mean it's early but I'd
say we've brought a whole new level
of honesty to our relationship.

JANE

We realized we were depriving each
other of who we really were.

JOHN

I feel free for the first time
since we met. I feel like
there's...there's...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

...room for us to grow, to become more like us rather than shrinking into some idea of who we should be.

DR. WEXLER.

You know, a lot of couples I meet, the biggest block is trust.

JANE

You know that is so true.

DR. WEXLER.

It seems you've refound the trust in your love. John, Jane, I'm pleased for you. What you've discovered is very special. So on a scale of one to ten how happy would you say you are now?

They smile at Dr. Wexler.

JANE

Eight.

JOHN

Nine.

They look each at each other. SNAP TO BLACK.

REALLY LOUD DEATH METAL.

FADE OUT.