

**MR + MRS SMITH**

Episode 101

First Date

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RA1 EXT. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACE IN THE WORLD - DAY RA1 \*

We are in the most beautiful place in the world. Maybe it's surrounded by palm trees or a forest of red maples. Sugar cane fields or cornfields. Are we in Thailand? Hawaii? A foreign farm? Some place in upstate NY off the grid? \*

Doesn't matter. Just matters that the area is stunningly secluded except for one WOMAN seated on a shabby front porch attached to a quaint little home. And in this most beautiful place in the world, the woman is the most beautiful woman in the world, and far too good looking for the down trodden clothing she is wearing (but that's entirely the point). She plays with her WEDDING RING. When out comes her partner, appropriately enough, the most beautiful MAN in the world, wearing equally shoddy clothing. \*

MAN  
This is the last bottle. \*

WOMAN  
Better make it count. \*

They sit on rocking chairs, drinking wine and taking in a sunset, a learned ritual between them. It's a real pause on life. All's quiet outside of chirping crickets and wind whistling through the foliage. The sun dipping behind hills is a welcomed blessing from the sticky heat and sweat drenched garments. \*

The woman closes her eyes, taking it in. \*

RB1 FAR OFF IN THE DISTANCE: RB1 \*

A BLACK SUV barrels down the road, we can barely make it out but it kicks up dust as it heads toward them. \*

RA1 pt2 EXT. QUAIN T HOME RA1 pt2 \*

All of the windows of the home and the screen door are open. A janky ceiling fan gently whipping around inside. When suddenly, they hear: BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP -- is this an alarm of some kind? Must be, because the man immediately grabs at a tucked gun by his hip. \*

RC1 INT. QUAIN T HOME - CONTINUOUS RC1 \*

The man and woman barge inside. The man starts packing. When suddenly, the woman stops. \*

WOMAN

I can't.

The man keeps grabbing things. It's clear they've done this a thousand times. He stops when he realizes the woman isn't moving. He looks at her. She looks at him.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm so tired. I don't wanna run anymore.

He takes this in. The woman stands there, resolute. He softens.

MAN

Ok.

The man reaches underneath a piece of furniture and retrieves a hidden ASSAULT RIFLE. He steps towards the woman, kisses her.

MAN (CONT'D)

Then we stop running.

She takes the rifle from his hand. They look each other in the eyes. A moment.

Hum of an engine in the distance. The woman's eyes flicker to the window, seeing the black car approaching on the dirt path leading to their house. The driver wears a SKI MASK.

The man walks across the room to the kitchen and pulls a SHOTGUN from the pantry. They both begin inspection their guns, checking for ammo.

MAN (CONT'D)

You lay down suppressive fire from the porch.

The car comes to a gradual stop, 20 yards from the front porch.

MAN (CONT'D)

If you can draw their attention, I can go out the window and flank them from --

Pfft.

She notices him stumbling a bit.

He turns his head. His head grazed from a bullet. Blood streaming down the side of his scalp. His cheek partially hanging from the side of his face. He's bewildered.

The woman silently screams. She GASPS. He stumbles forward, trying to gain some composure but visibly out of his mind and experiencing some apparent and instant brain damage. He tries to hold up his gun, struggling. \*

Suddenly -- BULLETS SPRAY from all directions demolishing all the walls and furniture. \*

The man falls down onto the ground, dead. The woman hides behind furniture SCREAMING bloody murder. \*

WOMAN  
John! Nooo!! John! \*

Through the drapes we see Ski Mask firing his machine gun from the cover of his black SUV. \*

RD1 EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS - DAY RD1 \*

Ski Mask keeps firing his machine gun. Bullets tear through every inch of the wood cabin. \*

His gun CLICKS empty. \*

Silence. \*

Before he can reload, the Woman barges out of the front porch with the assault rifle trained at him. She wants BLOOD. She begins FIRING, not breaking stride. Ski mask ducks behind the car for cover. \*

Bullets tear up the dirt, trees, metal indiscriminately. Empty shells spray around her BARE FEET as she marches closer and closer to the SUV. Until suddenly, it's silent. Still. She's out of ammo. A short beat -- \*

And right as she's about to reload-- PFFT. Her chest explodes into red mist. She slumps to the ground. \*

A SNIPER, wearing an identical ski mask, stands across the yard. He lowers his rifle. \*

The Sniper casually walk past the woman's lifeless body and joins his partner in the SUV. They drive off. Slowly. Leaving behind our deceased Bonnie and Clyde. Our Romeo and Juliet. Our late Mr. and Mrs. Smith. \*

CUT TO TITLES: \*

MR+MRS SMITH \*

R1 INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY (AFTER COLD OPEN) R1 \*

We view a space through window blinds from an adjacent room. \*  
 Though it's obscured, we can make out that it's a waiting \*  
 room - that feels like some kind of DMV or government funded \*  
 building. It's mostly empty chairs except for 3-4 WOMEN \*  
 waiting quietly. We hear a BUZZER, a number is being called. \*

N/D VOICE \*

Number 347, please proceed to the \*  
 processing room. \*

One of the women raises her head. This is (or at least will \*  
 be) JANE. She walks toward us. ENTERS the adjacent room: \*

RA2 INT. NON-DESCRIPT ROOM - CONTINUOUS RA2 \*

A large, ill lit, nearly empty room, buzzes beneath \*  
 florescent bulbs. In the middle of this oversized room rests \*  
 one lonely glowing KIOSK and one CHAIR. The room is far too \*  
 big for this setup - it feels oddly temporary, like the space \*  
 isn't typically used for these purposes. It's unsettling. \*

In the ceiling corner is a visible security camera. \*

The kiosk itself looks similar to an automated passport \*  
 kiosk, or a futuristic ATM. Near the top of the machine rests \*  
 an enclosed camera. A small sticker of a camera decal calls \*  
 it out. The lens of the camera focuses in and out, like an \*  
 eye aiming to adjust its gaze on its prey. \*

The middle of the kiosk harbors a glowing monitor that looks \*  
 like some kind of touchscreen. In bold, simple text, it bears \*  
 the sentence: **"HI HI, WELCOME"**. \*

The bottom of the kiosk has a small slotted compartment \*  
 labeled, **"NAIL CLIPPINGS"**. \*

Jane cautiously surveys the space. She frowns at the security \*  
 camera. She approaches the kiosk. \*

She picks up a supplied small plastic bag with nail trimmings \*  
 and puts it down the kiosk slot. It's clear she feels a \*  
 little funny about it. \*

There's a coldness but an intensity to the lens being pointed \*  
 right at her. She does her best to seem professional but you \*  
 can tell she's a bit nervous. She looks into the camera. \*  
 REVEAL JANE: \*

JANE \*

Do I look at this?... \*

She notices her reflection in the monitor. She fixes her hair. Her posture. \*

CUT TO: \*

RB2 THE SAME ROOM RB2 \*

A MAN settles into the chair. This is JOHN. He's buzzing with excitement but trying to appear calm. There's a subtle vulnerability to him. He pulls some hair from his head and gives it to the kiosk. He smiles a little when he notices the camera. A nervous tic. \*

JOHN  
Do I have to press something to start? \*

BACK TO JANE \*

The Kiosk counts down... 3...2...1. FLASH. \*

Through text, the kiosk asks her a series of questions. A light gently FLASHES over her face after each response. The questions are less important than her answers. \*

KIOSK TEXT  
**HOW TALL ARE YOU?** \*

JANE  
I um. I am 5'4, if I'm standing straight. \*

KIOSK TEXT  
**WHAT IS YOUR HIGHEST LEVEL OF EDUCATION?** \*

JANE  
My master's degree. \*

INT. SMITH HOUSE - DAY \*

POV through the window: a CAB pulls up outside. We listen on as Jane continues to answer her interview questions. \*

Jane gets out. \*

JANE (V.O.)  
Yes, I'm willing to relocate. I don't have much tying me down. \*

She walks toward the house. \*

INTERCUT - SAME NON-DESCRIPT ROOM

KIOSK TEXT

**WHICH AGENCY DID YOU APPLY FOR  
BEFORE THIS ONE?**

JANE

CIA.

We stay on Jane's face. FLASH.

JANE (CONT'D)

(getting uncomfortable but  
trying to smile)

It was close, but no, I never made  
the cut. I could've sworn I talked  
about this already?

KIOSK TEXT

**WOULD YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A  
CAPABLE PERSON?**

LOWER HALL/FOYER

A shot of the empty hall.

JANE (V.O.)

Uh, I guess so. I'm organized. Well  
prepared.

(beat as she takes in the  
next question)

Some might call it type A. I just  
think I'm efficient.

The foyer door opens--

Then, the inner door creaks open, she comes inside.

LIVING ROOM

Jane strolls in, looking around, exploring her new home.

JANE (V.O.)

A fear? Let's see. Maybe, sharks.

KITCHEN

JANE (V.O.)

Another fear might be... being poor  
again.

She runs her hand along the island counter top.

HALL / ELEVATOR

She presses the elevator button, lighting it up.

The elevator door closes in front of her.

NON-DESCRIPT ROOM

The camera lens re-adjusts as we now interview JOHN.

JOHN

6 feet. Well, 5 foot eleven.

KIOSK TEXT

**HOW MUCH MONEY DO YOU CURRENTLY  
HAVE IN YOUR CHECKING ACCOUNT?**

JOHN

(swallowing embarrassment)  
Uhh, hah... \$302 dollars and some  
change.

LOWER HALL

Same shot down the hall of the foyer. Outer door opens. Then  
closes.

JOHN (V.O.)

Yeah, for the right opportunity,  
I'd pick up everything, absolutely.

Closer of the foyer door: John's feet, legs, and the rest of  
him coming inside.

JOHN (V.O.)

I did some basic training... hand  
to hand combat. Drones.

He takes in the house.



NON-DESCRIPT ROOM

KIOSK TEXT

**HAVE YOU KILLED PEOPLE? IF SO, HOW  
MANY?**

JOHN

Once by accident. 13 with  
intention.

FLASH (staying on John.)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Not because of that. But yeah, I  
was discharged after a year...

FLASH (staying on John.)

STAIRS

His feet coming down the stairs.

JOHN

(a little pissed but  
brushing it off)  
I wouldn't call it dishonorable.  
They can call it what they need to.

He flips on the light, checks out the wine cellar. He heads  
down the hall.

PRIMARY BEDROOM

Jane opens the door, looks around.

JANE (V.O.)

When people half sing... half  
hum...

JOHN (V.O.)

Nail biting. Can't stand it. Oh and  
black socks in white shoes.

INT. POOL

In darkness: John through the porthole. He double backs to  
look in.

JANE (V.O.) \*  
Probably that I'm secretive. \*

A little door opens, he comes further inside. \*

JOHN (V.O.) \*  
I'm competitive. \*

He flips on the light. \*

Close on John, his reaction to the pool. \*

NON-DESCRIPT ROOM \*

JANE \*  
Oof, that's a hard one. I love \*  
food. Pasta. But I'd do anything \*  
for good Kor- \*

JOHN \*  
-Korean barbecue. I like them both. \*

WALK IN CLOSET \*

Jane runs her hand along the rack of clothes. \*

JANE (V.O.) \*  
I believe it was, "numb and \*  
manipulative"... \*  
(trying to joke) \*  
But that might be good for *this*, \*  
right? \*

KID'S BEDROOM \*

John turns on the light. \*

JOHN (V.O.) \*  
(laughing) \*  
She said I was...uh, emotionally \*  
unintelligent... \*

He turns off the light. \*

JOHN (V.O.) \*  
I was young. \*

NON-DESCRIPT ROOM

JANE

Sorry, I'm thinking. Out loud, to a partner? Never. I've felt it maybe, but never said it.

JANE (CONT'D)

Is this still part of the test?

JOHN

Is this still part of the test?

JOHN (CONT'D)

Yeah, to two different women. And... my mom. Does that count for this?

BALCONY

John comes out onto the terrace.

JOHN (V.O.)

Nah. I test regularly.

JANE (V.O.)

(shocked)

No? I'm clean as a whistle.

NON-DESCRIPT ROOM

Jane's face. She's laughing, annoyed and uncomfortable.

JANE

In a relationship... three times a week?

JOHN

I guess on top...? What kinds of questions are these, man?

HALLWAY

John heads toward the elevator. He goes for the button.

JANE (V.O.)

You know, the usual. Someone to laugh with. Someone intelligent.

JOHN (V.O.)

Someone who surprises me. Keeps me on my toes.

## NON-DESCRIPT ROOM

JANE

Someone who's honest... but I'm  
also fine with (being alone) --

JOHN

(I'm cool with)--being alone.

(beat)

Can I ask you a question? What's  
this part for?

JANE

Are you matching me with someone?

## HALLWAY

JANE (V.O.)

I guess I didn't realize that was  
part of this--

Close: John hits the button. We pan down as we hear the  
elevator moving, he turns the door knob... DING--

Suddenly -- from INSIDE THE ELEVATOR the cage door opens.  
John turns to look. Jane whips around to see him.

John meet Jane. Jane meet John. We watch on as these two meet  
their match for the first time.

Seeing him startles her slightly.

JOHN

Sorry.

They stand there for a second looking at each other.

The doors start to close. Jane stops them. They open again.

Then Jane offers her hand.

JANE

I'm Jane.

He shakes her hand.

JOHN

John.

JANE/JOHN

Hi / hey.

JOHN

Can I?

She makes room for him to join her in the elevator.

It's a little tight.

He sees she is holding a bottle of WINE.

JANE  
There's a wine cellar.

He nods.

JOHN  
I saw.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Have you seen the water bar?

JANE  
It's called a water bar?

JOHN  
I may have made up that name. But  
there's a bar... with different  
types of *water*.

20 KITCHEN - FIRST FLOOR

20

They both walk in. John is taken aback. Jane goes straight to  
find a bottle opener and opens the wine.

JANE  
Do you mind?

JOHN  
(gentle, laughing)  
Not unless it's every lunchtime.

Beat.

John presses a button and TWO OVENS open. He's impressed.

Beat. She pours a glass and watches him look in the oven. She  
instinctively smells the glass.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Where do you think the guns are?

Strange, held moment - then -

JANE  
(referencing the wine)  
Do you want a glass?

A doorbell RINGS.

They look at each other. They walk toward the--

21 ENTRY WAY - CONTINUOUS 21

Multiple monitors on the wall switch on, a slight blue hue, revealing a MAN wearing running gear at the front door.

The bell keeps RINGING. They look at the door. No handle. No knob. What the fuck? Just a circular protrusion rests on it.

JANE  
Try using your handprint.

He does.

22 INT./EXT. SMITH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 22

Jane and John open the door.

We now hear the sound of the city, normal life, normal people, dogs bark, buses passing. The outside.

Their HOT NEIGHBOR, polite but not quite friendly, holds a large PACKAGE.

HOT NEIGHBOR  
I got this at my place by mistake.  
(beat)  
I live next door.

JANE / JOHN  
Hi. / Thanks.

Instantly playing the part, John puts his hand around Jane's waist, Jane leans in.

JANE  
We're -

**TITLES: MR + MRS SMITH**

Dahlak Band and Hailu Mergia's, *Migibima Moltual* soars over full credits. It feels cool and nostalgic.

CUT TO:

23

INT. OFFICE - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

23

There's a 3-D PRINTER, a small CNC MACHINE, and TOOLS hanging from walls. There is a MINI FRIDGE with VIALS. A LARGE BLACK BOX rests on the desk with a note. John looks around the room as Jane grabs the box. Jane takes out a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE with a NOTE around it.

JANE

There's a note.

(reading)

"good luck on your first day of marriage"

(to John)

That's nice.

She takes out TWO LAPTOP COMPUTERS from the box.

JANE (CONT'D)

This one's yours.

She hands one computer to John while sitting down at the desk to start her computer up. The screen comes to life.

On the wall hangs a life-size fresco, Masaccio's, '*Expulsion from the Garden of Eden*'. John notices the painting protrudes slightly, not flush against the wall.

JOHN

(huge smile)

Hey Jane. Check it out.

He pushes on it and it pops open. Behind it, is a SAFE. He smiles even bigger, like a little boy getting to live out an adult spy fantasy. He picks up the guns.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(excitedly)

This is an Alien.

Jane looks at him. He's thrilled.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's got this counter-weighted barrel to--

JANE

To reduce recoil.

JOHN

Yeah.

(laughs)

Sorry.



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23 CONTINUED:

8A.  
23

JANE

Don't be.

Jane is pre-occupied by the computer. A message pops up on the desktop: it immediately asks for a password.

JANE (CONT'D)  
(almost to herself)  
There's a password.

Looking around. John takes the card from the package.

JOHN  
There's a code on here. Try this.

JANE  
Thanks.

John hovers over her as she types in the password. It works. She goes to her Gmail account. No emails.

JOHN  
They said to go to drafts.

She looks back at him, he feels closer than she realized. They make eye contact.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
It's smart. No paper trail.

They open the drafts folder, clicking on it:

JANE  
There it is.

JANE (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
**Hi hi.**

John and Jane look at each other.

JANE (CONT'D)  
**Follow woman. Meet her at  
restaurant Marseille at 12PM. Sit  
near bar. Intercept package. Hand  
off at (these coordinates)  
40.714269,-74.005973. Have fun**

A PHOTO is attached of the woman they are meant to track. She's middle-aged, 50s. The candid photo looks like it must be an old Facebook pic or something. They stare at it.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Who do you think she is?

JOHN  
Maybe a foreign spy.

JANE  
Or US intelligence.

JOHN  
I guess we'll find out tomorrow.

JANE  
(seeing something)  
Oh shit.

A CAT slinks into the room. John looks at it nervously.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Must have come with the house.

It walks toward John and circles around his legs. He's uncomfortable. Doesn't touch it.

JOHN  
Ok.

JANE  
He likes you.

Jane looks down at the cat endearingly. Then, skirting--

JANE (CONT'D)  
What's next, then?

They notice an ENVELOPE labeled: **MR+MRS**.

JOHN  
(opening the envelope)  
There's this.

Their new identities: TWO DRIVER'S LICENSES, TWO PASSPORTS, TWO BANK CARDS embossed with **mr+mrs**, A CONCEALED CARRY PERMIT FOR THE STATE OF NEW YORK. John calls it all out.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Driver's licenses, bank cards, a carry permit.

Jane sneaks a look at John while he is focused. His eyes flick to hers. She looks away.

He gets to a fully signed MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

JOHN (CONT'D)

A marriage certificate.

TWO WEDDING RINGS slide out. They slip their rings on. It's an odd moment for them both.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So... I guess we're married now.

JANE

I guess we're married.

JOHN

How weird is this?

JANE

It's pretty weird.

They force smiles, the weight of this moment landing on them. John grabs the champagne bottle. Then--

JOHN JANE (CONT'D)  
Wanna have a glass to celebrate -- I'll take the guest room. Oh -

JANE (CONT'D)  
--I'm pretty tired. I was gonna--

JOHN  
Oh. No, it's cool you take the main room.

JANE  
Ok, thank you, I'll--

John awkwardly places the champagne bottle near the edge of the desk. It slips.

Right before it CRASHES to the floor, Jane GRABS it, with cat-like reflexes. Seamlessly, without flinching. Totally cool.

John grins at her, curiously. Who the hell is this woman?

JANE (CONT'D)  
(coy)  
I'll --  
(beat, then kindly)  
See you in the morning.

They look at each other for a beat.

JOHN  
Nice to meet you.

She walks out scooping up the cat. John watches the door for a second.

24 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

24

John investigates the kitchen cupboards. He sees Jane's half cleaned dishes in the sink... she already ate without him: a sudded up PASTA POT. A BOWL. CHILI left out on the counter.

He can't decide what to make, so copies Jane's lead and makes pasta. Checks out the seasonings. Thinks for a second, then puts some CHILI in. Puts in a little bit more.

He cleans while he cooks.

25 OMITTED

25

26 EXT. YOGA STUDIO/ROOFTOP - EVENING 26

John doing yoga. He breathes deeply. Opens his eyes. Can't focus. The cat is watching at the other end of the studio. John looks back at it.

27 OMITTED 27

28 INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT (END OF MONTAGE) 28

MUSIC is heard OFFSCREEN from Jane's room. John looks up, intrigued and curious. He puts away the contents of his bag, as well as the clothes supplied by the house (seen in the main bedroom earlier). Takes care to neatly fold everything.

He looks at the door. Thinks for a moment.

He tries on one of the new shirts. Looks at himself in the mirror. Tries on another shirt. Not satisfied, he begins to take it off again.

29 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 29

John walks down the corridor topless. We still hear MUSIC from Jane's room. John listens in. He KNOCKS.

30 INT. MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT 30

Jane wears luxurious pajamas provided by the house, seated on the foot of the bed, reading the HOUSE MANUAL. Her hair damp.

The cat is curled up on the bed.

MUSIC: Kadjah Bonet's *Nobody Other* plays in the background off speakers that are built into the walls.

JANE

Come in.

She begins watering some plants.

John opens the door. He ENTERS, shirtless, a bit shy, eating some almonds.

JOHN

Wasn't sure if I was supposed to say goodnight or not.

Jane half smiles. He's sweet.

JANE

Lost your shirt?

JOHN

(about the cat)

No... I - You guys move fast.

She smiles.

He nods. She waters another plant.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You know those plants are on a  
timer, right?



JANE

Yeah well... I have trust issues.

Beat. He nods.

JOHN

You know what that one is?

JANE

It's a... green one.

He smiles.

JOHN

Here.

He takes out his phone and takes a photo of it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'll look it up and find out if  
you're drowning it.

She stops watering.

JANE

You good in the guest room?

JOHN

(joking)  
I'd prefer to be in here.

JANE

Well. I'm a taken woman.

She gestures to the cat, sprawled on the bed staring at John.

He smiles awkwardly.

JOHN

The house is crazy nice, right?

Jane nods.

JANE

Who do you think lived here before  
us?

JOHN

Probably two people from the  
company.

JANE

And they retired?

Beat.

They both half-laugh at how awkward it is.

He turns to leave, then -- at the door.

JOHN  
You nervous about any of this?

Beat. She shakes her head.

JANE  
You?

Beat. He shakes his head. She smiles.

He nods and turns to leave again.

JOHN  
(referencing his shirt  
being off)  
I was just.. warm.

31 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

31

We watch John from behind, walking all the way down the long hallway, his SHIRT loosely dangling in his hand, regretting his decision to walk in there topless. Before he gets in the elevator, he puts his shirt back on. He tries to Shazam the song Jane's playing, but he's too far down the hall.

32 INT. MAIN BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

32

Once Jane hears that John is far from her quarters, she turns off the music. The coast is clear. She climbs into bed. Turns on the TV very low and tunes into season 6 of *'Naked and Afraid.'* On tv: A naked, skinny, white WOMAN with dreads and a tramp stamp cooks up a RAT over a fire. Her eyes glow green from the night vision camera. A naked, red-bearded MAN watches her, rubbing his hands together.

NAKED BEARDED MAN

I underestimated ya Janet, woo boy!

She settles in to watch her garbage, privately. Something a little lonely about it.

33 INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

33

John is in his bed. Everything is lined up very precisely around the room. A candle is lit.

He is on his PHONE sending himself the photo of the plant.

On his COMPUTER he highlights the plant in the photo.. then edits it out, leaving only the picture of Jane standing with the watering can. He zooms in on her face, then drags it to a website to 'reverse image search' it.

Search comes up - just a few random pictures of brunette women who look similar. Nothing on Jane. He scrolls through but finds nothing. Closes the computer. Stares at the ceiling.

HARD CUT TO:

R34 INT. CAFE - DAY

R34 \*

A romantic French restaurant. CUs on customers: a sea of mostly couples on brunch dates. Some families peppered in. PAN UP to find John and Jane as they ENTER, prepared for just about anything. John's trying to hold back his excitement, but not fully able to. \*

Finally --- their eyes land on: THE WOMAN FROM THE PHOTO seated at a table, alone. If this woman wasn't being tailed, she would otherwise be invisible. \*

JOHN  
(excited, whispering)  
That's her, that's her. \*

HOST  
Here are you are. \*

Jane turns toward the HOSTESS who is about to seat them at a table with an obstructed view of the woman. No dice. John leans into Jane. \*

JOHN  
Um... not sure I like this table. \*

Jane eyes a table covered in dirty dishes that hasn't been cleared yet but with a clear view of their target. She throws her arms around John, cradling him. Instantly performing a loving spouse. He follows suit. \*

JANE  
Is there anyway we can sit at that table over there? It's our favorite? \*

The hostess tries not to show her annoyance. \*

HOSTESS  
Of course. \*

The hostess gestures for the BUS BOY to clear the table off. As they head toward it, John and Jane hold hands, not taking their eyes off the woman from the photo. \*

CU of table wipe. \*

J&J settle in. Jane drops the act and John's hand, cold. Her demeanor shifts back to complete professionalism, but they stay seated closely together to speak in hushed tones. \*

A WAITER approaches them. \*

WAITER

Can I get you anything to start off  
with?

JANE

Yes, can I just have a coffee  
please? Oh, and a croissant.

JOHN

I'll have a green tea.

The waiter nods and heads on his way. They focus. Game time.

JOHN (CONT'D)

She's short. She looked taller in  
the photo.

JANE

Do you see the package?

JOHN

Not yet--

The woman begins enjoying her food in a way that's really  
intense.

JANE

(observing)

She's really into that sandwich.

JOHN

(joking)

You think the package is the  
sandwich?

The woman takes a big bite - the sandwich is nearly gone.

JANE

(slightly joking back)

If it is... we don't have long.

The woman reaches inside her bag.

JANE (CONT'D)

Here we go.

John and Jane both discretely grab at their guns. Not sure  
what to expect-- she pulls out at a-- TABLET. They exhale.

JOHN

It's a tablet.

JANE

What's she looking at?

JOHN \*  
(craning imperceptibly) \*  
It's an article... "Ten Celebrities \*  
that Look Like Barnyard Animals". \*

They were expecting some kind of government document. Not a \*  
buzzfeed article. \*

JANE \*  
Is Hugh Grant on there as a goat? \*

JOHN \*  
(checking) \*  
Yeah. \*

JANE \*  
(confident) \*  
Knew it. \*

The waiter brings their order. He flashes a friendly smile. \*  
Jane smiles back, matching his friendliness. Once he leaves-- \*

JOHN \*  
Can I ask you a question... did you \*  
apply for high risk? \*

Jane starts eating layers from her croissant. \*

JANE \*  
...I did. Did you? \*

JOHN \*  
Yeah. \*

Jane, reading John. His leg slightly bouncing. \*

JOHN (CONT'D) \*  
I guess I just expected something \*  
more for a first mission. \*

JANE \*  
Like what? \*

JOHN \*  
I don't know... lasers. \*

Jane can't tell if he's joking or not. \*

JANE \*  
Maybe they're just easing us in. \*  
Stake-outs are always like this at \*  
first. \*

The woman chugs her glass of water. Shifting in her chair. \*

JOHN \*  
How did they find you? \*

Jane gives him a look. \*

JOHN (CONT'D) \*  
How'd the company recruit you? \*

JANE \*  
Should we be asking each other \*  
that? \*

John shrugs. \*

JANE (CONT'D) \*  
...They sent me an email. \*

JOHN \*  
"Hi hi". \*

JANE \*  
(laughing) \*  
Right, "hi hi". \*

JOHN \*  
I was kinda surprised. They didn't \*  
tell me I was being paired with \*  
someone until the last interview. \*

JANE \*  
Yeah. \*

JANE (CONT'D) \*  
I mean, it's pretty smart. You draw \*  
less attention as a couple. And \*  
you're less likely to defect when \*  
you're reliant on a partner. Loners \*  
are rarely loyalists. \*  
(shoving croissant in her \*  
mouth, chewing) \*  
It's an old, fear based KGB tactic. \*

JOHN \*  
So I take it, you're a romantic. \*

Their eyes go to the woman, wiping her sunglasses. \*

JOHN (CONT'D) \*  
...Have you ever spent time in New \*  
York? \*

JANE \*  
Mmhm. \*

JOHN \*  
...What was your name before this? \*

JANE \*  
It wasn't Jane. \*

JOHN \*  
Just making conversation. \*

Fine then: \*

JANE \*  
Have you ever killed anyone? \*

John laughs. Jane laughs. \*

JOHN \*  
Is this your version of small talk? \*  
(beat) \*  
No... have you? \*

John really looks at Jane, waiting for her answer. \*

JANE \*  
Do I look like I have? \*

JOHN \*  
Yes. \*

JANE \*  
(chuckling) \*  
I do not. \*

Beat. \*

JOHN \*  
Jane suits you. \*

JANE \*  
Plain Jane? Thanks a lot. \*

JOHN \*  
No. You're definitely not plain. \*

Jane gets a touch flustered from the slight compliment. Beat. \*

JANE \*  
I have spent time in New York. My \*  
first time I ditched a school trip \*  
to eat pancakes with a pedophile. \*

JOHN \*  
(half laughing) \*  
Wait, what? \*



SMASH. Heads turn to the source of the sound. The Waiter is clearing a broken plate from the floor on the other side of the room. \*

WAITER \*

Oh my god, I'm so sorry. \*

When they turn towards the woman, she's gone. \*

JANE \*

Oh shit, she's gone. \*

They stand, rushing to follow and start to head out. \*

Jane reaches back and grabs the croissant in a napkin as they continue to rush out after her. \*

35 EXT. NEW YORK SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER 35

Marla walks off. But they are pros. They keep up with her, without making it look stressed. Jane passes John the sandwich.

Marla turns a corner, they catch up in a non obvious way. They do it all without even talking about it.

As they keep following Marla, now intentionally a few feet behind, Jane brings up something heavy on her mind:

JANE

Can I ask something I'm not sure if I'm allowed to ask you?

JOHN

Sure.

JANE

Who do you think they are?

JOHN

(laughs)

We're not allowed to ask that.

JANE

You're not intrigued? We've only interacted with them via email. We don't even know if they're American.

JOHN

With a plunge pool...  
No.

(beat)

Just happy to be working.

She nods. Not satisfied. They watch Marla head for:

36 EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY

36

Marla talks to a GUY through a basketball fence. She walks over and sits down on a park bench. John and Jane watch her just sitting there, scoping her from a way's away.

JOHN

Did you apply for 'high risk'?

JANE

Yeah.

JOHN

Same. I just have to admit I was expecting something a little...

JANE

A little more exciting for a first mission?

JOHN

Yeah.

JANE

Maybe they're just easing us in gently.

Marla looks up at them. John is quick on his feet. He holds Jane's hand. Walks over to buy a PRETZEL.

Marla stops paying attention to them.

JANE (CONT'D)  
New Yorkers don't buy pretzels.

JOHN  
Well, we're not New Yorkers then.

She gives him a look.

JANE  
What did you do before this?

JOHN  
I sold cars.

Jane's face: really? John's face: yeah.

JANE  
A car salesman? So you're good at bullshitting.

JOHN  
I didn't have to bullshit. I sold Maseratis. Those babies sold themselves.

Jane laughs, rolls her eyes.

He laughs.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Nah, I just liked being around nice things. Driving one around.

JANE  
Cause people thought you owned it?

John smiles and shrugs (yeah, exactly.)

A MAN sits next to Marla on the bench. He's an attractive young Latino Bronxy guy. He's sweaty, in basketball gear.

JANE (CONT'D)  
This might be the drop.

John and Jane are composed, but it's obvious they're excited.  
Marla and the guy argue.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Mm. This seems personal.

JOHN  
Could be her son.

JANE  
Could be her boyfriend.

John gives her a look and scoffs a laugh.

JANE (CONT'D)  
What?

JOHN  
Sorry, I thought you were joking...

Half-beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Look at them.

Jane starts to say something, but stops herself.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(grinning)  
It's just... You can't even imagine  
them meeting. You think their  
families vacation together in the  
Hamptons?

Things calm down between Marla and the Bronxy guy. They begin  
speaking calmly. Jane, taking this change in.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Where were you before this?  
CIA? FBI?

JANE  
Something like that.

JOHN  
Thrown out?

Jane winces just slightly. A sore spot for her but she  
recovers almost immediately.

JANE  
Something like that.

JOHN  
You have to give me something.

JANE  
I don't know you.

JOHN  
Yeah, but you're married to me.

JANE  
And what else do I need to know  
about that?

He raises his eyebrows.

JOHN  
I can take the trash out, but I  
don't like ironing.

Beat.

JANE  
Ok. I read to get to sleep.

JOHN  
I wash dishes *while* I'm cooking.

JANE  
Yup, see. Military boy.

JOHN  
Mommy's boy.  
(beat.)  
Laundry?

JANE  
Most hated chore.  
(beat)  
Sex?

JOHN  
Do you list that under chores?

JANE  
I have.

He laughs. So does she. She finishes her drink.

JANE (CONT'D)  
What's your worst trait?

JOHN  
Can't lose an argument.

JANE  
Oh man.

JOHN  
I'm serious. Never happens.  
(beat)  
I have no feeling in these fingers.

He wiggles the middle and ring finger on his left hand

JANE  
I have no sense of smell.

JOHN  
Not true.

Jane looks at him inquisitively

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You smelled the wine glass  
yesterday.

Beat. She smiles. Liking that he caught her out.

JANE  
I only really have one bad trait.

JOHN  
Lying.

JANE  
At least I'm being honest about it.

Beat.

JOHN  
Very reassuring for our first day  
of marriage.

Beat.

JANE  
What do you think happens if we  
fail?

JOHN  
Our marriage?

JANE  
Our mission.

JOHN

We won't.

For a moment they sit in the uneasiness. And then--

Marla gives the guy some money. They immediately plug back into the mission.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Do you think that's it? Are we supposed to intercept the money?

JANE

It's hard to say.

The guy and Marla kiss. A sweet peck. Then another.

They realize, it's not the drop. This is indeed, her boyfriend. John is surprised. Jane is beyond smug.

JANE (CONT'D)

Well, would you look at that...

JOHN

Ok.

JANE

Well, well, well...

JOHN

There's gotta be something else going on there.

JANE

That says more about you I'm afraid.

John tries to buy it back.

JOHN

I was wrong, but I stand by the assumption. It was fair.

JANE

(smiles)

Sure.



Marla and the man are making out, now. Marla removes her SUNGLASSES to prevent any damage. She holds them up with one hand. Marla is very much enjoying.

JOHN

At least I'm fine with being wrong.

JANE

Obviously.

JOHN

(laughing through it)  
I'm not an asshole...  
Listen, I want Marla to be happy.  
But she just gave him money... it's transactional.

JANE

I've never seen a happier woman.

Marla hugs the guy goodbye. The chase is back on. Marla just doesn't realize she's leading it.

JANE (CONT'D)

We're moving.

37 INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

37

Marla walks through a crowded subway station. John and Jane follow ten paces behind, pushing through a sea of people.

JOHN

You ok?

JANE

Yeah just - don't like. A lot of people... in the same place.

He observes this but doesn't delve. They do their best to keep watch over Marla.

JOHN

Not big on the subway?

JANE

I prefer to drive.

JOHN

You like control, then.

JANE

Yeah. I do.

(then)

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

But I appreciate cab drivers. They have one job to do, they leave you alone. They take it seriously. Even the crazy ones.

JOHN

Not Ubers.

JANE

No, Uber drivers love a chat.

JOHN

Love a chat.

JANE

It goes -- cabs, drive myself, walk for miles, subways, Lyfts, Ubers.

JOHN

You know what you like.

They follow Marla towards the platform.

JANE

Have you ever tortured anyone?

JOHN

Not on a subway.

38 INT. SUBWAY - MOMENTS LATER - MOVING

38

John and Jane are packed like sardines on the crowded subway. Marla stands on the other side of the car.

There is classic New York tension from loud people trying to hustle for cash. Tired people trying to cram for a seat. John and Jane are looking over their shoulders... wondering if maybe some of these people are tailing them for tailing Marla. You never know.

They both hold on to the same pole, keeping eyes on Marla.

JOHN  
Can you see her?

JANE  
I can.

Marla removes her sunglasses from her head and carefully cleans them with a silk cloth. She puts them back on. She then wipes down her bracelets.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Marla loves her accessories.

The subway suddenly gets even more crowded. A sea of people in between them and their target. Jane flinches.

THREE TEENS get off. One BLACK MAN spreads out a touch now that he has an empty seat next to him. In a row across from him a WOMAN gets on. She puts two SIGNS on either side of her. They read: "*I have bedbugs.*"

Marla sits directly down next to the lady. She is now blocked by people - but we can vaguely make out Marla picking up the sign and placing it back down again.

JANE (CONT'D)  
(loving Marla)  
Marla, seeing through lies.

JOHN  
She doesn't wanna sit next to the black guy.

JANE  
No! She just knows this woman is bullshitting. Just wanted to have a row of seats to herself.

JOHN  
Or... she really has bedbugs.

JANE  
(laughs)  
Yeah. Right.

A beat.

JOHN  
Yeah, right?

JANE  
I mean, they're not real.

Jane looks at John. What's happening?

JOHN  
Wait... yes they are.

JANE  
"Good night, sleep tight, don't let  
the bedbugs bite?" It's just a  
rhyme.

JOHN  
(smiling)  
That doesn't make them not real.

There's something kinda sweet about Jane not thinking bedbugs are a real thing. She's not budging on this.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Jane. They're real.

JANE  
Okay, what do they look like? Why are they only for beds? The alliteration only makes them sound more fake.

John laughs.

Marla looks incredibly comfortable. The woman next to her does not.

The train comes to another stop, and the cart suddenly gets PACKED with even more PEOPLE. Jane flinches. John tries to distract her. Marla ABRUPTLY GETS UP, getting lost in the crowd. Fuck! She's gone.

JANE (CONT'D)

Shit.

John rushes forward. Looks back at Jane.

JOHN

Check under the sign.

Jane hesitates. Now unsure about bed bugs.

John zig-zags through people trying to keep tabs on Marla.

Meanwhile, Jane walks down the subway car, checks under the SIGN. No package. She gets off the EXIT at the other side.

39 INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

39

Jane catches up to a panicked John. He lost eyes on Marla.

A packed subway station with many, many people. Various indiscernible RANDOM WOMEN in corners of the subway could easily be mistaken for Marla. A sea of Marlas of every race. There are multiple EXITS and ENTRYWAYS.

JANE

Fuck, we don't have time for this.

J&J pissed at themselves for losing focus on the mission.

JOHN

(defeated)

I think we lost her.

But up at the very top of the subway stairs, beyond a crowd of people, Jane notices designer SUNGLASSES crowning a woman's head. Marla's favorite sunglasses. BINGO!

JANE

(pointing)

John!

Jane dashes ahead, up to the--

39A EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

39A

Relief washes over our duo. Across the street is a THEATER. And in front: Marla. In line of old ladies and older ladies.

J&J cross the street, a slight jog, trying to be casual. Jane scratches her leg as they walk.

JOHN

Itchy?

JANE

(slight laugh)

Fuck off...

40

EXT. THE PUBLIC THEATER - DAY

40

John and Jane continue to tail Marla to the matinee. The Marquee reads: *Long Day's Journey Into Night*.

JANE

This has to be it.

JOHN  
We should split up.

JANE  
You'll distract them? Text me once  
I'm in.

He turns then turns back--

JANE (CONT'D) JOHN  
Do you have my - I'm your husband... and I  
don't have your phone number.

She smiles. They exchange numbers. They stop for a second.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Hey.

He touches her face. It's odd and very intimate. She's  
freaked out.

JANE  
Ok. I should be clear. I'm not in  
this for the romance.

JOHN  
I was putting an ear piece in.

He swiftly heads inside with her just behind him, slightly  
embarrassed. Touching her ear gently.

41 INT. THE PUBLIC THEATER LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

41

Jane sees Marla check her coat at a coat-check.

John walks right up to the white TICKET TAKER ripping  
tickets. He politely cuts the line.

JOHN  
Can I buy a ticket?

TICKET TAKER  
Oh.  
(chuckles)  
Sir. You don't buy tickets from me.  
This isn't like a movie theater.



JOHN  
(acting irritated)  
I didn't think it was a movie  
theater.

While people are distracted by John, Jane starts going in with a group of OLD LADIES. Three white, one *possibly* Asian. Jane eyes her, especially: *she'll do*. The first three hand their TICKETS and walk inside but Jane intercepts the final and fourth lady.

JANE  
(to the old possibly Asian  
woman)  
Hold on.

She gently takes a TICKET from the old woman and hands it to the ticket taker. The woman is perplexed by Jane.

TICKET TAKER  
There's only one.

JANE  
(to the same old woman)  
Mom, where's your ticket?

The old woman looks confused.

OLD LADY  
You took it.

JANE  
(in Japanese)  
Where is your ticket?

OLD LADY  
I don't know you.

Jane sighs, exhausted.

JANE  
(to the ticket taker)  
Could you help her find her ticket?  
My dad needs help inside.

Jane gets a thrill to manipulate in this fashion. The Ticket Taker nods as Jane slips into the theater.

A42pt INT. THEATER - DAY A42pt \*

A darkened theater. Tension is high. Jane watches Marla seated a few rows in front of her. \*

ADR of John and ECU of Jane's hands texting on her phone. \*

JOHN ADR \*  
(in Jane's ear) \*  
I was in a play once. I used to be \*  
really shy, so my mom made me. \*

Beat. \*

JOHN ADR (CONT'D) \*  
I was the Tin Man... \*  
Did you say earlier that you ate \*  
pancakes with a pedophile? \*

JANE'S TEXT \*  
Yeah. I was 14. \*

JOHN ADR \*  
(in Jane's ear) \*  
...And?... Then what happened? \*

JANE'S TEXT \*  
Some guy, Buddy Love, invited me \*  
and my friend Dina to get pancakes. \*

JOHN ADR \*  
Buddy Love? Oh god, how old was he? \*

JANE'S TEXT \*  
40s. \*  
(beat) \*  
Late 40s. \*

JOHN ADR \*  
(in Jane's ear) \*  
Wow, were you scared? \*

John is engaged in her story and Jane likes that feeling. \*

JANE'S TEXT \*  
No. We were hungry. It was a public \*  
place. \*

JOHN ADR \*  
(in Jane's ear) \*  
So what happened? \*

JANE'S TEXT \*  
We ate pancakes. He paid the check. \*

JOHN ADR  
(in Jane's ear)  
What happened after that?

\*  
\*  
\*

JANE'S TEXT  
We parted ways. Then died laughing  
once he was gone.

\*  
\*  
\*

JOHN ADR  
(in Jane's ear)  
I like that you waited until the  
pervert was gone to laugh, so you  
didn't hurt his feelings.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JANE'S TEXT  
We weren't monsters, John.

\*  
\*

JOHN ADR  
I can't tell if that story is true  
or not. But if it is, I now know  
everything there is to know about  
you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Jane laughs. A violet-haired OLD WOMAN is irritated with her.

VIOLET

Why did you even come?

Marla SUDDENLY gets up. She is running up the aisle towards the exit. Fuck. Jane is trapped in her row.

JANE

Excuse me.

Violet takes her time to make way for Jane to get out. Jane tries to text and move at the same time. Screw it.

JANE (CONT'D)

She's on her way out.

43

EXT. THE PUBLIC THEATER - DAY

43

John picks up on Marla leaving with the PACKAGE. He waits a few beats to not seem eager or suspicious when Jane arrives.

JOHN

She has it.

JANE

Since when?

JOHN

Coat check.

JANE

What did it look like?

JOHN

Like a box, a - a - brown box.  
Looked kinda heavy, the way she was  
holding it--

John and Jane slightly pick up their speed. Just enough not to lose sight of her.

43A EXT. CHINATOWN MALL - MOMENTS LATER 43A

J&J follow Marla as she crosses the street and enters a multi-story indoor mall in Chinatown.

JOHN  
What do you think she's doing here?

JANE  
(tense)  
She's probably dropping the package.

They're both starting to panic, the cool demeanor is now melting away entirely.

JANE (CONT'D)  
We need to hurry.

43AA INT. CHINATOWN MALL - CONTINUOUS 43AA

The indoor mall is three levels of various bizarre shops. Knick-knacks, souvenirs, dim sum, jewelry stores, cell phone shops and acupuncture, etc.

JANE  
She's clearly headed somewhere--

Marla heads toward the stairs. Jane starts following--

JANE (CONT'D)  
They told us to intercept the package immediately. What's our plan? Do we just grab it or--

This is the first time John's seen Jane genuinely worried. He wants to rise to the occasion. John looking offscreen--

JOHN  
I have an idea. Keep eyes on her.

With Jane on Marla, John goes inside of the store --

43AB INT. CHINATOWN MALL - CHINESE LANTERN STORAGE - CONT. 43AB

John rummages through the lanterns, tossing them about. He rummages through trash. Can't find whatever he's looking for.

JANE  
(in John's ear)  
We're heading down the escalators.  
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

She's getting a sweat on. What are  
you doing?

JOHN

Looking for a box.

Suddenly, A SLEEPY SECURITY GUARD, Chinese, older, looks in  
on John curiously.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Was... uh... looking for my keys.

John runs out of the abandoned store down the mall hall. He  
keeps running until he makes his way into a --

43C INT. CHINATOWN MALL - CHECK CASHING BOOTH - CONTINUOUS 43C

John eyes the stacks of boxes behind the store clerk. All of them have logos on them. John shouts toward an EMPLOYEE.

JOHN

(rushing)

Any chance you have any of these,  
completely plain? Just brown? No  
logos?

The Employee makes a face. Not understanding.

JANE

(in John's ear)

We're past a cell phone store to  
the far left. Marla just bought an  
Android.

43CA INT. CHINATOWN MALL - CELLPHONE STORE - CONTINUOUS 43CA

Jane watches Marla as she finishes paying for the Android. She looks at her watch and begins walking again. Jane follows.

JOHN

(stressed)

Goddamn, it's hard to find the  
right fucking box.

JANE

She's starting to pick up some  
speed. I don't think she suspects  
me, but we really need to hurry.

43CB INT. CHINATOWN MALL - ROTUNDA - CONTINUOUS 43CB

John dashes out of a store back to the mall rotunda.

He leans over the railing from the upper level. He looks down to see Jane a floor below him, a few feet behind Marla right by an ACUPUNCTURE STOREFRONT.

John turns a corner. Frantically runs into a --

43D OMITTED 43D

43E INT. CHINATOWN MALL - RANDOM SOUVENIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS 43E

He sees a WOMAN at the cashier.

JOHN  
(to the woman)  
Do you have any boxes?

CASHIER  
Like a jewelry box?

John shakes his head no, impatiently. He starts looking around at the shop, desperately.

JANE  
(in John's ear)  
She just made a call on the android.

John sees a BROWN BOX similar to Marla's, filled with duo PORCELAIN FIGURINES of *Golden Boy and Jade Maiden* wrapped in plastic wrap. He quickly tosses them out of the box.

CASHIER  
Hey, hey, why are you doing that?

JOHN  
Can I have this box? Just the box.

43F INT. CHINATOWN MALL EXIT - CONTINUOUS

43F

Jane rounds the staircase to the top floor. Eyes flick to John in the souvenir store. Back to Marla as she tosses the android in a trash can.

JANE  
She's just ditched the phone.  
Something's afoot, what are you doing!

CASHIER  
(in Jane's ear)  
What? No, you're making a mess.

Muffled sounds of rustling and general chaos in Jane's ear piece.

JOHN  
(in Jane's ear getting staticky)  
Here.  
(then)  
Do you... tape? I'll take ...



44-48 OMITTED

44-48

49 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - MOMENTS LATER

49

Spilling out onto East Broadway, surrounded by fruit stands is Jane, Marla close in front of her. In the near distance a CAR is running. Marla walks toward it.

John catches up with Jane. Jane expertly, and without words, takes the BOX from him.

JOHN

Walk on her left. Be ready.

John takes off his jacket. Rolls up his sleeves. Starts walking with a swagger in his step. Gets real street. It's just a millimeter shift, but it changes everything.

Across the busy street stands Marla, holding the PACKAGE.

Marla walks against foot traffic on the right-hand side of the street, a clear pathway for her. On the left, a sea of people heading in the other direction - Jane included.

John joins Marla on the right. Ahead of him is a PRODUCE STAND.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(very loud to the vendor)

AY!

John runs up to the vendor and KNOCKS items off the stand and onto the ground.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Fuck is wrong with you?! You won't serve my daughter?

The vendor comes out from behind the stand. John and the vendor start to face off. To avoid standing close to John, Marla walks toward the crowd on her left, SLAMMING into Jane.

The two matching PACKAGES stumble to the ground. It's clumsy.

MARLA

I'm sorry!

JANE

Ugh, it's ok.

In this window of confusion, Jane snatches Marla's PACKAGE. The sound of traffic BLARES, adding to the chaotic moment. Jane starts with a brisk walk that turns into a run.

A TRAIN ROARS right as Marla grabs for the wrong PACKAGE --  
John makes a run for it down an alley--

JANE (CONT'D)  
(in John's ear, while  
she's running)  
East Broadway and Rutgers!

We stay with Marla. She picks up the box and takes a few  
steps before noticing the difference. She turns it over and  
it says something in Chinese.

She panics, looking for Jane, but she's gone. The driver sees  
the panic and steps out of the car. They look at each other  
from across the crowd.

R51 INT. SUBWAY - MOVING - DAY R51 \*

John and Jane are buzzing, riding high from their success. \*  
John stands, still flooded with adrenaline as Jane sits, \*  
watching him, the package by her side. A part of her is \*  
enjoying John's childlike excitement - zero facade. \*

JOHN \*  
See, this was what I was talking \*  
about. High risk, baby. \*

Jane smiles. She's proud too. \*

JANE \*  
The look on that poor guy's face \*  
when you kicked the display-- \*

JOHN \*  
I think I said something about my \*  
daughter? \*

Jane laughs. They're both feeling good. \*

JANE \*  
Yeah, what made you choose that? \*

JOHN \*  
I have no idea. \*

They both start laughing. They make a good team. \*

The eye contact lingers a beat before Jane switches gears- \*  
she looks down at the box. There's a tiny tear in it. \*

JANE \*  
What do you think this is? \*

JOHN \*  
It's pretty heavy. Maybe some kind \*  
of military grade weapons? \*

JANE \*  
Maybe encrypted hardware? Or some \*  
kind of cipher machine? \*

She stares at the tiny rip. He stares at her. \*

JANE (CONT'D) \*  
Who do you think they are? The \*  
company? \*

JOHN \*  
With a plunge pool, I don't care. \*  
I'm just happy to be working. \*

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Why are you in this?.. if not for  
the romance?

Her comment stayed with him.

JANE

I guess... nowhere else would take  
me.

He takes this in. They're both rejects.

JANE (CONT'D)

And free theater.

JOHN

Of course.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, same here.

He sits down next to her.

CUT TO:

RA53 INT. NON - DESCRIPT ROOM - DAY

RA53

We are back in the interview room. The lens staring intently.  
We intercut between John and Jane.

JANE

So we'd be legally married?..

SWIPE.

JOHN

No, that wouldn't bother me.

SWIPE.

JANE

She's dead... I'm not in touch with  
him.

SWIPE.

JOHN

He passed. It's just me and my mom.

SWIPE. \*

JANE \*  
Zero contact? With anyone? \*

SWIPE. \*

JOHN \*  
(hesitant) \*  
Not even my mom? \*

JANE \*  
I'm totally fine with that. \*

SWIPE. They both look intrigued. \*

JANE (CONT'D) \*  
(taking it all in) \*  
Wow, so basically, it's like a \*  
whole new life... \*

RB53 INT. SUBWAY - MOVING - DAY RB53 \*

Back on the train, Jane starts picking at the box. \*

JANE \*  
I wish we could open it-- \*

JOHN \* JANE (CONT'D) \*  
Jane, no. \* Just a peek. \*

She stops. She watches an OLD MAN with a PEARL TIE reading a \*  
BOOK about the beauty of pearls. She sees their stop \*  
approaching. \*

John and Jane stand, grabbing the package. \*

52 OMITTED 52

52A EXT. RANDOM HOME - KENSINGTON, NEW YORK - DAY 52A

John and Jane leave an urban city street and walk toward a  
block of large suburban houses that no longer feel like they  
belong in NYC. They get to an upscale, ornate MANSION. Is  
this seriously the right address? Who lives here? Someone  
elite?

John and Jane walk up to a door. RING the doorbell. John sighs. Jane notices a little tear on the PACKAGE. She wants to peek.

JOHN

No.

Jane stops. John's about to ring again when A CATERER walks past them in uniform - black pants and a black t-shirt, slightly rushing. John and Jane follow him in.

52B INT. RANDOM HOME - CONTINUOUS

52B

John and Jane ENTER the front door. Black and white tile floors. An empty foyer with a carpeted staircase welcomes them. An upscale chandelier in the dining room.

One SECURITY GUARD dressed in a button-up shirt and tie sits in the corner, scrolling on his phone, gun on his hip.

John and Jane look to each other and head toward voices in the kitchen. The makings of a high-end party about to begin. Around FIVE CATERERS in matching uniforms prep trays of food. A FLORIST brings in more flowers.

JANE

Um... we are here with a package.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

We're back in here.

As John and Jane head closer toward the kitchen they hear the same woman telling a few people what to do.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(polite)

Do we have heaters for this, just want to make sure this doesn't get cold.

Beat.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(less polite)

Steve, you need to get changed.

52C INT. RANDOM HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

52C

John and Jane ENTER the kitchen. A slightly annoyed MAN in a nice polo shirt, Rolex, and khaki shorts (presumably Steve, the husband) brushes past them to go change for the party.

In the background: the outside yard is set up for guests. FOUR more caterers walk in and out bringing items from inside to outside. TABLES are being set with TABLECLOTHS and FLOWERS. A BAR. There are CATERING TRAYS AND WARMERS. TWO more SECURITY GUARDS quietly chat to each other.

In the kitchen - the woman (PARTY HOST) who called them back, wears a purple dress and greets John and Jane.

PARTY HOST  
Is this what I think it is?

The party host begins opening the box right in front of John and Jane. They're delighted to be able to see what's inside. This whole long day... and the mystery will be revealed. She takes a knife and slices through the top packaging.

Inside is a latched-in additional METAL BOX. The party host cranks it open. It makes a loud POP. John and Jane peek:

A gorgeous CAKE is nestled inside. It's a little damaged on one side.

PARTY HOST (CONT'D)  
Hope it's half off. That doesn't  
come out of you guys, does it?

They shake their heads, trying to hide their confusion.

PARTY HOST (CONT'D)  
You guys want a drink or anything?

JANE  
Sure.

JOHN  
No thanks. We have uh... other  
deliveries to make.

PARTY HOST  
Of course.

CUT TO:

52D EXT. RANDOM HOME - MOMENTS LATER

52D

John and Jane heading out through the side door. A porch that leads to a driveway. Some cars parked. They keep walking. A CATERER that will take us through the next few scenes.

JANE

A cake?

JOHN

We don't ask questions.

JANE

Yes, I understand...but...

JOHN

We don't ask questions.

A beat. They keep walking. A CATERER carrying PLATES walks past them, headed toward the house.

JANE

That better have been a fucking delicious cake.

JOHN

I'm trying not to think about it.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

A cake.

The caterer about to get inside the house, greeted by another caterer --

JANE

Maybe they were easing us in gentl-

BOOM. AN EXPLOSION. A fucking horror show. DUST AND DEBRIS EVERYWHERE, lost in a cloud of smoke. The whole side of the building crumbles. The house's WINDOWS POP. John and Jane clumsily smash against the ground, John slicing his hand. Ash raining down on them. On the street, CAR WINDOWS SHATTER and their ALARMS go off. SCREAMING. The caterer stumbles forward, in total shock. A ghost amidst the chaos. Another caterer on the ground with shattered plates, a gash on one side of his head. John and Jane are utterly shaken, covered in ash. A NEIGHBOR calls from a window (O.S) -

NEIGHBOR 1

What the fuck!? Help!



John and Jane look back at the wreckage. The TWO SECURITY GUARDS stumble out of the party. They're looking around at the chaos, searching.

If it's for John and Jane, they don't want to stick around to find out. They turn around and begin walking away from the scene.

The two men start heading right for them.

JOHN

Fuck. Run.

And they do. They run. As fast as they fucking can, flanked by cars in the narrow street. NEIGHBORS coming out to see what happened and pointing, forcing John and Jane to run back toward the busy commercial streets, feeling like trapped rats in a cage. The two men chase them, close on their heels.

53 EXT. CHURCH STREET - CONTINUOUS

53

Feet stomping on the cement. It's terrifying.

But John and Jane run, fast. It's almost beautiful, majestic... how much they are in sync. Nearly choreographed, their left feet hitting the ground at the same time. Then their right. Go, go, go!

Behind them, the two men grow further and further behind.

John and Jane keep running, ditching dust covered clothes along the way.

The sun dipping behind the clouds. New York transforming into night with them. And they keep running. Exactly the same speed. Side by side, like two stallions in the shadows.

John starts down one street and Jane stops him.

Mr + Mrs Smith - 101 Pilot Green Rev. 5/18/22 46.  
53 CONTINUED: 53

54 OMITTED 54

55 EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS 55

They run across a busy commercial street. A few cars stop short as the drivers yell.

John and Jane duck into a corner. The sounds of FOOTSTEPS growing louder, catching up.

They come across a --

55A INT. AUTO BODY SHOP - CONTINUOUS 55A

They take refuge inside. It's a classic shop. Painted white bricks surrounded by cars in need of fixing. Spare tires aligned on the walls.

John takes a moment to catch his breath. Jane too. In this moment, Jane notices John's hand.

JANE  
You're bleeding.

John looks down. Blood drips down his fingertips.

Aside from the front office is a MAN in a rolling chair waking up from a slight snooze. In his half awake state, he realizes John and Jane are in there. John shoves his bleeding hand in his pocket.

MECHANIC  
Hey, what are you --

John and Jane then duck under a metallic rollaway door. They keep running and running until they get to a --

Mr + Mrs Smith - 101 Pilot Green Rev. 5/18/22 47.  
55A CONTINUED: 55A

56 OMITTED 56

57 OMITTED 57

57A EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS 57A

They climb over a fence, growing exhausted. Their breaths deep. Sweating profusely. John chokes back vomit. His chest heaving, having a hard time regaining his breath.

Three stories up, Jane sees a man looking out his apartment window. Trying to see the source of the police sirens.

JANE

Shh--

JOHN

(out of breath)

I can't.

They hug closer to the wall to stay out of sight. Within the alley is a random side door. Jane takes John's hand. Wipes his blood all over her face and neck. She kicks the door twice.

JANE

Catch me.

Without missing a beat, John does, as she collapses into his arms. A stunning performance from Jane.

58 OMITTED 58

59 INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 59

The doors swing open and John desperately carries Jane into the kitchen full of KITCHEN STAFF. Jane CRIES in agony, totally distraught. Real tears. Both covered in debris.

JOHN

Please, where's a bathroom!

KITCHEN CHEF

Holy fuck. Is she ok?

The kitchen staff lead John to the bathroom.

BUS BOY

I'll get help.

60 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

60

John and Jane escape into the bathroom. He puts her down.

JOHN  
You alright?

JANE  
Yeah. You?

He nods.

She listens for noises outside the door. As things grow quieter, Jane's performance dials down, slowly, slowly, until she's calmer. Her breaths still a little heavy. An experience like that can't just be shut off like a switch.

They begin cleaning themselves off. Dust and blood.

JOHN

We should split up. Meet back at home.

He laughs a bit.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'll take the window. Take a minute, then you go.

She nods. He doesn't leave for a beat. They look at each other. They laugh and smile in a sort of small, incredulous way. This *is* what they were looking for, after all.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(getting up)

Ok.

JANE

Be safe. If you get there first I'd like a glass of wine.

He crawls out of the window.

60A INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

60A

We stay with Jane, cleaned up a bit, as she calmly and coolly EXITS the kitchen and makes her way to the front of the restaurant.

60B OMITTED

60B

61 EXT. QUEENSBORO PLAZA - QUEENS, NEW YORK - NIGHT 61

As he walks toward the above ground subway station, John, cleaned up a bit as well, turns his jacket inside out, the other side a BRIGHT ORANGE. He holds it on his arm to transform himself. Seamlessly.

62 EXT. LAUNDROMAT - QUEENS, NEW YORK - NIGHT 62

Jane stands by the Laundromat, wearing a stolen grey hoodie and ratty old baseball cap, waiting. Moments later...

An ECU shot of Jane's hands and her phone. \*

JANE'S TEXT \*

R u good? \*

She sends it, clicks back over to the BREAKING NEWS article  
she has up: "9 KILLED IN HOUSE EXPLOSION" \*

A grim scene: CAUTION TAPE, POLICE AND POLICE LIGHTS, a BODY  
being moved into an AMBULANCE, RUBBLE, SMOKE. \*

A beat. \*

She puts her phone down. \*

63 OMITTED 63 \*

Mr + Mrs Smith - 101 Pilot 2nd Goldenrod Rev. (4/17/23) 50.  
63 CONTINUED: 63

\*

64 OMITTED 64

65 OMITTED 65



66 INT. SMITH HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT 66

Jane, still in hat and hoodie, has pulled off her boots.

She heads up the stairs.

She looks down at her ankle. The back of her heel is ripped open and blistered thanks to running for her life in the wrong shoes.

She pauses on the second floor, lingering for a long beat. Is John there? Did he make it home? She considers checking his room. But -- she continues past it to the third floor.

67 MAIN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 67

Exhausted, Jane opens the door, ready to collapse from the long day. John is lying on the bed, his eyes barely open, in sweatpants. His hand BANDAGED. The cat is on the chair. She's flooded with warmth and relief.

JOHN

I just came to say goodnight. But  
then... this bed -

She lies next to him. Half-asleep, he points to the plant--

JOHN (CONT'D)

You shouldn't water that more than  
once a week.

He's overcome by the bed's comfort.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Goddamn this bed.

JANE  
Horse hair.

He closes his eyes. Sinks into it.

JOHN  
How do they even get the -?

JANE  
I think they shave them.

They both laugh a bit. Beat.

JOHN  
Do you think they keep the shaved  
horses separate from the hairy  
horses -

JANE  
For their modesty?

JOHN  
Yeah.

JANE  
I hope so.

Jane starts to get into her head. She has to say something.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Are you still not intrigued?

JOHN  
We did the job. We completed the  
mission.

Beat.

JANE  
And if we'd stayed 30 seconds  
longer...

JOHN  
We're high risk.

JANE

Do you think Marla knew what was  
really in the box?

John turns toward her. She looks at him.

JOHN

(comforting)  
Maybe we just... don't.  
(beat)  
Think about it.

She looks away. Longer beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Earlier... in the cafe. I lied.  
(beat)  
I'm not proud of it... but I did...  
kill some people. I worked one of  
the first drones in Afghanistan...  
And I learned that maybe it's best  
when you... just don't think about  
it.  
(beat)  
We should name the cat.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JANE

Max.

JOHN

Or Gilgamesh.

JANE

His name is Max.

JOHN

Don't you think we should discuss  
it-

JANE

No I think it suits h-

JOHN

Yes but in the spirit of compromise-

JANE

I'm very happy to compromise. Can't  
wait to compromise on anything  
except Max.

Beat.

JOHN

It's your cat, isn't it.

Beat.

JANE

Yeah.

Beat.

John inches a little closer to Jane. Closing his eyes. She stirs slightly, and John's eyes gently open. He sits up gradually.

JOHN  
I should head to bed.

Jane smiles as John stands. Max takes John's place. John shakes his head, playfully.

He heads for the door. Jane stops him.

JANE  
Hey...

Then, another confession...

JANE (CONT'D)  
It was Dina's idea to eat pancakes with Buddy Love. I was terrified the entire time.

He looks at her, Jane's veneer cracking. Or so he thinks.

JOHN  
Ok.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Goodnight Jane.

JANE  
Goodnight John.

John EXITS.

Leaving Jane in her sleepy thoughts, as she listens to the rest of the song -- which takes us out to--

END CREDITS