

# Jane Smith - Scene 2 of 3

## TEASER

EXT/INT. CAB - NIGHT

A cab speeds through the streets of a dark city. In the back: JOHN and JANE SMITH. A great-looking couple. Jane wears a slinky black cocktail dress, John wears a waiter uniform.

START-

They are both stained with a little bit of red (wine perhaps). And they're in the midst of a heated marital spat:

JOHN

I told you not to wear it--

JANE

Are we really going to talk about the dress again? I mean, really?

JOHN

For the record, we did say it wasn't a work dress--

JANE

You said, you said it wasn't a work dress.

JOHN

And what did you say?

She looks him right in the eyes.

JANE

I said it'd be perfect for work.

He opens his mouth to retort, but nothing comes.

JOHN

Whatever. This isn't even about the dress.

JANE

No, it's not. It's about trust.

The car seems to be picking up speed.

JOHN

How do we build trust if you're gone half the time?

JANE

You knew who I was when you married me.

JOHN

No actually, I didn't.

Mr. & Mrs. Smith

She looks out the window, the world whizzing by.

JANE

You knew I needed my space.

Maybe we hear the muffled sound of a door slamming.

JOHN

Remember what Dr. Wexler said: we need to share space if we're gonna take things to the next level.

We start to pull back to reveal...John and Jane are handcuffed together.

JANE

I don't want to talk about the "next level" right now.

JOHN

You never want to talk about it.

We pull back to reveal...there's no DRIVER in the front seat

JANE

I'm serious. Now's really not the time.

JOHN

Why not?

She turns back to him. Level.

JANE

Because we're handcuffed to a runaway car headed for a river at eighty miles an hour.

We pull all the way back to reveal: they are handcuffed to a runaway car headed for a river at eighty miles an hour.

JOHN

It's always something with you.

BOOM! The cab crashes through the end of the dock, soaring into the air, arcing high over the river, with a twinkling European skyline behind them, and we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

END -

# Jane Smith - Scene 3 of 3 <sup>41.</sup>

INT. CARLO IV HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A huge, lavish bathroom. John sees...Jane is here. With HAJEK'S BODY wrapped in the bedsheets, DEAD in the bathtub.

Jane looks up, wearing dishwashing gloves and a plastic apron which reads: KISS THE COOK. The word KISS is streaked with blood. She has a carving knife in one hand, and a bottle of acid in the other. A truly shocking tableau. A beat.

START-

JOHN

God. You have no idea how relieved I am.

He exhales. But Jane does not look so chipper.

JANE

John. What the hell are you doing here?

A tough question.

JOHN

I uh...I...I was in the neighborhood.

JANE

You were in the neighborhood? Our neighborhood is five thousand miles away. You followed me halfway around the world?

JOHN

No.

JANE

No?

JOHN

Yes. Okay, fine, I followed you. But only because I care.

Jane shakes her head, going back to business, disposing of the dead body as she bickers with her husband.

JANE

Don't do that. Don't even try. You followed me because you don't trust me.

JOHN

Well what do you expect? How am I supposed to live with all the lies?

She reaches past him, shaking acid into the tub.

Mr. & Mrs. Smith

JANE

All the lies? Who's lying?

JOHN

Jane, you told me you weren't wearing the dress.

JANE

I said that because I didn't want this to happen, I didn't want to get in a fight--

JOHN

So why'd you bring it in the first place?

She shakes her head, scrubbing gristle off her blade.

JANE

I can't believe this, I can't believe you're trying to turn this around on me. You're the one who followed me across an ocean, and now it's my fault?

JOHN

You know, Dr. Phil says there's nothing more deadly than placing blame--

JANE

John, if you mention that man's name again, I swear to god I will use this on you.

She raises the acid. John eyes the bottle. He slows.

JOHN

Wait. Since when do you use sodium hydroxide? I thought you used sulfuric acid?

JANE

I switched.

JOHN

See, I should know these things about you.

JANE

You don't need to know everything.

He steps toward her, impassioned.

JOHN

I'm not talking about everything. I'm talking about the basics. Where you go. Who you see. What kind of acid you use. Whether or not you have parents.

JANE

What, what? We've been over this. I told you I'm an orphan--

JOHN

I know what you told me. So what were you doing yesterday in the park with your mother? Who's supposed to be dead.

Jane stops in her tracks.

JANE

I knew it. I knew that was you. What did you do, put a tracker on me?

JOHN

No, Jane. I wouldn't do that.  
(a beat)  
I put it on your car.

She nods for the first time, making a decision.

JANE

You know, maybe Jordan was right. Maybe I'm not built for marriage.

John steps closer, feeling lines being crossed here.

JOHN

You don't mean that. You're emotional right now. You don't mean it. Look me in the eyes and tell me you don't want to be married.

END-

Jane turns to him, opens her mouth, a big beat, and suddenly--

THHM. Her eyes roll back. She DROPS to the floor.

John sees a reflection in the mirror, and he spins toward...

Three MEN barging in. Familiar faces: the thugs who were guarding MR JONES. They fire again. THHM.

John drops. His eyes shut. Over and out. And we...

END ACT THREE