

Jordan - Scene 1 of 2

6.

The women straighten. Jane's assistant JESSIE approaches, with coffee and clipboard. A very eager assistant.

JANE (CONT'D)
Callsheet?

JESSIE
The usual. CIA, NSA, MI-5. And your dry cleaner called. Said she couldn't get the Semtex out of your dress.

JANE
Damn. Where's Jordan?

As they turn a corner, JORDAN emerges from an office. She is a beautiful young woman with steely eyes. She waves a memo.

JORDAN
Got a hot one here.

INT. JANE'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE AREA - DAY

Plasma screens fill with data. Jordan briefs Jane and team, women of various ages, races. All smart, sharp, powerful.

JORDAN
Subject's an enemy of the state. Rudolf Hajek. Arms dealer to the stars.

NSA IMAGERY of RUDOLF HAJEK fills a screen.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
CIA got close, but couldn't risk the exposure. Didn't want to end up on the nightly news--

JANE
So they called us. What's the op?

Jordan hits a button. Maps and satellite shots fill screens.

JORDAN
Rudy's having a little dinner party in Prague. Champagne, caviar, and a weapon of mass destruction for the highest bidder. Deal's going down this Friday.

JANE
Friday?

JORDAN
They want us to take out the target, secure the codes, and neutralize the--

PB 1/3

Mr. & Mrs. Smith

Start -

JANE

Uh, Jordan. You think there's any way we could... reschedule?

They all stop. Look at Jane. It pains her to say:

JANE (CONT'D)

I have something this Friday.

JORDAN

This man is selling a thermonuclear weapon on the open market. What do you have that's more important than that?

Jane considers. A tough call. Then she makes her decision:

JANE

Nothing. Roll the specs.

Jordan hits a button. We see a surveillance shot of a CASTLE. It plays over Jane's face, her eyes conflicted, as we CUT TO--

INT. JANE'S OFFICE - EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

Jane sits in her corner suite. Stark glass and steel. Endless views of the city. She picks up the phone. A beat. And...

JORDAN (O.S.)

Since when do you reschedule missions?

Jordan enters. Jane pauses. Her first real pause.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Jane. I checked your calendar. It's clear. What do you have this Friday?

She looks up, considers. And then mutters:

JANE

Date Night.

Jordan smiles.

JORDAN

Well, it's about time you started playing the field. I wish I'd done that to my bastard husband before he ran off with little miss--

JANE

Jordan. The date's with John.

Jordan slows. A little, awkward beat.

JORDAN

Oh. My bad. You two having problems again?

JANE

No... What do you mean "again"?

JORDAN

In case you forget, it was just last year he blew up your house.

JANE

He didn't mean to do that.

JORDAN

And that makes it better or worse?

Jane has no answer. Jordan takes a step closer.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Look, I know you're trying to make this work. The job. The marriage. But you gotta keep them straight, separate. Like you taught me: personal and professional. Church and state.

END -

Jane nods, thinking, steeling herself, as we CUT TO--

EXT. LOW-SLUNG OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

John drives up. He parks in the little parking lot.

INT. IMPORT/EXPORT OFFICE - DAY

John keys the door, and enters an anonymous-looking office. He slows when he sees...the office is full of BOXES. An older man sits at a desk. This is BOB. John's boss.

JOHN

Bob...? What's going on?

Bob looks up, as he drops a mug into a box. He slows.

BOB

John. Why don't you sit down.

John slows, confused. He sits down across from Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm shutting down the office. I got an offer on the space, and I took it.

John nods slowly, processing.

PG 3/3

Jordan - Scene 2 of 2

28.

Mother turns to Jane, trying to read her. Her lips exposed:

MOTHER (CONT'D)

What's wrong, Jane...?

Jane struggles. John watches, reading Mother's lips:

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Problems at home again?

Jane considers. She looks at this woman. So wise. Jane turns toward her, confiding. John zooms into Jane's lips, as she opens her mouth to answer. A big beat. And suddenly...

Her face is BLOCKED by a BALLOON. John sees:

KIDS at a BIRTHDAY PARTY. They block Jane and Mother.

John tries to get a better angle, but he can't get a clear line-of-sight. He looks around the park, trying to come up with a plan. His eyes narrow when he sees...JORDAN.

Start - EXT. HIGHLAND PARK - DAY

Jordan stands in position, eyeing suspicious JOGGERS, MOTHERS, NANNIES. Her cell rings. She sees the ID, answers:

JORDAN

John Smith. To what do I owe this profound pleasure?

EXT. PARK MAINTENANCE BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY

John keeps his eyes on Jane, as we INTERCUT CONVERSATION:

JOHN

Hey Jordan. I was hoping you could do me a favor. I need a fax number for Jane's hotel this weekend. I have some tile samples I want to send her.

JORDAN

So why don't you ask Jane? You know I'm not her assistant anymore.

JOHN

I know. I just didn't want to bother her. She's got her hands full and all.

Jordan's eyes narrow, a smile curling.

JORDAN

Well, that's one way to put it.

PG 1/3

Mr. & Mrs. Smith

John senses something in her tone.

JOHN
I'm sorry?

JORDAN
Listen, John. I don't want to get mixed
up in the middle of this.

JOHN
The middle of what?

cont'd

EXT. PLAYGROUND BENCH - DAY

Jane and Mother continue their conversation.

JANE
You know, when we were going after each
other, it was...

MOTHER
Alive? Electric? Kinetic? Nothing's
better than the thrill of the hunt.

Jane nods, memories flickering.

JANE
And now it's all...

MOTHER
Safe? Comfortable? Predictable?

Jane looks at Mother, every word penetrating.

JANE
Am I in a rut?

MOTHER
You're in a marriage. And making a
life's harder than taking one.

Jane looks away, thinking. Mother keeps her eyes on Jane.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
I've seen you, Jane. The way you work in
the field. You keep your guard up. To
keep yourself safe. But that won't work
at home. You've got to let your guard
down sometimes... Trust me, I know.

She follows Jane's eyes to the playground. Women, mothers,
families. So close. Yet so far away. A beat. And Mother puts
a hand on Jane's shoulder, as she starts to rise.

PG 2/3

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Good luck out there.

Jane nods, gathering herself, gripping the envelope.

JANE

I'll take care of business.

Mother gives a soft smile. Her first.

MOTHER

I know you will, dear. But I wasn't talking about business.

She walks off, leaving Jane alone, as we return to--

cont'd -

EXT. PARK MAINTENANCE BUILDING/PARK - DAY

John and Jordan continue their conversation. From the look on their faces, it's clear that Jordan has her hooks into John.

JORDAN

I'm just saying, it takes a real man to let his wife fly all over the world to wine and dine princes, politicians, bald sweaty men in the backseats of limos--

JOHN

She doesn't do those kind of jobs anymore.

Jordan smiles, a snake with a mouse.

JORDAN

Is that what she tells you...?

JOHN

Jordan, where is Jane going this weekend?

JORDAN

I wish I could tell, I really do. We're all rooting for you, John. We thought that Date Night thing was soooo cute.

John grips the phone so hard it cracks. He sees Jane rising.

JOHN

Okay, Jordan, gotta go.

END -

He snaps his phone shut. He stands. As soon as he does--