FETCHED

Written by Josh Wellman

Excerpt: Opening

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

A white, windowless van quietly backs up near a centuries-old, European-looking farm house.

TWO MEN exit, leaving both front doors open.

They tiptoe to the rear doors, and open them gingerly.

A DOG briefly barks, then yelps quietly.

Sounds of the two men running.

The men place the dog in the back, close the doors.

They jump into the front, slam the doors, and speed off.

There is a brief silence, aside from the quickly-receding sound of the van’s engine.

Then, male voices, yelling in French, and the sound of booted footsteps approaching at a full sprint.

INT. BOBBI’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BOBBI RIVERA, late 30s or early 40s, half-hangs off her bed, drying her toenail polish in the air, talking on the phone.

A glass of Merlot sits, half-finished, on her nightstand.

BOBBI
I don’t knooooow. It’s just, like… I never see him anymore. We never go anywhere, anymore. He’s always going somewhere, always without me.
(Pauses to listen.)
Right? Yes! It’s like…
(Listens.)
Exactly.

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(Listens.)
Like… we’re hardly even married anymore. For like… years. Now.
(Listens.)
You might be right. It might be time. At least time to start the conversation. Like, pretend we’re grown-ups, get real with ourselves.
(Listens.)
I am a strong woman, dammit! I am a powerful, accomplished-

Bobbi falls off the bed with a shriek. Her phone goes flying.

She gets back up, retrieves the phone, grabs the wine, and squares her shoulders.

BOBBI
I’m fine! I’m fine.
(Listens.)
I love you. You’re the best best friend in the entire history of life on earth.
(Listens.)
I love you. Good night.
(Listens.)
Oh, right! Yes, see you Wednesday. Love you. Bye!

She ends the call, smiles at her phone, and puts it on the nightstand. She goes to the window.

BOBBI
Where are you, Evan? Like, literally and figuratively…

The New York City skyline shimmers outside, silent and sparkling and alive. And lonely.

EXT. SIXTH AVENUE, MANHATTAN - DAY

A tall, boring glass tower looms overhead.

A taxi barely comes to a stop as the rear passenger door opens.

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Bobbi rushes from the cab, stylishly dressed for the office. She hurries towards the sterile glass doors of the entrance.

Her summer AC sweater is slung over one arm; her briefcase and her Starbucks are competing to see which one she'll drop first in her scramble.

She has to pause to pull her shoe back over her heel as:

CABBIE
Hey lady, you gonna pay me?

BOBBI
Fu- Sorry! Sorry!

She rushes back to the cab, fumbles with her purse, and hands money through the window.

BOBBI
I'm so sorry! Keep the change.
Bye!
(Over her shoulder.)
Have a great day!

She charges towards the building entrance once more.

Just as she reaches for the door handle, a man in a Hawaiian shirt and… oddly, wearing an earpiece?… purposefully blocks her path.

PRESCOTT is 30s or 40s, well-built, maybe attractive in a goofy kind of way?

PRESCOTT
Ms. Bobbi Rivera?

BOBBI
Wha- Excuse me!

PRESCOTT
Ma'am, please stop. You're in danger.

BOBBI
No, I'm late.

A woman in a black suit and practical flats gently grips Bobbi's shoulder.

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FIELDING, Asian, late 40s or early 50s, is elegant but firm, practical hair and practical outfit. She flashes a badge.

FIELDING
Ma’am, come with me. Agent Fielding, FBI.

Bobbi hesitates.

FIELDING
Now, ma’am. Please.

Bobbi’s eyes are saucers.

Prescott and Fielding escort Bobbi towards a Starbucks near the entrance.

BOBBI
There was one right here? When did this open?!

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Fielding and Prescott quickly usher Bobbi into the bathroom.

INT. STARBUCKS BATHROOM - DAY

Fielding locks the door, and turns to Bobbi.

BOBBI
What the hell is going on?

FIELDING
Mrs. Rivera, this must be very confusing. Your husband is-
(Her phone rings, she answers.)
Fielding.
(Listens.)
Yes. Yes, the asset is being prepared for evacuation.

Bobbi’s face: “Asset?” Fielding listens some more.

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FIELDING
Roger. Inform me immediately when the exit is secure.
(Hangs up, back to Bobbi.)
Again, I’m sorry. Would you like to sit?

Bobbi looks at the toilet skeptically.

BOBBI
I think I’ll stand for whatever bad news you’re about to tell me right this second.

FIELDING
Very well. Agent Prescott and I are currently your protective detail from the Federal Bureau of Investigation.
Last night at approximately 11 PM Central European Summer Time, Evan… your husband…

BOBBI
I’m aware…

FIELDING
… was violently kidnapped from his balcony at the Hotel Vendôme in Paris.

BOBBI
Paris? Without me? Typic-

FIELDING
Ma’am, please focus.
We have reason to believe he is in debt to a Russian criminal organization.

BOBBI
That condo project in Tampa?! I told him-

FIELDING
We believe he’s alive. All signs point to that, so far.

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PRESCOTT
But his exact whereabouts are unknown.

FIELDING
Similar situations, usually in Europe but… sometimes here… have at times ended with the spouses and offspring targeted, as well.

Bobbi clumsily pulls her phone out of her purse.

FIELDING
Ma’am, I need you to refrain from using any of your electronic devices at this time. No texts, no calls, nothing. Until you are at a secure location. Please turn off your phone for now.

Bobbi hesitates, then complies, sizing them up. She hangs onto her now-inactivated phone.

BOBBI
Well, what’s more secure than a Starbucks bathroom?

FIELDING
I need you to hear this. In the past, there have been accidental fatalities during rescue operations. Which is why it’s imperative that we evacuate you immediately, so you don’t need to be rescued.
No one. can know. where you are.
(Lets this sink in.)
Known cohorts of the Russian mafia were tracked to JFK International Airport yesterday, and then to a hotel three blocks from your office, right upstairs. They checked in, then left and did not return to their room.

PRESCOTT
Yet.

Pause while Bobbi processes this.

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BOBBI
But how would they sneak me into a hotel? And out? Or… anything?

FIELDING
Unconscious in a garment bag?

PRESCOTT
Chopped up in a suitcase…

Fielding shoots him a look: “Really?!” He shrugs, grimaces.

Bobbi slowly sinks onto the toilet.

BOBBI
Happy Monday, right? Holy shit.

She takes a drink of her coffee.

BOBBI
Got anything stronger to put in this?

FIELDING
No.

BOBBI
Sorry, that was a joke. When I’m nervous, I-

FIELDING
I’m aware of the construct of humor, ma’am.

Fielding does not smile, but Prescott suppresses a grin. Bobbi sees this, and turns slightly towards him, as though seeking warmth.

BOBBI
So, Evan… is he ok? I know we touched on it, sorry, but will he be ok? I’m glad you’re here for me, but is there, like, an effort to find him … happening? … somewhere?

FIELDING
On multiple continents and in Micronesia, yes.

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BOBBI
Micronesia?

FIELDING
Micronesia, yes.

BOBBI
What’s in Micronesia? I mean, besides like tropical paradise and I imagine delicious local cuisine?

FIELDING
I’m not at liberty to discuss that outside of a secure location.

BOBBI
Any leads?

FIELDING
I’m not at liberty to discuss that outside of a secure location.

BOBBI
Are there… never mind. You’re not at liberty to discuss that outside of a secure location.

FIELDING
More than likely, yes. You catch on fast.

BOBBI
Maybe there’s a secure location in
(mimics Fielding’s delivery)
“Micronesia.”

PRESCOTT
There are several, actua…

Fielding shoots him the “shut up” face. Her phone rings.

FIELDING
Fielding.
(Listens.)
Roger. Thank you.
(Hangs up.)
Mrs. Rivera, please wear this.

She opens the trash can and pulls out a bag.

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Opens it.

Hands Bobbi a scarf, sunglasses, a nondescript suit jacket.

Bobbi looks disgusted.

BOBBI
This is hideous! And it was in the… ugh. Okay. Fine.

She first looks in the trash can… there’s no trash, thank GAWD. She reluctantly puts on her costume.

PRESCOTT
Good to go?

FIELDING
Good to go. Ma’am, please stay between us. I’m in front, Agent Prescott will protect you from behind.

Fielding opens the door, looks carefully to each side, and nods.

Bobbi surreptitiously slips her phone into the pocket of the new jacket.

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