FETCHED

Written by Josh Wellman

Excerpt: The Ice Cream Truck

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Fielding, Bobbi, and Prescott swiftly exit the bathroom.

A quick left, towards the back room.

Fielding flashes a badge at a befuddled-looking BARISTA, who nods, mouth slightly agape - as though forewarned, but not fully comprehending.

Bobbi leans in to whisper to the barista.

BOBBI
How long have you been open?

BARISTA
(confused, mumblingish)
… two … weeks …

BOBBI
Awesome! Welcome! See you-

Prescott presses her forward, looking around protectively.

BOBBI
… soon.

INT. STARBUCKS BACK ROOM - DAY

They pass through the back room of Starbucks. Bobbi looks around as though she’s discovering the answer to one of the great mysteries of the universe.

BOBBI
So that’s what’s back here…

Fielding leads the trio to the back of the room, to a set of elevator doors.

CLANG! The doors jerk open awkwardly.

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INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - DAY

BANG! The doors slam shut a little harder than one would like elevator doors to close. All three humans inside are startled in their own specific way.

A slow, jerky, whiny descent begins.

FIELDING
Mrs. Rivera, do me a favor and don’t talk to anyone you see until you are secured.

BOBBI
What, I was just curious… and also, why is half of my FBI detail wearing a Hawaiia-

FIELDING
Allow me to amend my previous directive: don’t talk.

BOBBI
That’s not exactly my best-developed skill.

FIELDING
(unspoken: “Previously…”)
Noted.

BOBBI
Wait, was that a joke?

FIELDING
As I said, I’m aware of the construct of humor, ma’am,
(Bobbi starts to smile.)
but I don’t engage in the practice, personally.

Bobbi can’t tell if she’s serious or not. Prescott suppresses a smile.

BANG! The elevator jolts to a clattering halt.

The doors jerk open with a great, metallic CLANK!, revealing:

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INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Fielding speaks inaudibly into her wrist.

An ICE CREAM TRUCK screeches to a halt in front of them, and a nondescript Buick pulls up behind. There are several other AGENTS, now.

Bobbi’s face: “WTF?”

BOBBI
An ice cream truck? You’re evacuating me in an ice cream truck?

FIELDING
Yes. Would you rather have a luxury motorcade, so the men who want to kill you know exactly where you’re going?

Prescott and Fielding quickly usher Bobbi towards the front door of the truck.

Bobbi leans in to whisper to Prescott.

BOBBI
I feel like you should do more of the talking, here…

Prescott, smiling good-naturedly, hoists her into the truck.

PRESCOTT
I’m a better listener.
And marksman.
(winks)

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY

Bobbi looks around incredulously.

FIELDING (O.S.)
Buckle into the seat on your right, in the rear.

BOBBI
An ice cream truck?
Well, at least maybe there’s ice

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cream…
Or vodka.

She opens a freezer, pulls off her sunglasses.

Her face: unsurprised disappointment.

She buckles in as instructed.

Prescott gets into the passenger seat, pulls out his firearm.

Fielding enters. She pulls down and locks the metal shutter to close off the selling-ice-cream window. Partial darkness falls.

BOBBI
Oh, good. You'll be back here with me.

Fielding smiles for the first time. But it's a terse smile.

FIELDING
All right, proceed.

Prescott nods to the driver.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The ice cream truck begins to move.

The other two agents jump into the nondescript Buick, which then follows close behind.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS - DAY

A) The ice cream truck and Buick exit up a ramp onto a side street.

B) Left on Sixth Avenue, Manhattan. Brief moment to appreciate that they are driving past TWO SKETCHY-LOOKING MEN parked in a car.

C) Left along West 59th Street at Central Park.

D) Passing along Central Park, on Central Park West.

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END OF MONTAGE

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY

BOBBI
Hey, am I going to be, like, reported missing? I am a vice president of art direction at-

FIELDING
The CEO and the president of your division have been informed that you sustained a severe concussion while falling out of a cab, this morning.
No one was surprised.
You are currently recovering in Lenox Hill Hospital, and your condition can clear up or require further treatment as needed, while the operation proceeds.

BOBBI
The operation? …

FIELDING
…
…
The search for your husband.

Bobbi’s face: “Oh, duh…”

Bobbi notices the button with music notes on it.

She presses it.

It turns green.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The ice cream truck starts blaring the ice cream truck song.

A woman in a passing car cranes her neck to look, with bemused curiosity.

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INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY

Fielding leans over and SMACKS the green music button.

Blessed silence.

FIELDING
Do you want to die, Mrs. Rivera?

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The truck continues along the tree-lined parkway, trailed by the Buick.

BOBBI
Why do I feel like you’re not just talking about the Russian mafia?

The ice cream truck and the Buick drive away, round a curve behind a hill, and disappear from sight, while the rest of the world goes about its business.

FADE OUT.

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