

EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE
A SERIES

EPISODE 4: Abduction

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT BUILDING, WASHINGTON DC - EVENING

Magnolia trees line a narrow street of brownstone apartments. The street glistens with drizzle as street lights wink on. A Hyundai accent parallel parks in a space barely large enough. Jennifer Jefferson, 27, attractive and tailored, swings her bare knees and high heels out of the tiny car. She grabs her brief case and overcoat, SQUAWKS the car alarm and jogs up the apartment steps. On the top step, she inserts the key in the apartment door, takes off her shoes and enters the building.

INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT BUILDING, FOYER - EVENING

Jennifer opens a mailbox in a row of mailboxes and pulls out the mail. She sorts the stack, hopefully disappointed. MRS. WAJAKOWSKI, an older lady wrapped in a wool coat and scarf enters the foyer carrying a grocery bag.

MRS. WAJAKOWSKI

Ah, Jenny, just the person I need.
Hold this for me.

Mrs. Wajakowski thrusts her grocery bag at Jennifer, not really giving her the option of not taking it. Jennifer fumbles her stack of mail awkwardly as she takes the grocery bag.

MRS. WAJAKOWSKI (CONT'D)

I haven't seen you with that nice
young man, lately. Why not?

Mrs. Wajakowski shakes her way out of the coat.

JENNIFER

We've both been...busy.

Mrs. Wajakowski leads Jennifer down a darker hallway while she takes off her scarf.

MRS. WAJAKOWSKI

Too busy to make love? Oi vey!
What's this world coming to.

Jennifer smiles, embarrassed. Mrs. Wajakowski inserts a key in a dark wood door and opens it.

MRS. WAJAKOWSKI (CONT'D)

Come in, dear. I'll make some tea.
Drown your sorrows.

JENNIFER

I'd love to, Mrs. J, but I have to get ready. He's coming over, tonight.

Mrs. Wajakowski grabs the grocery bag from Jennifer.

MRS. WAJAKOWSKI

What are you doing, standing here in the hallway, dear? You'd better hurry and make yourself beautiful.

Mrs. Wajakowski nearly shoves Jennifer into the hallway and closes the door. Chuckling, Jennifer walks back down the corridor and up the stairs.

EXT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT BUILDING, WASHINGTON DC - EVENING

A faded blue panel van pulls into an open space across from Jennifer's apartment building.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The apartment is furnished in Ikea chic, simple, clean, inexpensive. The phone is RINGING as Jennifer enters, still smiling. She puts the mail on the counter, sets down her briefcase and picks the phone up, off the kitchen counter.

JENNIFER

Hello.

The smile disappears. She drops the phone, crosses the living room, picks up the remote and switches on a flat screen TV.

ON-SCREEN

A female news anchor is speaking. Lower-third banner reads, BREAKING NEWS. Above her left shoulder is a picture of Supreme Court Justice George Blackburn.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR

Justice Blackburn was meeting with the President at Camp David on the eve of an historic decision. The meeting was highly unusual.

She holds her ear piece, listening.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

This just in. Police agencies have put out an all-points bulletin for Navy Seal Commander John West.

John West's dress military photo replaces Justice Blackburn's photo.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Apparently, Commander West was in charge of the President's Military guard at Camp David.

She holds her ear piece again.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Our reporters have obtained exclusive security cam footage of Justice Blackburn's murder. Viewer discretion is advised.

John West walks into the Camp David Study and shoots Justice Blackburn.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer wilts into her couch, staring intently at the TV. Her cell phone is RINGING. It has been ringing for awhile. Jennifer notices and fumbles through her purse trying not to take her eyes off the screen.

JENNIFER

Hello.
 (beat)
 John?
 What's going on.
 They say you killed...

INT. SUV - EVENING

John is speeding down a country road.

JOHN WEST

I didn't do it, Jenn. I was set up.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer is still watching the news. John's picture is still on-screen.

JENNIFER

I just saw the footage, John? It looks just like you.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Country road.

JOHN WEST

The President shot him, Jenn. They'll come for you. You've got to get out of there.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer get's up and looks out the window.

EXT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT BUILDING, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

POV, The tree-lined street is lined with parked cars. No vacant spaces. The doors of a panel van, gray in the sodium vapor street lamp, pop open. FOUR MEN, dressed in black, jump out and cross the street.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jenn watches the men cross the street and climb the steps of her building.

JENNIFER

They're already here.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

John is speeding through the darkness, desperately.

JOHN WEST

Get out, Jen. Right now. Use the fire escape.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer looks out the window. One man stands in front of her building.

JENNIFER

It's too late, John.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

As John races to the top of a rise in the country road, a black Apache helicopter materializes out of the night sky, just above the road.

JOHN WEST

Then you know what to do.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer opens her laptop, types a few key strokes and hits return.

JENNIFER

Yes. Good luck.

POUNGING on the door.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Secret Service, Ms. Jefferson.
Open the door.

Jennifer opens her purse and pulls out a Glock 9mm handgun. She crosses the room and stands next to the door.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

JOHN WEST

You too.

Flames jet from the Apache as a missile fires at John.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Wood splinters fly as the door to Jennifer's apartment bursts open.