

EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE  
A SERIES

EPISODE 5: Fugitive

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SUV - NIGHT

John West is racing down a Virginia country road. A black Apache helicopter hovers above a rise in the road ahead. Flames jet from the Apache helicopter as a missile fires at John.

John slams on the brakes, opens the door and leaps out.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

John bounces, skids and rolls as the missile strikes the SUV. A giant EXPLOSION lights up the night. John is blown off the road, into an irrigation canal.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jennifer Jefferson is standing by the side of her door as the door frame explodes. The door bursts open and a large MAN charges through the door, sweeping the room with a handgun. Jennifer SHOTS him as a SECOND MAN follows into the room. The first crashes into the couch and drops to the floor. The second man drops and rolls. Jennifer drops, rolls and SHOTS the second man, as a THIRD MAN fires a dart gun, hitting her in the neck.

JENNIFER

Oh shoot.

Jennifer pulls the dart out of her neck, disappointedly, then closes her eyes.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Orange light flickers and dances against thick maple trees. Apache rotors THUMP a bass rhythm as THREE SPECIAL OPS SOLDIERS, dressed in black combat gear inspect the burning SUV. The Special Ops Leader clicks his headset mic.

SPECIAL OPS LEADER

No sign of a body.

(beat)

Roger that.

The Leader uses hand signals to direct his men to expand the search. The three men engage Night Vision Goggles and separate into the trees, looking for John. A SIREN wails in the distance.

SO 1  
Company coming.

Special Ops Leader clicks his headset.

SPECIAL OPS LEADER  
Local police are three minutes out.  
(beat)  
Copy.  
One, you got anything?

SO 1  
Negative.

SPECIAL OPS LEADER  
Two?

SO 2  
Negative.

SPECIAL OPS LEADER  
Damn.

Special Ops Leader clicks his headset.

SPECIAL OPS LEADER (CONT'D)  
He's either very good, or very  
dead.  
(beat)  
Roger that.  
Let's disappear.

Special Ops Leader tosses an incendiary canister into the burning SUV. The three men dash back to the Apache as another explosion torches the remnants of the SUV. The Apache lifts off the ground and jets into the darkness.

EXT. FOREST CANAL - NIGHT

John West is unconscious, floating away from the crash scene in the current of an irrigation canal. A flash reveals the blood and bruises on his face. He floats under an old cobblestone bridge and hangs up on some branches. The current at the bridge is much faster and water begins to wash over his face, burying him. Suddenly, he gasps and thrashes, struggling for breath. The branches release him and he slips into the large pipe under the old bridge.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Jennifer sits on the rear facing seat of a limo, her head lolling against the leather back.

A large SECRET SERVICE AGENT sits next to her. Will Kingman sits alone on the back seat.  
Jennifer sucks drool and wakes up, disoriented.

WILL KINGMAN

Good evening, Ms. Jefferson. How are you feeling.

Jennifer looks seasick and panicky. She doesn't respond.

WILL KINGMAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry. The nausea goes away quickly. Have a drink.

Will Kingman hands Jennifer a bottle of water. She reaches for it as if her arms were weighted. She takes a drink.

WILL KINGMAN (CONT'D)

See. Feeling better already.  
Do you know who I am?

Jennifer, getting stronger nods affirmatively. She takes another drink of water.

WILL KINGMAN (CONT'D)

Good.  
Do you know why you're here?

JENNIFER

You're in a lot of trouble, Mr. Kingman.

Will Kingman laughs.

WILL KINGMAN

You just shot two federal agents and you're telling me I'm in trouble.

JENNIFER

Forcible entry with weapons. No search warrant. Probable cause? I don't think so. I'm going to start looking for property in the Virgin Islands, right next to Joe Biden's house.

Kingman nods to the SS Agent. The Agent hits Jennifer in the nose. Her nose blooms red and runs onto her tailored suit.

WILL KINGMAN

Normally I wouldn't resort to violence with a woman, but, you're just so damn obnoxious that I couldn't resist.

Kingman hands Jennifer some tissues, not enough.

JENNIFER

What do you want?  
Why are you doing this?

WILL KINGMAN

We want your boyfriend, dead, plain and simple.  
You're going to help us find him.

JENNIFER

Not likely.

WILL KINGMAN

Of course, you won't willingly cooperate. However, your cooperation is not necessary.

The limo slows and stops.

EXT. CAMP DAVID MAIN LODGE - NIGHT

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT opens the limo door. The agent inside the limo climbs out, followed by Will Kingman. The two SS Agents help a bloodied Jennifer out of the limo.

WILL KINGMAN

Take her inside and get her cleaned up.

The door to the main lodge opens and THE PRESIDENT bounds down the steps. The Agents snap to attention.

THE PRESIDENT

Welcome to Camp David, Ms. Jefferson.

The President looks Jennifer up and down, then dismisses her with a nod. The agents drag her inside.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Will, how'd it go.

WILL KINGMAN

As expected, Mr. President.

THE PRESIDENT  
Do we have him?

WILL KINGMAN  
Not yet.

The President visibly fumes.

THE PRESIDENT  
What the hell is wrong with these people? I've got the entire United States military on this and they can't find him? Why the hell did you let him go in the first place?

WILL KINGMAN  
It shows his guilt.

THE PRESIDENT  
The video shows his guilt. You better find him fast.

WILL KINGMAN  
We're working on it, Mr. President.

THE PRESIDENT  
You damn well better be.

Will Kingman leads the President up the steps.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)  
This had better not escalate, Will.

WILL KINGMAN  
It's under control, Mr. President.

The two men go inside.

EXT. FOREST CANAL - NIGHT

John West washes out from inside the pipe, sputtering, coughing and struggling to hold onto something. He grasps a low hanging branch, holds on and pulls himself up the slimy canal bank.

Police Radios SQUAWK in the distance and an orange glow flickers through the trees.

John collapses on the canal bank, barely conscious. As he lies there, a middle-age VIGILANTE sees John.

VIGILANTE 1  
Lookee here.

The Vigilante sticks the barrel of his shotgun in John's ribs. A second VIGILANTE approaches.

VIGILANTE 2  
That him?

VIGILANTE 1  
Must be.

VIGILANTE 2  
Shoot him.