

Working title: iSPY
Catnapped

by

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Final draft

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ACT ONE

1. INT. APARTMENT – EVENING

LAURA BECKER opens her apartment door. She's a young woman just back from a day of work, still wearing her heels and work clothes with her name badge pinned on. She drops her handbag the moment she steps inside, drops her phone and keys with USB drive key ring into a bowl next to the door. Turns on the lights and sighs.

She stands up a bit straighter. Walks into the room, sits down in a chair and takes off her heels. Walks into the kitchen barefoot, opening the fridge.

Laura cooks a meal of fish, vegetables and rice. She reads the day's news in the paper, puts all her dishes on the counter. She enters her bedroom and changes into her running clothes. She returns to the hallway/living room grabs her keys and closes the door when she leaves. We watch the doorknob, waiting for something to happen.

The door opens again, revealing Laura. She picks up her phone, plugs in the headphones, selects a song and the music starts.

2. EXT. WOODS – EVENING

Laura runs through the woods, breathing easily. It's the start of her run. Her ponytail sways back and forth in the rhythm of her steps. She looks relaxed.

Her profile is highlighted against the dark woods, in the background something or someone moves. It seems to be following her. A long coat, hat and scarf prevent identification. The space seems to darken and close in on Laura, their unsuspecting victim.

The music changes and Laura starts to breath more heavily. Another person now seems to be following her from behind. Her eyes are still trained on the way ahead. She does not notice her stalkers.

The light slowly fades from the environment. The man who was followed her from the side comes closer, near the road now. Behind her the unidentifiable man seems to get closer, too.

As Laura closes her eyes to take an extra deep breath, a large male hand in a glove reaches out for her shoulder. Laura is still unaware. The hand does not quite reach her.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

3. INT. LOCKED ROOM – TIME UNKNOWN

Laura blinks awake slowly. She looks around her and finds herself in a room without windows with a table in front of her. She shakes her head to clear it. Her hands are bound behind her back, against an uncomfortable looking chair.

The room around her is bare; she looks puzzled. She tries to move her hands. Her eyes widen with the realisation that she's tied up. Her breathing speeds up.

LAURA

LET ME OUT! You can't keep me here.
Let me GO!

Her body thrashes violently against the chair she is bound to. Her feet leave the floor only to hit the ground again, hard. Her hair starts to fall in front of her face, having come loose from her ponytail. She slumps down again, her energy has left her.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(softly)
You can't do this to me.
There are laws against this.

She whimpers with a held back sob. She has realized she is defeated. No amount of crying will get her out of this situation. Her breathing slows down again, until she's almost breathing normally. A soft snuffle can be heard.

She starts rocking back and forth, talking to herself.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(softly)
It will be alright. No use in
crying.

She stops rocking back and forth in increments, until finally she sits still, with her head still hanging forward. She continues talking to herself.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(softly)
They just made a mistake, nothing
to worry about.

She takes a deep breath and looks up. The room is almost empty. Her focus is drawn to the speaker and microphone on the table in front of her. She eyes them both before turning her attention to the door. She shifts in her chair to get more comfortable.

LAURA (CONT'D)
(softly)
Hello? Is anyone there?

She bends forwards toward the microphone.

LAURA (CONT'D)
(louder)
Hello?! Anyone there?
You do know that kidnapping
is a crime, right?

A crackling sound comes from the speaker. Laura moves back, biting her lip. It stays silent for about 4 seconds. The speaker crackles again before someone speaks. It makes Laura jump in her seat.

MALE #1
So you are finally awake.
Took you long enough!

Laura starts to panic again. She fidgets with her bound wrists. Her feet have slowly started tapping against the cold concrete floor. The speaker continues the crackle softly; Laura regards it. No other words seem to be coming from it.

Laura thrashes against the chair as she tries to break her bonds, but it is of no use. We see her bonds strain against the force she is exerting on it.

LAURA
(softly)
Just let me go...

Defeated, Laura is close to tears. The speaker crackles on.

MALE #1 (CONT'D)
You and I both know that we
cannot let you go; no matter
how much you beg and plead.
There is far too much at stake.

Laura is still fiddling with her bonds.

LAURA

But I don't even know why I'm
here in the first place!

MALE #2

Man, they really are good at
the lying and acting thing.
We should put that in the report.

MALE #1

Shhh, I'm trying to question
her. Don't interrupt me, you idiot!
(to himself)
Why do I always get stuck with
the idiot?

Laura raises her eyebrows. The men don't seem to be
coordinating that well, making the situation a lot more
dangerous. Laura's feet start tapping a faster rhythm.

MALE #2

Hey! I heard that!

A small smile forms on Laura's face, tears still close to
shadding. Man 1 ignores his new recruit.

MALE #1

As I was saying, we cannot
let you go until you give
us the password.

A crease forms on Laura's forehead. Her feet stop tapping
and shuffle against the ground as the things of what they
mean. She is still flexing her fingers to keep the
circulation to her hands going.

LAURA

What password? What the heck
are you talking about?

MALE #1

Miss Anderson, just drop the
act. The password for the USB drive
of course!

Laura interrupts

LAURA

Miss Anderson?
Who is Miss Anderson?

MALE #1
(irritated)
Drop. The. Freaking. Act.

MALE #2
(interrupting)
Yeah! Drop it! Now tell us!
We know you have it!

Laura silently raises her eyebrow, looking amused and confused. Her feet stay solidly on the floor. Through the speaker we hear someone getting hit against the back of the head.

MALE #1
(even more irritated)
I told you to shut your trap!
(calmly)
Miss Anderson, we both know
your USB drive contains some
very important codes that will
change the world as we know it.
(pause)
Now, kindly give us the password.

She looks down at her feet which have started tapping again. She's wringing the hands behind her back, shifts in her seat and finally looks up to speak again.

LAURA
I'd rather not.

MALE #1
(angry)
Do I need to explain to you
what happens if you don't
cooperate? It would be quite
graphic, I can promise you!

Laura's eyes widen and her mouth opens. Her hands clench into fists behind her back, the tapping of her feet suddenly stops. Her breathing has started to speed up again.

MALE #1
(Loudly)
Now if you please, Miss Anderson!

Laura sits up a little bit straighter. Anger, now that's something she knows how to deal with.

LAURA

What will happen to me when
I've told you?

MALE #1

That completely depends on what
we will find.

(sweetly)

We might let you go.

Her hands relax, her shoulders sag a bit. She looks down
again.

LAURA

(to herself)

Alright then, it's your only
chance to get out of this mess.

MALE #1

You were saying?

LAURA

(slightly louder)

Alright, I'll tell you.
The password is Ceasar101, with
a capital C.

MALE #1

(Softly to #2)

Ceasar101... Don't forget the capital
letter.

4. INT. COMPUTER BAY — TIME UNKNOWN

An official looking computer screen with a password
window situated in the middle, the cursor blinking.
Another screen shows us a video feed of Laura's room. A
pair of hands on the keyboard typing in Ceasar101.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

5. INT. LOCKED ROOM – TIME UNKNOWN

Laura is fidgeting again, trying to get her hands free. Her head turns to look behind her to see how she's doing. Murmuring from the speaker makes her look up. Her hands still again.

MALE #2

(softly to #1)

Sir, I think we have a problem.

MALE #1

(to #2)

What is it?

Laura leans in closer to the speaker, as far as her hands will allow her. Her feet have are silently shuffling on the floor, trying to bring her closer by moving the chair.

MALE #2

Sir, these are not the documents...

It's all cat pictures...

MALE #1

(softly to #2)

You've got to be kidding me.

Reassured, Laura begins to try and free herself again. She's not very successful.

MALE #2

(softly to #1)

Sadly sir, I'm not...

MALE #1

Let me have a look.

INT. COMPUTER BAY – TIME UNKNOWN

The computer screen is shows again, this time completely filled with cute/funny pictures of cats.

INT. LOCKED ROOM – TIME UNKNOWN

Laura looks around the room again, still bend forward to hear better. We hear the pacing of Male #1 through the microphone. It suddenly stops as he speaks again, standing closer to the microphone.

MALE #1 (CONT'D)
(angrily to #2)
Tell the others we have a problem.

Laura sits up straight again and wiggles in her chair. She's not entirely sure she wants to hear more. Her feet have started tapping again, drowning out part of the noise from the speaker. Interrupting might be the best option to keep them from harming her.

LAURA
Excuse me, but I really need to pee.
Can you please untie me now?

MALE #1
(extremely angry)
Shut up! I'll deal with you later.

The pacing starts up again. Laura concentrates more on getting untied herself while watching the door and the speaker closely. Her feet are tapping an agitated rhythm and her nerves are on high alert.

MALE #1 (CONT'D)
(to #2)
Tell them Anderson is still out there with the drive. Get them to send a crew out there ASAP.

MALE #2
Sir, yes, Sir.

MALE #1
As for you, Miss Cat lady...
What should we do with you?

6. INT. COMPUTER BAY – TIME UNKNOWN

A phone being dialled can be seen. The number is unclear, as is the person who will be getting the call. In the background the screen with the cat pictures changes to show us a virus upload. It changes back to cat pictures after a few seconds.

7. INT. LOCKED ROOM – TIME UNKNOWN

Inside the cell Laura is getting restless. Moving around on her seat, the rhythm of her feet picks up even more. Her hands are rhythmically clenching, /unclenching.

MALE #2
(mumbling)
... Let her go ... A team has been
sent out for Anderson.

A smile appears on Laura's face. She can almost taste her freedom. She's wiggling in her chair, trying to relieve the pressure from her bladder. Her feet are stock still on the floor again. Her interest in the speaker has been renewed.

MALE #1
(to #2)
Is that decision final?

MALE #2
It is.

More wiggling and shifting in the chair. Her hands are still moving to keep the blood flowing, but she's not longer worried about getting loose. She sends an eager look toward the door, waiting for it to open.

Male #1
(to #2)
Alright then, get all this
cleaned up so we can get going.
(to Laura)
The door should open presently;
we apologize for the
inconvenience. We will be
releasing you shortly.

The word inconvenience ignites Laura's anger. She forgets her hands behind her back and tries to stand up, only to be pulled down again by her bonds. All her anger is targeted at the speaker and microphone.

LAURA
(loudly)
Inconvenience?! Inconvenience?!
You kidnapped me!
That is not an inconvenience.
That is a crime!

She takes a deep breath to continue, trying to lean forward even more, when the man interrupts her tirade.

MALE #1

Calm down.

(sweetly)

We're letting you go, you should be
happy!

8. INT. HALLWAY – TIME UNKNOWN

The door to the room opens; a knife can be seen in the
person's other hand. This might not end well.

9. INT. COMPUTER BAY – TIME UNKNOWN

The virus download reaches 100%. The text 'Access to all
systems' shows boldly on the screen. The screen goes back
to showing cat pictures.

END OF ACT THREE

Credits