

30 Minutes Or Less

By

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INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Complete darkness, except...

The blinding glow of a laptop.

Sitting in front of it, **GUS**, 20. He diligently types away. Sitting next to him, watching, is **TOBY**, 20.

Behind them, **STEVE**, 20, bites his nails, pacing back in forth, nervous.

They all wear **BLACK HOODIES**.

Steve mumbles to himself, neurotically:

STEVE

I told you-- I told you. I was right.

Gus, annoyed by Steve, barks:

GUS

Steve! Please. Calm down. It's okay. Just give me a minute to set this up.

ON THE COMPUTER

The screen is split into **FOUR** separate screens displaying video feed from security cameras in the...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A group of tough, masculine **TROOPS** are scattered through the hall.

They all stretch, throw fake practice punches and encourage each other.

They're getting ready for a fight.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Steve looks at the computer, concerned.

STEVE

You guys sure we have enough coverage.

GUS

What are you talking about? We're one-hundred percent covered.

STEVE
I don't know, maybe we don't have
enough security for this--

GUS
Relax, Steve!

STEVE
Relax? How can I? Do I need to
remind you that this was all
your idea? Hm? Because of you, we
are going to pay!

Gus stands up and comforts Steve.

GUS
No, we're not! I promise you,
brother. *They* won't get us
tonight.

Toby checks his watch.

TOBY
Gus. Time's running out. We might
actually make it.

GUS
No. Do you forget who we're dealing
with? There's no way it'll be that
easy.
(beat)
But that doesn't mean we're going
down without a fight.

Gus pats Steve and Toby's shoulder, comradeship.

GUS (CONT'D)
Toby, ready the troops.

Toby grabs a radio and speaks into it:

TOBY
Attention, everyone. It's
almost time...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Troops listen intently through their ear pieces.

TOBY (V.O)
*... Don't forget what we're
fighting for...*

WHIR!

Down the long, windowless hallway, deep, low **HUMS** of the elevator creep just behind it's metal doors.

TOBY (V.O)(CONT'D)
... We're fighting for our rights!

The **WHIRING** of the elevator ascending grows louder...

Closer...

The Troops position themselves in a battle-ready stance.

TOBY (V.O)(CONT'D)
*Our rights! Our God-given rights as
Americans! Be smart. Be safe. Do us
proud.*

Toby's message ends as the elevator's humming comes to a stop.

The Troops look to the elevator.

A silent beat.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Steve, Gus and Toby watch the screen in silence. Then...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

DING!

As the elevator door creeps open, a giant cloud of smoke rolls out of it, into the hall.

One of the Troops slowly approaches the smoke, then...

PUNCH!

A fist flies out the smoke, smashing the Troop in the face.

The owner of the fist emerges from obscurity. It's **PAVEL**, 25, an unspectacular looking young man dressed in a blue polo shirt and black slack.

He also carries a squared box.

Despite his intimidating appearance, Pavel proceeds to punch his way through both the hall and the Troops.

Barely taking any hits, Pavel punches troops to the ground, kicks them into the ceiling and rams their heads into the wall.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Steve, Gus and Toby watch the screen, horrified.

From the hall, muffled, they can hear the **PUNCHES**, the **KICKS** and the **SCREAMS!**

Steve loses it:

STEVE

No! No! I knew we needed more
troops. I told you!

Gus is completely dumfounded:

GUS

This-- this isn't possible.

The sounds of action cease.

It's quiet, then the door--

KNOCK KNOCK

The three boys jump, startled.

STEVE

Gus-- I-I- think it's for you.

Wide-eyed and struck with defeat, Gus stands. He slowly makes his way to the door.

Just before he opens it, he turns back to his comrades.

GUS

It was a noble effort. I'm honored
to have served with you, brothers.

He takes a deep breath and opens the door.

There stands Pavel, smiling, victorious. Behind him, a trail of fallen Troops.

PAVEL

Hello, Gus.

GUS

Pavel.

Pavel consults his watch.

PAVEL
Ahh, seven forty-seven. I think
that means I made it, thirty
minutes or less.

GUS
(annoyed)
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Just give us the
pizza.

Pavel takes out a pizza box from his bag.

PAVEL
Here we are. That'll be fifteen
dollars.

Gus checks his wallet. He pulls out a bill.

GUS
I'll I have is a twenty.

Pavel swipes it from his hand.

PAVEL
Fifteen and a five dollar tip for
your delivery boy. Thank you and
goodnight.

Pavel walks back to the elevator.

GUS
This isn't over.

Pavel doesn't even turn to acknowledge Gus.

GUS (CONT'D)
This isn't over by a long shot, ya
hear me?!

Pavel enters the elevator, presses a button and smirks back
at Gus while the doors close.

GUS (CONT'D)
We'll get even!

As the anger builds inside him, Gus shouts to the heavens:

GUS
CURSE YOU, DELIVERY BOY!

FADE OUT: