

FIFTEEN MINUTES

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A late model Lexus makes a left turn onto a busy boulevard.

INT. KENNY'S LEXUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

KENNY, late 20s, grips the wheel with both hands.

He sports a five o'clock shadow. His hair and a brush are strangers. Think high-school science teacher.

Kenny gestures furiously at the windshield.

KENNY

Did you see that guy?

TOM, late 20s, sits in the passenger seat. Rail thin, with every hair in place, he could easily be mistaken for a T.V. weatherman.

He takes a cup of coffee from the cup holder and takes a sip.

TOM

Give it up, man.

KENNY

What, Tom? I know you saw that. He changed lanes without signaling.

TOM

So do a lot of people. Gonna give yourself a stroke one day, Kenny.

Kenny releases one hand from the wheel. He briefly glares at Tom, then hits the wheel hard. The HORN BLARES.

TOM

Yeah, that's really gonna help.

Kenny jams on the brakes. Tom jerks forward, almost spilling his coffee.

TOM

Dude! This jacket's real suede, man!

KENNY

Case in point. This is why we need
a paintball gun.

Tom rolls his eyes. He takes a sip, then puts the coffee
down.

TOM

Not the paintball gun again.

Kenny makes an exaggerated left hand turn. Tom lurches to
the left. Kenny motions to the windshield with his hands.

KENNY

Go! Fuckin' GO! You're telling me
this asshole doesn't deserve to be
shot with a paintball gun? Justice,
man. For all drivers.

TOM

Yeah, and then you go to jail
because the poor bastard can't see
out his back window anymore.

KENNY

Yeah, but people will think twice
about not using their blinkers.

Tom reaches inside his jacket for his phone. He flips it
open.

TOM

How long did you tell Frank?

KENNY

Fifteen minutes.

Tom sighs. Hard. He flips the phone closed.

TOM

Why the fuck? Now we're late.
Everything to you takes fifteen
minutes.

INT. FRANK'S BATHROOM/APARTMENT - NIGHT

FRANK, swarthy, appallingly self-confident, checks his image
in the mirror.

FRANK

Oh yeah. Getting laid tonight, for
sure.

Frank enters the living room. He grabs his jacket from the back of a chair. He takes an envelope from atop the coffee table and shoves it inside the jacket.

INT. KENNY'S LEXUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

Tom stares at Kenny over the lid of his coffee.

KENNY

What about that time we fixed your garage door?

TOM

Yeah?

KENNY

It took fifteen minutes.

TOM

And what about the hex nuts? The trip to Home Depot?

KENNY

Oh yeah. So a half hour.

TOM

That's why you never get anything done. Poor planning.

Tom finishes the coffee. He rolls down the window and chucks the cup out. Tom's breath mixes with the onrushing air.

KENNY

Talk about illegal. You wanna get me a ticket?

TOM

Fuck, it's cold out. My hands are freezing.

Tom reaches for the heater. Kenny slaps his hand.

KENNY

Hey! It fucks up the window. Something wrong with the defogger or whatever the fuck, I don't know. Gotta bring it back to the dealer.

TOM

Dude, I can't have cold hands.

KENNY

So put your gloves on.

Tom reaches into the glove box and produces a pair of leather gloves. He slips into them.

KENNY (CONT'D)

It could be gelatin.

TOM

What could be gelatin?

KENNY

The paintball gun. Could be loaded with gelatin pellets. This way, penalty delivered, but no paint on the windshield.

Tom stares, incredulous. Kenny looks satisfied.

TOM

You're serious with this shit?

Kenny makes a toy gun with his finger and shoots it through the windshield.

KENNY

Whap whap whap!

TOM

Madigan was okay with this, right?

KENNY

Why would I tell you he was okay if he wasn't okay?

Tom eyes Kenny suspiciously.

TOM

And the girls know we're meeting them at the club?

Kenny nods yes.

TOM (CONT'D)

How long did you tell them?

Kenny looks off, checking his left view mirror.

TOM (CONT'D)

Lemme guess.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank stands near the entrance, hands in his pockets, shivering slightly.

The Lexus rolls into view. Frank takes a few steps towards the curb.

INT. KENNY'S LEXUS - NIGHT

Kenny rolls the car slowly up to Frank. Tom rolls down the window. Frank smiles warmly, then takes a step forward.

Tom produces a PISTOL with a silencer from inside his jacket. He SHOOTS Frank in the chest three times.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank staggers back into a bush and falls... dead.

INT. KENNY'S LEXUS - NIGHT

Kenny looks around for witnesses. He pushes Tom's shoulder.

KENNY
Go, go, go!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom runs up to Frank's body. He takes the envelope and a cell phone from inside Frank's jacket, then scurries back to the car.

INT. KENNY'S LEXUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

Tom counts the money in the envelope.

TOM
Nice. Cristal on us tonight.

Tom pockets the money. He takes out Frank's cell phone and dials.

TOM (CONT'D)
Hey Madifella!... I'm sorry... No, it won't happen again, Madigan... Yeah, it's done... It's all here... okay, okay... Yeah, see you tomorrow.

KENNY

He's gonna fuckin' shoot you one day you keep that up.

Kenny gestures to the road in front of him.

KENNY (CONT'D)

You believe this shit? This road is, like, a sixteen percent decline, and it's a thirty-five mile an hour speed limit! Yeah, I won't get a ticket, but then I'll have to get my brakes serviced at the bottom of the hill.

TOM

Always something with you.

Kenny makes a finger gun and shoots it through the windshield.

KENNY

Whap whap whap!

FADE OUT.