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.