

FOUR MINUTES

A Short Screenplay by:

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JENNY (V.O.)
Four minutes 'til I'm dead. I'm
sure of it.

INT. BLACK ESCALADE, MOVING -- NIGHT

The ride is bumpy. We find our frail yet beautiful heroine, JENNY BRESLIN, splayed out on the back seat -- gagged, hands bound. She watches as --

Her captor -- ALEXI RICHMEKOFF drives. His thick, black hair is streaked with sweat. His eyes -- manic yet sunken. He grips the wheel with icy determination.

JENNY (V.O.)
I've been counting down since I
woke up back here. I know these
streets. Even if all I can see are
their lights. Only a few more
blocks 'til he's home. And Alexi
won't hesitate once he's got me
there. But I guess I deserve it --
for I did help create him.

INT. DANCE CLUB -- NIGHT

Strobe lights and DISCO MUSIC. In a back booth, Alexi is surrounded by MODELS. He snorts cocaine from the glass table.

JENNY (V.O.)
But creation was not our
intention. Usually, when taking on
a business partner, one hopes that
the person will sell more than
they snort.

Alexi comes up and kisses one of the models triumphantly.

JENNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But, when his sales and soul hit
rock bottom simultaneously, Alexi
relinquished his supply the only
way he could think of.

A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM brings us to --

INT. POST APARTMENT, MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Blood sprays onto an open suitcase filled with shrink wrapped bricks of cocaine as --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alexi stabs Jenny's handsome boyfriend and business partner, MARK, in the chest repeatedly with a large butcher's knife.

In the doorway -- Jenny watches, eyes wide in terror.

JENNY (V.O.)

And that was how I ended up here.
I'm not sure why Alexi didn't kill
me when he killed Mark. I'd say it
was for sex but --

INT. DANCE CLUB -- NIGHT

Alexi is kissing the model on the cheek.

JENNY (V.O.)

-- I always figured Alexi for a
fag.

WE PAN AWAY AND DIVE --

UNDER THE TABLE

To find that a TEENAGE BOY is sucking ALEXI off.

JENNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But what else should I have
expected from ex-KGB? Those guys
are into everything.

SCREECHING TIRES bring us back to --

INT. BLACK ESCALADE, IDLE -- NIGHT

Jenny is nearly thrown out of her seat. She gains her
balance. Cranes her neck to see --

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

A HOMELESS MAN is riding a unicycle and juggling oranges
directly in front of the vehicle. ANOTHER BEGGAR BANGS on
the hood and demands money. ALEXI CURSES AT THEM IN
RUSSIAN.

BEGGAR

C'mon man, this show ain't free!

JENNY

Sees her chance. Readies herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY (V.O.)

This is it. The only chance I
might get to extend my four
minutes.

Jenny springs up and over the driver's seat. She gnashes her teeth and tears at her captor's ear. He flails his arms, trying desperately to knock her off of him.

Jenny breaks from his face. Spits a piece of his ear into his lap. The dives into the passenger seat and POPS THE LOCK. Paws the door open and --

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

THUDS HARD onto the blacktop. But she's not fazed. She gets to her feet and sprints down the road, bound hands in front of her.

ALEXI

Cups his ear. Kicks the door open and pursues.

JENNY

Turns down --

A BACK ALLEY

Which is lined with cars, parked nose to tail. But she doesn't break stride, running up and over the cars' trunks, ceilings and hoods. Sheer will has transformed her into a parkour master.

Moments later -- ALEXI appears. He follows her path over the cars, only he is much less graceful.

Jenny reaches the end of the alley, turning into --

A BUSY STREET

Where a TEENAGE HOBO sells lemonade from a crudely built stand. PEDESTRIANS ignore his outstretched hands and the dirt-tinged lemony goodness they offer.

IN A FLASH

JENNY blows by the kid, grabbing one of the cups as she goes. Before the boy can protest, ALEXI runs through his second hand, splashing the merchant with his own goods. Infuriated -- the boy joins the pursuit.

JENNY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Half-drinks/half-spills the beverage onto herself as she goes. She drops the cup from her bound hands and heads into --

ANOTHER ALLEY

-- but ALEXI is right on her heels. He dives and tackles her into --

INT. NOODLE-SHOP, BACK KITCHEN -- NIGHT

-- where they topple through a YAMMERING WORKER, who was mopping the floor. JENNY and ALEXI SPLASH and soak in dirty water as they punch, kick and bite one another. The OTHER WORKERS gather round -- amused and entertained by the two white wrestlers.

ALEXI grips JENNY'S throat, turning her face purple. Just as she is about to GASP her last breath -- a VOICE HALTS THE ACTION.

TEEN HOBO (O.S.)

HEY!

Both look to find --

THE TEENAGE HOBO

Standing defiantly in the back doorway.

TEEN HOBO (CONT'D)

You two motherfuckers owe me a lemonade.

ALEXI leaves his quarry to engage a new one. Fist, he jokes -- until the boy lands a vicious right worthy of Joe Frazier. Then -- IT'S ON. The first weapon of choice is --

KNIVES

They duel. Both amazingly skilled. Cuts are landed on both. Blood splashes. Alexi's knife is knocked free. Panicked, he grabs --

THE MOP

Fends the boy off. Jabs him in the stomach. Stunned, he drops the blade. Alexi then sweeps the boy's feet out from under him. The teen tries to crawl away as Alexi continues to club him in the back.

OUT OF NOWHERE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of the WORKERS plants a meat cleaver in Alexi's shoulder. Alexi SCREAMS and grabs an empty vinegar bottle from the counter. SMASHES it over the worker's head.

JENNY

Pulls herself up using one of the tables' legs. Grabs a rolling pin from its top. Turns and CHARGES Alexi. She THUNKS him on the back of the head, making his knees buckle. The AGAIN. And AGAIN. Alexi goes down. Jenny straddles his body. Continues to CLUB him over and over -- showering her face, chest and arms in blood.

She stops. Takes a moment for her (and us) to catch a breath. Then, she rises. Turns. Points the rolling pin tauntingly at the hobo boy.

JENNY

I just earned myself four more minutes.

The hobo boy grabs an electric carving knife from the wall. Points it right back at Jenny. REVS it.

TEEN HOBO

And you still owe me a lemonade.

The two smile one last time before they -- CHARGE. Weapons raised. BATTLE CRIES EMITTED. Right as they collide we --

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.