

SEVEN MINUTES

Written by

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INT. PHARMACY - EVENING

A captivating woman fills the screen. Her jet black hair is chopped into a defiant bob, framing a face that dares you to stare.

DAWN (27) wearing cat eye sunglasses, weaves through aisles with a quiet intensity. SCANNING EACH ONE like a predator stalking its prey.

All clear. Until...BINGO.

An older woman, Aisle 7. Dawn's eyes lock on her.

She makes a cut towards the pharmacy and passes by CELESTE (28), believes rules were meant to be broken, wearing oversized dark specs to match.

Dawn passes a quick, almost imperceptible nod towards aisle seven. Celeste bends in that direction. Her hand slips into her pocket.

ANGLE

AISLE 7: CELESTE creeps behind the older woman and POUNCES. Covering a CLOTH DOUSED IN SUBSTANCE OVER HER MOUTH. The woman slumps in seconds.

INT. PHARMACY - PRESCRIPTION COUNTER - EVENING

Dawn nonchalantly READS A MAGAZINE.

The PHARMACIST (male, 40s) finishes ringing up an OLDER MALE PATIENT (late 60s).

The patient limps off and passes Dawn without as much as a glance. She peers over the magazine back towards the pharmacist.

He's searching for something in the window display adjacent to the counter.

Dawn sets the magazine aside and starts her stopwatch. The clock starts now.

PHARMACIST
(distracted)
Here to pick up medication?

DAWN
Unfortunately.

PHARMACIST
Name and birth...?

In a flash, Dawn is on the counter. A KNIFE pricks at the pharmacist's throat.

DAWN
THE INSULIN. WHERE IS IT?

PHARMACIST
W-WE'RE OUT OF STOCK! HONEST!

Dawn snatches his EMPLOYEE ID BADGE and tosses it to an upcoming Celeste. She catches it in mid air with her right hand. Her left is holding a DUFFEL BAG.

CELESTE
We'll see about that.

Celeste scans the ID. The light flashes green. She opens the door as --

INT. PHARMACY - BEHIND THE COUNTER - EVENING

-- A SECOND PHARMACIST (female, 30s) exits the supply room and spots Dawn holding her coworker hostage.

MALE PHARMACIST
ANNE! CALL 911!

Anne dashes across the room and lunges towards a LAB TABLE. Reaching for a BUTTON underneath.

DAWN
LOOK OUT!

Celeste drops her shoulder into Anne, sending her reeling. Celeste steps in and -- BOOM -- drops Anne with a right hook. Celeste quickly opens the bag and pulls out ZIP TIES, locking Anne's hand behind her back.

MALE PHARMACIST
Please! We have families.

Dawn, refocused now, presses the knife deeper into his Adam's apple until she draws a small stream of BLOOD.

DAWN
So do we. I won't ask again.

PHARMACIST
(hesitates then)
Supply room. Check the fridge.
They're on the second shelf.

Celeste is on the move.

INT. PHARMACY - SUPPLY ROOM - EVENING

Celeste opens the refrigerator. True to his word, there's rows of INSULIN on the second shelf.

Celeste unzips her duffle bag and stuffs it with as much insulin as it allows. She zips it shut then dashes out to rejoin Dawn.

INT. PHARMACY - BEHIND THE COUNTER

Dawn's knife is still pressed against the pharmacist's throat.

CELESTE
Open the fucking register NOW!

The pharmacist is SWEATING BULLETS. Dawn makes a "what the fuck" face but quickly gets back into character.

He opens it. There's only a few bills inside. Celeste cleans it out anyway then makes quick work of securing him away with zip ties.

Dawn crawls through the opening and kicks him off his feet. He falls outside of view behind the counter, next to an unconscious Anne.

Dawn and Celeste race out of the south emergency exit with the insulin and money in tow.

Obscured from view, overhead, A CAMERA BLINKS RED.

In its eye are two pixelated outlines of the women.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

The women HAUL ASS. They shorten their pace to cut into an alley. Their getaway-- a Black 2013 Nissan Rogue -- almost invisible in the darkness. Dawn unlocks the car. They scramble inside and slam the doors. They toss their eyewear and the engine IGNITES. The sound of tires SCREECHING fills the screen.

INT/EXT. CAR - EVENING

CELESTE
I can't believe that worked!

DAWN
What the fuck was that, Celeste?

CELESTE
My move, right? I was like
(imitates her right hook)
DA DA DA!

DAWN
NO! Cleaning out the register? That
wasn't apart of the plan!

CELESTE
We NEED THE MONEY, alright?

DAWN
We NEED their MEDS.

CELESTE
We're robbing them! What's the
difference?

DAWN
(evades the question)
The point is: if we make a plan, we
STICK TO IT.

CELESTE
That would have only solved half
our problem. Have you forgotten we
LOST OUR JOBS? That rent money? We
DON'T HAVE IT. This is do or die.

INT. APARTMENT - HALL - EVENING

Dawn and Celeste walk in tandem silence, stopping at Apt.
433.

An EVICTION NOTICE IS STAPLED ON THE DOOR.

They exchange tight glances. Dawn snatches it down.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - FOYER - MIDNIGHT

A rundown apartment. Plank floors. Brick walls. The only
thing hanging are TWO BACHELOR DEGREES.

One in HEALTH SCIENCE awarded to DAWN ROBERTS and another in SOFTWARE ENGINEERING, awarded to CELESTE STANFIELD.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

Dawn THROWS the eviction notice in the trash. Celeste watches her silently, setting the duffle bag down on the kitchen counter.

The girls stand opposite each other. Only the island separates them. They are close yet worlds apart.

Dawn takes a seat on the island stool to check her GLUCOSE METER. She curses under her breath. Celeste opens the duffel bag and pulls out an INSULIN VIAL AND SYRINGE.

DAWN
I got it.

CELESTE
Stop. I want to.

Dawn doesn't fight back.

Celeste quickly washes her hands in the kitchen sink, dips into the bathroom, and reemerges with ALCOHOL SWABS. She looks at Dawn: "well?"

Dawn lifts up her shirt in response. Celeste swabs the rubber stopper then Dawn's belly. She draws in the clear liquid from the vial. A tiny bubble rises and falls.

Celeste preps the shot --

CELESTE (CONT'D)
You can be mad at me all you want.
At the end of the day, I'm not
gonna let what happened to my mom
happen to you.

-- And injects the needle into Dawn's abdomen.

DAWN
At this rate, you're gonna give me
a heart attack before the diabetes
does.

That hits Celeste.

CELESTE
I'm sorry I didn't follow
your...our... plan earlier.
(MORE)

CELESTE (CONT'D)

It's just...if we don't get some serious cash in the next 24 hours...

(throws hands up)

Look, I know we've talked about maybe hitting a bank way down the line, but we gotta do it now.

DAWN

Are you crazy? That's a HUGE job.

CELESTE

We'll be in and out. My cousin Omar must know a guy. Lemme make a few calls. Get us what we need.

DAWN

Which is?

CELESTE

Something that makes people take us seriously.

(re: Dawn's look)

We're not gonna hurt anyone. But we need to look like we mean business. We're out of time.

DAWN

I still don't like this. Banks...they have cameras, alarms, everything.

CELESTE

And most of all, they have money. Lots of it. Plus they're insured. Look, we scope it out. Hit a small branch... like the one downtown! Near the bus station.

Celeste pulls up a digital copy of the bank's layout on her phone and lays it on the counter. We ZOOM IN on the map.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

There's lots of foot traffic. We can use the crowd as cover. Hit them during the lunch rush when everyone's distracted.

DAWN

What about our getaway?

CELESTE

We ditch the car a few blocks away. Hop on a bus. Simple.

DAWN
Simple? You're insane.

CELESTE
Insane is you running out of
insulin. *Insane* is living like
(gestures around them)
this.

She's got a point. Dawn looks at the map then back at Celeste.

DAWN
Fine. On one condition.

CELESTE
Shoot.

DAWN
We stick to the plan. Promise me
you won't get greedy Celeste.

Celeste pauses, mulling it over.

CELESTE
I promise. Now, let's talk about
timing...

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

DAWN AND CELESTE, WEARING WIGS AND BANDANAS AROUND THEIR
NECK, stand near a cafe a few paces adjacent to the bank.
Crowds of people pass by.

DAWN
27. 28. 29. 30.

On cue, a SECURITY GUARD EXITS. Dawn turns on her stopwatch.

DAWN (CONT'D)
7 minutes. Counting down.

CELESTE
(hoisting up duffle bags)
To good health and a better life.

DAWN
See you on the other side.

Dawn and Celeste PASSIONATELY KISS. They pull up their
bandanas, leaving only their eyes uncovered, then RUN INSIDE
THE BANK.

INT. BANK - MORNING

The lobby is small and rectangular. Opposite the entrance is the COUNTER. It's long and L-shaped with TWO TELLER WINDOWS. There's EIGHT civilians, FOUR each, standing in line.

There's a VAULT built into the wall behind the tellers, in between their windows. Its steel doors can be seen from the lobby. The duo pulls out their guns.

Simultaneously, a woman at the back of the line SPOTS them. She lets out a blood curdling SCREAM.

DAWN
EVERYONE ON THE GROUND NOW!

Dawn does crowd control while Celeste vaults the counter and rushes the tellers. Eyes wild under the mask.

CELESTE
AHT AHT! YOU MOVE, YOU BLEED. GOT IT?

The bank tellers (women, one 20s, one 40s) are motionless. Their eyes the size of saucers.

DAWN
HANDS ON YOUR HEAD. EYES SHUT.

CELESTE
YOU, with them, MOVE!

The younger of the bank tellers joins Dawn's pile. Face down. Hands up. She risks a daring peek up at Dawn but Dawn is already on top of her. Gun in her face.

DAWN
Don't.

The young teller plants her face to the ground.

Celeste digs her gun in the back of the older bank teller, escorting her to the vault.

CELESTE
Open it.

BANK TELLER
I-I-I-I- can't. There are security protocols. And--I'll lose my job!

Celeste SHOVES the gun into her back.

CELESTE
You wanna see tomorrow?

The BANK TELLER nods frantically.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
Open it. NOW!

BANK TELLER
OW! Okay! Lemme get my ID card.
(swipes it in the reader)
Next, the code...
(punches it in)
And then...

CLICK. The VAULT OPENS.

INT. BANK - VAULT

CELESTE SHOVES the teller inside and throws her to the ground. Celeste plants her knee on her back, binds her hands with ZIP TIES and puts DUCT TAPE over her mouth. The teller struggles helplessly.

Celeste stands to her feet and surveys the vault. It's a small room, packed with stacks of cash. A large grin spreads. She gets to work.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

WITH SHAKY HANDS, Dawn keeps the civilians pinned. She points her pistol like it's whack-a-mole.

Her eyes dart back towards the vault.

INT. BANK - VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Celeste is a kid in a candy store. She GRABS HANDFULS OF CASH AND STUFFS ONE. TWO.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dawn checks her watch. Her tension is palpable.

DAWN
THREE MINUTES LEFT! THREE MINUTES!

INT. BANK - VAULT - CONTINUOUS

THREE. FOUR. Celeste is in a rhythm.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

DAWN
THAT'S IT! LET'S GO!!

INT. BANK - VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Celeste finishes filling the fifth. There's a sixth bag. Her last. Celeste hesitates, looking around at all the cash up for grabs...

...Then turns and runs out. The five duffel bags slung over her shoulders. She sprints back into the lobby to join Dawn.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

CELESTE
GOT IT.

Dawn cautiously does a jog/side step over to the west exit. Never taking her eyes, or her gun, off of the hostages. A few start to peek up.

DAWN
STAY DOWN!

Dawn's heart beats FASTER. LOUDER. She takes off in a sprint which gradually turns into a jog.

SHE CAN'T CONTROL HER BREATHING.

SOMETHING IS WRONG.

A few paces up ahead Celeste opens the EMERGENCY EXIT.

INT/EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

TWO POLICE OFFICERS CASUALLY CHAT OVER THEIR PARKED CRUISER. ONE TURNS AND SPOTS CELESTE.

INT. BANK - WEST EXIT

CELESTE
(shuts the door)
Shit! Plan B!

Celeste spins to see the security guard who's left for lunch
RETURN and DAWN GOING DOWN.

The guard raises his gun. Everything happens in slow motion.

DAWN'S POV:

THE ROOM IS SPINNING. It's hard to hear anything over the
sound of her own breathing.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
(to guard)
FUCK! STAY BACK.
(to Dawn)
BABE? Get up! C'MON! GET UP!
PLEASE!!!

Celeste is trying (but failing) to hoist Dawn on her feet.
Her voice sounds far away. Her face streaked with tears.

The image of Celeste becomes hazier and hazier until...it's
gone.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

GUN SHOT.

FADE IN:

INT. LEON COUNTY JAIL - POLICE BOOKING - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights hum. Dawn, EXHAUSTED, now wearing orange
jail scrubs, sits on a metal bench. BOOKING OFFICER #1, (50s,
efficient, bored) slides a fingerprint scanner towards her.

BOOKING OFFICER #1
Left thumb.

Dawn presses her thumb onto the scanner. A green light
flashes.

BOOKING OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
(lifting off fingers)
Left, middle, ring, pinky...

The process repeats. The machine beeps and whirs.

BOOKING OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
Any medical conditions? Allergies?

DAWN
I have Type 1 diabetes.

The booking officer types.

DAWN (CONT'D)
(agitated)
Where's Celeste Stanfield? We
should have been brought in
together.

BOOKING OFFICER #1
No clue. I just do what they tell
me to.

Another BOOKING OFFICER (#2) (40s, worn-face) comes in.

BOOKING OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
(to BOOKING OFFICER #2)
Cell Block B, cell 12.

BOOKING OFFICER #2
(to Dawn)
Let's go.

Booking officer #2 leads Dawn down a long, narrow hallway.
They pass by a break room with a television. On it is a
reporter covering today's events at the bank.

DAWN
(to BOOKING OFFICER #2)
Celeste Stanfield. Have you seen
her?

We slowly pan to the television.

NEWS REPORTER
...Robbery ending in gunfire,
leaving one dead on the scene.

INT. CELL BLOCK B - NIGHT

Inmates STARE from behind bars. Booking Officer #2 stops in
front of a steel door, inserts the keys, and slides the cell
open.

BOOKING OFFICER #2
In.

Dawn steps into the small cell. There's a metal bunk bed, a
toilet, a sink, and... a roomie. The door SLAMS SHUT.

A female inmate (early 30s, intrigued) observes Dawn from the bunk bed.

INMATE

So...what are you in for?

Beat.

DAWN

...I didn't have health insurance.

THE END