

30 MINUTES OR LESS by Michael Diliberti & Matthew Sullivan

Nick waves at her from where he is standing, way across on the other side of the roof. Kate starts toward him.

NICK: Stop!

Nick takes out his cell phone and dials. Kate's phone rings. She answers it, confused. We STAY on Nick. We can see Kate, standing 30 feet away, but her voice comes over Nick's cell phone, with a delay that is slightly jarring.

Nick: Just don't come any closer.

I'm gonna give you the short version of an incredibly complicated and fucked up situation, so please be cool. (*beat*) Some very bad guys strapped a bomb to my chest and they are forcing me to commit a crime.

I wish I was joking, but I'm not. I know it's a lot to swallow, but you gotta take it on face value, because there's a timer attached to this thing and it's counting down.

I didn't come here for help. I'm taking care of it. I came here because, should things not work out today as I would like them to, I want you to know why I was doing the things I did.

(*struggling*) Do you remember when you found that picture in my car of you, me and Chet, with Chet cut out of it?

I need you to remember about the picture, and about how I stop by your office every Friday, and how I've always hated all your boyfriends, and how the two girls I've ever seriously dated have looked like less attractive versions of you. Do you see where I'm going with this? I love you Kate. I have for a very long time.

Kate is barely holding it together.



I'm sorry to do this to you, but I was afraid I'd never get the chance to tell you. And I know you have feelings for me, too. Maybe you feel for me the way you feel for a good friend, or - if the world fucking hates me - a brother. But what I hope is that you don't really know how you feel for me, and that maybe when you figure it out you'll realize it's the same way I feel for you. Does that make any sense?